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Monthly, Canada

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 OF CANADA**

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Subscription price \$1.00 a year, single copy 10 cents.

Subscribers ordering a change in the address of their magazines must give both the old and the new address in full.

THE NATIONAL MONTHLY is issued on the first of each month.

Advertising forms close three weeks prior to the time of issue. Advertising rates sent on application.

**THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA**  
 PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH PHILLIPS, . . . . . 241 RONCESVALLES AVE., TORONTO, CANADA

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# THE NATIONAL MONTHLY

OF CANADA

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VOL. V.

TORONTO, JULY, 1904

No. 1

## THE CONQUEST OF HARBOTTLE

BY R. M. JOHNSTONE, B.A.

**E**BENEZAR HOLBROOK was an ambitious youth. He had been appointed teacher over the Elm Ridge School, but only after a prolonged wrangling among the local ratepayers and trustees. His predecessor, Joshua Harbottle, had been deposed after many years of service, during a portion of which time he divided his energies between educational matters and running a farm. A great many of the present school supporters had passed through his tuition, and though they had reason to remember it, not all of them were anxious to see him deprived of his position. Of late, however, he had become extremely rough and somewhat remiss in his duties. So he had been peremptorily dismissed without the option of resigning, and a much more modern system of education installed. Joshua was exceedingly wrathful regarding this treatment, and promised a lively opposition to his successor. As he had several active sympathisers, it was only after great difficulty that the trustees were able to employ a teacher satisfactory to the majority. Their choice was at best an experiment.

Joshua Harbottle had never been extensively educated, therefore his attainments were little more than rudimentary, and he did not improve with the years. At last his manner became crusty, and his speech ungrammatical. Only the very elementary

portions of knowledge were taught by him. His specialty was arithmetic. But numbers are not everything, therefore a teacher was chosen to handle more extensive branches. In Holbrook they found one who, though only out of his teens, seemed to have amazing educational proficiency. He came to them from the training school with a high recommendation. He had addressed the public meeting of school supporters, and had made a much better impression than a large number of others who had likewise applied. At this meeting he learned fully the state of affairs. He knew that he was facing a grave difficulty.

Elm Ridge was an entirely rural neighborhood. They were remote from towns and cities, and had no railway communication. The one place of public resort was held by a man who, with the aid of his family, filled the joint offices of postmaster, store-keeper, blacksmith, barber, and shoemaker. He was never idle, for he had abundant patronage. The only other public places were the little Union Church and the school-house. Neither of these was at all imposing in appearance. The school-house occupied the corner of Mr. Harbottle's farm, as he believed in having things convenient in the days of his occupancy. The local inhabitants were an easy-going sort, with little other concern than their daily tasks, with an occasional variation, such as



a marriage, a funeral, or a picnic. There was, however, always an intense interest in the "courting" proceedings of the younger members of the community. The coming of the new schoolmaster was a wide variation of the usual monotony, and many became slightly more observant of the course of events, for they were more than doubtful of the success of the experiment. They had a thorough appreciation of Mr. Harbottle's intentions.

The fall term began upon the fifteenth of August. The new teacher was on hand bright and early and assumed his duties without the least embarrassment. It was plain that he had some difficulty, for everything was topsy-turvy on his arrival, and it required two hours' hard work to attain presentable order. There was, however, an unusually large attendance this morning. Joshua's entire family was there, from the pretty eighteen-year-old Emily to the little chirping tot of five. After calling the roll, and obtaining the names of all, he arranged the various classes. To his great amazement he found only two or three pupils above the second standard. Emily was one of these. She had attained to the fourth reader. The young schoolmaster made no comment upon their backwardness, but he mentally vowed to effect a change before many days. At eleven o'clock, all having been accomplished that was necessary, he announced the dismissal of the school from their first day's work. They were invited, as a change of routine, to accompany him to the woods to gather flowers and become acquainted with nature. The invitation was accepted with glee.

When finally, at five o'clock, the younger members of Harbottle's household arrived home, they were examined severely regarding the day's proceedings. When he reached the point of an animated description of a ground-hog hunt from ten-year-old Tom, his exasperation knew no bounds. He rushed off to a neighboring sympathiser to compare notes and rehearse his new-found grievance. Such nonsense as that he had never heard tell of, and never would submit to it, nor should any one else if he could

help it. It is needless to say that the outing was an exceedingly popular move for the school-children, and Holbrook, by his friendly, tactful way, had gained in the first day the personal friendship of all his young charges. He had the advantage of superior knowledge, and they listened with delight to his friendly discourses regarding various natural objects. He was a master of woodcraft, and could not fail to be interesting on a subject that interests every little boy and girl in the land, and which these members of his school had hitherto no opportunity to learn, for nobody thereabouts wasted any time upon the investigation of nature's secrets. This was Holbrook's first day at his first school. He had hopes of success, and he could not afford to fail.

From the very first a systematic series of annoyances were carried out by Joshua. From the very mild diversion of using the school-room as a sheep-pen over night, he passed to more aggravating proceedings. He pastured his cattle in the yard, thereby breaking the trees that had been planted by the inspector's orders, and tearing up the turf and walks that had been carefully laid out by the new master for the children's comfort. He guttered the school approaches in the wet spells, spattered the blackboard with mud, and piled the school furniture in the corner; he acted, in short, like a vindictive boy. He tried inciting the older boys to misbehave, but here he failed, for they either could not or would not. Through all this, the section, although they knew it tolerably well, remained passive. They feared greatly an encounter with Harbottle, for he had still some influence, and some were openly on his side. Some were practically neutral, and others hoped for the triumph of the new schoolmaster. They supposed that it would be time to reckon damages when the old man tired of his tricks.

Never by word or sign did Holbrook manifest irritation; not even when publicly flouted to his face by the irate schoolmaster. He was as smilingly serene and unvaryingly polite as before. Yet it cost him many extra hours of work to keep the premises in presentable shape.

Fortunately, in spite of the insidious efforts of Joshua, and without even recourse to corporal methods, the school discipline remained unbroken. There was something about that steady eye and quiet demeanor that commanded obedience and respect without any outward effort. He was teaching the children the value of self-respect and the great importance of gaining knowledge. From the very first he supplemented the meagre equipment of the school by his own store of knowledge, and the autumn school-days were a series of educational treats, wherein the children heard with wonder and delight of the great world, past and present, and longed to know more. An incentive to study had therefore set in as never before, and even the parental coffers of the stern Harbottle were bombarded in the desire for new books on various subjects he had never included in *his* curriculum. He grudgingly complied in the case of Emily, of whom the flint-natured pedagogue was unusually proud. He had lived up to the Scriptures in rearing his family. He had spared not the rod and wasted no sentiment upon any of them. He was now becoming piqued that he had failed to ruffle the new teacher, and he was, on account of his erratic behaviour, fast alienating whatever sympathy remained. He supposed he would eject the interloper somehow, and he meant to keep on trying. Therefore, every innovation was noted, and the new-fangled notions he gleefully laid hold of, were unmercifully assailed in the company of local supporters. He had promised to make a powerful protest at the approaching annual board meeting.

November had just set in when the climax came. The autumn had been unusually fine. The large attendance had been steadily maintained, and Holbrook had all he could do. Those who were mainly active in employing him were well pleased with the result. The trustees began to harken to the pressing series of recommendations they received from him. The district inspector, who had been the prime mover, after years of steady effort, in the final dismissal of Harbottle, had, on his first visit, given the new-comer the best recog-

nition he had ever allowed a man on his circuit. In fact he spoke so enthusiastically that not only was Joshua nearly frantic with passion, but the neighboring teachers also became a trifle jealous of their co-worker. Moreover, it meant a large increase in salary if the Elm Ridge school were to retain Holbrook's services—a circumstance they had not counted upon so soon. A high-salaried teacher was the last thing desired by the majority. Besides, Joshua had to be dealt with. He had always worked cheap, and he was a heavy ratepayer in addition.

At this juncture it happened casually, one fine, mild afternoon, that two neighbors of Joshua met. They were both somewhat interested in the progress of school matters, and one of them was an ardent backer of Mr. Harbottle, but purely upon economical grounds. Taxes were always a sad worry to Hiram Bleeker. The conversation, purely conventional at first, rapidly veered to the topic of the day. At last, Abishai Larkins spoke his mind, to wit:

"I say, Hiram, you're a-wonderin' why Holbrook's takin' things so easy, sort of peaked like. Now, ef ye only see'd 'im comin' down the road 'long with Em'ly after school, you'd know."

"Gee—geehosaphet! is that so?"

"Yes, siree—hain't ye seen 'em yit? 'Cause it's been goin' on since the very start. We're enjoyin' the fun great. Stands to reason that a feller as is as sweet on a gal as he is ain't goin' to hurt her old father very much."

"Yas! but what will old Josh say when he hears this? There'll be a tarnation row, I s'pect, and both the daughter and the teacher'll ketch it hot, I kin tell you. He's hotter'n a hornet now since that 'nspector was here. An' he says we ain't goin' to raise no salaries even if *John A.* wuz to come an' take the school. The taxes are far too high now.—Yas, I 'spects there'll be a row!"

"Yes, Hiram, maybe there will. But whose goin' to tell 'im? I ain't, nor any one I knows on, an' you ain't, surely?"

"Oh no, I won't saw nawthin'. It'd be too bad to meddle in a case like that."

Hiram Bleecker, however, had a flexible conscience. He was the best example of a two-faced man in the whole district, and Larkins had some grave apprehension when he recollected the fact. And there was reason enough, too. Immediately after supper Bleecker carefully filled his corn-cob pipe, and strolled over to see Joshua. He found him sitting on the barnyard fence, mentally estimating the weight and market value of a pen of well-fed porkers. He greeted Bleecker cordially, for he recognized a willing listener to his weight of grievances. Inside of five minutes he was deep into the subject of his humiliation. Hiram had broached it as soon as possible, knowing well the bait would be taken. He commenced as follows:

"How air you'n that new teacher gettin' 'long? I hain't heer'd much on it lately."

"Oh we ain't doin' none to hurt. But I'll have 'im on the run yet, mark my words. I'm Josh Harbottle, an' their an't any man kin say he ever beat me out yet. But this feller's chicken-livered. There ain't much spunk in 'im. Good fer nawthin' but teachin' grammar an' some other new-fangled things that's 'ntended to make kids think. There ain't any use fer thinkin'. It's figgerin' we want most, an' I stick to figgerin', I tell ye. Yas, I kin teach 'im all holler. An' hain't I took all the kids through for nearly thirty years—readin', routin', 'rithmetic, from A B C clear over to the third book—mor'n anybody needs 'round here. I did put Emily a leetle funder, but I guess she's goin' to teach after a while. Now they've been an' got an eddicated 'dude to fire his city nonsense at us—a lot of new-fangled rubbish we've got now. No, I won't have it, an' it's high time they knew. Blame 'em! I'll be even with 'em yet. Yas, I'll soon hev that consarned, snipe-nosed, Jewsharp on the high road to Jericho; see if I don't!"

At this point his tirade paused for want of breath. Joshua was in fine fettle for breaking the news. Hiram took his chance. He said:

"Say, Josh—I thought ye was gettin' good-natured, seein' the feller's sort of sweet on yer gall, Em'ly."

"Hey! Consarn ye! What's that ye say?"

Sweet on Emily? Spit it out or I'll lick ye black and blue! None of yer two-faced games with me! No, by the hokey—. Sweet on Emily? I'll—"

"Say neighbor, I'm sorry fer—fer tellin' ye; but—but I'm afraid it's so. They've been walkin' arm-in-arm sweet as turtle-doves all fall, an'—"

"Nuff said!" he roared, fetching patient Mrs. Harbottle forth with a terrified face. "Shut up yer jaw! I'm off fer that school-teacher!"

He rushed past his wife in a furious rage, and called for Emily. She was not to be found. Realizing the fact, he ran out into the yard, buckling his braces tight around his waist, and rolling up his sleeves. He struck across the fields in the direction of Lorne Parker's, where the teacher was staying. No one dared to follow him. When he came to the line fence he caught sight of the school-teacher. He was walking arm-in-arm with Emily, and they were oblivious of his approach. They were soon enlightened, for while yet a considerable distance away he burst forth in rapid vituperation. He began in a very uncomplimentary way.

"Hey! you good-for-nawthin' chunk of mutton taller; I'm acomin' for ye, an' I'll chaw ye into sassige meat, so I will. An' Emily, say, won't I warm your jacket, hey? I'll make ye dance fer flirtin' with that jack-anape! Yes, I'm acomin'. Look out for squalls, ye chicken-livered swill-barrel."

Holbrook halted. There was even a smile on his face as he placed Emily behind him for safety. His assailant, in his blind rage, came straight for his intended victim. But it was not to be. His pathway lay across an old disused well. The covering was somewhat decayed, hence it at once gave way. In a trice Harbottle was sprawling in three feet of cold water, ten feet below the surface. The well was wide, and the water broke his fall, thus he was only a trifle shaken up and as fiery as ever. As the sides of the well were of small stones and slippery, he could not, in spite of all his efforts, clamber out. He was a prisoner. Emily at first was terribly frightened, but was soon reassured. They were momentarily protected at least.

At last, after frantic efforts had proved fruitless, he shouted loudly for help. Holbrook had evolved a plan to meet this emergency, and he acted accordingly.

As he peered cautiously into the subjacent gloom, Joshua shouted vigorously, "Help me out of here, ye lantern-jawed Jewsharp, or I'll rattle yer hide into tan-bark!"

"Oh no, Mr. Harbottle, I'm not going to help you out until you make an agreement with me. If I let you out, you're to promise to let me have Emily, and to leave the school-house alone after this."

"Not if I know it, ye miserable sneakin' raccoon. No, I'd see you hanged first, you swine-headed turnip. Hey there, Emily, if you don't get somebody to help me out of this, I'll lick blazes out of you to-morrow!"

"Oh, no you won't, Mr. Harbottle. Emily will be my wife then, and nobody will dare to touch my wife."

"What's that? Wife, hey? Not if I can help it. Help me out, blame ye, an' I'll soon stop it."

"I'm sorry, but you'll have to postpone your exit, for we're going down to Parson Jones right now. We'll come back and let you out when you're a bit more sensible. Perhaps you may be more amenable to reason by morning. Nobody will find you without our help, and we couldn't afford to let you out just now. Good-bye! Hope you're comfortable! See you later. We must be moving. Good-night!"

By this time they could hear his teeth chattering, and they had really no intention of leaving him. He must give in, however. So they pretended to walk away, after the tantalizing "good-night." In a second or two they heard a shout that showed a power of relenting.

"Hey there, Emily, are you goin' off an' leavin' your dad to die of cold? I say,

young feller, I was only jokin' just now. Come back an' help me out an' I'll adopt ye an' make ye a lawyer if ye like. You're altogether too smart for this neighborhood. I guess we'll have to raise yer salary. It'll all be in the family, any way."

Five minutes later, by the aid of a chain and a fence rail, Joshua ascended from his subterranean prison. He was dripping and cold, but exceedingly thankful.

He held forth his hand and silently ratified his forced agreement. He was henceforth to look upon the young man as a member of his family. He was, indeed, relieved over the way things had gone, for the strain of his stubborn opposition had after all not been so pleasant in his inward self. This was the best sort of ending possible. By allowing his daughter's happiness he would be doing the popular thing, and the reconciliation would be a happy affair.

Hiram Bleeker waited around to hear the result of the fracas. He was very uneasy in mind. Mrs. Harbottle was almost distracted. She feared for Emily's happiness. Besides, there was no saying what folly her husband might commit in his wrath over the situation. She had regretted the course of matters from the beginning, and had repeatedly advised Joshua to surrender gracefully to circumstances. She was a quiet, yielding woman, however, and in spite of the continual din of opposition to Holbrook and the trustees, she hoped all would come right in the end. She was overjoyed, therefore, to see the trio returning together. Hiram was, non-plussed. To Hiram, Joshua's explanations were brief.

"Allow me to introduce ye to Ebenezer Holbrook, my intended son-in-law. Taxes will likely be high next year."

# THE STEAL

By HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON

AS Grote ran his eye down the letter, a mirthless smile gathered in the wrinkles at the corners of his mouth.

"I suppose, old friend," it ran, "you have forgotten us. It's a good many years since Dr. Montague caned either of us or since we splashed one another in the "Hole," and you can't be expected to remember. But we down here on Beaver Creek are not so bothered with affairs of state, and now and then find time to look in the papers and see what you are doing. Indeed, it would be hard to forget you, even if we wanted to, with your name in the headlines every day.

"I notice, John, that you are said to be on the verge of nervous prostration. Of course, I know that the newspapers often exaggerate; but if it's really so that Fitzgerald says you must rest (and he ought to know, for there's not a better brain specialist in the country), why, you might do worse than put yourself in the hands of a trained physician. Come to Beaver Creek and let sister Mary and me look after you. We live here alone all the year round—I have never married—and a visit from you would not only serve to give you the rest you require, but would be the most positive kind of a pleasure to us as well. Write and let us know on what train we may expect you, and I will drive over to meet you."

The Boss tossed the letter into the basket and then fished it out again. It was odd that Madden should write to him. Grote knew he had gone through for medicine, but it was twenty years at least since he had seen him, and though they had kept up a one-sided sort of correspondence for a while, the Boss had almost forgotten him. It was stranger still that Madden should own a place on Beaver Creek—Beaver Creek of all spots on earth. And then he threw the letter into a drawer. At least it was out of the question to go while the session was on.

Grote was a peculiar man in a peculiar

position. From a struggling lawyer with no appetite for empty honor or pompous display, a burning thirst for power had driven him upward until all the strings that worked the machine centred in his hand. Once, when he was younger, the Governorship had been within his grasp and he had tossed it aside. Nominal leadership was not the goal for which he strove; it was the joy of being able to *do* that appealed to him. He must be Boss or nothing—and Boss he became.

Yet, even as a Boss, he was different. Where other men would have used their power to feather their own nests, Grote staked his chances. A few thousand here and a few thousand there was too insignificant—not worth besmirching his name for. He left the little plums to the party to make him more solid, and watched in silence for the time when, by one big coup it would be possible to recompense himself for all his forbearance. The public spoke of him as "Honest" Grote. Absolutely impartial, he played no favorites; he was a thorough-paced partisan. A skilful gamester, he was careful to handle his pawns strictly according to the rules.

Perhaps, under ordinary circumstances, Grote might have left the city, even though the session was on. But the occasion was not ordinary. The doorway to fortune at last stood open, and until he had been inside and closed his fist tight over the throat of Opportunity, no argument from any doctor would have persuaded him to go. Twenty years of hard striving was not to be lightly tossed aside on a mere doctor's orders, with the goal in sight.

Besides, another week would finish it. Schaler had manipulated the Bill through the House, and all that remained was to give it the Governor's signature. Purely a politician and professional grafter, Schaler had always managed somehow to maintain a character which, to those outside the ring, stood for unspotted integrity. Grote knew

there was no better tool to stand back of a big deal that required the appearance of honesty. With the Governor under his thumb and the fact that Schaler had come to Grote and not he to Schaler, the Boss did not anticipate much opposition to what terms he might choose to dictate.

The scheme centred around the discovery of gold along Beaver Creek. Owing to the high rocky banks it was impossible to use hydraulic pressure to work the claims except right at the water's edge. Schaler had formed a company and approached Grote with the suggestion that they should build a huge dam at Simon's Mills, some fifty miles back up the river. By this means he would be able to run pipes parallel with the stream's course, over the high ground on both sides. Charging for the use of the water, the Company would make a handsome thing out of it. But he was not satisfied. He demanded more. His offer to build the dam looked like a straight business proposition and covered an innocent clause that the Company should own the water rights on the Creek itself for the space of fifty years. That practically gave them the right to collect toll from every claim in the State that got its water supply from the Creek, no matter whether the dam rendered any service or not.

