



# Just Smith



A STORY OF THE "MOUNTED"

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## CHAPTER I.

ON the parade ground at Regina one hot afternoon in September, 1885, the bugler, straight and trim in his scarlet tunic, sounded "Dress" for the day guard.

In the men's quarters, the day guard pricked up their ears.

"Bhoys, have ye got yer halos polished, an' yer harps tuned up?" inquired Barney O'Shea, the barracks joker. "'Tis that ould divil Jackson is ordherly officer the day, an' he'll ixpict ye to be shinin' angels, no less."

"Bloomin' Tommy Atkinses, you mean," growled Alf Stanley, picking up his rifle. "There's getting to be too much British army about the force lately, Hi'm thinkin'. Jaw, jaw, jaw. 'E'll be 'ittin' us with the flat of his sword next, like we was a lot o' bloomin' conscripts. Hi'm fair sick of it—ain't you, Smith?"

The man addressed as Smith glanced up from giving his neat boots a final rub, and his mouth was a straight line.

"I'm looking for my step, as you know," he said slowly. "But if your friend Jackson goes out of his way too often to give me a black eye, there'll be trouble."

Inspector Jackson was not popular with his men. He had come to Regina unexpectedly one morning with a commission from Ottawa in his pocket. Even the Commissioner had known nothing of his appointment until he reported at the orderly room; and when, after a short period, he had

begun to give himself airs and to usurp authority that his rank as inspector, and junior at that, did not warrant, he got a call-down from the Commissioner. His brother officers, finding him a surly and opinionated brute, let him markedly alone. The natural course for a man of his type was to take his ill-temper out on his men, and he was the most cordially detested man at the post. Rumor said that he had held a commission in an Indian cavalry regiment—some said it was only a sergeantry—and his army methods were the pet aversion of everybody. Among his other unpleasant attributes, he was a martinet whose delight it was to pounce on the least suspicion of laxity in dress or behavior, and the men turning out for guard mount in answer to the bugle were restive.

"Lind me your powder-puff, Smith, dear," drawled the irrepressible Barney. "I'm thinkin' I've a bit av a shine on the ind av me nose, an' his honor might not admire ut. Is me hat on shtraight?"

"Come out of it, you Irish Biddy," put in MacDonald. "We're like to be told we're a row of Dutch dolls when Jackson gets a crack at us, but it's time we were out on the sidewalk getting ready to fall in."

And with that the day guard went out into the Saskatchewan sunshine.

Regina was then, as to-day, the headquarters of the North West Mounted Police, whose duties in 1885, in addition to the usual "protection of person and property" embraced the

detection and seizure of contraband whiskey, the suppression of horse-stealing and the intimidation of the Indians. The Northwest had lately been the scene of the Cree and half-breed rebellion led by Louis Riel, who now lay in the police guard house under sentence of death. The other rebel prisoners had been disposed of, Big Bear and seven other Indians awaiting execution at Battleford, while Pound Maker and others had been sent to the penitentiary at Stoney Mountain. Gabriel Dumont, Riel's lieutenant, had escaped across the international boundary and was safe in the United States. Regina was full of police. The force had been recruited up to a thousand men, but the extra duty entailed by the guarding of so many prisoners gave them plenty to do. Each day at two in the afternoon the guard mounted, consisting of an inspector, a sergeant, a corporal and twenty-four constables, and it was this guard that fell in in answer to the bugler's second call. The brass buttons, cartridges, belts and spurs, the spike and chain on the white helmets, the barrel and the mountings of the Winchester carbines, shone in the brilliant afternoon sun like burnished silver. The scarlet and blue of the uniforms fitted without a wrinkle, the rolled cloaks and white gauntlets were speckless. The orderly and the regimental sergeant-major inspected the line without comment. Then the R.S.M., drew his sword, and saluted the orderly officer, Jackson.

To all appearance, the men stood like statues, as Inspector Jackson went down the lines. Not a cartridge, not a spur, not an inconspicuous buckle missed his narrow eyes, and not a man of the guard but got a reprimand for some neglected detail, real or fancied. Without a flicker of an eyelash they took it as part of the day's work; but Smith, to all appearance the smartest man on parade, watched the inspector with steady look that did not lessen as Jackson ordered him an extra guard for a button that he could have seen his face in. The inspector glanced up with a pleased look in his yellow-grey

eyes, and met Smith's gaze directly. Instantly he reddened.

"How dare you look at me like that, sir?" he demanded. "What is your name?"

"Smith," replied the man shortly.

The tone, even more than the brevity of the reply, cut. Jackson seemed to swell before their eyes.

"Smith!" he barked. "Say 'sir' when addressing an officer. Sergeant-Major, see that this man has an extra guard and report at the orderly room afterwards. Who is he?"

"Constable Smith, sir, of P Troop," answered the sergeant-major smoothly.

"How long has he been in the service?"

"About three months, sir."

"That will do. March them off."

And with that, Jackson, after inspecting and dismissing the old guard, returned to his quarters. "Smith, eh?" he thought to himself as he crossed the parade ground with his precise step. "He needs some man-handling, that young fellow."

Smith, for his part, sat brooding over the matter with an ugly look about his jaw. The new guard had taken over the prisoners, relieved old sentries and posted new ones. Smith, whose turn it was to be off, by rights should have taken his blankets and lain down for a cat-nap on the six feet of deal boards allotted each man for sleeping accommodations. But instead he sat, with his chin in his hands, thinking.

Little was known of Smith in the force. He was a clever and well-educated young fellow, and although he had been in the service for only a short time, the keen eye of the Commissioner had taken note of his smart appearance and evident ability. But he did not seek company, and preferred to read when off duty. He prided himself on his attention to duty and wanted promotion. This gratuitous brutality of Jackson's lessened his chance of his step, and he resented it.

About four o'clock, he was roused from his thoughts by "Pat" Murphy. Although a commissioned officer nominally was in charge of the guard, the stocky Irish sergeant really per-

formed all the duty. There were seven posts in different parts of the barracks, but the outlying pickets were not posted until after "Retreat," and Murphy put his head inside the doorway to warn Smith to relieve Number One.