Grote was to receive one-third of the stock in the new Company. The Boss had demanded one-half, and Schaler had refused. Determined to retain the controlling interest, he had already used so many shares in getting the Bill through the House, that to give Grote what he asked would be to concede to him the right to dictate the whole situation.

When Schaler came in half an hour later, the Boss made a strong show of determination not to have anything to do with the scheme.

"But it's all up to you, now," expostulated the grafter. "You led us to believe you would help us, and we've worked to get the Bill through the House. All it wants now is the Governor's signature."

"Schaler," said Grote, slowly, "I can't do this thing. If that Bill goes through and you get control of that Creek for the next fifty years, you can charge rates so high

as to render it unprofitable to work the claims. Then, when they're abandoned, it'll be the easiest thing in the world to have your agents pick them up for next to nothing. Why, man, you'll own the river, let alone the water rights on it!"

"Exactly!" assented the surprised Schaler; "that's just what I said. We'll both be rich out of it."

Grote was idly pulling the drawer of his desk open and shut when his glance happened to rest on Madden's letter, and an idea came to him.

"Here's a letter," he said, unfolding it, "that came to me this morning from a friend of mine who owns property down on Beaver Creek. He wants me to visit him. I've half a mind to go and look over the ground for myself."

Schaler knew the Boss was hedging for more stock and argued that it would only be wasting time.

"Pshaw!" cried Grote, "I can wire the Governor the moment I change my mind. If you want to write me about anything," he added significantly, "put it in care of Horace Madden."

The following evening Grote stepped from a Pullman at Beaversville. The station-master and one or two loiterers were the only people on the platform. On the roadway at the further end, a ruddy-complexioned man was sitting in a dog-cart. As the Boss watched the tail end of the train boring a hole in a cloud of grey dust past the semaphore, a sense of desolation, such as he had never felt in all his city life, swept over him. Then he felt a hand on his shoulder, and turned around. It was the red-faced man.

"We don't look quite like we used to, do we?" said he heartily.

Grote found it difficult to realize that this could be Horace Madden.

"No," he replied, grasping the other's outstretched hand and gripping it strongly; "the years have not left us exactly the same. You are rounder and fatter than you used to be, I think."

"And you"—Madden was studying Grote's iron face and determined jaw—"you seem to have developed some wrinkles that don't belong there yet. A few weeks of

country air will help smooth out some of those."

The drive home was a treat to the Boss. Bred in the country, he had never been back to it since the city had swallowed him up. He felt like a boy again. A squirrel scampered along the fence top, and he tried to persuade the Doctor to let him jump out to chase it. The Doctor laughed.

"I've got a sling up at the house that I'll trade you for three allies," he cried, merrily.

As they drove up the long avenue to the house, the Doctor's two collies came bounding down the roadway, jumping at the horses' heads and yelping their delight.

"Down, sir, down!" ordered their owner when they fawned over him. "Whoa, Dobbin. Whoa! Here's the place."

Mary was on the veranda. As she came down the steps and shook hands with Grote, the idea just occurred to the Boss that this was the first time in years he had shaken hands with a woman out of friendliness alone. There were many politicians' wives with whom he was on terms of intimacy; but he felt no personal interest in them. It was a part of the great game to smile and bow to them; it helped to hold their husbands in his ranks. This was different.

"You don't wear your pigtales any more," he said humorously, a gleam of amusement wrinkling up the corners of his eyes. "And you're in long dresses now."

"And have been for the last twenty years," she responded, in mock indignation. "I must have been about in the third book when you were here."

"About there," assented Grote. "You were just nine, I think."

"Don't," she laughed, "you mustn't. That's guessing too near my age. Women don't like that, you know."

After tea they all sat on the long veranda. Grote and the Doctor smoked and talked—talked as if all things would end forever with bed-time. The Doctor told Grote how he had fought his way through college, how he had come to Beaver Creek and after years of hard work, at last built up a successful practice, and then about the discovery of gold on Beaver Creek. He had put every cent he owned into buying the property above and below him. And the Boss listened.

He was glad he had not told the Governor to sign the Bill, and cast about for a way to put it through without hurting Madden. While he was considering, he told Madden about the Bill, what it was intended to do, how the dam would raise the water to make the back land profitable, and how to do it and make it pay expenses, it would be necessary to charge for the water privileges along the front as well. Madden did not say much. His land was all low, and he could see that without benefiting him, the innovation would cost him a mint of money. Mary sized up the situation in a clear-headed way.

"It would be no good to you, Horace," she said. "That's what they call a 'steal,' isn't it?"

It was fortunate for Grote that it was dark. He flushed up to the roots of his hair.

"No," said he, hesitatingly, "it's necessary to do it in order to make the venture pay. Unless the front land is taxed, there is no way of making the high ground back of the edge worth anything."

"It will be all right," commented the Doctor, "if they do not try to charge too much. I have had a good offer for my holdings; maybe I had better take it."

"Yes," Grote advised, earnestly, "take it by all means." He spoke strongly and seized at the opportunity to let his friend out before the squeeze.

"But," said the Doctor, thoughtfully, "if I work it myself—"

"No, no! you take it," said the Boss. "The water bill is likely to run very high along here. You'd better unload while you have the chance."

The lighted end of Madden's cigar swayed from side to side.

"I couldn't do that if I knew it was going to be no good," he answered. "You must see yourself, it wouldn't be honest."

"Well," commented Grote, dryly, "we'll talk about that again. Meantime, I guess it's time to go to bed."

Grote, who never rose before nine, was dressed and out in the morning air before sunrise. With the cool, sweet breath of daybreak in his nostrils, he went for a long tramp down by the riverside, and looked over the ground which Madden had pur-

chased. His experienced eye took in the value of the property. He saw the utter worthlessness of Schaler's scheme as applied to this section of the river. Involuntarily he put himself in Madden's position. The situation struck home to him in a new light. The idea of all the profits on a good investment going for graft, appealed to him in a way it never had before. For a moment he was one of that great body that politicians referred to as "the public"; standing outside the Ring, he found himself probing into something that was quite new to him.

"The girl was right," he muttered, "it *would* be a steal."

The Boss put in such a fortnight as he could never remember having spent before. He fished and boated and shot, and even dared Madden to go swimming down at the Bend every morning before breakfast. Could any of his worthy henchmen have seen him rowing up and down the river at sunrise in a pair of blue overalls and a flannel shirt, what prestige would he have lost!

Madden chuckled.

"If gold mining doesn't pay," he declared, "I'm going to open a sanitarium for nervous prostration. I've got a sure cure here."

Then one day, Mary awakened to a new fact. The Doctor, busy all day, left the matter of Grote's entertainment to rest very largely on her shoulders. A strong man and a womanly woman, it was only natural that they should be attracted to each other. With the instinct of her sex, Mary realized it long before Grote. Fond of boasting his contempt for anything so weakly human, the idea took longer to come home to the Boss. He blindly fancied to himself that he regarded her in about the same light as he might a trusted political lieutenant.

One morning after a long walk, when he reached the house, Grote went around to the kitchen door. Mary was busy superintending the preparation of breakfast.

"No," she replied, in answer to his expostulations, "you can't stay out here. Horace is on the veranda. There! Be careful! Now, you've upset that pitcher. Just think, if it had been full of milk. Out you go!"

And despite his protests, he was driven to the front. The Doctor, seated in a big, rattan steamer-chair, was buried in the morning papers.

"Good morning!" he cried, excitedly, as Grote came out. "Here, look at this," and he waved the paper toward the Boss.

The front page explained Madden's agitation. A bold, black heading ran across the whole top:

## HAS GOVERNOR BOSTON BEEN BOUGHT?

THE BEAVER CREEK BILL SAID TO BE A STEAL!

Three columns followed, with an explanation of the Bill's clauses, and full of a great query from end to end as to what Boston's stand might be on the matter. It was not until Grote found a sentence to the effect that the hoodlers were "probably taking advantage of 'Honest' Grote's absence from the city," that he realized how he had dreaded to find his own name mixed up in it. He did not attempt to analyse his feelings; he never wondered whether he was worrying because Madden might have discovered him or whether he feared the loss of his hard-won sobriquet in the city. It was enough for him that he felt relieved.

"I ought to go to the city," he said.

"The scoundrels!" ejaculated Madden. "Mary was right, it *is* a steal! If the Governor signs it—"

"Well?" Grote was curious to know Madden's opinion. "What then?"

"Nothing," said the Doctor, dejectedly. "I don't suppose it would be possible to stop him if he's been bought and paid for. But if he does," he cried, springing to his feet; "if he does, he's no better than the meanest pickpocket in Sing Sing. He's a common thief!"

The Boss drew back. His face had turned an odd grey. He knew who Madden's violent denunciation struck far better than did the Doctor himself. And then as he glanced up and saw Mary standing in the doorway, he suddenly realized why he had feared to find his name connected with the affair.



"Breakfast is ready, if you'll come in now," she said.

At two o'clock Grote got a message from Schaler. It was marked "Rush," and the boy who brought it was puffing and exhausted.

"Wire Boston to sign. He refuses to act without instructions from you. Newspapers have story. Schaler."

"Any answer, sir?" asked the lad.

"Yes," said Grote, "tell him to go to the devil."

Brought face to face with the crisis, the Boss did not know what he intended to do. The night before, he would have wired Boston to sign, with hardly a moment's hesitation. But the events of the morning had altered the face of things. If Madden denounced the Governor, whom he did not know at all, as a pickpocket and a thief, how, he asked himself, would he characterize the man who posed as his closest friend, were he to do the same thing? A partisan to the core, to steal from a friend was a violation of Grote's code of morals; but to act the traitor was a thousand times worse. And then the picture of a sweet-faced woman standing in the doorway rose before him.

Finally he decided to put the matter off.

At five another wire arrived.

"For heaven's sake, wire Boston to sign and come back yourself. We need you badly. Schaler."

"Anything to send back?" said the boy.

"Yes; wait a minute."

Grote drafted his reply twice before it suited him. In desperation he crumpled both up and put it all in six words.

"Do not sign B. C. Bill. Grote."

He sent another to Schaler, notifying him that he had wired the Governor, but neglected to say what the message was. With a grim sense of humor, he left Schaler to learn that for himself.

It was almost supper time before Grote recollected the messages and the two drafts of his answer. He had left them lying on the dining-room table. When he found them they were on the bureau in his bedroom. Both the crumpled drafts had been smoothed out! He looked at them in horror. Whoever had put them there had

seen the contents. True, one of the servants might have done it; but Grote had a feeling that it had either been Madden or his sister. If that were the case, his sacrifice was wasted; he would have earned their contempt, and worse still, without having profited by it even one cent's worth. The thought occurred to him to throw his things in his grip and bolt for the station. He would be in time for the evening local.

Then he threw the idea aside. After all, it might have been a servant. Accustomed all his life to taking chances with the odds against him, he determined to take this one; if he were wrong, he could at least brazen it out and be no worse off. He straightened his neck-tie and went down to the table.

The meal passed off as usual. If they knew, neither the Doctor nor his sister said anything. Grote, used to reading men, felt sure they had not seen the messages. He recovered his spirits and laughed and joked as usual.

Just after dusk, they were all seated on the veranda when the boy came again from the telegraph office. This time the wire was from Grote's secretary. Tearing it open he glanced through its six words. Then he handed it over to the Doctor. Madden read it aloud:

"Boston has vetoed B. C. Bill."

An odd expression crossed Mary's face, and Grote looked at her sharply. Their eyes met and she turned away. Grote knew suddenly that it was she who had put the messages in his room. A glance at Madden assured him that he did not know. He looked back at Mary. Was she angry? He could not tell. But the Doctor was speaking.

"I wronged the Governor," he said; "I thought he had been bought."

"They most likely tried," put in Mary, glancing at the Boss as she spoke.

"Then all honor to him, I say," returned her brother. "The more credit is due him, for he has proved himself an honest man."

"An honest man," she echoed, softly.

Grote looked into her eyes and saw there what he had never known before. When he spoke, it was more to himself than to the others.

"Yes, thank God!" said he.

# A PIG TALE

BY KNOX MAGÈE

“ I OBJECT only because I can't see why one should feed pigs—beastly pigs—before one can learn farming,” the young Englishman objected. “ I didn't come to Canada for that, you know. When I buy my own farm, I shall not grow the nasty things,” he added in explanation.

“ Oh, I see,” said MacDonald of the fiery beard, “ I see. But I'll just tell you this: if you don't learn how to feed pigs, you don't learn how to farm with me. You either feed those pigs or we call off our agreement, right now. Understand?”

The Englishman flushed scarlet, and twisted savagely at the waxed points of his moustache. “ Oh, very well,” he said, with as good a grace as could be expected, “ if you think it a necessary part of my education, I shall feed the beastly things.” Then he muttered, under his breath: “ But I think it a piece of bally rot—my word, I do!”

“ Good morning, Mr. Perry,” the farmer's daughter called out, as she came towards them. “ Oh!” she cried, stopping abruptly and raising her pretty eyebrows, “ starting in seriously this morning, Mr. Perry?” Her voice was rich, refined, well-modulated, with a tone of confidence and gentle raillery in it; all of which proclaimed the “ College for Young Ladies,” as the well-knit frame and the healthy flush advertised the virtues of country air.

Mr. Perry's manner became more uneasy; the possibility of having a spectator of his humiliation was, perhaps, a reasonable excuse.

“ Yes,” he said, glancing a little nervously at the farmer; “ my first practical lesson, Miss MacDonald, and I feel quite a block-head, don't you know—quite hopeless.”

“ Oh, you'll learn all right,” MacDonald put in. “ But the only place to start is where I started—at the bottom. Better

hurry up, though; they're singing for their breakfast, and may tear that fence down if they don't get it pretty soon.”

“ What—the pigs? Are you to feed the pigs, Mr. Perry? Oh, how delightful! And may I watch you?” the young lady asked.

“ Well, you know, really, Miss Mac—” he stammered.

“ Oh, yes, I must watch you!” she interrupted. “ You will need my advice, of course.”

She waited for no more, but started for the little field into which the pigs had been turned for the summer; while he, with burning cheeks, but a firm determination to see the thing through, followed, twisting murderously at the little yellow decoration on his upper lip.

“ My word! I feel like a blooming idiot,” he muttered to himself.

The arrival of Miss MacDonald at the inclosure was announced by an uproar almost loud enough to split one's ears.

The Englishman came to a sudden stop. “ My eye! but they seem savage this morning,” he thought. But at that moment he saw the farmer giving him a last look before entering the house, so he squared his shoulders and faced the “ music ” with a bold front.

“ Don't you think they are awfully cute?” the girl asked, as the victim came up. “ Did you ever see brighter or more intelligent little eyes? See how they sparkle and dance and blink. Who, after seeing them, can say they are stupid!”

“ Or gentle!” he added.

She pouted, and withdrew a little way, while he filled the pail from the barrel, and the pigs attempted to anticipate his service by scrambling over each other to the top rail of the fence.

Perry watched their efforts with mingled disgust and alarm. He approached the

fence and peered over in search of the trough into which he had seen Bill pour the milk the day before. To his consternation he beheld the trough several yards from the fence, turned bottom up, where the greedy herd had nosed it.

"I say, Miss MacDonald, here's a shocking mess!" he complained, turning an appealing face to her. "The stupid things have upset their trough!"

"Turn it over again," she laughed—unsympathetic creature!

"But—" he objected.

"Oh, Mr. Perry, you are not afraid of them, surely!" she laughed again.

Afraid! The idea of his being afraid! And for her to laugh! He would show her how much cause she had for laughter at his expense. He mounted the barrier almost recklessly, but paused on the top rail, with the pail resting before him, and shouted, "Shoo!" at the scrambling beasts below.

But the pig is a rowdy; he knows nothing of respect or discipline. And so the young Englishman now learned. His "Shoo" produced not the slightest effect; it was drowned in a storm of protest; and the huge mother of the half-grown family displayed her contempt for orders and impatience of delay by tossing his dangling foot aside with an unexpected roughness that almost precipitated both milk and man upon her back.

"Lord Harry! The vicious duffer!" he gasped, and made a frantic grab to save the pail from falling. He succeeded; only about a quart of the milk was lost—and not irretrievably; the flaring top of his new long boot caught it, and it trickled amongst his toes quite refreshingly. Again he glanced his appeal at the girl; but she was writhing in the grip of convulsive laughter.

"Oh!—oh!" she gasped; and then, as he performed another acrobatic feat, to avoid the tossing snouts, "Oh, please—please don't," she cried; "I—I can't stand it!" And she leaned against the fence, holding her sides and shaking.

This humiliation was too much for even a self-controlled Englishman. He trembled with fear and anger; but the anger, backed by pride, prevailed.

"I shall jolly soon show you," he muttered; and brandishing his hat before the bead-like eyes, he dropped amongst the squealing, scrambling brutes.

To his surprise, his sudden descent produced no pronounced effect—except within his boot; there it caused the collected milk to spout and gurgle musically. He shuddered at the sensation, and kicked out savagely at the roll of bacon that had climbed half into the pail in his hand.

"You blooming boulder!" he ground between clenched teeth, and kicked to right and left in quick succession.

The pigs squealed, but, undaunted, returned to the attack with renewed vigor.

Mr. Perry's heart began to sink. The conviction that he had made a mistake in taking the tempting pail within the inclosure forced itself upon his mind with disconcerting strength. His position was becoming less bearable with each second that passed. That he might save the pail from capture he was forced to hold it with both hands, breast high, before him; and even then a dozen squealing noses tossed and puffed but an inch below. Alarm began to drown his resolution. He was being rudely buffeted to right and left by creatures that he loathed and did not understand. He took a backward step; they tumbled over each other in their haste to follow; and one, even less courteous than his fellows, stamped a well-weighted hoof upon his soaking foot.

The victim bit his lower lip with rage. "Oh, you duffer! You—you blundering idiot!" he swore. Again he kicked with might and main, and limped painfully back another step.

The pig that received the blow squealed in ear-splitting falsetto, darted away a few yards, turned, and with head tipped to one side, stared back with dancing little eyes and grunted its wonder and resentment.

The accusing look was wasted on Perry; he had heard a gasping laugh, and glanced over his shoulder in wonder. There he beheld the girl—the girl that he had been fool enough to admire—squirming against the fence, purple in the face, and half strangling with laughter at his agony.

"Uh!" he grunted, and lurched to one

side, as the huge mother of the ruffians collided with his leg.

There is a limit to even a gentleman's patience. "My word! It's amusing—devilishly amusing!" he sputtered in desperation. "Ha, ha!" he laughed, half hysterically, "so glad to contribute to your pleasure! So jolly glad!"

She was too breathless to take offence; she merely clung to the rail, swayed from side to side, and struggled for breath.

At this moment the crisis came. The Englishman had just ground his teeth and delivered a mighty kick at an impetuous beast that had almost upset him, when his most dreaded and least refined enemy, the lumbering mother, with a hunger-brightened eye, spied from the rear the tantalizing pail, lowered till well within her reach. Driven to a fury of impatience by this irritating creature, who had come amongst them with his awkward ways and inconsiderate kicks, she threw all caution to the winds and dashed between his legs.

The victim's knees flew apart as if a bomb had burst between them; the hog's nose struck the pail in its descent; the milk spouted high in air and came down in a sticky torrent. A wild yell escaped the fallen, as he came down on a broad, flat back. He gasped and sputtered through the storm of milk, and grabbed frantically at something, which proved to be a slippery ear. The hog squealed her horror and dashed through her startled family. He gripped his knees well into the bulging sides, drew up two yards of legs, crouched low in his living saddle, and clung to the pail and ear in desperation.

The wind screamed and whistled as he shot around the little field with the speed of an express train; the earth, the fence, the barn, vibrated like a stretched elastic; and each of the short, lightning-like jumps seemed to drive his back-bone down to half its natural length.

"You duffer! Oh, you stupid duffer!" he grunted through teeth that snapped together with every jolt. "I—I'll drub the blooming life out of you!"

He swung the pail on high and brought it with a thump against the shining side—and the last of the milk shot up his sleeve in pure perversity.

"Uh! uh! uh!" the beast protested, and shot forward with increased speed.

As he flew past the point where the girl stood, he caught a choking little sound, which stirred the wells of his rage to the very bottom. He swung the pail aloft repeatedly, and at each swing the grunts of terror mingled with his jolting imprecations.

"I—I shall finish you—I shall jolly soon finish you!" was shaken from between his teeth as the grain is shaken from the hopper. "Take that, you bally idiot!—and that!—and that!"

"Uh! uh! uh!" the hog responded, and darted, swift as an arrow, toward a corner, where the rest of the herd were crowded—wondering spectators of the scene.

The pail still rose and fell; the milk still dripped; the victim's toes still ploughed the grass; "You duffer—you—stupid—duffer!" was still jolted out unevenly.

And then, ere one could blink, it was all over! The unwilling and abused bearer of the burden dashed amongst her offspring; a storm of squealing rent the air; a pair of long legs cut fantastic figures above the shining backs for a moment; the band scrambled over them, buried them, and dispersed—and lo! only a pail and a muddy, though whitewashed, form remained.

"I never knew a 'remittance man' yet that was worth his salt. The confounded idiot has run that sow almost to death." It was the farmer that spoke.

Mr. Perry looked around dazedly, and discovered that he was lying on the grass, just outside the fatal inclosure.

"My eye!" he muttered, scrambling to his feet.

"Nothing the matter with your eye, or anything else; just a little mud on it," said the farmer.

# CANADA AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY



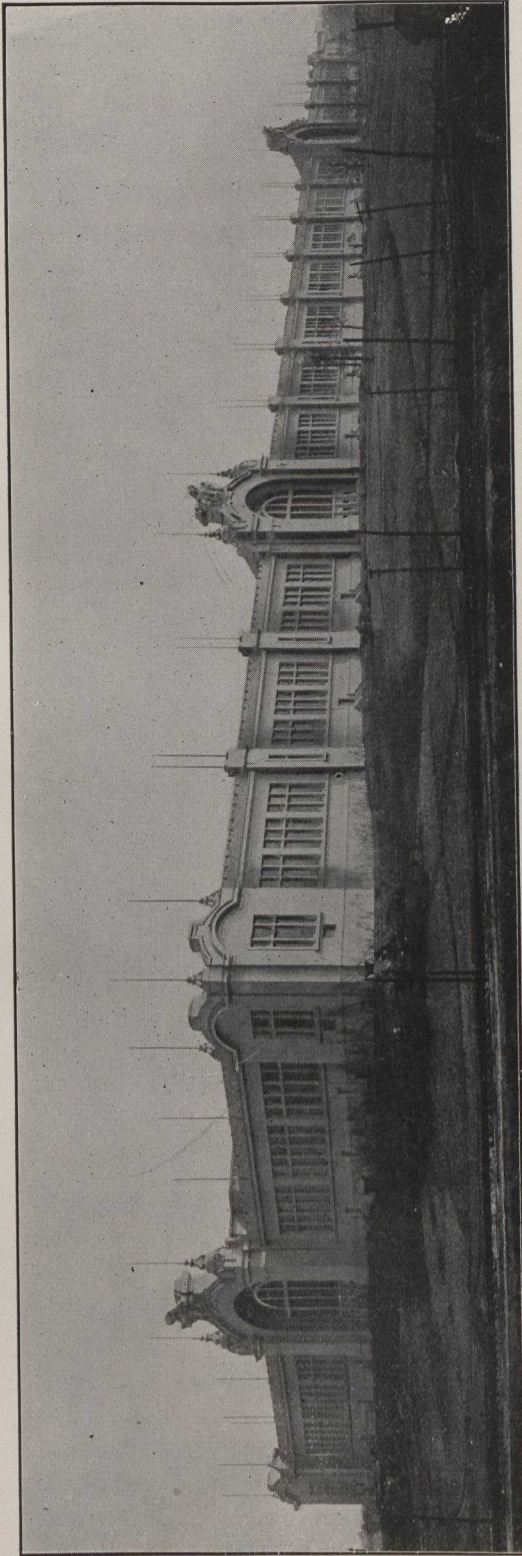
TRAVELLER'S PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION BUILDING.

IT seems a far cry from the Queen City beside the still clear expanse of Lake Ontario, to that other Queen City on the banks of the turgid, troubled Father of the Waters, but a smooth, swift run over the Grand Trunk to Chicago, and thence over the Illinois Central to St. Louis, quickly completes the transit.

The prosperous capital of the State of Missouri—"Missourah" the majority of her people fondly call her—has undertaken a tremendous enterprise in order to commemorate that extraordinary transaction to which she, along with thirteen other states, owe their origin. It was one hundred years ago when Napoleon the Great was persuaded by the representatives of the rapidly growing Republic of the United States to part with the vast territory which had been

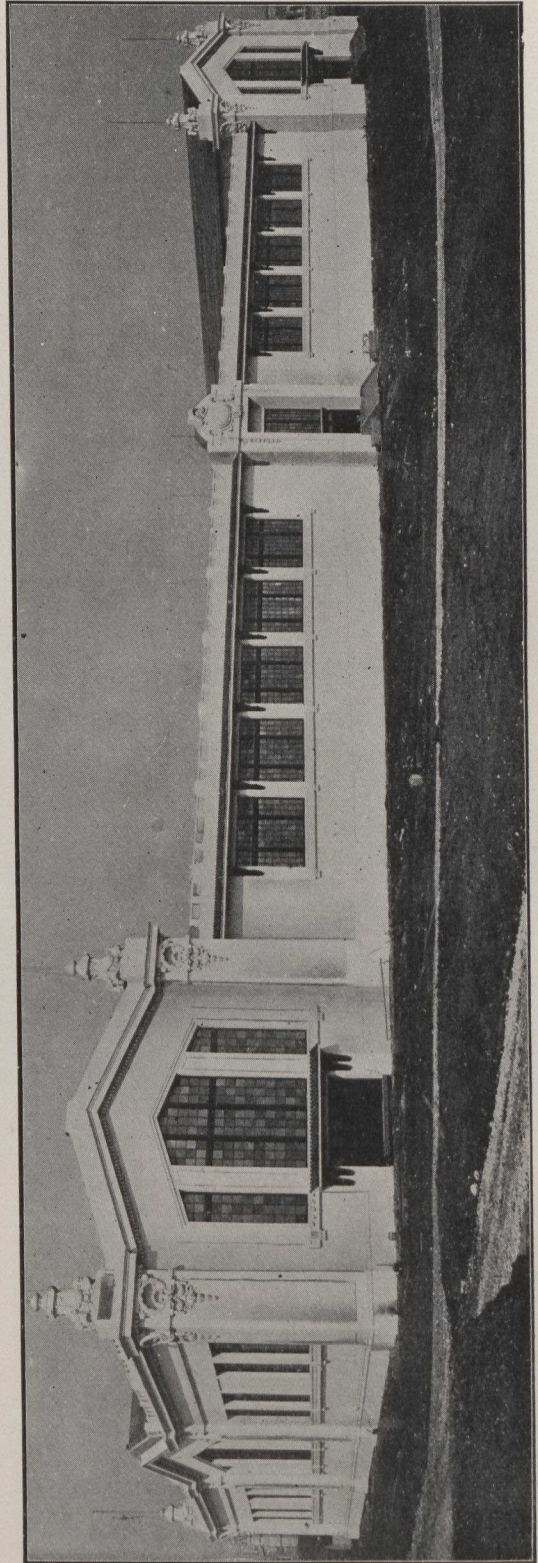
discovered by La Salle, who fared forth from Canada in 1682 to seek a highway to the Pacific, and found the Gulf of Mexico. After having been bandied between France and Spain for a century or so, this rich country was finally sold for the paltry sum of \$12,000,000, and the United States thus acquired what has since come to be a most important portion of her domain.

The "Louisiana purchase" passed into history, and grew to be regarded with ever increasing consequence by the swiftly swelling population, so that when apropos of the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, it was remarked in 1889 that it would be the last of the centennials of great events in the history of the United States, St. Louis was quick to controvert the statement. Accord-



**PALACE OF AGRICULTURE.**

A wonderful building, not only on account of its size, but its varied contents. It covers an area of twenty-three acres. Nearly all the states and nations of the world are represented.



**PALACE OF FORESTRY, FISH AND GAME.**

Covers four acres; cost \$200,000, and contains living exhibits in pools and aquariums.

ing to her the greatest of them all, the centennial of the acquisition of Louisiana, was still to come. "If 1776 declared our independence to the world, 1803 achieved it, and the States of the Louisiana purchase should join in making this Western Centennial the greatest of all," the *St. Louis Republic* boldly affirmed.

This seemed at the time a wild boast, but that it has been amply redeemed the whole world is now called upon to judge, for, although postponed a year beyond the date first fixed, the Louisiana Purchase Univer-

old-fashioned log-cabin to a stupendous structure—the Palace of Agriculture—whose roof covers more than twenty-three acres! Their architecture is as various as their dimensions. Many of them may probably be designated architectural freaks; others are admirable illustrations of the picturesque and the practical in felicitous combination. One of the best instances of the latter class is the building containing the exhibit of the United States Fishery Commission.

Whatever criticisms one may feel free to



BRITISH GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

A *facsimile* reproduction of the orangery of Kensington Palace where Queen Victoria was born. Built by plans from Sir Christopher Wren, by order of Queen Anne in 1704. It is regarded as the finest specimen of garden architecture in England.

sal Exposition assuredly surpasses its brilliant predecessors in size, splendor, and all-embracing completeness.

Situated in a noble park, whose varied surface enables the landscape gardener to accomplish superb effects, and with no less than two square miles of space at disposal, the Exposition so far transcends ordinary human standards, that at first one really wonders if they have not somehow strayed into Gulliver's kingdom of Brobdingnag. The buildings range in size from an ordinary

pass upon individual buildings, however, there is little room for fault-finding with their general disposition. Here there has been the highest skill displayed. Having such ample room at command, the authorities were enabled to plan magnificently, and the result is a happily proportioned and most effectively arranged *mise en scène* which it is hardly possible will ever be paralleled, and certainly not surpassed in human history.

The general configuration is that of the arc of a circle, with the superb Festival Hall

and Cascades in the centre, and the gigantic Palaces of Arts and Manufactures at the circumference. One has not to proceed far from the main entrance ere the sublime panorama opens out before the eye, and thenceforward every step reveals fresh miracles of contour, color, and carving.

A full fortnight of steadfast attention would scarce suffice to effect a complete survey of the Exposition. The complaint that it is on quite too vast a scale—twice that of Chicago's White City, for instance—is perhaps well-founded, for such is human nature that to fail to see everything is to

Inn, a huge caravansary inside the grounds, capable of entertaining several thousand guests. Its accommodations are not exactly luxurious, but they are quite sufficient for sensible people. Its charges are reasonable, and the advantage of being right on the spot and not having to struggle with the street-car problem or the crowding at the entrance gates, can be readily appreciated.

Of course no modern World's Fair is considered complete without its amusement department. The fame of the Chicago "Midway" went over the world, but it has been cast into the shade by the St. Louis "Pike."



MISSOURI STATE BUILDING.

suffer discontent, and it is the lot only of the small minority to have time and money "to burn" in sufficient volume to render possible a good look at the entire Exposition.

The means of locomotion are satisfactory. The Intramural Railway, equipped with electric cars of the finest type, makes an almost complete circuit of the grounds, and brings one within easy reach of practically everything, while there are automobiles and wheeled chairs galore, so that exertion may be reduced to a minimum.

A most welcome novelty is the Inside

This is placed at the right of the main entrance, and extends for a full mile in a straight level line towards the west. Here everything is on the same gigantic scale that characterizes the main exposition. It is truly the apotheosis of the "side-show," and the exteriors of the different attractions are so imposing that the presence of the "barkers" at their gates seem almost profane. One is inclined to resent their raucous appeals just as one would if they were before the doors of Massey Music Hall.

The range of spectacular features is wide





CALIFORNIA STATE BUILDING.  
Old Mission Style of Architecture

enough to reach from the Creation to the Hereafter, and to include Irish villages, Tyrolean mountains, Hagenbach's Marvellous Menagerie, scenes from Cairo to China, magic whirlpools and famous fire-fighters, scenic railways and Galveston floods. It demands many hours, not to mention dollars, to "do the Pike," and the wise persons who have no superfluity of either will select in advance what they think will appeal to them most, and then stick to their programme. Let this, however, be said, that there are no fakes on the "Pike." The spectacles and performances for which you pay are all quite worth what they cost. They vary in their qualities of pleasing and improving, of course. Some of them, indeed, may profitably be passed by unpatronized, but there are no brazen frauds such as are wont to beguile the unwary. Indulged in judiciously the "Pike" is an important part of the Fair.

So much for the general aspects of this great Exposition. What, now, is the place of the Dominion there, and what showing does our country make? This, after all,

is the main issue for the readers of the NATIONAL MONTHLY. In order to properly appreciate the response to this question, we must first clearly understand Canada's point of view. Did she propose to herself to enter into rivalry with the other nations of the world in the realms of manufactured products, of art, of invention, of facilities for transportation? In all these departments she is represented by work whereof she need not be ashamed; but her contributions to the countless miles of aisle exhibits, albeit so creditable, are really of small moment in comparison with the frank appeal she makes to the prospective settler.

It is men, above all things, that Canada craves, and it is to the winning of men that she has wisely directed her special efforts. In a recent number of the *Outlook*, a high authority on the Western States affirms that "the most persistent and earnest of immigration seekers is the Dominion of Canada. In every weekly paper that the rural delivery carrier takes out among western farmers is an advertisement paid for by the Canadian Government offering cheap

lands to the settler, and telling how to obtain information of marvellous chances for newcomers. Free transportation is given to representatives of colonies; and the notable accomplishments of the Manitoba soil are set forth in glowing language. It pays. From twenty thousand to forty thousand settlers from the States cross the line every year, accompanied by twenty-five thousand car-loads of goods, and becoming citizens of the far North-West."

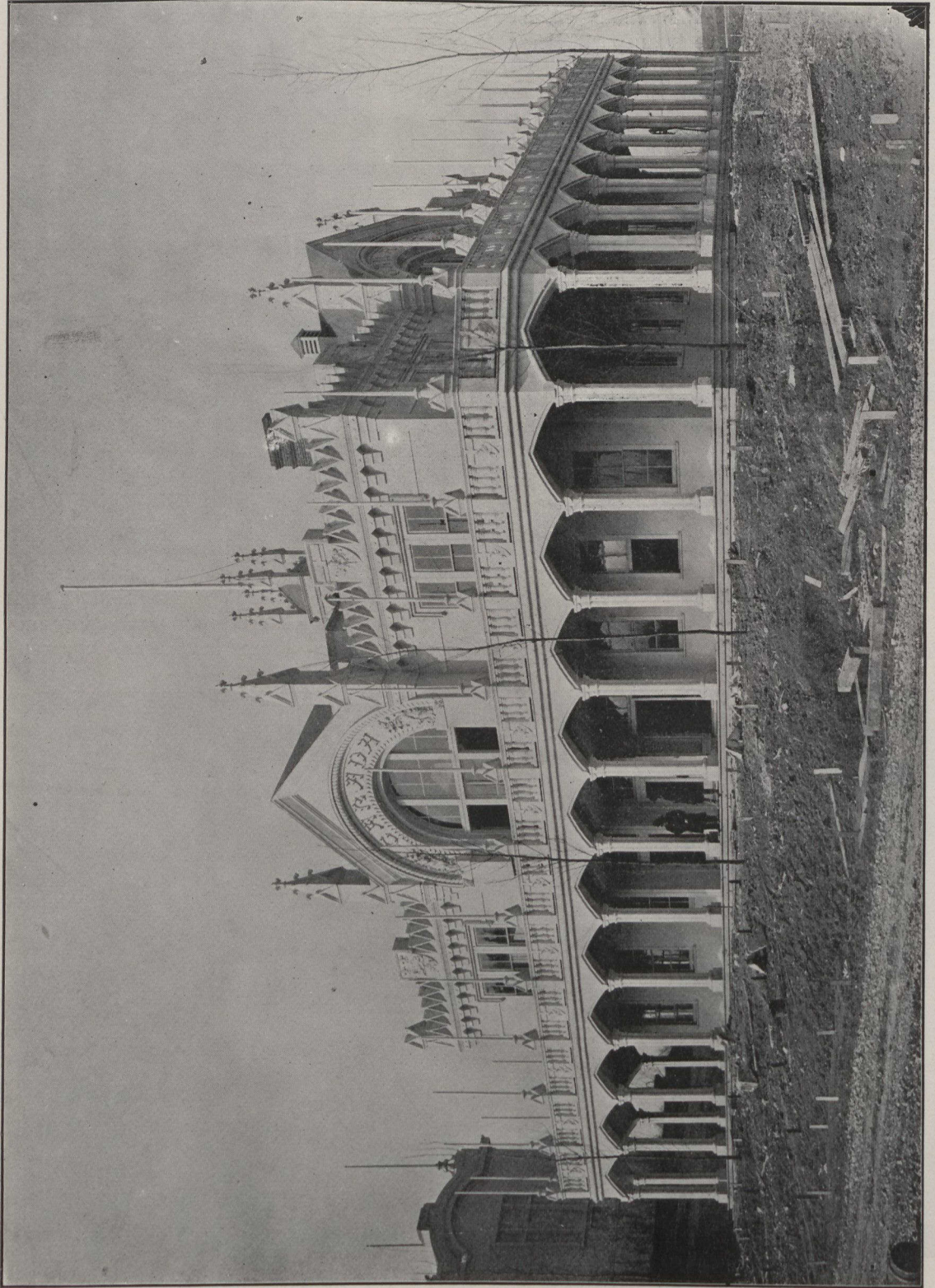
The part taken by Canada at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition is in pursuance of this very policy. The officers in charge of her national exhibit have already had extensive experience at World's Fairs, and they have brought this to bear upon their present task with most satisfactory results. To Mr. William Hutchison, who is Director-in-Chief, Mr. William Burns, his assistant, Mr. W. H. Hay, in charge of the Agricultural Exhibit, Mr. Robert Hamilton, of the Horticultural, Mr. R. L. Broadbent, of the Mines and Minerals, and Messrs. Anderson and Dolan, of the Forests and Fisheries, cordial praise is due for the intelligence and assiduity which have marked the perform-

ance of their duties, and both they and the country they so honorably represent have good reason to be proud of the fact that by general consent Canada's display in the different departments indicated is pronounced the most complete and conclusive.

With the exception of Japan, no other country was so ready for visitors in the early part of May, when our observations were made, as the Dominion. The display in the Agricultural Building—that stupendous structure which spreads over more than a score of acres—admirably placed not far from the main entrance, was practically complete. It is a thing of beauty no less than it is a most effective presentation of one phase of Canada's wealth. A graceful temple built apparently of sheaves of gold-ripe wheat and oats and barley, rises high into the air, its walls panelled with pictures by native artists portraying graphically the various breeds of cattle raised in the country. The combination of practical significance with artistic attractiveness is entirely successful. Your attention is first caught by the rich harmony of color and contour, and a closer view reveals concrete



LOOKING EAST—SOUTH SIDE OF PALACE OF ELECTRICITY.



CANADIAN BUILDING.  
Headquarters for the Canadian Commission and for the people of Canada and their friends visiting the World's Fair.