"An' moind, me lad," he added, "you 'pay proper compliments to all the officers accordin' to rank.' Ye'd better be takin' your ordher boord wid ye, this bein' your first guard. An' whatever ye do, kape your eye skinned for ould Jackson. If he gets down on ye, ye might as well desert."

"Thanks, sergeant," answered Smith pleasantly. "Hope I don't run afoul of him again to-day."

But that hope was not fulfilled. It was hardly an hour later that, while Smith was standing at ease on his post, Major Barton drove past with two young ladies. Automatically the young soldier saluted the major and his pretty fair-haired daughter who smiled graciously. The other girl was a stranger. She did not smile, but as Smith came to the salute, she leaned sharply forward so that he saw her face. To outward view, the start he gave was but a fraction of an inch; yet in that moment he felt his whole inward machinery leap, and as the neat democrat wagon spun along the road, he stared after it, oblivious to everything else in the world.

It was another of Jackson's unpleasant tricks to walk soundlessly. Perhaps at that moment Smith would not have heard a regiment of horse at the charge. In any case, he did not hear or see the inspector coming in time to salute him. Again wrath descended. Jackson "dressed him down," summarily transferred him to Number Three beat, behind the guard room, and rather piqued by Smith's stolidity, dismissed him with a final taunt that he was fit for nothing but a stable picket.

Number Three beat is a lonely one. Standing at ease, Smith's eyes travelled south over the vast treeless prairie to where in the distance the snow-clad summits of the Dirt Hills seemed to mingle with the clouds that were gradually overcasting the sky. He was glad to get away where the life

and movement of the barracks square could not be seen; where he could think. Jackson's rough treatment of him was only a small thing now; he hardly realized it in the surge of new thoughts the girl in the major's rig had aroused.

What was Edith doing here? How had she found him? But had she found him? Or was it merely a scurvy trick that old Dame Fate had played him, a chance coincidence of meeting in a world that surely was not so wide as he had thought it? What was he to do? What could he do, an enlisted man at the disposal of his superior officers? Edith must not suffer, as she had made him suffer. Still— His mind swung restlessly from point to point like a vane when the wind is changing. The situation was too sudden for immediate self-adjustment. He began to pace again, and as he swung into his stride his thoughts were interrupted by the clank of chains and the rattle of a rifle on the frozen ground.

It was the rebel, Riel, being led forth to exercise in the prison yard and guarded by four men with loaded carbines. Instinctively Smith shouldered arms and stood at attention to let the party pass. It was his first chance to have a good square look at the man who had caused Canada so much uneasiness. Riel's face was pale with a prison pallor, and his eyes bright as a bird's. His long black hair fell over his shoulders in wild profusion and his black beard descended upon his breast. On his leg was riveted a chain to which was attached a heavy weight which would never be loosed until the fallen chief was on the scaffold. He was dressed in clothes of a dark color and semi-clerical cut, and to Smith he looked, save for his bright eyes, a quiet, peaceable sort of man.

Hard luck, he thought, as he watched the rebel dragging his fetter painfully along. At least he had fought bravely for what he thought was an injustice to his people. Smith had helped to break Riel's power and had fought well when there was need; but now in victory he felt a pity for his enemy's vanquishment that for a moment swallowed up his own trouble.

But not for long. As he resumed his stride, the thoughts crowded in upon him, besieging him like an army in a dream. Slowly they drifted back to his childhood home in England, and his mother. Of his father he had only a very faint remembrance, and that not an agreeable one. He had married against the wishes of his people, considerably beneath his own social position. Violent-tempered and unaccustomed to restraint, he had soon tired of the gentle, shy girl whom he had made his wife and chafed at society's criticism of himself and of her. It was a relief when finally he left her, two years subsequent to the birth of their child; and one of the dreads of the boy's childhood was that some day his father might return. Once, twenty years ago, he had written from Angola Bay, saying that he was going on an exploring expedition into the interior. That was the last his young wife had ever heard from him. How she managed to bring up and educate her baby, only she herself knew. At her death, her brother took the lad into his office, but he disliked commercial life, and had on coming of age gone to Canada where after an unsuccessful attempt at farming he drifted at twenty-three into the force. With the perspectiveless despair of youth, he considered himself a failure.

"What have I to offer a woman?" he said bitterly to himself. "No profession, no home, no prospects—not even enough money to buy my discharge. My father ruined one woman's life; I'll not ruin another's. Edith must forget me—it should be easy enough by the looks of things—and I'll travel alone. It's the only way out."

He turned to retrace his steps, and was startled by a shout. Two or three men, without their hats, were running towards the bridge that spanned the creek on the road to town. He doubled forward a few yards, and saw the Major's democrat wagon and lively team dashing at breakneck speed up the hill, the reins dragging and the two girls clinging to the seat as the rig swayed perilously.

"My God!" he groaned. "It's

Edith!" and dropping his carbine he sprang forward, unclasping his belt as he ran.

The runaway was headed straight for the barracks gate, where a knot of men had by this time collected, waiting. Among them, Smith saw Inspector Jackson, and as he looked, the inspector ran hastily forward in front of the horses, waving outstretched arms. Smith caught his breath, foreseeing disaster. The team swerved from the comparatively safe road, to the left, where the steep bank of the creek invited destruction. But the constable was too quick. With one last desperate effort he reached them, sprang for the nearer beast, grasped the bit firmly with both hands, and by a superhuman effort managed to turn them from the edge.

A dozen hands were there to help him then. There was a mad plunge, a crash, a scream from the Major's daughter; and the horses stood still, quivering with excitement, while Smith lay, stunned and bleeding, on the ground.

## CHAPTER II.

INSPECTOR Jackson, seated in a comfortable arm-chair by Major Barton's fireside and listening to pleasant Miss Dexter's chat, did not look as happy as he should have done. Ostensibly, he had called to inquire about the health of the young ladies; actually, to try to reinstate himself in Edith Wheelock's graces.