A PART OF CANADA'S EXHIBIT IN AGRICULTURE BUILDING.

examples of our country's natural wealth, which cannot fail to make profound impressions.

This noble portal admits you to a great area wherein are displayed the various cereals of the country in their virgin and in their food form, the products of the beehive, of the sugar-maple, and the many other good things to eat that the fertile provinces furnish in such abundance. The whole effect is certainly convincing as to the richness of our soil, and the suitability

towers, into the composition of which no less than three thousand varieties of wood, all cut within the boundaries of Canada, have entered. This bridge required the labors of eight men for many months at Ottawa, where it was built in sections. No large timbers were used. Every part is in the natural wood, and no big pieces have been employed where a number of smaller ones would do as well. Every detail has been worked out with infinite pains with little bits of wood. The wondrous variety of



UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT INDIAN EXHIBIT BUILDING.

The progress of the Government's Indian wards in education and industry is graphically shown.

of our climate for supplying the physical needs of humanity.

Crossing from the Agricultural to the Forestry, Fish and Game Building (and be it noted that in order to do so you must needs pass the front door of Canada's handsome pavilion, with such strategic skill did our shrewd Commissioner Hutchison select its site) you are again confronted with Canada's display almost immediately upon entrance. Its principal feature is a rustic bridge of generous proportions and novel design, having a double arch and a pair of

specimens may at first seem almost incredible, but is explained by the fact that the resources of the Government Experimental Farms throughout the Dominion have been drawn upon, and not only native growths but all kinds of imported ones also have been levied upon.

Arranged about and upon the bridge are the mounted specimens of fur, fin, and feather, from the tiniest to the biggest, including the polar bear, the musk ox, the elk, the caribou, the buffalo, the salmon, the sturgeon, and the speckled trout. They are

all in the best possible condition, and present a very fine appearance.

In a special building at the rear of the Canadian pavilion a display of the larger timber of the country is being arranged.

It is a good long stroll from the Forestry Building to the one devoted to Mines and

they fail to afford Mr. Broadbent stands ready to supply.

That the investment of money, brains, and hard work made by the Dominion at this Exposition will prove a profitable one in every way cannot be doubted. It will reach the eyes and ears of the very people



NEW JERSEY'S WORLD'S FAIR PAVILION.

A reproduction of Ford's Old Tavern at Morristown, which was Washington's headquarters during the War of the Revolution.

Metallurgy, and here again we find Canada well to the fore with her exhibit. The vast and varied mineral riches of the Dominion are most effectively illustrated by specimens, plans, photographs, and diagrams, which answer practically every question that the most eager enquirer could ask, and what

we are most anxious to influence, and the fame of it will go abroad throughout the United States with the result of bringing across the border a great host of eminently desirable immigrants, who will unite heartily with our own people in promoting the solid growth of the Dominion.

# PORT SIMPSON, B.C.

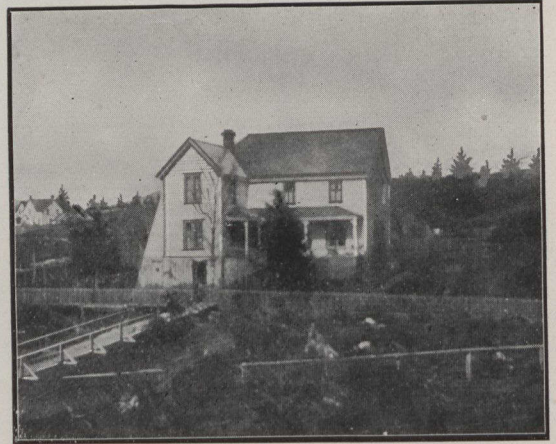
BY T. GREGG

PORT SIMPSON, the proposed terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, is about six hundred and fifty miles north, or to be more exact, north by west, of Vancouver, being 7.21 deg. west of the longitude of the Terminal City, and is situated on Tshimpsean peninsula in an attractive position. The ground rises gradually from the water's edge, the background being a lofty and level ridge several hundred feet above the sea, the escarpment clothed in verdant shrubbery and undergrowth almost the year round, and the summit fringed with trees. The town, if it may be called so, has two frontages on the water, one towards the north on the harbor, and the other towards the west on Cunningham passage, which leads into the harbor from the south, so that it forms two sides of a square on the point of land on which it stands. At one time the place was looked upon as the most favorable terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and there was some speculation in town lots, but little has been done since. A year ago, beside the Indian population that totaled about eight hundred, there were about nine white families in the place, numbering between thirty and forty whites, but since then the population has been augmented, many persons removing thither to be on hand when railway construction begins, which is the hope of the place. Port Simpson is not incorporated or municipally organized. The administration of justice and the keeping of law and order devolve upon the resident Government agent, Mr. John Flewin, who is mining recorder and collector of customs as well, discharging his duties faithfully and efficiently.

Herewith are shown some pictures of the principal buildings, kindly furnished by Mr. Walter Flewin, of Port Simpson, others unfortunately having been injured in transit.

The Anglican Church had an early foothold on the coast, and the Society for the

Propagation of the Gospel, and the Church Missionary Society have a church in almost every settlement from Vancouver to the Naas, on the borders of Alaska. The rector of the English Church at Port Simpson is Rev. William Hogan, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and one of the ablest ministers on the coast. The Methodist body have also an extensive mission here, the Indians being mostly adherents of that denomination. The Salvation Army also has



REV. WM. HOGAN'S RESIDENCE

great attraction for the Indians, who delight in its parades and the opportunity it gives them of oratory. They are very musical, and have the finest brass band of any of the tribes, so fine that it was taken to Vancouver to play for His Royal Highness the Duke of York.

The Methodists maintain a mission school for girls, another for boys, and until quite recently a hospital, but the latter was recently taken over by an incorporated company. The resident medical director is Dr. Kergin, a native of St. Catharines, Ont., and he is held to be one of the cleverest doctors and surgeons in that region.

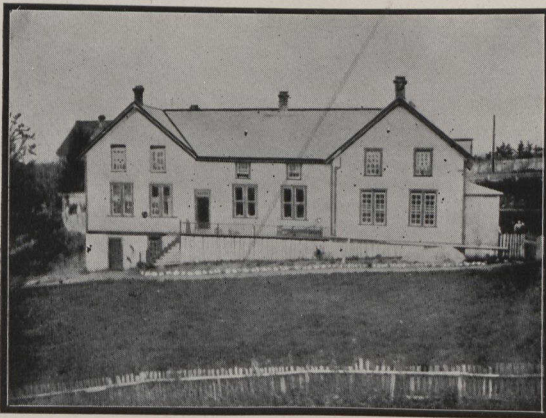
This used to be the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company for the whole

northern part of British Columbia, and that company still has a large store there, and the only one, in which is situated the post office. The company owns the wharf, which is about a quarter of a mile long, and on



GIRLS' HOME METHODIST MISSION

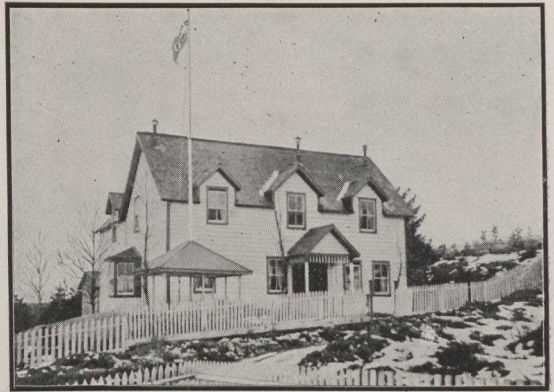
which a tramway is laid for the easy handling of goods. The Dominion Government Telegraph has a station in Port Simpson connecting with the Ashcroft-Cariboo-Dawson line at Hazelton, a busy point on the Skeena River about one hundred and



BOYS' HOME METHODIST MISSION

sixty miles distant, the manager being Miss O'Neill, a native of the place.

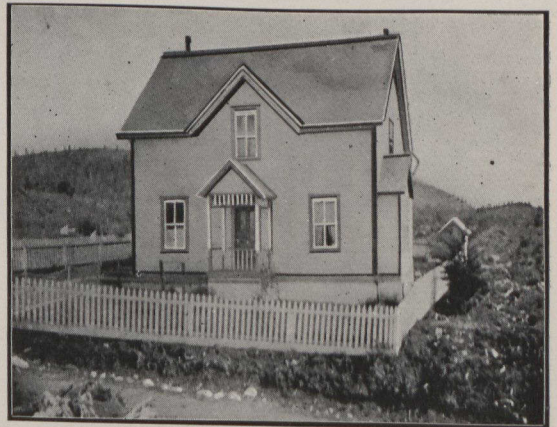
There is a hotel here, the Northern, and after leaving this point there is no similar accommodation nearer than Alaska. The hotel is kept by Messrs. Robinson and Rudge, the former a native of Sand Point,



THE HOSPITAL

on the Ottawa, and the latter hailing from St. John, New Brunswick. Mr. Rudge is also a stonecutter and sculptor, there being a wide demand among the Indians for monuments for their dead. The ancient totem poles, which are so interesting to visitors, have fallen into disuse in favor of totems engraved in stone, in which work Mr. Rudge is an expert. An Indian will let his father and mother live in poverty and die of want, but when they die thinks nothing of giving \$300 to \$400 for a monument to put over them.

Up to last summer Port Simpson was a one-horse place, the only horse being the property of the Methodist mission, but now is said to have two or three horses. There is no vehicular traffic, the Indians serving as porters in carrying supplies about the place.



DR. KERGIN'S RESIDENCE





HUDSON'S BAY CO.'S STORE

The Indian village is situated on an island where Cunningham passage joins the harbor, and is connected with the mainland by a substantial wooden bridge of their own construction. They have altogether about seventy-five thousand acres of reserve here, and the island where they dwell is the most picturesque spot around Port Simpson. They are a well-to-do people, industrious and sober, and many of them live in fine houses worth from \$3,000 to \$5,000. The accompanying picture of the residence of Chief Dudoward on the island is a sample. They are great



CHIEF DUDAWARD'S RESIDENCE—INDIAN RESERVE

imitators, and build from plans in the building papers, without knowing anything about interiors. Many of the houses, though artistically built and painted on the outside, have no interior finish, sometimes presenting one large room. This house was built from plans published in the *Scientific Ameri-*



PUBLIC SCHOOL

*can.* The builders wished to put the tower on the sea side, but did not know how to alter the plan. It is a very fine house, however. These Indians work for the canneries on the Skeena and Naas in the summer, and often return with from \$500 to \$1,000 as



SIMPSON FROM INDIAN VILLAGE—LOW TIDE

the result of their season's work, and then the women among them sport silks and the latest in millinery.

It is never very cold at Port Simpson, as the Japan current sweeps in on the north coast, moderating the climate. The rainfall averages about 92.38, and the average number of days of rain annually are set down

as 197, the average in Victoria being 157. The average snowfall over a group of years is 38.7. The average snowfall for 1900-1 was 16.2 inches, while the average at Vancouver was 62.7. The mean temperature over a group of years is given at 44.78, four degrees lower than at Victoria; so that it can be seen that the seasons at Port Simpson are not severe; the rainfall is also lighter than at many other places on the sea coast.

The harbor is a good one, large and commodious, and affords excellent anchorage for any depth up to thirty fathoms, with good mud and sand bottom, so that the railway will find ample water facilities. Considerable work will have to be done on the reefs in the south and north-west entrances to the bay to make navigation safe, and then Port Simpson will have one of the finest harbors on the coast.

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## AT EVENTIDE

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When by the crimson curtains in the West  
 The death of day is told,  
 Thy face, oh dear one! comes with evening rest,  
 And dreams of thee unfold.

The great white planets in the southern skies,  
 Above the mountain pine,  
 Still 'mind me of the lovelight in your eyes,  
 When they looked up to mine.

The wild red roses of the pasture-lane  
 Are breathing perfume sweet;  
 I fare along the meadow path again,  
 Where we were wont to meet.

I know that yonder on the daisied hill,  
 You lie in dreamless sleep;  
 My heart with fondest mem'ries fain would fill,  
 And yet I may not weep.

I think that grieving would be too unkind,  
 Feeling that thou art near,  
 To know the bitter anguish of the mind,  
 And see the salt sad tear.

I fancy, down beside the trysting-tree,  
 Under the moonbeams white,  
 You'll come and walk the summer fields with me,  
 Kiss me and say good-night.

And on the morrow eve, and every day,  
 The long, long seasons through,  
 We'll meet there, when the twilight hills are grey,  
 And falls the evening dew.

—H. L. BREWSTER.

# THE ISLE OF SHIPWRECKS

By MAX JESOLEY

THE great case of the Commonwealth against the General Securities Corporation was approaching a climax. For many days it had engrossed the attention of the Supreme Court, monopolized the services of a number of eminent lawyers, and supplied abundant "copy" for the papers.

The evidence was all in, the leading counsel on both sides had opened the argument, and the turn of the Assistant Attorney-General had come. When he rose to speak the atmosphere of the crowded court-room seemed electric with tense expectation, and every eye was fastened upon him.

With a keen appreciation of the fact that he now had the opportunity of his life, and that his future hung upon how he should improve it, Emerson Blake, his slight, sinewy figure somewhat stiffly erect, his clear-cut features the more distinctly emphasized because of their perfect pallor, his voice low and betraying nervousness, began his address.

Profoundly interesting as the proceedings had been from the first, all present felt that this was the dramatic moment. Blake owed no one but himself the honor of his position. His senior, the Attorney-General, had been helped to his high office by political influence, but the assistant's rise from obscurity was due to sheer merit. Enormous capacity for work, allied to exceptional natural talents, had not failed of their reward, and among the juniors at the bar, there was not one of more brilliant promise.

But never before had so splendid a chance befallen him. This case could not fail of becoming historic, and right fortunate did all the counsel consider themselves who were engaged upon it.

The veteran judge, with eagle eyes looking out from under a brow of Jove, suffered an expression of interest almost amounting to sympathy to soften his stern countenance, for the speaker was to him an unknown

quantity, whose line of argument and method of presentation, he could not anticipate with the same accuracy as in the case of the senior lawyers, and this element of novelty was not unwelcome. Dispensing with all preamble or preface, discreetly assuming that the Judge required no refreshing of memory in regard to the basic principles of law involved, Blake addressed himself at once to the distinctive features of the case. His manner showed the perfection of respect overlying an abiding conviction of the absolute soundness of his contention.

Keeping himself thoroughly in hand, he proceeded from point to point with a precision of logic, a concise clarity of diction, and an unhesitating directness of purpose that filled his hearers with delight or dismay according to their relation to the matter at issue.

He was drawing near the close of his argument. The color had mounted to his cheeks, his eyes glowed with conscious power, and his self-restraint had yielded somewhat to effective gesture, wherewith he emphasized his points. He had more than fulfilled every expectation. For brilliance, cogency, and legal erudition, his address seemed beyond cavil. It only needed a fitting peroration to complete the triumph.

Blake paused for a moment to take a sip of water, and to gather himself together for the final effort.

Suddenly his face grew ghastly and haggard. His eyes started from their sockets, he clutched the edge of the desk with his left hand, while with his right he made a wild gesture as though to say:

"Wait a moment, I implore you."

An amazed hush fell upon all, and they gazed at him with startled looks. The Attorney-General, fearing he might fall, rose to put his arm about him, but Blake pushed him away, and again made that

gesture, while his mouth worked convulsively although no articulate sound issued from it.

Then an expression of horror and despair came over his countenance. His erect form wavered for a moment, and, sinking into his seat, he buried his face in his hands.

His friends made haste to lead him into the retiring-room, and to summon a doctor. No lengthy examination was required to reach a conclusion. The career of Emerson Blake at the bar had apparently come to an untimely end.

Nature, long outraged in his passionate pursuit of success, had, with that strange irony which so often marks her action, taken her revenge at the very moment when she surely might have waited, and, through a lesion of the over-taxed brain, silenced all power of speech.

The eminent specialist who was presently consulted gave his opinion with entire frankness.

"The case, I regret to say, gives little ground for hope of a recovery. Mr. Blake has dealt very unfairly with his physical system, and the injury seems irreparable. I can suggest but one line of action, namely that he absolutely separate himself from civilization, and try to live the life of an animal. By this I mean he must forswear society, books, newspapers, and give himself up to eating, sleeping, and out-door life under the healthiest possible circumstances. As it happens I have recently come to know of a place that would afford these conditions. It is the Isle of Shipwrecks. If any place will help Mr. Blake, that is the one, and I recommend his giving it a trial."

A week later the yacht *Gloria* stood off the Isle of Shipwrecks, and signalled for a boat. Although it was a halcyon day, the sea-horses were rearing their crests on high, charging over the outlying sand-bars, and hurling themselves upon the beach in foam and fury. No vessel might approach within a mile of the shore, and the landing must be made in surf-boats specially constructed for the purpose.

In response to the signal, one of these boats came off, fighting its way through the surf that sought to fling it back. It was

propelled by four brawny rowers, but, to the surprise of those on board the yacht, at the steering-oar stood a girlish figure, swaying gracefully with the motion of the boat.

Bringing the heavy craft alongside with a skill that bespoke much experience, the fair coxswain asked courteously:

"What is it you want? I have come out in place of my father who has to keep the house to-day."

She was at once invited on board, and the situation explained to her, while the men regarded her with lively interest.

Appropriately costumed in a neat suit of blue serge, and wearing a trim naval cap upon her brown locks, which were coquetishly crisped by the salty spray, she presented a type of youth, beauty, and personality that was altogether winsome, and in more than one mind the thought took shape:

"If poor Blake were all right there might be the makings of a pretty little romance in this."

Of them all, Blake was the only one who manifested indifference. A profound depression had settled upon him after his break-down, and he now stood moodily aloof, leaving to his friends the effecting of arrangements.

The young lady proved herself a capable business woman. The necessary details were quickly settled, and, Blake's belongings having been stowed in the capacious boat, he was rowed away amid a chorus of cordial good wishes from his friends.

Paying him no more attention than if he were one of his own trunks, the girl steered the boat shoreward. As they neared the beach, Blake's attention was aroused by what lay before them. The wind had risen since the boat came off, and the great billows were chasing each other with alarming speed. To one inexperienced, it seemed impossible for any boat to live amongst them. Yet a passage must be effected through their very midst.

He glanced questioningly at the girl, but her firm-set features betrayed not a trace of apprehension. Balancing herself gracefully in the stern, she handled the big oar with surprising skill and strength, giving orders to the oarsmen in a clear, sweet

voice that reached their ears through the roar of the breakers.

Ashamed of his fears, Blake awoke to admiration for this new phase of woman-kind, and, without further concern as to his own safety, had thought only for the wonderful way in which she managed the boat.

Now it was "row hard," and again "back-water all." Then "hard on your right," and next "easy on the left," until the sturdy craft was poised upon the back of a mighty comber, when, with a cry of "all together now," and a swift sweep of the steering-oar, it was sent flying far up the beach.

The instant it touched, the men sprang out, and, grasping the gunwale, held it against the under-tow, and with the aid of the next billow, carried it up high and dry.

Well splashed with spray, Blake held out his hand, and strove to express his admiration of the girl's performance. Though no words came she thoroughly understood, and returned the hand-clasp, saying, with a deprecating smile:

"Oh, it's not so difficult when you get the knack of it. My father taught me. We'll go up to the station. The men will bring your things."

As they walked together over the sand, Blake found himself growing grateful that his exile to the Isle of Shipwrecks was to be alleviated by such companionship. Assuredly the grim fates proposed to be more merciful than he had feared.

The station proved to be a group of buildings snuggled down in a sort of valley where the high sand-hills warded off the wind. The principal one was a commodious cottage, into which Blake was conducted and introduced to:

"My father—the Governor."