The girls were none the worse for the accident of the afternoon. Alice Barton was a western girl and a soldier's daughter, and on both counts was not likely to consider a shaking up of much moment. The horses had shied suddenly; and while her little wrists had not proved quite strong enough to hold them, she would have let them run themselves out and gradually brought them under control again, had not a rein broken and completed the havoc. Edith Wheelock, for her part, had steady nerves and a temperament even to the point of apparent coldness. She had neither screamed nor tried to snatch the reins, and when the horses had finally been stopped, she descended

from the wagon without a tremor. Her first question had been for the man who had saved their lives. But willing hands had already helped him to rise, and Inspector Jackson explained that Constable Smith was being convoyed to the hospital to have a wrenched wrist cared for, and that he wished the ladies to feel no anxiety for him. With this, Edith had to be content; but the inspector noticed that her dark eyes followed the little scarlet group moving hospitalwards, and cursed his own folly in letting so good an opportunity escape.

To-night he cursed it again, and the Major's clever sister-in-law, who liked him none too well at the best of times, found him unresponsive. The girls had not yet come down, and the inspector fancied that upstairs they were discussing Smith's presence of mind and contrasting it with his own ineptness. Miss Dexter presently echoed his thoughts.

"I must call the girls again," she said, glancing at the clock. "They are so full of the accident and their hero that they can't pay any attention to mundane things. That constable really did a very plucky thing; and it seems he was too modest to let them thank him. Now I call that genuine presence of mind."

The inspector uncrossed his knees impatiently.

"The Major was very deeply touched," went on Miss Dexter. "You know since my sister Lucy died, Alice is all that he has in the world, and I think I never saw him so much moved."

Her speech was interrupted at this point by the entrance of the two girls, who greeted Inspector Jackson courteously as befitted a guest, and two or three brother officers arriving simultaneously, whatever reply Inspector Jackson had meditated was left unspoken. The Major's quarters were a rendezvous for all the unattached officers of the force, Miss Dexter having given them all a standing invitation to make the house over which she presided so charmingly their home.

"There are so few of us here," she was wont to say, "and we are so completely cut off from general society that

we should be like one family. For my part, since my father was a soldier and I've lived in the army most of my days, I look upon all military men in the light of relations—cousins, you might say. So drop in at any time—there's a comfortable chair and a friendly fire and enough feminine tongues in the house to keep things gay."

Gay they were, therefore; and to-night, since almost every officer in the Post came as the evening passed to congratulate Alice and Edith on their escape, they were even gayer than usual. Even the doctor arrived.

"I thought I told you rebels to rest," he blustered. "Here you are, the minute my back is turned, looking as rosy and impudent as hollyhocks, coquetting with all of us as if you'd never missed death by a hair's breadth."

"Born to hang, won't drown," laughed Alice. "The creek refused to receive us. But come, don't be a growly-bear. That voice of yours will sound better if you sing with it, and we were just starting the 'Slave's Song'." And, taking the old doctor by his sleeve, she laughingly led him over to the piano.

"Sing with it, indeed," protested the doctor. "I ought to be over attending to your rescuer. He got a bad wrench, let me tell you."

Edith, at the piano, looked up sharply. "Is he really badly hurt, doctor? Aunt Margaret has been over to the hospital twice, but they would not let her see him. Just what is the extent of the injury?"

"Can't tell, as yet. The wrench, as I say, is a bad one, but that's nothing to a man of his constitution. He complains of pain in his chest. That may mean something or nothing. I hope, the latter."

"Oh," exclaimed Alice, turning pale. "What a terrible thing it would be if he should die! I should feel as if we had been the cause of his death."

"Nonsense," said Inspector Jackson, who stood beside the piano, about to turn Edith's music for her. "The fellow will be all right in a day or two. I don't think he can be as bad as he appears. Many of these men sham sickness to get off duty."

With a swift movement, Edith turned on him. "Do you mean to imply that Smith, the man who saved our lives at the risk of his own, is only shamming sickness? Is that what you mean, sir?"

Too late, Jackson saw his mistake. He flushed darkly as he replied,

"I don't say so positively, Miss Edith. But he has a bad reputation. He was under arrest—at least ordered an extra guard for untidiness at guard mounting."

"By you," said Edith with an edge in her voice like a sword. "And that means—nothing."

"My dear Edith," interposed Miss Dexter.

Edith made a little gesture, half of courtesy to the elder woman, half of intolerance of injustice.

"I am done, Aunt Margaret, with one more word. I happen to know that Constable Smith has in some way incurred Mr. Jackson's displeasure, and that, to add to his offence, he was brave enough to perform an act which Mr. Jackson had not the courage to attempt, although the woman he professed to love was within measurable distance of death."

"Miss Edith, consider—" began the inspector in a low voice; but Edith checked him.

"You had the chance to stop the horses. I saw you, and called to you for help in vain. At least you would do better now to remain silent than to decry the man who had less opportunity than you, but who seized it more bravely."

The doctor's wife, who had interposed her broad person between the little scene and the company, glanced at the inspector icily.

"I must say, Mr. Jackson," she remarked, "that it shows poor taste on your part to say such things. My husband, I should think, knows his duty without your interference."

The inspector shot a look at her that was not pleasant to see, but it made no more impression on her ample breast than water on a duck's back. Alice made a step forward, her blue eyes very bright.

"If you will pardon me, Mr. Jackson," she said, as he moved aside for her. "We were about to sing."

The tensity of the little situation—it had occupied hardly two minutes—was relieved. The doctor joined the group at the piano; Jackson moved sulkily away; and Edith, turning to the keys, crashed into a series of stormy chords that presently gave place to the wistful melody of the "Slave Song," a melody like wind in the reeds after rain, and the plover's lonely cry. The doctor's baritone and Alice's clear soprano joined in.

"Gad, Jackson looks as if Miss Edith had given him his licks," said the Commissioner in an undertone to Major Barton.

"It would serve him right if she had," answered the Major. "He was standing directly at the gate when those damned horses got out of Alice's hands, and instead of doing anything useful, by the Lord, sir, he ran out in the middle of the road and waved his arms at them as if they were chickens. Chickens, sir, and he an old woman with a checked apron. Of course the beasts jibbed, and by luck they jibbed to the left. This man Smith was behind the guardhouse—saw the whole thing—threw down his carbine, ran hell-for-leather, got the brutes by the bit as any sensible man would do, and stopped them dead. Saved Alice's life, sir. Adequate, sir; damned adequate." And the bluff old Major blew his nose.

"I've had my eye on him for some time," agreed the Commissioner. "He showed excellent stuff at that Pine Ridge affair—you recall? This episode is quite in line with what I know of him. I'm proud to have him in my command. . . . Gad, Miss Edith sings well."

Edith did sing well. Her voice was a creamy contralto of fire and beauty, and the coldness that marred her face in repose vanished when she was at the piano. Her color, heightened by her encounter with Jackson, glowed under her dark skin, as she sang the plaintive words of the sold and lonely slave,



WITH A SWIFT MOVEMENT, EDITH TURNED ON INSPECTOR JACKSON  
LIVES AT THE RISK OF HIS OWN IS ONLY SHAMING



"DO YOU MEAN TO IMPLY THAT SMITH, THE MAN WHO LAVED OUR SICKNESS? IS THAT WHAT YOU MEAN, SIR?"



Bright bird, light bird,  
 Bird with a broken wing,  
 Do you bring me a letter,  
 Or do you bring me a ring?  
 Or do you bring me a verse of a song  
 My lover used to sing?

She gave them with a passion that was startling to anyone who knew only her speaking voice, and as she finished, the doctor, looking down at her, saw tears in her dark eyes.

"My dear young lady," he said, "you should have followed my advice. A Saskatchewan runaway is not the light thing you think. Come now, slip away from this chatter, drink a glass of milk and lie down for fifteen minutes."

But Edith only smiled. "It's nothing, doctor. See, I'm all over it now. We'll not sing any more sad songs, but have a bit of gaiety. Come, Alice, give us something light and dancy."

When she looked around for Jackson later, he was gone, having made his adieux to Miss Dexter under cover of the music and gone out into the night to digest his ill-temper and chagrin as best he might. The company settled down to whist, and Edith stopped by Miss Dexter's chair.

"I'm feeling a little tucked up, Aunt Margaret," she murmured. "The doctor said I'd better not overdo this evening, and if you'll make my peace with the company, I think I'll slip off upstairs."

"That will be a very good thing, my dear," said Miss Dexter. "You look quite flushed. Is there nothing I can do for you?"

"No, I'll go right to sleep, I think. Tell Alice not to waken me when she comes. Good-night." And Edith was gone.

But her bed was not to be disturbed for some time yet. Hastily she slipped off her light silk by the light of a single candle and clad herself in a dark frock, muffling her head and face in a veil so that she would not be easily recognized. Cautiously she slipped out of the back entrance, and silently as a shadow flitted over to the hospital. She knew the orderly there, and when she asked after Frank Smith, was astounded to receive the information that the orderly

officer had ordered him to go on duty that night.

"An' sure, 'tis a black shame," said Terence indignantly. "Wid an ar-rm like that he shud be in his bed. But that divil Jackson beggin' your pardon, Miss Edith—is down on him, an' he had to go."

"Where is his post?" she demanded.

"On th' bank av th' creek, near the quartermaster's store. He'll be on from twelve till two, an' thin agin from six to eight in the mornin'. . . . No, Miss Edith, never a word will I breathe. Sure, I'm a bit blind in my off eye, an' me hearin's none the best on a night like this. 'Tis the brave lad he is, an' a word from ye will not be comin' amiss."

"Goodnight, Terence, and thank you." Edith could be kind to those who were her inferiors, and had many a friend that Aunt Margaret would have gasped to see. Old Terence would have cheerfully gone into the operating room on one of his own ambulances and parted with a leg for her sake. He sent a blessing after the slim figure that vanished into the darkness towards the quartermaster's store.

"Halt! Who comes there?"

It was Smith's challenge, and at his voice the girl's heart nearly choked her with its beating. For an instant she paused. The night was black as a wolf's throat, and he could not see her, but he heard her footsteps pause and then advance again.

"Halt, I say, or I'll fire."

Again she paused, and pressed her hand against her throbbing breast.

"Frank!" She breathed, rather than spoke it. There was a pale reflection from the waters of the creek, and she could see his rifle lower at the word. She sprang forward. "Frank, are you hurt? Frank!" No one would have recognized the cold, imperious beauty now in this timid, pleading creature.

"Edith!" he said in a tone of amazement. "What are you doing here?"

"Are you hurt?"

"What difference does that make?"

"All the difference in the world. The doctor said you'd wrenched your

arm. Why are you on duty here? Did Jackson dare—"

Smith stiffened at the name. Jackson? She did know him then? She was familiar with his movements and intentions? —He spoke with chill formality.

"Miss Wheelock, you cannot pass here without the countersign. It is very imprudent for you to leave the house at this time of night. And as I have my orders, I cannot talk with you. Please return."

He could see her droop, even in the darkness. When she spoke, there was a quiver in her voice.

"You didn't call me 'Miss Wheelock' the last time I saw you."

"Things have changed."

"Why?"

Smith could not trust himself to reply. He paced the length of his post and back. Then he said only,

"Will you be good enough to return to the house? If the Major should learn of this he would be very angry."

"Why have things changed?"

"You ask me?"

"I do. Oh, Frank, why are you so hard to me?"

"What else should I be to another man's—" He broke off.

"Another man's what? And whom do you mean by 'another man'?"

"I mean Jackson. And, not having the latest advices, I cannot say how I should fill out the sentence. I expected to find you his wife."

Scarlet mounted to her very hair, and when she spoke again, her voice shook.