The old man, who rose from a rocking-chair by the window, presented a striking contrast to his daughter. Stalwart, shaggy, keen-eyed, he only needed kilt and bonnet, claymore and sporrán, to pass for the chieftain of a Highland clan in the good old days when cattle-reiving flourished.

As the men shook hands, the girl with gentle tact explained to her father what was

necessary about Blake, and the old man, his granite features softening with unwonted sympathy, said, in as cordial a tone as his normally harsh voice could compass:

"You're verra welcome to the Station, sir, and to bide here at your will. There's nae better place for gettin' health in all the world, if it's fresh air will do it."

For the first time since his break-down Blake felt a thrill of hope. The old man's confident words had the ring of a prophecy. Heaven grant they might not fail of fulfilment!

In the course of the conversation that followed, his part being carried on by means of a pad and pencil, they exchanged such personal details as were necessary to a mutual understanding, and he learned that Ronald Macgregor had been Governor of the Isle of Shipwrecks for nearly a generation, his duties being to superintend the lights, of which there were two, one at either end of the island, to see that the lifeboats were in readiness for every emergency, to maintain the patrol of the long beaches, and to afford assistance to the shipwrecked.

On this desolate, storm-swept island a mere speck in the ocean, had his children been born, and his good wife died. Of the children only Christine, the youngest, remained with him. The others were all on the mainland, doing well every one of them, he emphasized with manifest pride. But "Kirsty" had no thought of leaving him, he added, giving her a quick glance of inexpressible love.

As for Kirsty, she had received an excellent education ashore, spending the winters in Boston, and the summers on the island. She loved literature, music, art. Her nature responded to the refinements and advantages of the most cultured society, and yet, at the bidding of filial devotion, she sacrificed them all that she might share her father's lonely lot, having no other society than that of his staff of men, varied now and then by the advent of some unfortunate castaway whose ship had gone to destruction in the breakers.

Of course Blake did not learn all this at first. It came to him bit by bit, and more through his own observation than through any actual telling.

With an equanimity that surprised himself he settled down to the simple routine of life. He could never have believed it possible for him to be content without the daily newspaper, the frequent mails, the telephone, the telegraph, and all those modern conveniences which have converted existence into such an unsparing scramble.

He had brought a trunk full of books, and Christine's shelves held many which he had never taken time to read, so there was no lack of mental food of admirable quality.

Then he found a great deal to interest him on the island. He visited the lights, and made friends with the keepers, who soon learned to talk freely to him although he could not respond except in written sentences. He tramped up and down the beach with the patrolmen, studying every change of sky and sea. He joined in the seal-hunting, and did great execution with his double-barrel among the wild-duck, plover, and curlew that flocked about the ponds, and along the beaches.

But what he enjoyed most of all was the riding with Christine. Running wild upon the island were hundreds of ponies, sturdy, shaggy fellows whose history went back for centuries. Every year they were rounded up, and the pick of them sent to the mainland for sale.

A score had been broken in for the use of the staff, and mounted upon two of these Blake and Christine would gallop over the island, running races with each other, or chasing the herds that pastured in the thick grass of the sheltered localities, and scampered away panic-stricken at their approach.

In her trim riding-dress, with the natty naval cap secure upon her wavy brown hair, her cheeks glowing from the vigorous exercise, her eyes radiant with the joy of life, Christine made a lovely picture to whose charm Blake was by no means insensible.

No thought of love had been suffered to distract his mind as he fought his way to the front through the crowded ranks of his profession. His association with women had been very slight, and now that he was by so strange a sequence of circumstances, thrown into daily companionship with this beautiful girl, a new world seemed to open

to him. He counted those hours lost that were not spent in her society, and seized every opportunity of being at her side.

When first they rode she had perforce to do all the talking, while by look and gesture he made shift to respond, but presently they learned the finger language, and were thereby enabled to converse with more freedom.

Christine loved the island, despite its many repellent features. The awful power of the ocean held her unwearied admiration. One morning, after a wild storm had blown itself out during the night, she and Blake rode along the shore. As far as the eye could see, the tremendous breakers were careering over the sand-bars, and thundering upon the beach, which seemed to quake and quiver beneath their overwhelming onset.

"When they are like this," she said, with a shy glance at her companion, "I always think of that verse in the Bible which speaks of the 'raging waves of the sea foaming out their own shame,' so many lives have been lost amidst these cruel surges."

She had all the lore and legends of the Isle of Shipwrecks by heart, and, with Blake as her absorbed audience, retold in her naive way, the troubled and tragic experiences of the Baron de Lery and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the Marquis de la Roche, Master John Rose of Boston, and others who had in turn made futile efforts to colonize the lone, spirit-haunted island. Nor did she forget the moving legends of the Pale Lady with the Bloody Finger, of the Silent Solitary Regicide, or of the heroic priest who voluntarily shared to the death the stern lot of de la Roche's convicts.

Increase of days brought with it growth of love, and there were times when Blake, considering the future, and passionately craving to pierce its obscurity, felt as though his reason would totter on its throne, the toils that enmeshed him seemed so pitilessly unbreakable.

As for Christine, her manner, at first expressive of sympathetic interest, had developed into frank comradeship without a hint of sentiment. Her father held the chief place in her life, then came her household duties, which were always faultlessly performed, and such margin of time as re-

mained she was quite ready to give to Blake.

But as the weeks went by, he realized clearly enough that the limits of their intimacy were straitly set, and that he must not venture upon any trespass.

"How cleverly she maintains this footing of mere friendship!" he bitterly reflected. "She is a glorious woman! Oh, God, if I were only myself again, would I not be proud to kneel at her feet, and beseech her to share my life?"

Despite his mental turmoil, Blake showed encouraging signs of betterment in health. His slight form grew fuller, his nerves regained their normal tone, and all cloudiness disappeared from his mind, until at last, save the powerless tongue, he seemed thoroughly restored.

With the passing of summer the weather, which had for the most part been unusually fine, took a decided change for the worse. Storm followed storm in rapid succession, and there were whole days when bewildering fogs so enswathed the island that even the experienced patrolmen dared not venture far off their beats. After every storm a thorough search was made for wrecks, and more than once the indifferent waves threw at the feet of the searchers unmistakable evidence of a fresh addition to the ever-lengthening roll of those who "unknelled, uncoffined and unknown" had met their doom on the Isle of Shipwrecks.

One wild day, when the snug shelter of the Station, with a pipe and a good book had been more to Blake's taste than breasting the boisterous wind, a patrolman, breathless and excited, appeared at the door, announcing to the Governor:

"A wreck, sir, just off the West Light."

Without a word the old man put down his pipe, and proceeded to get into the oilskins and high-topped boots that he always wore in dirty weather.

Blake, welcoming so good a reason for facing the unruly elements, went after his heavy mackintosh, and, as he returned with it, Christine, her eye expressing a degree of concern that strangely thrilled him, asked gently:

"Are *you* going out, too?"

He smiled gaily and waved his hand as though to say:

"Why, of course, you surely wouldn't have me lounge by the fire when there may be work to be done.

And went out into the storm with a lightness of heart and a bounding of the pulses that he had not known since he set foot upon the island.

It was a fearful day. The evil spirits credited with haunting this ocean graveyard were surely holding high carnival. Not content with carrying the salty spray clear across the island, the wild wind tore up the sand, and flung it in showers into the faces of the men, who with difficulty protected their eyes from its blinding attacks.

Side by side with Mr. Macgregor, and bending low that the peak of his cap might shield his eyes, Blake silently ploughed through the heavy sand. There was no chance for conversation even though he had not been voiceless. The fury and roar of the gale forbade all efforts at speech.

Led by the patrolman, they came to the point whence the wreck was visible, and at once were struck by an extraordinary feature of the disaster. The vessel was a large three-masted schooner, which had been caught by the storm and driven before it upon the lee shore. The sea was breaking everywhere as far as the eye could reach, so that it seemed impossible for any craft to hold together, yet the schooner, aground upon a sand-bar, not only kept intact, but, although the huge breakers raised their hissing heads high above her bulwarks, not one of them fell upon her decks. In the midst of that hell of waters, she apparently bore a charmed life.

"It beats a'," muttered the Governor, shaking his grizzled head, perplexedly. "It's no just canny," while Blake, brushing the sand from his face, wondered if his eyes were playing him false. As they watched in wonderment, the schooner, lifted by a monstrous billow, cleared the bar, and drove further in shore. Yet the mystery continued, or rather deepened, for, not only did the sea become smooth ere it reached her, but she left a shining track behind!

Brought to a final halt by a bar that no

billow could bear her over, she was now near enough for the men on board to become visible, and Blake saw that they were making preparations to throw themselves upon the mercy of the waves.

"The poor fellows!" he said to himself. "It's an awful risk. But it seems their only chance."

Clinging to chests, hatches, or fragments of spars, the sailors committed themselves to the boiling surges which tossed them this way and that in cruel sport, recking nothing of their love of life.

Pressing as close as they dared to the water's edge, the Governor, and his men stood ready to help the unfortunates if ever they came within reach of their grasp. Blake took his place in the line. He had not the strength of the others, but he could not stand aside when there was such work to be done.

"It may be verra deeficult. I'm thinkin' ye'd better keep back," said Mr. Macgregor in a tone of kindly remonstrance, yet with an approving look in his deep-set eyes.

But Blake shook his head with decision, and moved a little nearer the foam.

A moment later the first of the castaways showed through the surf, and at the Governor's call: "Now, my men, haud fast, and get him to land," the men instantly joined hand to hand, and the farthest of them out, shoulder deep in the smother, seized the poor fellow just as the retreating wave strove to snatch him back, and passed him into safety.

Hardly was this accomplished, than another appeared, and so the good work went on until a large part of the crew had been thus rescued.

Then came a pause in the procession. The men broke ranks to rest a little, and Blake moved aside. He was in an unwonted state of exaltation. Christine's significant words and look, the glorious work of saving life, the delight of foiling the merciless elements, had united to make him a new man. For the moment the shadows were altogether lifted from his life.

The inspiration of the instant was full upon him when he caught sight of a dark form rolling helplessly in the snowy surf, and, without waiting for the others to assist,

he darted in after it. Putting forth all his strength, he fought his way to the man, laid hold of him, and turned shoreward.

At that moment a great boom, broken from the schooner, was borne in upon the crest of a billow, and struck him down upon the sand.

When his senses returned, he was conscious of soft hands being pressed against his face, and the voice that had come to be the sweetest upon earth for him, murmuring brokenly:

"You're not dead, my darling. You cannot be. You must live, or my heart will break."

His head lay in her lap, and she was thus shielding him from the storm by her own slight frame. Such exquisite happiness thrilled him at her words that he could not resist the impulse to pretend unconsciousness a little longer that he might hear her repeat them.

Then he opened his eyes, and looked into hers, as she leaned over him:

"Thank God," she cried, "you're not dead," and in the ecstasy of her joy she bent and kissed him full upon the lips.

What happened next who shall explain? Was it the wild excitement of the storm, the intoxication of rescue, the blow from the boom, or was it the mighty power of love?

Reaching up, Blake threw his arms about Christine's head, and, drawing it down to him, said with passionate emphasis:

"Thank God, indeed, not only for my life, but for your love!"

The lost faculty had been restored to him in that moment, and his happiness was complete.

On taking count it was found that the entire crew of the schooner had been rescued, so that there was no tragedy to darken the general rejoicing.

The explanation of the strange phenomenon in connection with the wreck proved simple enough after all. The captain had ordered oil to be flung upon the waves in large quantities, and it was this which prevented them from breaking over the vessel.

The shrewd old Governor showed little surprise when Blake asked him for his daughter.

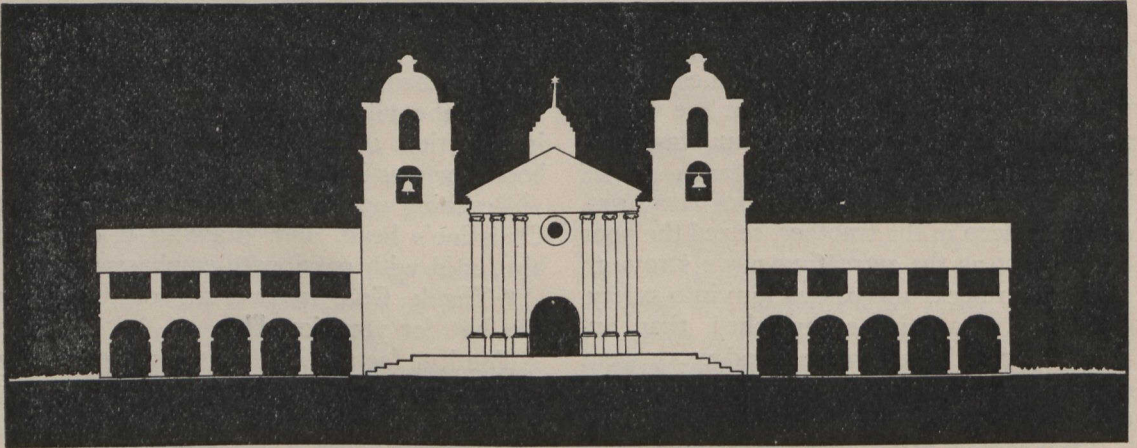


“Ay, ay,” he replied, nodding his shaggy head sagely. “Ye love my Kirsty. I canna blame ye. She’s sic a bonnie lass, and I’m not sayin’ no tae ye. But ye maunna tak her frae me just yet. I’m not long for this world, ye ken.”

In the impatience of his love, Blake would have carried Christine off forthwith, but she was no less firm against such a proceeding than her father, and he was fain to possess his soul in patience until the following spring.

By that time he was once more in the full tide of professional prosperity, and the future lay all bright before him.

The winter months sped swiftly by, and with the spring Christine and her father came to Boston, where the other members of the family had their homes. A blissful honeymoon in Europe followed a quiet marriage, and through the happy years thereafter Blake grew ever more grateful for the check in the current of his life which sent him to the Isle of Shipwrecks.



# THE GOD OF THE ABITTOBEE

AN ADVENTURE IN THE GREAT SWAMP

BY JOSEPH P. ROWLEY

IT is no easy task to get "Whitewater" Marsden to yarn; but when he does—well, you can sit close and listen.

Professor Halidene and I were camped in a little hollow off the portage between the Big and Little Cedar Lakes. It was about ten o'clock at night and rather chilly. A good log fire blazed, and by its light we were filling in our notes and sketches taken during the day. The Professor, a little, dried-up man, sat with his back against a birch tree, his knees drawn up to his chin, and never pausing in his rapid writing. I, having finished, had put by my note-book, and having lighted my pipe and settled myself comfortably between the roots of an old pine stump, waited contentedly until the Professor finished his work. It was his invariable custom to have a smoke and chat after his day's work, during which we arranged our next day's programme. I felt rather sleepy, but it would have been a mortal insult to have gone to bed just then; for he was as crabbed and particular as an old maid, and it was no unusual thing for him to keep me talking until twelve or one o'clock.

At last he closed his book, fished out his pipe and tobacco, and settled down in his seat.

"Doctor," said he, "by the nature of your remarks you lead me to suppose that this man Marsden is something out of the common. But why 'Whitewater'?"

"It's a name given to him by the raftsmen and drivers on the rivers because of his skill in running rapids in his canoe. But he has a dozen other names. Hardly a tribe of redskins in this country but has given him a name of its own. However, he is generally known amongst the settlers as "Whitewater" Marsden, although he is a

surer man with the rifle than with the paddle."

"I should wish very much to see him," remarked the Professor; "a man with his opportunities would, no doubt, be a very well of information."

"Yes," said I, "if you could get him to talk."

"Money! my dear sir, money!" said the Professor, slapping his pocket. I had sometimes noticed this vulgar manner of his, a certain air of conviction that money was all and everything, and it now gave me an inward satisfaction to be able to put him down, for once in his career.

"If ever you meet Marsden," said I, "which is not very likely just now, I would caution you against attempting to buy him. Professor Bardon tried that last year, and the result was that he went on his expedition without the services of the best guide in Canada."

"Hem!" said the Professor, "and where is this Marsden now?"

"Hard to say," said I, "no one ever kept track of *him*. He may be a mile away or three hundred."

There was a pause, and we puffed at our pipes.

"If you should meet Marsden and wish news," I repeated, "I caution you that none will ever be got out of him by a show of money. He is no ordinary trapper or riverman. Whence he came is quite unknown. Even his real name is in doubt. It may, in truth, be Marsden; still, I have my doubts."

The Professor seemed to take my advice rather sulkily, so I changed the subject.

"By the way, is it not strange that no news has been received from Bardon? He has been out over a year now."

"Not at all strange," said the Professor,

"he has only four guides. Then he is altogether away from civilization, and would certainly not be inclined to spare a man, even to send us news of his whereabouts. I should imagine now," continued the Professor, calculating, "that he would be somewhere near the south end of the Abittopee. I envy him, I must say. His object, however, was only to explore the western shore of Lake Abittopee; the other side, that great mysterious swamp country, which no man has ever penetrated, remains yet unexplored. It will remain to us, my dear doctor, to throw in a flood of light on a country which to-day is less known than the Dark Continent itself!"

The Professor was now in his element, and spoke as enthusiastically as if the journey was already over, and, paper in hand, he was bowing and smiling before the Royal Society.

"It's a big undertaking," said I.

"Certainly," said he, "but mind you, between ourselves, not so big as it looks. What are the chief obstacles? Bah! Indians? The country is at peace. Impossibility? I never saw a swamp yet that could not be traversed. What then? Nothing! I would start at once but for the fact that we have to meet Bardon. However, the delay will be but short."

He spoke confidently, as if all his life had been spent in the wilderness and amidst swamps. In fact, however, this was his first trip in the forest, and even now we were barely two days' march from civilization.

"With a few good men," continued the Professor, "and this man Marsden would be just the man we want. What manner of a man is he?"

"Well," said I, "I once rendered a small service, a very small service, to Marsden; but, as I told you, he is a peculiar man and values a service more by the way it is proffered than by its worth. I have therefore a more intimate knowledge of him than most men. He is a magnificent specimen of manhood, over six feet in his moccasins, with a great breadth of chest, and as active as a cat. Do you remember when we stopped at the One-Horse Tavern, remark-

ing the immense piece of iron lying in front of the door, in fact, serving as a doorstep?"

The Professor nodded assent.

"Well, the door is always barred at night with a heavy iron bar. When the fire occurred there two years ago, Marsden happened to come along, and he picked up that piece of iron as if it weighed only a pound, and hurled it through the door. It carried everything with it. His strength is an unknown quantity. It took two men with crowbars to get that iron out again; and men, mind you, who think nothing of lifting a barrel of pork or sugar. There are no three men on the border who would willingly face Marsden."

"A most remarkable man," said the Professor, opening his eyes very wide, for he had seen the piece of iron mentioned, and was filled with a profound respect for the man who could juggle with such a weight.

"I have mentioned his shooting, but he is really very wonderful with the rifle," I continued, "and when you add to that a bronzed, handsome face and eyes like an eagle's, you will at once perceive that I am speaking of no ordinary man."

"Doctor," said a deep voice at my elbow, "have you finished?"

We both jumped to our feet at the unexpected sound, and at that moment a figure moved noiselessly forward and stepped into the circle of fire-light.

"Marsden!" I exclaimed, grasping his hand, "where in Heaven's name did you spring from?"

"Why, you see, if you build a fire within a few feet of the only decent portage between two lakes, you can make a safe bet that you will have visitors."

"Sure enough," I rejoined, "and none more welcome than yourself. But is it not strange that we should have just been speaking about you? This is Professor Halidene, 'Whitewater'; anxious to make your acquaintance."