"You dare to suggest that I should be his wife? What reason have I ever given you to say that to me? You should know something of me by this time; have you ever seen the slightest action on my part that would give you such license? Unless, indeed, you call this mad folly of mine to-night just cause; and if you do, it is time that I returned indeed."

"No? Then why did you sail on the same boat with him without saying a word to any of us? Why have you vanished for nearly two years without a word to your friends or your people? Why are you here at the same post

with him now, encouraging his attentions, seen with him, admitting him to your house?"

"I wrote to you on board, and you never answered."

"I never received the letter. From the time I last saw you in Liverpool—you remember the night we went to the Gaiety—until this afternoon, I have never had a line nor a word of news from you. I thought—but never mind that. Why did you not write to your aunt—to some of us? Why did you go in that sudden fashion, anyway?"

"My mother was dying in New York. You never knew of her. My father married her in America, and she preferred to live there, while he in his profession of war correspondent and journalist had to travel. When I came home from the Gaiety that night there was a cablegram from her asking father or me to come. Father was in Bosnia. Aunt Louise was visiting in Hertfordshire—you know, the Allans—and the maid was out. There was no one at home but myself. I found that there was a steamer sailing at five o'clock that morning. I put a few things in a bag, and took a cab straight to the dock. There was no time to write or send messengers. After I was on board I wrote to you and to Aunt Louise, and gave the letters to the steward, who said he would see they were mailed before the boat left. I suppose he failed to do it."

"Damn him!" said Frank Smith under his breath.

"After I reached New York there was so much to do that I had no time, and not very much heart to write. Mother was very ill with inflammatory rheumatism. She needed constant care. There was no money for a nurse. I worked over her day and night for nearly two months. Oh, it was an awful time. I thought I should go mad when I wasn't thinking I should die of sheer weariness. All this while I never heard a word from you or from Aunt Louise. Father hadn't given me any address—you know how he is. I had no idea whether he might be in Bosnia or in Afghanistan by that time. I wrote again to Aunt Louise, and got

my letter back marked "Moved. No address." I heard indirectly that you had left England,—left without a word to me in my trouble; and I didn't write again."

"Oh, Lord!" said Smith. "What a brute you must have thought me."

"You can see now, how it happened, can't you?" she asked.

"Of course. But how did it come that you and Jackson were on the same boat? We were nearly frantic when we found you had gone without leaving a word to anyone, and we put a private detective on the case. He turned up the Fragonia's sailing list, and there were your name and Jackson's. He had been making love to you, as we all knew. The inference was obvious."

Edith shook her head.

"I never knew he was on board at all until you told me. I stayed in my cabin almost all the way across. I was ill and wretched. I haven't seen him since he troubled me so in Liverpool until I met him here at the Bartons'. He has been very unpleasant to me, and only this evening I expressed my opinion of him so emphatically that he left the house. Was it he that ordered you to go on duty with that wretched arm?"

"Yes. But that's nothing. I could stand a dozen wretched arms now that I know you're safe."

With a swift movement the girl came closer, and put up her face. But Smith did not stir. She reached out her hand with a pleading little gesture.

"Kiss me, Frank," she said softly. "It's been so long."

But Smith moved back a pace in the darkness, and gripped himself hard to carry it through.

"No, Edith," he said with a harsh note in his voice. "I'm not going to kiss you."

"You don't care any more?"

Smith hesitated an instant.

"Put it that way, if you like," he said. "Anyway, I'm not going to kiss you, or see you alone again."

"Don't you believe I've told you the truth?"

"Yes."

"Then tell me the truth. Are you tired of me? Is that it? Perhaps—why, perhaps you're even married. Tell me. I can bear anything rather than this uncertainty."

"I'm not married, nor thinking of being married. And, tired of you! My God, Edith, no. But I've nothing to offer you, girl. I'm a failure—a penniless, prospectless constable. I couldn't give a scrubwoman the kind of a home she was used to, let alone a girl like you. I haven't the right to take you. And I can't stand it to see you without—without—Well, I can't see you, that's all."

"Nobody's a failure at twenty-three." There was a ring of joy in Edith's voice. "Make good. You don't know how little I can do with."

He laughed mirthlessly.

"This is a hard country on an Englishman. I don't understand farming, and the service is the only thing I've succeeded in as yet. At that, Jackson may down me."

"You've done well in it. The Commissioner said some very nice things about you to-day."

"Well enough for a single man. But not for you. You're a guest in the Major's house; I'm just Smith. No, Edith, it's no use. You must go now. I'm glad you came; you don't know how glad. And perhaps I can look out for you without seeming to do it. But you mustn't come again; and, no, I won't kiss you."

As he spoke, three rifle shots rang out from the hay corral, followed by a scream and the voice of the sentry on number six was heard shouting excitedly,

"Halt! Halt there, or I fire!"

"Get to the house, Edith," ordered Smith swiftly. "Quick. There's trouble afoot."

She was close to him, as he spoke. Like a flash, she reached up, drew down his head and kissed him on the lips. Then, like a startled rabbit, she darted for the Major's quarters.

Towards the hay corral, another shot split the night air—a curse—a shout—and then silence.

# Wee Battalions

By Mary S. Mantle

Illustrated with Photographs

**I**T WAS the joyous, heartening side of the work of caring for the needy wee battalions of a growing city, which was presented one bright afternoon last October, when a merry company of boys and girls—Canadians, Britishers, Germans, Icelanders, Finlanders, Hebrews, or others—trooped out of the building supplied and maintained by the School Board, and situated in the grounds of the Children's Home in Winnipeg. But of the Home's one hundred and ninety inmates that day many had not reached school age, and it was very charming to see a few of the tiny toddlers—there were twenty-two altogether—in their play room, squatting on the floor on rugs, clambering round the fire-guard, pulling each other's lovelocks, and generally enjoying the heat, comfort and kindly care surrounding them.

Twenty-six years ago the Home first

started its work in a small way among neglected children. Temporary or permanent shelter, according to the requirements of the case, and on the decision of the Board, is offered by this institution to children of poor parents who have been unfortunate through sickness or adverse circumstances, to orphaned children, and, saddest of all, to the "not-wanted," the deserted and neglected ones. A mother may be taken to the hospital suffering from a tedious sickness, and the father is helpless with the young family on his hands. He can place them in the home for a few weeks, and pay a small sum for their care. In all cases, where it is possible, it is expected that the children shall be paid for, but in a great many instances no remuneration at all is received.

When the stories of the six little helpless babies in the nursery were



WHERE CHILDREN ARE TAUGHT TO PLAY

revealed, the pathetic record was after this fashion: Katie's mother was dead; Julia had been deserted by her mother, and her father was in jail; Charlie's father had deserted his mother, and left the country just before he was born, so his mother was working out and supporting him in the Home; Jim was an orphan. But though their histories are often so pitiful, the best of it all is that the children themselves are really and truly happy, are getting a chance to enjoy life, and being fitted to continue to enjoy it.

The fine spirit of those engaged in the different activities of the Home: matron, nurses, secretary, cook, seamstress, laundry and kitchen helpers, was mirrored in three little incidents, significant to an onlooker. Seven-year-old Lucy had crept into a corner, miserable with her present pain and the thought of the future with its medicine bottle, when two of the older girls came along and took upon themselves to mother her. They did it as tenderly as if they had been thrice ten years of age, and she their own. Upstairs among the babies was another of the older girls, by choice helping nurse; while out in the grounds the "walking tots" were having a good time in the care of several of the "half grown ups." And so the same womanly qualities which the life in an ordinary home circle would have cultivated were elicited in this wider family life.

Earl Grey recently spoke very highly of what Winnipeg is doing for her children, and so it is interesting to consider a few only of the representative branches of the work in Winnipeg among needy or neglected children.

Joy and pathos, uplift and heartache, are inseparably interwoven in such work as this. Pathos, in the need for any foster parents; joy, in the willing acceptance of the role by warm-hearted men and women; uplift, in the knowledge of the great things loving hearts in wise co-operation can do; heartache, for the parents who of necessity have sometimes to relinquish their duties, which are also their pleasures; heartache, too, in the thought of the fathers and mothers who appreciate not the

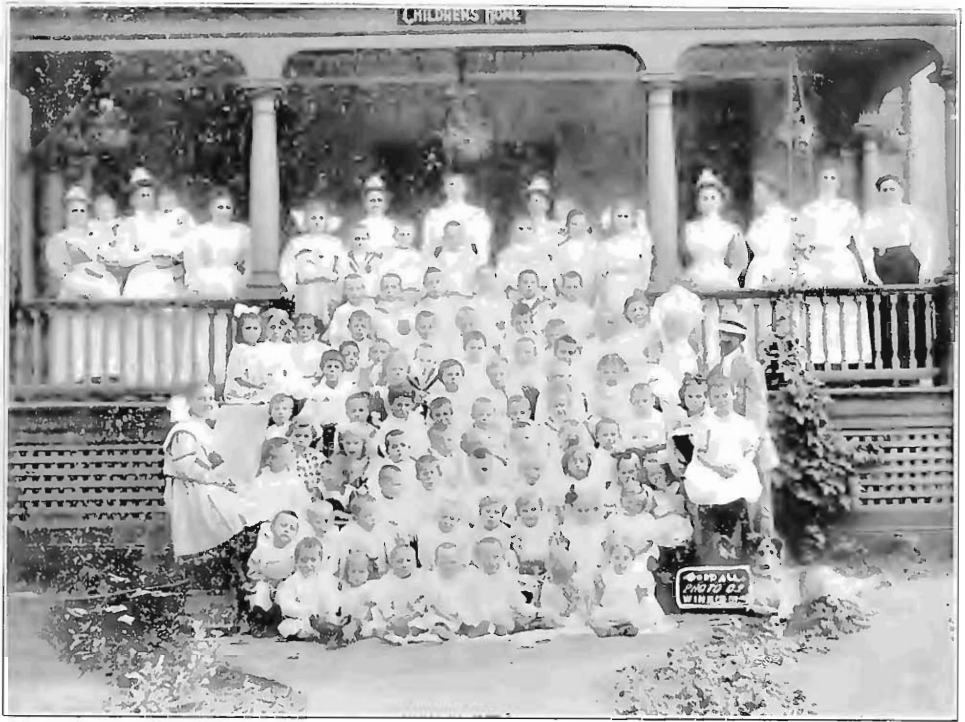
beauty of these words, nor the measure of their responsibility.

"There are no bad boys," seems to be the decision to which Mr. W. A. Knowles has come. They may grow into bad young fellows, and later into bad young men, but when they are boys they are not bad wayward, maybe, very wayward. He is demonstrating his decision, too, in the Knowles' Home for Boys, which is just three years old. It was started, one might say, by chance, on the occasion when Mr. Knowles, then a young business man, took home to his boarding-house a little chap off the streets, because he didn't know what else to do with him.

There were forty-nine boys in his Home last autumn, working, wayward or homeless; some gathered there because they were motherless, fatherless, beyond control, or sent by Magistrate Daly of the Juvenile Court. There are no locks or bars at this McDermot Street residence, and yet one boy was carried in kicking, struggling, and objecting in all the strenuous and ingenious ways known to a boy, but though he had every opportunity to escape if he wanted to, he evidently quickly grasped the idea that it was a pretty good sort of a place for a boy to be. He was parentless and beyond the control of his only relative, who asked for Mr. Knowles' assistance.

It is not hard to see wherein lies this man's influence with boys. He is so intensely interested in them; he knows them so thoroughly; he enters into their play life, their school life, their working life, their striving and their difficulties, with so boyish yet mature an understanding. And a strong, manly Christianity is lived before these boys, who are quick to imitate, ready to respond. Those of school age go to school; the working boys to their duties; all on Sunday attend churches of their own choice, free in all these goings, but they always come back to the Home—because they want to. The boys hold their own court, and try offenders against the rules; the system of punishment which holds being the withdrawal of privileges.