"My dear sir," said the Professor, eagerly, "you are the very person I wished to meet! This is fortunate, fortunate in the extreme. We were just discussing a project of extreme importance, my dear sir,

of vast importance to science. With the exploration of the west side of Lake Abitotbee by Professor Bardon, and our contemplated exploration of the east side, or great swamp, Professor Bardon—”

A dark look came over Marsden's face, and in a singular tone he repeated the name.

“Yes,” said Professor Halidene, “Richard Bardon, as you are aware—”

“Is dead!” said Marsden, slowly.

We sat down astounded at the news.

“Dead!” repeated the Professor, mechanically.

“Dead,” said Marsden, coolly, “and his scalp and that of Ashton's is drying in front of Yellow-Hammer's wigwam.”

“Yellow-Hammer! Yellow-Hammer!” the Professor said, still too stunned to do aught but repeat.

“Chief of the Bull-Heads,” continued Marsden, nursing his rifle. “It is strange, doctor, the number of times I have had that scoundrel under my rifle and could never let loose on him without losing my scalp; but,” he added significantly, “it is impossible to suppose that it will always be so.”

“Surely, surely,” said the Professor, recovering a little, “there must be some mistake! Professor Bardon! Richard Bardon, the eminent—”

“There is no mistake about a corpse,” said Marsden, shortly, “the man is dead and that is all there is to it. He was warned, too, before he ever started.”

“But, my dear sir, there is no war,” urged the Professor, “the Abitotbee country is perfectly safe, perfectly—”

“Yes,” said Marsden, grimly, “as safe as trotting around a powder magazine with a lighted torch!”

I made a sign to the Professor to say no more, for I saw his questions and manner were annoying Marsden.

“But the guides, ‘Whitewater,’—Bardon had guides,” I objected.

“Montagnais!” said Marsden, in deep disgust, “Montagnais! The man was doomed before he ever started!”

I could hardly repress a shudder, “My God! Marsden, not betrayed!”

“They are not dead,” he answered, briefly.

We sat silently for a while, gazing into the fire, the Professor looking at me appealingly; but I knew Marsden too well. Amongst the many wild customs which he had imbibed in his wanderings amongst the Indians, was their habit of extreme reticence, and a profound disdain for an idle tongue. So I sat and smoked my pipe and said nothing for about five minutes. To the Professor all this was inexplicable, and I could see him wriggling around in his seat, fairly boiling with impatience.

“Whitewater,” I began, “how did it happen? Did you see the bodies?”

“On the left bank of the Abitotbee,” said Marsden, “two bodies, Bardon's and Ashton's. I knew them because I met Bardon at Mariwaki a few days before he started on his last trail. I refused to go with him at the time.”

“On the *left* bank!” exclaimed the Professor, brightening up somewhat, “then there must be some mistake. Bardon was exploring the west side, so he could not have been killed on the eastern bank. That is clear!”

Marsden smiled contemptuously and said nothing. Clearly he had no very exalted idea of Professor Halidene. But I began to scent something extraordinary, and waited patiently for Marsden to explain.

“Doctor,” said he, “you and this other gentleman, who thinks men can't be killed on one side of a lake as well as on the other, you two were chums of this Professor Bardon's, were you not?”

I answered, “We are part of his expedition, and destined to complete his work. To no one have you a better right to speak than to ourselves.”

He continued gazing into the fire and said nothing.

“Marsden,” I said, struck by his silence, “there must be something peculiar about his death. We are men, and will not shiver at words.”

“It is not that, Doctor,” he answered, “you are wrong. His death most likely happened like any other in the bush—bullet, knife, or tomahawk. Nothing strange about his death, but his burial—that, I allow, *was* strange!”

We sat wondering what would come next.

"Do you remember, Doctor, when I met you two years ago up at the 'Hibou?'" said Marsden.

I answered in the affirmative, somewhat surprised at the turn in his narrative.

"You had old John, the Huron, guiding you, and a drunken old villain at that. You remember him?"

"Certainly," said I, "he was the most clumsy guide I ever had. He lost all our kit and we had to turn back."

A smile flitted over Marsden's face.

"Not the first outfit he lost," said he, "but I saw him with a brand new pair of your moccasins on the day after you left; so I guess your kit wasn't so far astray, after all, doctor. But what I wanted to remind you of was the tales he told you. He was a fearful liar, was John, and the way you and that college chap who was with you took down his yarns as gospel truth made me laugh. The only yarn which you refused to believe was, strange to say, the only truthful one he told you."

Marsden was now speaking gravely and with solemnity that puzzled me. Besides, what had old John and his (now to me) absurd yarns, to do with Bardon's death?

"I don't remember the story you refer to," said I.

"He told you how, long ago when he was young, he was out with a hunting party up around Lake Abittobee, and paddling home to camp one night he saw the 'heap big devil' that lives in the swamp, and its roaring nearly frightened him to death."

"Marsden!" said I, a sudden chill coming over me, "what in Heaven's name can you mean! *You* surely would not indulge in the silly practice of "taking in" a greenhorn. If not, then you fill my whole frame with horror and dread."

"Doctor," he answered, solemnly, "I am about to tell you the most extraordinary thing that ever happened to me, ay, or to any other living man; and it is God's own truth! You, at least, know me. Listen to me and you shall hear no lie."

He paused for a few moments and then commenced the following remarkable tale, which both the Professor and I have writ-

ten in our note-books, and on comparing them, found to be alike:

"Commodo and I," began Marsden. "You know Commodo?" said he, breaking off and looking at me. I nodded. Commodo was a well known Algonquin chief and Marsden's hunting partner. "Commodo and I had been hunting away up north of the Abittobee. We came in by way of Hudson's Bay, and were so far up that the Bull-Heads hadn't the slightest notion of our being up there. We had been doing fairly well for about six weeks when a runner came in from the Algonquin tribe, wanting Commodo to come back at once. Yellow-Hammer, the Bull-Head sachem, had been offering big bribes and had held several meetings with the minor Algonquin chiefs, urging them to join in and dig up the hatchet against the pale-faces; and half of the tribe was wavering. The friendly chief had sent in a runner secretly to get Commodo back, assuring him they would put obstacles in the path of the negotiators and keep things back until he arrived. Commodo was riled, I can tell you. Next to myself, there's no man loves the Bull-Heads so much as Commodo. He just tightened his belt and started. We made arrangements to meet to-morrow at the 'Pickanock.' That's three months ago."

There was silence for a few minutes, and out on the lakes we could hear the loon calling, and the wind rustling the tree-tops. I placed a few more logs on the fire, and Marsden resumed:

"After Commodo left I did some thinking and decided to strike out west for the Nascoupee country and finish the season there; because if Yellow-Hammer was digging up the hatchet and striking the war-post, it would be a good idea for me to be in a position to strike in when the trouble began. I was on fairly good terms with the Nascoupees, but never with the Bull-Heads. The only dealings I ever had with *them* was through the rifle.

"After three days I got well over the upper Bull-Head country, and struck the Big Moose River, which is the boundary line between the Bull-Heads and Nascou-

pees. I was keeping mighty wide awake, I can tell you, for you can never trust a red-skin. On the second day I lay in ambush and saw several parties of Nascoupees going down the river. That, I thought rather peculiar, it being the hunting season, and they should be going up north and east, instead of south; but I knew to a certainty that something was wrong when I saw three canoes full of Montagnais, with their head chief, One-Plume, passing down. And then all became clear as day. Yellow-Hammer was working like a beaver to pull all the tribes together, and he had secured the Nascoupees and Montagnais. No doubt all the warriors were collecting at Yellow-Hammer's village and holding a big pow-wow. That made things interesting, so I lay quiet and thought it out. To go north was impossible; west would be just running farther into the hornet's nest. To go east I would be skirting right through the whole Bull-Head country and would still have a long journey on foot through a mighty rough country. No; my best plan was to strike out right down south through the Bull-Head country to Lake Abittopee. There would be no lack of canoes there, and by taking one at night I might get ten or twelve hours' start and could laugh at every 'red' in the country. My idea was to travel at night and lie close during the day. Besides, on my way through I would pick up enough signs to know if they meant fight or not. Then, too, when I got south of them, with good cover to fall back on if hard pressed, I would leave my mark on a few of them just to let them know I was out and that the Government was on to them."

I smiled at Marsden's anxiety for the Government. His well known desperate character and love of adventure, and his deadly enmity to the Bull-Heads, were well known and discussed in every fort and log-house along the frontier. He saw my smile and hurried on.

"Well, I never had such an easy time in an enemy's country before. I was fairly disgusted. They were all hurrying down towards the outlet of the Big Moose River, and they seemed to have lost their eyes.

Not but that I covered my trail well, but the country fairly swarmed with Bull-Heads, Nascoupees and Montagnais, and they almost walked over me. An Algonquin squaw would have done better. So I did not have a solitary brush with any of them, and three weeks later, just at day-break, I came out on the little wooded bluff that overtops Yellow-Hammer's village, right on the shores of the Abittopee. I lay there all day and watched them, and you never saw such a swarm. They held a big meeting in the open air because the Council Lodge was too small to hold them all, and of course Yellow-Hammer wanted to offend none. I can tell you I felt sore when I saw a party of Algonquins come in. Not many of them, but still some, and that's a disgrace Commodo will find hard to wipe out. The sight of those Algonquins changed my plans at once. True, there were only a few of them, but the whole tribe might yet come in, and if they did—well, the quicker I got out of there and spread the news along the border, the fewer white scalps would be lifted. I should have trusted more to Commodo, but I took no chances. Too many women and children along the border now, it spoils everything."

Marsden was silent for a while, and sat gazing thoughtfully into the fire.

"I have told you all this just to show you how I came to be on the east side of the Abittopee; for that night I borrowed a canoe that lay on the beach (I had my choice of a hundred) and I made a start. My only way was to paddle away all night and lie close during the day, following the east side. Ten miles from Yellow-Hammer's village the big swamp begins, and I knew that when once I reached there I need only keep a watch towards the lake, as no one ever enters the swamp. As I had started rather late, I only made about twenty miles when day began, so I ran my canoe in under a bank with overhanging bushes and lay quiet."

"You did not venture into the swamp?" asked the Professor.

"Well, I did walk around a bit, but did not go far. You can't go far there. Here

and there you strike a firm piece of footing, and then, all of a sudden, you go up to your waist in mud. Wagh! it is a terrible place! Nothing but balsam and cedar and muck and snakes. I was mighty glad when it grew dark again and I could push out. I had a perfect cover and could paddle as fast as I liked, for the trees along the swamp, casting their shadows out on the water, left me a rim of darkness to paddle along in. It was a fine night, with a full moon, and very quiet. I had gone about five miles, going at a good pace and keeping one eye out on the lake, when I spied something that made me pause, it looked so out of place. Right along the bank and about a hundred feet in length was a rocky platform, square and flat as a table. Now, I had never before seen rocks there, and I don't believe there is another all along that side of the lake; but what surprised me was the look of it. It came right straight up out of the lake for about two feet, just like a wharf, and was polished like marble. It ran along for about a hundred feet and then went down straight as a die. I stood up in the canoe and could see that it went back about sixty or seventy feet, but it was too dark to see rightly. I pulled my canoe into the bushes at the end of the rock and stepped out. I wanted to have a look at that place. It was simply an immense flat rock, dropped, as if from the sky, into the swamp. I skirted around the back part and by and by saw something interesting. Near the centre of the rock was a fine large path leading into the swamp, beaten down and as hard as a road in the settlements. I walked a few yards along it, but it was too dark to see anything, and to tell the truth, I wasn't feeling quite easy. It's a well-known fact that no one lives in the Abittobee swamp, and who made that path and what lived there made me feel queer. I came back to the platform and went around to the far end, but the trees grew right close to the rock there, and I could make nothing of it. I stood there puzzled and a little mad, for I hate to be beat. It seemed as if I was losing my hold of things in general, and could make nothing of signs that should be plain to a greenhorn from the settlements.

At last I made up my mind to go, and come back some day and clear that business up; so I gave a look out towards the lake, and what I saw made me jump! Not more than a quarter of a mile away and heading in for the platform were seven canoes, full of Indians. A man who passes his life amongst Indians and wild beasts in the wilderness, thinks, and thinks quickly. To put out in my canoe would mean certain capture and death. I drew back into the bushes. If they were coming to that rock it must be to camp and pass the night, and they could scarcely fail to see my tracks. But what brought them over to that side of the lake was the puzzling thing. They were not after anything, for they kept out in the open and were paddling quite easily, as if the deadliest rifle on the frontier were five hundred miles away. I could do nothing but keep well under cover and wait. They stopped about fifty feet from the rock and then one of the canoes paddled up to it. I could see old Yellow-Hammer in the bow, and my surprise was complete. They came right up to the platform and Yellow-Hammer stood up and looked all around, just like a cat. Then he muttered something to the two warriors with him, and stuck his paddle into a chink in the rock to steady the canoe. The other two heaved something out on to the rock. It was white and fell with a soft thud. I looked a second time and my blood just boiled. It was the naked body of a white man. They threw another ashore and then pushed off and joined the other canoes. The second body fell face up and slightly turned towards me. The moon shone full on its face, and I knew it. It was that of Bardon!"

"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, sick with horror.

"Bardon! Richard Bardon! Impossible!" cried the Professor, grasping Marsden by the arm.

The latter shook him off and went on quite calmly:

"The other man's face I could not see, but I made no mistake that it was Bardon's chum, Ashton. Both were scalped.

The Professor covered his face with his

hands and groaned: "God deliver us! Poor, poor fellow! What a frightful fate!"

"Yellow-Hammer pushed back to the other canoes and waited. By this time I was mighty interested, and though I am seldom at loss in redskin ways I made certain I was going to see some uncommon deviltry. Something unusual was going to happen, and you bet it did! They waited for about five minutes, and then Yellow-Hammer said in Bull-Head: "The Great Manitou of the Bull-Heads sleeps! My young men will awaken him!" and he tossed an arm in the air. All the warriors whooped until you could hear them a mile away. By and by the chief waved his arm again, and again they whooped. Then I heard a curious sound. Maybe, doctor, down in the settlements you have often heard an engine panting up a steep grade?"

"Yes," said I, astonished at the question.

"That's as near as I can describe the sound," said Marsden. "It came from away back in the swamp, and seemed to come up mighty fast. Then I could hear a low grunting and growling like thunder, and by and by out on the platform came the most fearful looking animal that I have ever seen, or that the Lord ever allowed on earth. I have travelled all over this country and shot everything from a carkajou to a grizzly, from a musk-rat to an Indian, but never did mortal man see such a brute before!"

The Professor's face was all puckered up with excitement and his voice was hoarse as he exclaimed:

"Describe it! Speak! Good God! are you dumb?"

Marsden pushed him back into his seat with a displeased look.

"Be quiet, little man, be quiet," he said, sternly, "you seem as fond of the animal as old Yellow-Hammer. Try to hold yourself like a man and not a squaw!"

"Mr. Marsden," cried the Professor, pleadingly, "will you describe it? Doctor," continued he, trembling with excitement, "ask your friend to describe it. *He* is not a man of science. It can do *him* no good to keep the matter secret. I swear he shall

get full credit—full credit for this most wonderful discovery! But describe!"

Astounded as I was by Marsden's story, I could scarcely keep from laughter at the Professor's pitiful state.

"Perhaps if you give him time, he will," said I.

Marsden looked at the little man curiously, and went on:

"It was about twenty-five feet long and broad in proportion, with an immense tail and an enormous head, shaped like a crocodile's. Its body was all covered with scales. It came right to the front of the platform and craned out over the water, its mouth open and its great teeth glistening like ivory. I began to feel that I was in a mighty bad spot. Never having seen an animal like that before, I didn't know but that it might have a stronger scent or better eyesight than other wild beasts; and if it had, why the quicker I got out of there the better. I knew now why the bodies were brought there and that I would have a few minutes to spare before that cursed brute began to nose around. I never thought quicker in my life! I crept slowly back into the bushes, making no noise, because the redskins were close enough to hear any sound. If I could get a hundred feet or so back into the bush I could wait until the Indians left and that brute went back into the swamp. I had hardly gone ten feet before I began to sink, and sink rapidly. I tried another direction and then another, but it was no go. I was fairly cornered. The water was too deep to wade in, and to swim would betray me at once. I was corralled as nicely as any man ever was. I made my way back to the line of bushes and took up my old position. It was just as well to keep that brute under my eye as not. He was standing near the edge of the rock, glaring out at the canoes, and those red imps of satan were praying away to him like sixty. I could hear that old devil, Yellow-Hammer, who has scalped more whites than any six redskins in this country, praying to it to help them in the coming fight, and telling it all the feasts he was holding in its honor. Amongst other things he promised it was my scalp, and I had to smile when I



thought how mighty near the truth he was. But that brought me back to business, and I sat in the bushes and thought out a plan, if I should need one, keeping my eyes on the brute all the time. By and by it got tired growling at them, and it began to nose around the far end of the rock. Its head and shoulders were in the darkness, but it seemed to have struck something nice, for it began to let little squeals. By and by it began to go slowly around the platform, rooting up the ground as it came and sniffing loudly, and then I understood in a flash. It was on my trail!

"I can tell you, Doctor, I felt mighty shaky, and I don't deny it either, but as I had already formed a plan, I was pretty cool and didn't get excited. When it came to the path leading from the swamp it seemed kind of puzzled and halted. I remembered I had stepped on the rock just there, and that had kind of thrown it out. It went back again, and after growling a while began to come around once more. Then I determined to act. It was impossible to suppose that it would be thrown off the trail a second time, and I had no notion of allowing it to see me. So as it came around to the corner, and just before it turned towards me, I plumped a shot under its foreleg. Doctor, did you ever hear a boiler bursting? The bullet rapped against its scales just as if it were an iron plate, and it stood and roared until I thought the whole earth was breaking up into little pieces! The Indians were simply paralyzed for a few minutes and sat in their canoes like statues. But old Yellow-Hammer and his braves know the crack of my rifle as well as they do their own, and with a shout of 'Ta-va-shiche!' ('White-water') they paddled like lightning for the dark shadow of the trees. In less than a minute there wasn't one to be seen! But you bet they didn't lose their heads! They knew I must have a canoe, so they divided and paddled half each way, in case I should try to steal away along the bank. However, my first business was to get rid of that brute, and I didn't want to kill it either, for that would have spoiled my whole plan, which was not only to get rid of the animal, but fool the Bull-Heads, too. The great

brute was still roaring once in a while, and tearing up the swamp in patches. I crept as close to him as I dared, and, without making a noise, threw my rifle in the path ahead of him. He simply jumped on it, and you should have heard him tearing the stock to splinters and crunching the barrel!"

"Threw your rifle to him!" said I, in amazement, "were you mad?"