Much more could be told of this



"WE ARE A HAPPY FAMILY,  
WE ARE, WE ARE, WE ARE!"

THE CHILDREN ARE JUST READY TO START ON AN AUTO RIDE AROUND THE CITY

work among boys; of its outreach to the newsboys of the city, of its founder's plans for a stretch of farm land where building and other trades might be taught and the boys encouraged to enrol at the Manitoba Agricultural College when about sixteen, to complete their training. "An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man," said Emerson.

When eleven-year-old Dolly walked into Hislop's Employment Agency one morning, and wanted to know where she could get a day's work to do, naturally the first question asked was:

"But what kind of work can a little girl lil e you do?" Quick as a flash she replied, "Why, I can do a day's washing!"

They gave her an address on Mayfair Avenue, where she went and found it to be the Children's Aid Shelter. She was taken in, and when her story became known was kept there, and is still under the society's supervision. Dolly had been sent to the city to make

her home with, and be looked after by a relative, who immediately put her in charge of her own seven children, she herself being out at work all day. Dolly didn't appreciate this, and spent too much time playing on the street, or doing any little odd jobs she could pick up, eventually drifting into an employment agency, with the results narrated.

This is one of the least harrowing stories connected with the Children's Aid Society's work, which is carried on for the purpose of investigating cases of neglected, abused, dependent or orphan children. The society is incorporated under the Children's Protection Act, and is empowered, if circumstances warrant, to become the legal guardian of such children, find for them foster homes, or otherwise suitably place them. Before the children can become wards of the society, the circumstances have to be explained before a magistrate, and an order given, authorizing the guardianship. It is the aim of these workers to improve the

home conditions wherever possible, and if the parents show by a certain period of good conduct that they are trying to be more fit to have charge of their children, the children are returned to them.

Temporary shelter only is what this society offers, and as quickly as home conditions improve, foster parents are found, or any other provision warrants it, the children are passed on. During a period of ten years over one thousand neglected little waifs were cared for. The work is infinitely pathetic. In so far as its scope permits, the society is answering in a practical way the question asked by Alfred J. Waterhouse, "What have ye done to uplift them?"

"Out of the lanes and alleys,  
Out of the vile purlieu,  
Summon the wee battalions,  
Pass them in long review.  
Griny and ragged and faded—  
Say, if you choose, with a tear:  
'These are the ones of His kingdom.  
And thus do I keep them here.'  
What have ye done to uplift them,  
These whom He loved so well?  
Oh, tiny and worn, unkempt and forlorn,  
Us of your heritage tell."

Fourteen little tots were seated round the table busily engaged in making away with a big dinner, the day I was introduced to the Children's Day Nursery, established by the Mothers' Association at 303 Flora Street, where thirty children in one day is about the record attendance.

"Like your dinner, Jackie," I asked.

"You bet I like my dinner," said the wee man, as he continued scooping it up.

A working mother can leave one child here all day for the sum of ten cents, and five cents for each additional child. As early as 7.30 a. m. the first are brought, and it is often 7.00 p. m. before the tired interim mothers have disposed of the last of their charges. A nurse and one helper are there all the year round, and during the summer, when more babies are left with them, additional help is employed.

The nurse said it interested her very much to see how quickly the foreign children picked up the English language. A little Russian chap of four, straight out from his home country,

was left at the Day Nursery frequently. He learned to speak English perfectly in two months. A few of the children by their buttonless condition, their cotton clothing on a cold day, or their uncombed hair, showed signs of possessing careless or very busy mothers; but they were a happy, jolly company, as tickled as could be to spend the day at the nursery, and just as tickled when night came to go home with mother or daddy. As we watched the little mites at play, I said to an older girl who had come in from school during her dinner time, and was leading them,

"What game is that you are playing?"

She gave it a tongue-twisting, foreign name, but added, proudly, in somewhat battered English:

"We can play this game in English too, though."

Yet another splendid work in behalf of the children of the poor is undertaken by the Winnipeg Free Kindergarten Association, the oldest kindergarten in the city, established in 1892. They conduct two classes each day in their central building on Ellen Street, and another at a branch institution, known as the Froebel School. One has only to keep his eyes open and mix a little with the children at their play to realize the necessary place which a live kindergarten holds in a poor district. The children's plays consist generally of the things they see grown-up people about them doing, and "Let's play drunken men," or "Let's play going to jail," are the suggestions which often carry the day. In place of these thoughts, in the kindergarten they learn of the beautiful ways in which the parent birds care for their young, the different aspects and signs of the seasons, the trees; and through motion songs and carefully planned play, is supplied not only exercise for their muscles, but a spur to their minds. It is for the children under public school age that these free kindergartens exist, who thus pleasantly graduate from the freedom of the home to the more strict routine of the public school. "I think the joy we experience over every sign of development in each child is akin to that of the mother over her

baby," said Miss Isabel Coulter, who has for so many years been connected with the Free Kindergarten Association. In addition to the teaching done, the resident matron at the kindergarten headquarters pays regular visits to homes in the neighborhood.

The splendid bazaar, held in the new Union (Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific) Depot at Winnipeg, November 24, 25 and 26, widely advertised the work done and contemplated in connection with the Children's Hospital, a free hospital and

Working in Bristol three-quarters of a century ago, George Muller little dreamed of the cities then unborn on which his imprint would be stamped. Through reading an account of his labors, Mrs. Laura B. S. Crouch, of Winnipeg, was inspired to try similar work, with the result that ten years ago she started a "Home for the Friendless" in a ten-dollar-a-month house. Now she superintends a family numbering in the neighborhood of one hundred children and fifty to sixty-five women. This home never solicits



ASSORTED SIZES, NATIONALITIES, DISPOSITIONS AND AILMENTS.  
OUT PATIENTS AT THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

dispensary for poor children. It was for the raising of \$10,000 for the new building that the bazar was held, and this object was accomplished. At present the work is carried on in a house in the north-eastern part of the city. Thirteen beds are available in the winter time, thirty—the extreme limit of accommodation—in the summer, when an outdoor pavilion can be used. In addition, one thousand children were treated this year through the Out-Door Department. When the new structure on the old site of the Ladies' College, Main Street North, is complete, many additional homes will be gladdened by the extended scope of the Children's Hospital.

money, has no grant or fixed income, and yet it has lived through and expanded during both the lean and the fat years which the country has seen, and stands to-day as a monument to a woman's faith, a woman's faithfulness and a woman's prayers.