"Not quite," replied Marsden, with a smile, "then I threw a piece of a root farther down the path. It was a mighty risky business and I took big chances, but my scalp was feeling mighty uneasy just then, and I don't deny that I sweated a while! Well, the brute started after that root and missed it, and roared awhile, and then started down the path tearing everything before it! You never heard anything like it! I slipped around the edge of the swamp until I came to the place where it had been standing. The ground was torn up as if a plough had been at it. I took off my coat and tore it into pieces and threw the pieces all around and a few down the path, rubbing them well with mud. I can tell you I was in a hurry, too, and didn't lose much time, although I couldn't afford to make any noise. Then I turned over the stump of a small balsam tree that was torn up, and standing on it, I sprang upwards and caught hold of the branch of a tree. Taking care not to break any branches, I swung myself from tree to tree until I was a good fifty feet away, and that's a lot in a thick bush; if ever you try it you'll know! Did you ever try to climb a balsam, Doctor? No? Well, don't! The branches grow as thick as peas in a pod, and it took me about five minutes to get as far up as I wanted. But I had fine cover; so I fixed myself as comfortably as I could and waited. I'm hanged if that cursed brute didn't come back again! It came raging up the path, worse than ever, and squealed out over the lake until I was almost deaf! It must have found the pieces of my coat, for it guzzled and growled and tore around for quite a while. I just sat there and smiled to myself, for if I had left any trail it would be pretty well washed out now, and not all the redskins from the Gatin-eau to Hudson's Bay could find it. Coming on

towards daylight it went off into the swamp and I didn't see it again, although I heard distant rumbling sounds which I think must have been the old boy nursing himself. The Indians were mighty cautious about landing, for you know, Doctor, they count that wherever I am is a mighty unhealthy locality. But an hour or so after sunrise they gradually crept through the bushes until they could see one another across the platform. One of them passed under my tree crawling like a snake. At first they must have thought that I had actually followed that brute into the swamp. You should have heard their cries of wonder and admiration. There's nothing an Indian worships so much as boldness. But when they came to my torn coat and the pieces of my rifle you would have thought hell was let loose. They jumped and whooped until they were tired. The 'Whitewater' was dead, and the Great Swamp God had eaten him! I don't blame them for shouting, for it's a fact that I have been a sore thorn to them this long time. Old Yellow-Hammer made a speech, and a kind of funeral oration, in fact, over me, and offered up thanks to the Great Manitou. Then they collected the pieces of my coat and rifle, and embarked. They pulled my canoe up and cachêd it in the bush and paddled away. I waited over an hour before I came down, for it doesn't do to be too sure with redskins, but they were gone sure enough. Of course they had taken my pack and even the paddles of the canoe, but I soon trimmed myself one, and as I had no provisions I determined to take chances and paddle on during the day."

Marsden stopped as if he had finished and had nothing more of importance to say. The Professor, who had been lying in wait for him, note-book in hand, now assailed him with a torrent of questions, sometimes begging in the most abject tones for impossible answers. Marsden treated him very good-naturedly and seemed to regard him now like an overgrown child, and the Professor received a great deal more information than I expected.

"You must have had a tough time for grub, 'Whitewater,'" said I, when the Professor was satisfied.

"No," answered Marsden, "but a mighty poor variety! Mostly swamp partridge. But I had to take to cover a couple of times to keep out of the way of parties of warriors going up the lake. When I got to the foot of the lake, I cachêd my canoe and made a bee-line through the bush to the Hudson's Bay post. Leslie, there, lent me a rifle and a few things until I could get to the Pickanock, and he sent out runners to warn the settlers. Yellow-Hammer will get a mighty hot reception if he comes south. The Bull-Heads always said I was a devil, and when they see me again they will be sure of it now. Won't Yellow-Hammer be disappointed! Mark my words, Doctor, I'll have a brand-new name amongst the red-skins after this, or I don't know them," and he laughed heartily.

"You will stay with us to-night, 'Whitewater?'" said I.

"Part of the night," he answered, "I'll have to be moving pretty early."

The Professor grasped his arm:

"My dear sir, I would not dream of losing sight of you!" he exclaimed. "You *must* come with me! What! the greatest discovery of the nineteenth century to be dismissed in a few words! No, sir! I would not lose sight of you for a million of money! Not for a million!"

"What does he mean?" inquired Marsden, looking at the excited little man.

"Mean?" shouted the Professor, "I mean that you shall go with us!"

"Where?" I interrupted, seeing the angry look on Marsden's face.

The Professor stamped his foot.

"To the Abittobee, sir! Where do you think?" he continued in the same voice, glaring at me.

"Impossible," said I.

"*That* for your Indians!" cried the little man, snapping his fingers, "*that* for your Bull-Heads. I will never leave this country until I have seen that animal!"

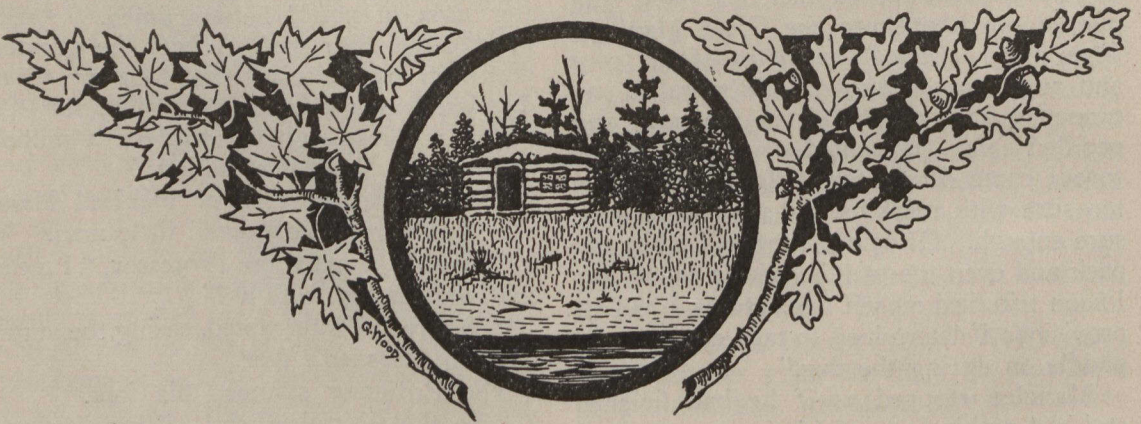
Marsden looked at him approvingly, and with a kindly glance.

"The little man has pluck," he said, "and that, mind you, is a lot. Now, with Commodo and I, and yourself, doctor, who

can handle a rifle somewhat, we might convoy him up and let him take a peep at old Yellow-Hammer's god. I'm not saying it isn't dangerous, but it might be done. It sticks in my mind, too, that I would like to have another turn with that brute when no one is around. Not now, of course, but say in six months' time, Doctor, and I'm your man!"

I shook my head in great doubt, but the Professor was actually in a rage, wanting to start at once, or in a week, two weeks, a month! He begged like a child, but Marsden remained unmoved, and finally the Professor had to be satisfied. Marsden made

arrangements to meet us six months hence at Maniwaki, and advised us to go back to the settlements and keep quiet until then. The Professor did not go to bed that night, and early in the morning he walked over the portage with Marsden to bid him good-bye. Never was a fond mother so anxious about her only boy going forth to battle, as the Professor about Marsden. At the last moment he clung to his hand, and I fancy even now that I can hear 'White-water's' deep laugh as the Professor implored him not to run into any danger, and begged him in the name of science to be careful of his health!



# CANADIAN OVER ALL

(A New National Anthem)

DEDICATED TO THE CANADIAN CLUBS OF THE DOMINION

When our fathers crossed the ocean  
In the glorious days gone by,  
They breathed their deep emotion  
In many a tear and sigh,  
Tho' a brighter lay before them  
Than the old, old land that bore them,  
And all the wide world knows now  
That land was Canada.

Then line up and try us  
Whoever would deny us  
The pledge of our birthright,  
And they'll find us like a wall.  
For we are Canadian, Canadian forever,  
Canadian forever, Canadian over all.

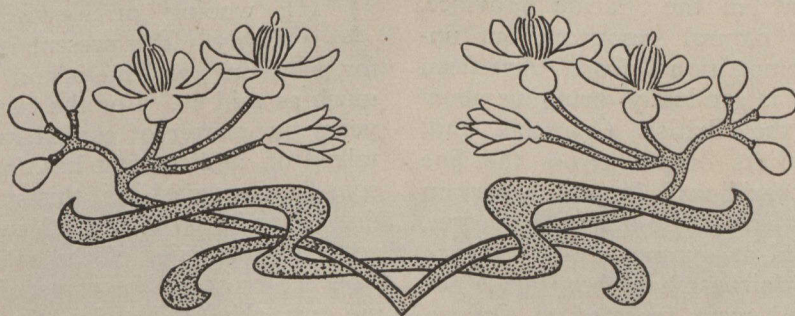
Our fathers came to win us  
This land beyond recall,  
And the same blood flows within us  
Of Briton, Celt, and Gaul.  
Keep alive each glowing ember  
Of our sireland, but remember  
That we are Canadian  
Whatever may befall.

Then line up and try us  
Whoever would deny us  
The pledge of our birthright,  
And they'll find us like a wall.  
For we are Canadian, Canadian forever,  
Canadian forever, Canadian over all.

Who can blame them, who can blame us,  
If we tell ourselves with pride  
How a thousand years to tame us  
The foe has often tried?  
And should e'er the Empire need us  
She'll require no chains to lead us,  
For we are Empire's children,  
But Canadian over all.

Then line up and try us  
Whoever would deny us  
The pledge of our birthright,  
And they'll find us like a wall.  
For we are Canadian, Canadian forever,  
Canadian forever, Canadian over all.

—WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.





### Tariff Facts That Persist

**F**ACTS are more forceful than argument, and they are more persistent. To all the arguments, for example, advanced from time to time in favor of free trade, the most effective answer is to point out really existing facts, against which no mere theory can stand. Two instances of this have occurred during the past few weeks.

British Columbia lumbermen are finding their industry so seriously interfered with by the free importation of lumber from the United States that many of the mills have been compelled to close down. The lumber industry has long been known as one of the most important in the Pacific province, with the vast natural resources, but unscrupulous competition from American manufacturers is gradually bringing about its ruin. If the British Columbia mill wishes to send its output across the line it meets a stiff tariff wall, but the American lumber enters British Columbia duty free, and can be sold at dump prices. Protests against this unfairness have been made for some years and were repeated at Ottawa only a few weeks ago.

The other case is that of a chemical manufacturing industry at the Soo. Its two chief products are subject to duties of \$4 and \$5 a ton when entering the United

States, but both are admitted into Canada duty-free. It is only a matter of business that this firm, which has been using Canadian raw material and thus developing our natural resources, should now be announcing its intention to remove to the other side, where it will have protection in the American market and, at the same time, free entry into Canada.

Against such practical facts as these, showing the actual workings of our present tariff, what theoretical free-trade arguments can hold fast? And such forcible facts will persist until a remedy is provided.

### Newfoundland Says, "Not Yet"

**T**HE wooing of Newfoundland goes slowly. The present is not the time for proposing, and the island colony has as much as said so. For the last two or three years the matter of confederation has been talked of, and interest has for various reasons been renewed in it this spring; but now that Canada is willing, Newfoundland is not. The Premier of the colony says it is "on the crest of the wave of prosperity;" the two chief industries, the fisheries and lumbering, have been successful, and the revenue is buoyant. As a result, the people have no desire for a change.

Newfoundland enjoys her independence. She makes her own laws, and is free to

drive commercial bargains with both her neighbors, Canada and the United States. This is really the key to the whole situation. She finds her half-way position very convenient, for her vast resources of sea and forest are in double demand, while her trade is invited on competitive terms. Thus she has just passed a measure granting to an American syndicate a practical monopoly for twenty years of the fish and cold-storage business, and the invaluable bait supply; and monopoly though it is, it will be of benefit to the island, because the industry will be developed as it never was before. But it reduces by so much the present chances for closer relations with Canada

There is a hint for Canada in the figures of Newfoundland's import trade. The island's importations from the United States are annually increasing, while those from Canada are decreasing. One reason for this is that the United States buys more in return than Canada does, and another reason is that the Americans have a trade agent on the ground who is constantly directing attention to the American market, while Canadian interests are unrepresented. These things all go to show that if Canada wishes to round off an advantageous confederation she must pay her attentions more energetically.

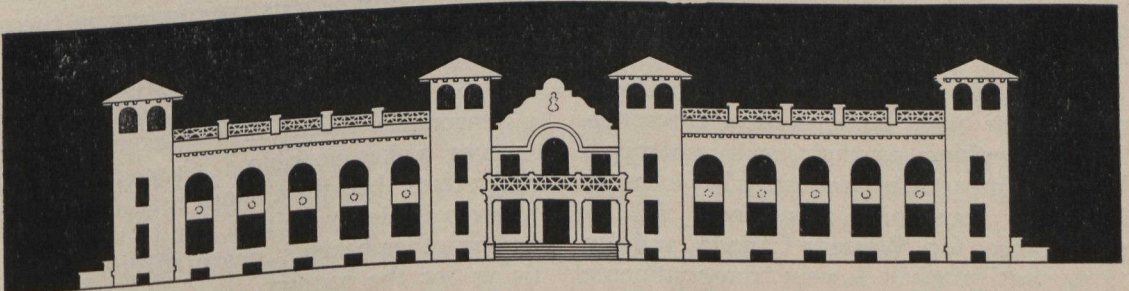
### The Demand For Reciprocity

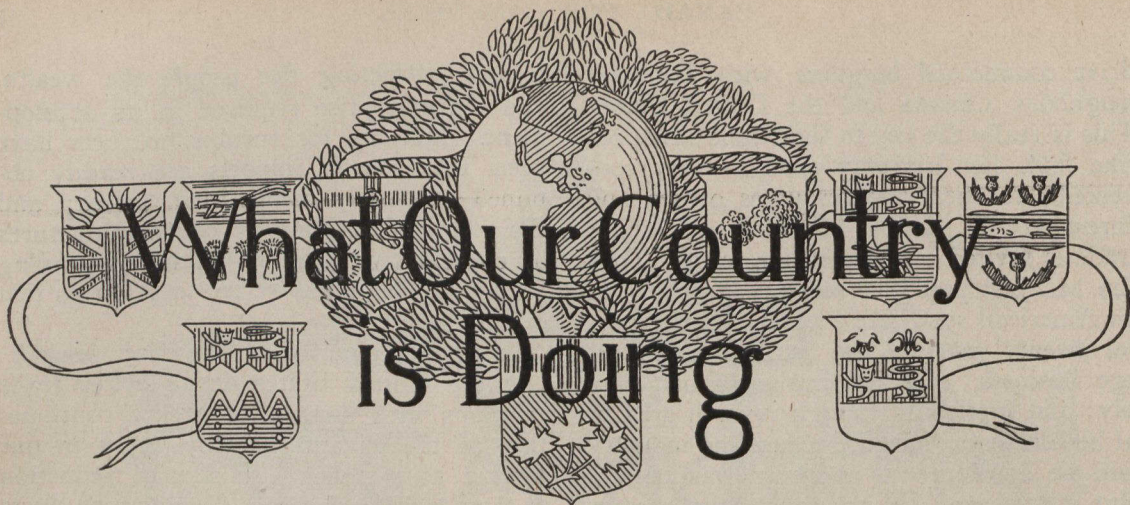
[T is plain to those who are in touch with the situation in Canada, that a reciprocity treaty, a trade treaty, or other reciprocal legislation upon trade relations is no longer desired by Canada. This country

is now attracting the people, the wealth, and the enterprise required in its development. Markets for surplus products have been established; imports are readily obtained at closely competitive prices; and the policy of building up our manufactures by conservative tariff regulation is proving to be the most effective aid to progress that can be given.

In the opinion of a Canadian senator: "If the United States desire better trade relations with Canada, or even a continuation of the advantages they enjoy in our market at present, a substantial reduction in their tariff in favor of Canadian products is the only course that would be regarded by Canada as a favorable indication on their part of a desire to treat Canada fairly on the lines of trade intercourse."

It is evident that the United States are beginning to realize the true state of public opinion over here. A New York commercial journal recently expressed itself as follows: "We have driven Canada to a policy of independence, and we are gaily helping her along with our people, our wealth, and our enterprise. We have only to continue this policy a little longer and we will be forced to the realization that we have deliberately thrown away our best market for manufactures, and our third best market for all our exports. To preserve this market we have no need for a reciprocity treaty, or a trade treaty, or concurrent legislation upon trade relations; we have only to throw open wide our markets to the natural products of Canada, and our inter-trade will become so great that reprisals upon our manufacturers would have little or no advocacy."





### Canada's New Courage

THIS is our busy time" is the notice which Canada now displays to the world. Our national boast has been, until recently, that we were in "our growing time;" but the new word now is *Busy*. It means that we have given over the pleasing, but rather idle contemplation of our national resources, which other people have been developing, and have instead taken to doing things. We are getting busy—and that is always a better sign than day-dreaming.

It is fitting that a great country should beget courageous enterprises. Canada has long enough had its little schemes; the day of larger undertakings has come, and national enterprise has taken a new turn. Two recent measures, which mean much to the country's future, show that our legislators have grasped this fact. The National Transcontinental Railway and the Soo Guarantee are two of the largest industrial schemes to which a young country has ever committed itself. Our parliaments are growing courageous; they are giving proof of the new spirit of doing things, for these are daring enterprises that betoken a new day.

The political coloring which has unfortunately been given both of these enterprises hides something of their real importance. Viewed impartially and strictly from an industrial standpoint, they seem full of significance for Western Canada and Ontario, particularly. A new transcontinental

railway has been arranged for on terms that for the first few years will involve the country in a heavy expenditure, but will represent a permanent outlay so small as to count for comparatively nothing. The Government guarantees the bonds on the western section for seven years, and for the same length of time gives the eastern section rent-free; after that it has no more responsibility for the first section, and for the latter it will receive 3 per cent. per annum for forty-three years on cost of construction. In the Soo enterprise, the Ontario Government guarantees a loan of \$2,000,000 to aid in the re-establishment of the varied industries at Sault Ste. Marie. If after their reorganization these industries prove successful, the loan will be repaid in two years, and if they fail ample security is provided in certain Algoma properties.

It is quite true that both these enterprises are open to political criticism; there is an element of risk connected with them, and they are somewhat complicated in their terms. But as business schemes, it is difficult to see any serious impropriety in them. If the two experiments prove successful they will be fully justified by the results and the risk meanwhile is no greater than a reasonable faith in the country's resources makes feasible. They are daring enterprises, but they show that Canada is nowadays doing things, and they will, among other benefits, prove effective advertising for the country.

## Is it Rich or Not?

WHEN spies are sent to look out a land of promise, and they disagree in their reports, what is to be done about it? Are we to take the favorable or the unfavorable verdict? That is the question now confronting Canada, and the land in doubt is the Peace River country, in Athabasca. The spies who have heretofore gone up to examine that country, some of whom have been settlers, have given glowing reports of its fertility and industrial possibilities, and some parts of it have been supposed to be among the richest in Canada. But another spy, under Government orders, went north last year to more carefully explore the region, and instead of confirming the general impression he brings back a report of quite another color. Mr. Macoun says it is not a fertile country, and will never attract a tide of settlement such as that in Manitoba and the southern territories.

To have a nation's great expectations thus rudely shaken was, of course, unpleasant, and a lively discussion in Parliament followed the recent publication of the report. The question now is, which is right—the *pro* or the *con*? Canada evidently prefers to believe the former. Honesty and sincerity must be granted to Mr. Macoun, but it is claimed that his investigations could not have been sufficiently thorough, for some portions of the country, notably the Peace River Valley, are already settled and others are known to be fertile. The real facts probably lie, as usual, midway. Its northern situation will very likely limit the capabilities of the region, yet there certainly are areas highly suitable for settlement and at least fairly profitable cultivation. Indeed, Mr. Macoun admits as much.

The question is of importance because the Peace River country is one of the regions which will be opened up by the new transcontinental railway. There is another side to it, too—what effect this report and its subsequent discussion will have upon further immigration, particularly from the western states. It is feared by some that

intending settlers will be discouraged from coming. But there does not seem to be any reason for believing this. The tide of settlement has as yet hardly turned toward the "farther north country," and there are meanwhile immense areas in Saskatchewan and Alberta awaiting the newcomers. And even when these are filled up, prospective immigrants to the Peace River country will examine the ground for themselves and will not take Government reports as final. Mr. Macoun's remarks need not at all be taken as a dose of national bitters.

## Less Money for Our Tickets

IF cheap rates on the railroads were permanent instead of only occasional attractions, twice as many people would travel. That is one of the claims made by the agitators for reduced railway fares; and another is that with the railway traffic as fully developed as it now is, the people who already travel should be given the benefit of a cheaper rate. This question has been freshly brought to notice by a demand made in the House of Commons that one of the roads asking for new legislation be required, as a condition, to give a two-cent passenger rate.

A reduction from three to two cents a mile on all Canadian roads would no doubt be as much welcomed as two-cent postage was; and as Parliament has the matter of railway rates under its control, the change could easily be made. But it will not be made just yet. Some of the lines operating in Canada are prosperous enough to justify a reduction, but there are many other lines running through comparatively new country, on which traffic is necessarily light, and it cannot reasonably be asked of these lines that they make the same sacrifices as the former. A standard applicable to all would perhaps be difficult to decide upon. The State of Michigan has a law that a two-cent rate shall be given by all roads which have earnings of \$3,000 a mile, or more. Some such principle as this might well be adapted to the Canadian roads. The two-cent rate through southern Ontario, for example, is as reasonable as in New York or Michigan,



and it is a reform that the public will soon demand from all the roads. In the northern parts of the province it would manifestly not be feasible.

### Crime in the Dominion

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the great increase in foreign immigration during the last two years crime in Canada has been kept at a minimum, and even shows a slight numerical decrease. This makes an excellent showing compared with United States prison returns, which indicate a large rate of increase.

The report of the Minister of Justice says: "It is a subject of deep regret that one-eighth of the total number of convicts are mere youths who have already reached the grade of criminality that involves penitentiary treatment. The continuous contact with professional criminals obliterates any self-respect or sense of shame they may possess, and in a few years they are discharged—bereft of reputation or ambition—to swell the ranks of those who regard society as their enemy, and therefore their rightful prey. The environments and influences of a penal institution are not ennobling, and lads who are yet in the formative period of their character should not be subjected to its contaminating influence if other treatment be possible."

With regard to management and discipline, the prisons of Canada are perhaps second to none; but in efforts to reform and rehabilitate the criminal, we have been distanced by several countries, especially Switzerland.

An important improvement will be made when something is done to help the struggling ex-convict to regain his lost footing and become a good member of society.

### Electrical Smelting in Canada

**T**HE commission which went to Europe under the leadership of Dr. Haanel has returned, after investigating the various processes employed in the electrical smelting of iron.

The process which commended itself to the commissioners as the cheapest and most practicable for Canada, was that employed

by Ketter, Leleux & Co., at Livet, in southeastern France. This firm has four electric furnaces in operation. Several weeks were spent here in observing the manufacture of pig iron. Information was also gathered regarding the amount of electrical energy required.

It is thought that pig iron can be manufactured by this process at a cost of not more than \$10.50 a ton, which is considerably less than the present cost in Canada. If the process can be successfully applied here, we may expect great things in the Canadian iron industry.

### Saving the Past for the Future

**I**N the midst of new projects it comes as somewhat of a contrast to be reminded of an enterprise whose special field is the days that have been. Yet the Ontario Bureau of Archives, whose first report was made a short time ago, has a work to do, which, while it may not appeal to the busy man of affairs, is yet important.

Our great concern in this day of action is undoubtedly with the present and the future. We cannot afford to live in the past, and in the industrial sphere, particularly it is disastrous to study old methods to the neglect of new conditions and their demands. Men of vision, not retrospection, are the men we need to-day, and our nation is to be built by workers, not by students of history. At the same time there is a value in the past, bearing vitally upon the interests of the present day. If not so much to the business man, yet to the statesman, legislator, and social worker, the records of the past are of inestimable importance. While the mass of the people very rightly concern themselves with the problems and affairs that face them with each new day, there must always be a few whose special concern it is to study and preserve the records of local and national history, and put them in a form accessible and applicable. Neither an individual nor a nation ever attains to so high a standard, but profit may be had from a knowledge of past mistakes or an acquaintance with former methods.

The Ontario Bureau of Archives has therefore a useful place among the provincial institutions. It leaves the busy men to their work of nation-building, itself contributing by the collection of data. Its official duties are to gather records of local history and to winnow out from the mass what is really important. Ontario, the old Upper Canada of former days, has much material of this kind, and to know what it is worth will be a practical form of stock-taking.

### The Great Lake Fisheries

THERE is one direction in which the United States has proved weaker in protective policy than Canada. The various states in the vicinity of the Great Lakes have recently refused legislation to protect the Lake fisheries, which are now in serious danger of depletion. The fishery laws of Ontario are very strict, but while Canadian fishermen have been restricted in their operations, the freest and most reckless methods have been followed on the southern shore, quite unchecked. The fish have no boundary line, and numerous American poachers are equally indifferent to it. As a result the herring catch on Lake Erie has fallen from 3,000,000 pounds in 1899 to 400,000 pounds in 1903. So apparent has been the annual falling-off that a joint commission was appointed not long ago to investigate. This commission agreed upon a basis of action, which was recommended to the various legislatures; but there it ended. The Ohio Legislature, controlling the south-shore fisheries of Lake Erie, refused to pass protective measures, evidently influenced by the fish trust, and the abuses will most likely continue as before.

It is as regrettable as it is strange that states which are in other respects so fully committed to the principle of protection should be so regardless of it in its simplest form. Their policy as concerns the Lake fisheries is a short-sighted one, and Canada shares directly in the loss thereby sustained. The fishery resources of the Great Lakes, if properly husbanded, are of great value, but Canada's careful regulations are vitiated by her neighbor's indifference.

### Canada as a Literary Field

WHILE we have in Canada acres for the settler and scenery for the tourist, we have also almost unlimited material for the writer. There are few countries in the world which have greater literary resources, as yet very imperfectly developed, out of which a national literature might be produced. Few countries can furnish material both for factories and novelists, in such variety.

It is worth noting that many of the best books of travel, fiction, and nature-study, which have been published during the past ten years, have had their scenes laid in Canada, while the historical novels have for a much longer period drawn upon our Canadian history. At the present time the best work in the nature and out-of-door class, so popular of late, is being done by writers who have taken much of their inspiration from Canada. Various circumstances combine to give this prominence, such as a rich history, a wealth of incident, a wide scope of country, and varied phases of nature. The great Northland is a mine of material for both the explorer and the writer, and furnishes most fascinating reading. A well-known novelist said a few years ago, that there were enough incidents centering about our Canadian lakes, forests, prairies, and coasts to supply material for scores of writers, and that our literary resources were as rich as our industrial.

This being so, what prevents the more rapid production of a national literature? Chiefly two things—the lack of the writers and the lack of literary appreciation by the people. There have been not a few Canadian writers of the foremost talent and merit, but most of them have, sooner or later, removed to other countries where their work has been better rewarded. We have the material here, but it will not be put in book form until the public more warmly shows its appreciation of native genius and Canadian themes. While we wait for the men who are to write the books of the future, let us cultivate the habit of appreciation.

### The Stream of Immigration

THE indications seem already sufficient to warrant the prediction that the rush to the Canadian North-West will exceed that of 1903, which so far holds the record in Canadian immigration. A slight falling off during January and February was due to unusually severe weather. With regard to immigration from the States, a new drawback may be experienced in the alarm felt by Americans at the great stream of immigration from over the line.

It is stated that settlers are passing through the most desirable free lands in the United States to reach Canada, and also that the movement has assumed too large proportions to be calmly tolerated.

These American settlers have an experience, and a ready, intelligent grasp of the situation, which places them in strong contrast with the foreigner, who has to be trained and taught to assimilate.

Nearly four thousand European immigrants entered the Dominion by way of Halifax alone during part of March. These were far above the average who land at American ports of entry. The *Philadelphia Public Ledger* says: "Canada is wont to complain that she is buffeted by fate, is a step-daughter of the British Empire, the victim in all controversies, but in gaining new citizens she is leading the world—not in quantity, but in quality."

### A Problem of Citizenship

THE following estimate was recently made by the *Wall Street Journal* with regard to the effect of illiterate immigration upon the standards of citizenship in the United States. With a large foreign population pouring into our country, the subject promises to become of interest to Canadians:

"Instead of the recent immigration from the southern part of Europe leading to increased criminality and ignorance, the statistics show that these immigrants are less liable to become a burden upon the public, and are less addicted to crime than those from northern Europe. The illiteracy among persons born in the United States of foreign parents is much less than among those born of American parents, which

shows that the danger of immigration on the side of ignorance is much less than had been supposed.

"From these considerations it is not reasonable to conclude that the time has yet arrived to put up the bars against immigration. The demand to do so comes chiefly from those who would be glad to create a monopoly of labor in the United States.

"If there is not a demand for the labor of these immigrants, they soon find it out and stop coming. When there is a demand for them they arrive in large numbers. The problem is largely one of distribution."

### A Good Market for Canada

THE tour of the recently appointed trade commissioner to Japan through a number of Canadian cities has again directed attention to our opportunities in the far East.

The following are a few of the products which might with profit be exported to Japan: flour, cured meats, fish, paper and pulp, cottons, woollens, rubber goods, sewing machines, plated ware, nails, wire, hand tools, lumber, furniture, pianos, organs, hides and leather.

The Japanese are already considerable buyers of these articles, and a little well-directed effort might lead to greatly increased trade with Canada.

Japan is at present in the midst of great social and economic changes. The progress made during the last few years has been marvellous. Old customs are rapidly disappearing before European ideas and manners. At one time they used scarcely any furniture, such as we are accustomed to, requiring neither chairs, tables, nor beds. The Japanese have always shown a ready appreciation of European music and musical instruments, which has created a good market for these.

There is also a considerable demand for bicycles, and, with the rapid adoption of European inventions, the market for all such commodities promises to constantly increase.

The effect of the war upon trade with Japan will, no doubt, be to increase the demand for most goods, especially food stuffs. Trade will, of course, be uninterrupted, since there is no war in Japan.

## NOTES

Miller & Richards, type-founders, of Toronto, are reported as about to erect a five-story building in Winnipeg.



The Canadian Pacific Railway is clearing the ground for its new hotel and station in Winnipeg.



A large anthracite mine is said to be opening up near Banff, B.C. This mine, which is reported to produce a hard coal equal to that from Pennsylvania, expects to supply the country from Winnipeg to Vancouver.



A vein of crude oil was recently struck on a farm about six miles from Dunnville, Ont. A local company in drilling for gas, which abounds in this district, encountered the oil at a depth of eight hundred feet. A flow of four barrels per day of excellent quality was obtained.



Two immense freight sheds will be erected in Winnipeg by the C. P. R. The buildings will be 1,224, and 603 feet long, respectively. These and the offices in connection will give to Winnipeg the largest individual railway yards in the world.



An investigation of the output of the Canadian Klondike was recently made by Mr. J. J. Rutledge, who estimates the total amount of gold shipped south from Dawson at \$125,000,000. This is based almost entirely on the value of express packages sent to San Francisco for the American mint. Not a grain of this quantity was taken from the Alaska camps. The following remarkable fact was noted, that the gold output of the Klondike is increasing.

The Iowa-Lillooet Dredging Co. have for some time been operating a dredge in the Fraser River near Lillooet. For ten days in succession, working two ten-hour shifts, the company extracted from the bed of the river an average of forty ounces of gold, or \$1,000 per day.



Statistics relating to the production of wheat in Manitoba show that this province raised fifty per cent. more wheat per acre than Dakota or Minnesota. One-fourth of the wheat lands of the North-West would be sufficient to furnish three times the entire wheat supply of Britain.



The huge remains of a mammoth were recently discovered by gold hunters on Quartz Creek, Yukon Territory. The tusks and skull were well preserved and almost intact, together with three ribs. The bones were dislodged from the frozen gravel by the aid of steam. It is expected the remainder of the skeleton will be found nearby.



Newfoundland is forging to the front as a lumber country of great promise. Exports in this industry have increased from \$13,335, which was the value in 1897-8, to \$240,699 in 1902-3. It is expected that the cut for the coming season will be nearly 35,000,000 feet.



The beekeepers of Elgin County have passed a resolution condemning the policy of the Ontario Government in bonusing the beet sugar industry while neglecting the interests of the beekeepers. These produce a food superior to sugar, not to mention the utility of bees to the farmer and fruit-grower in the fertilization of blossoms.

## POINT OF VIEW

### For the President's Chair

WHO the next President will be is the topic of greatest concern to the United States people just now. The fact that it is a topic recurring every four years does not at all detract from its interest, and double exercise is given to the national imagination by the uncertainty, first, as to who will be nominated. Half the battle is fought when the two men who are to run for White House honors have been finally decided upon. This year an added touch of liveliness was given by the campaign of W. R. Hearst, the New York yellow journalist and multi-millionaire, who announced his desire to run for the presidential chair, backed by unlimited funds. He proposed, in short, to buy his way to office, and preposterous as it was, his self-nomination was not without support. The Hearst boom, however, was not taken seriously by the country and the selection of candidates was proceeded with as usual.

The hope of the Republican party rests upon President Roosevelt, whose popularity with the masses raises him to the position of almost a hero. His enemies are the machine politicians, who would prefer one of their own kind in office, but Mr. Roosevelt's hold upon the popular fancy, at least of his own party, is too strong to oppose. The Democratic choice has not been so certainly defined. Mr. Bryan's day is gone, and while numerous nominees were named by some of the individual states, the first man to receive anything like general approval was Judge Parker, a New York jurist of repute. It is expected that his nomination will be confirmed in June, and if so his supporters are hopeful of carrying his own state at the polls. New York is the critical state, and it looks now as if it is to furnish both of the presidential candidates.

### The Cause of Peace in Europe

A FEW years ago the prophets were foretelling a long and terrible period of war in Europe, the result of which would be nothing short of universal upheaval. The map of the continent was to be completely changed, old powers falling and new ones rising to dominate the world in future years. The prophets now have another tale. For many a year the prospects for peace in Europe have not been so good as they are at the present time, though in Asia a war is raging which in times gone by would already have involved some of the European powers.

The reasons for this more cheerful prospect are the new agreements between a few of the leading nations. An alliance between France and Russia, in force now for several years, was not thought to be a guarantee of peace, but rather otherwise; but France's *entente* with Great Britain was a decided step in advance. To have all differences between these two nations settled by a court of arbitration is a distinct gain for the cause of peace. And now France has made terms with another power. President Loubet has concluded an arrangement with Italy, which provides a satisfactory settlement of several long-standing disputes between the two countries, and France and Italy are now in the most friendly relations. Popular feeling in both countries heartily approves of the action thus taken by the two governments.

It is thus very apparent that France has changed since the days of the great Napoleon. Instead of being the war-maker of the nations she is now the peace-maker. Her influence is strongly for peace, and that she has been able to conclude such favorable agreements with three other powers advances considerably the likelihood of European peace. The outlook is also

brightened by the improvement in the situation in the Balkans, where, at least temporarily, quiet has been again restored. Russia's aggressiveness is the only unpleasant feature at present, but Russia is always an uncertain quantity.

### A Clever Trade Scheme

ENGLISH business firms have at least one clever move to their credit whose ingeniousness compares with that of their American competitors. During the past year or so we have heard so much about the American capture of the British markets, that for variety's sake, if for nothing else, it is pleasing to hear that an original and enterprising scheme has been conceived and put into effect for the extension of British trade. This new scheme is none other than a floating exhibition of British manufactures which is to be sent to every part of the Empire. An Atlantic liner has been chartered, and fitted out with samples of English manufactures of all kinds. The steamer calls at various colonial ports and the exhibition of assorted wares is viewed by business men who may prove future customers. The idea of the exhibition is to acquaint such business men with the variety and excellence of British manufactures, with the hope of encouraging more extensive trade relations with the Mother Country. The first port of call on the programme of the exhibition is Halifax, then St. John's, Newfoundland, and perhaps Quebec or Montreal; the steamer will then sail to the West Indies and South Africa, eventually visiting all parts of the Empire.

Whatever may be said of the probable results of this new departure, whether Canada will or will not be thus induced to deal more largely with England, the idea is to be commended as one of shrewd enterprise. The English manufacturers have proved themselves capable of meeting trade facts bravely and ingeniously. But Canada will find this floating exhibition worthy of attention from quite another standpoint. If it works out successfully why

should not Canada make a similar experiment, on a smaller scale? We need just such advertising among our sister colonies and other countries, and a travelling exhibition of our resources and products would do something to bring more trade our way.

### Protection in Great Britain

THE fact that Mr. Chamberlain's tariff programme is not being carried out amid the acclamations which marked its commencement does not prove that his labors are the less effective. His efforts are now being employed in the endeavor to strengthen and solidify his party. He is being supported in this course by the Premier, who realizes the necessity of holding together until such time as protective principles have had time to be assimilated by the public mind.

This unimpaired political relationship testifies to the close sympathy between the two on the tariff issue. In fact, his co-operation with Mr. Balfour shows Mr. Chamberlain's intention of placing the good of the Empire above merely personal ambition. On the other hand, Mr. Balfour's attitude shows his desire that the new policy shall have an open field and a fair trial.

It will be remembered how promptly Mr. Chamberlain came to the rescue when the Opposition made a second attempt to force the Premier to a premature declaration. In the course of the debate which followed, Mr. Balfour again indicated that he adhered in all respects to his Sheffield speech. Mr. Chamberlain also explained that he had no wish to raise the fiscal question at present, and that he would continue a supporter of the government.

Mr. Chamberlain's strength is indicated by the fact that the Liberal-Unionist council were unanimous in deciding to reorganize on the basis proposed by him, in spite of the Duke of Devonshire's hostile attitude. The leaders of the Unionist party have clearly become supporters of his proposals, and it is doubtless merely a question of time when fiscal reform will become one of the main planks in the platform.

# Insurance

## Canadian vs. American Companies

IN the competition for life insurance all sorts of arguments for and against various companies are advanced by agents of the respective companies.

An examination of that phase which institutes a comparison of Canadian with foreign companies cannot fail to interest. It is a subject in which Canadians as a whole are concerned. They wish to know where Canada stands in the matter of life insurance. It is not only a question as to the progress of our important financial institutions, but Canadians as insurers are interested to know whether in patriotically supporting home companies, they are, by so doing, advancing their own best interests as well as those of their country.

To this question can be returned the unequivocal answer that there is nothing in the nature of the insurance business which makes it possible for a foreign company to offer any advantage that a home company cannot.

On the other hand, the insurance business of Canada is so conditioned that Canadian companies are in a position to offer distinct advantages over any foreign company. The possibility of these will be apparent from an understanding of the workings of the insurance business. In the first place, the expenses of the leading foreign companies operating in Canada are higher than those of Canadian companies.

Moreover, the Canadian companies operating in Canada only are subject to a tax on their total premium income, which is much smaller than that of any foreign company operating in Canada on their total premium income. So great is the difference that foreign companies are obliged to earn nearly 1 per cent. more interest on their total assets in order to balance the greater taxation im-

posed upon them. It will thus be seen that foreign companies operating in Canada labor under these two distinct disadvantages.

Have they anything to offset these? Greater returns might do it. But their returns are no greater. The result is that foreign companies in Canada require to charge more for insurance, which is equally safe with that provided by good Canadian companies. A comparison of the premiums shows the difference. *Canadian companies can afford to, and do, give insurance at cheaper rates.*

Nor is this the only advantage to those who insure in purely Canadian companies. For, while the premiums are lower, the profits in proportion to the premiums are higher.

The cheaper rates and the proportionately higher profits in Canadian companies on a solid financial basis constitute the strongest argument that can be placed before men of keen business judgment. The business people of Canada are Canadian, as well as quick to appreciate the advantages offered by home companies. They recognize that in giving their business to Canadian companies they are also helping to build up business which shall assist Canadian finance generally, and so revert to their own business.

It is no small matter that those who control such large volumes of business as are represented by insurance companies to-day should be residents of Canada. To patronize Canadian companies means to support their high officials within our own territory, and to have the advantage of the influence among us of their alert business methods. It means also increased opportunities in advanced positions for ambitious Canadians; and that, from their residence in Canada, they shall spend their money here so that all other business men may get the advantage of the additional business thus created.