In the limited scope of one article it is impossible to do more than mention some aspects of the provision which sympathetic men and women have made for the needy children of this growing city, and there are other branches of the work not mentioned here. The Margaret Scott Nursing Mission does a wonderful work among the sick poor, 5,227 visits being paid to infants and children in one year. It



is planning to develop the children's work more along preventive and educative lines. There are, too, the Diet Kitchen and Milk Depot of the Winnipeg Dispensary; St. Joseph's Orphanage, which accepts boys and girls; the Alfred Street Kindergarten; the wide work of All People's Mission; the many boys' and girls' clubs; the Telegram Sunshine Society, through which children are sent to farms for a vacation, and foster parents found for babies; the Supervised City Playgrounds, operating during the months of July and August, and among the children reached by these are many from poor and inadequate homes, as well as those from good homes. And to other organizations and individuals does Winnipeg as a city, and do we as citizens of a country with immense

possibilities and as immense responsibilities, owe gratitude.

This work for the wee battalions does not always lead to where the cleanest and pleasantest people reside; it requires quite a stock of patience, and a vision of the end from the beginning; but it is constructive work, well worth the doing.

Not a main feature of these various activities, but a telling one, is, that in caring for the foreigner equally with the Canadian or Britisher, as is done, both are broadened. This applies to institutions where they are in residence, or attend school together. Each learns of other countries, of other characteristics, of other ways quite as good and often better than their own. It is the same useful lesson that contact always teaches; it is the same useful process which spells assimilation.

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## LADDIE O' DREAMS

BY GORDON JOHNSTONE

WILL you come when the night hangs her star lamps aloft,  
 O, laddie, sweet laddie, laddie o' dreams,  
 Will you come as you did in the night shadows soft,  
     Laddie o' dreams,  
 Will you ride on a moonbeam o' silver and grey  
 From the dim never-land where my hope went astray,  
 Will you rest on my breast 'till the birds wake the day,  
     O laddie———O laddie o' dreams.

Will you bring from your home in the far away years,  
 O, laddie, sweet laddie, laddie o' dreams,  
 The whisper o' song that I've wet with my tears,  
     Laddie o' dreams,  
 Will you curl in my arms while your wee fingers peep  
 'Mong the strands of my tresses like little lost sheep,  
 Will you play that you're real as you're falling asleep,  
     O, laddie,———O, laddie o' dreams.

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# Just Smith

A STORY OF THE "MOUNTED"

By A. A. Strachan

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson



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## SYNOPSIS.

Frank Smith, a constable in the Northwest Mounted Police at the time of Riel's imprisonment recognizes, while on guard, his former sweetheart, Edith Wheelock, driving with Major Barton and his daughter Alice, and later in the afternoon saves the lives of both girls by stopping their runaway team, wrenching his arm badly in the process. Inspector Jackson, in love with Edith, comes to Major Barton's house in the evening to congratulate the girls on their escape, and insinuates that Smith is shamming sickness. Edith turns on him angrily, and defends her former lover with warmth, after which Jackson leaves and, going over to the hospital, orders Smith out of bed on guard. Edith slips away about midnight, and clears up her misunderstanding with Smith, who, however will have nothing to do with her, saying that he is penniless and prospectless and can offer a woman nothing. As she pleads, rifle shots and a sentry crying "Halt!" are heard. She gives Smith one quick kiss, and darts away to the house.

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## CHAPTER III.

THE alarm was now general. The voice of the sentry on number six was heard shouting excitedly, "Halt! Halt there, or I fire!" and in the square all was tumult. The bugler doubled to the parade ground and sounded the "Assembly". Lights appeared in every window, and the men, roused from their slumber by the unusual call, seized belts and carbines and rushed, half-dressed, upon the square, where they fell in like so many pieces of a well-regulated machine, each man in his place, armed and ready for emergency. In less time than it takes to record the fact, two hundred men were drawn up in battle array, told off by sections and subdivisions. Officers and non-coms. alike had taken post, and all was ready for the word to march.

The Commissioner was one of the first on the scene. After the regimental sergeant major had reported, he gave the order:

"Parade — shoulder arms — with three rounds of ball cartridge—load!"

Along the line in the darkness was heard the clanking of the levers as the cartridges were pumped into the magazines and the ranks stood once more, silent and waiting. There was no audible word, except as the commands of the officers broke the stillness of the night.

In the meantime, Sergeant Murphy and four of the guard had doubled over to the stables. Following them, a dozen men were told off to take charge of the horses. And presently the sergeant returned with his men, the sentry from number seven lying in an

improvised stretcher. They had found him lying insensible on his beat, bleeding from a wound in the forehead, and he was taken to the hospital forthwith. Sentry number six accompanied the party, and reported briefly.

"As I reached the end of my beat, I heard Devine, the man on number seven, cry 'Halt!' and a moment after he discharged his rifle, firing three shots in rapid succession. A shout followed, and three men came running toward me. I shouted for the guard and called to the men to halt, but they paid no attention, so I fired. I could not see their faces, but they came quite close, and one of them caught hold of the barrel of my carbine. I hit him between the eyes, and he let go."

"Did he speak?" demanded the Commissioner.

"Yes. He said, 'Curse you, stop your noise, or I'll knock your brains out.'"

"What did you do then?"

"I fired again and shot him in the shoulder. He gave a yell and ran off toward the hay corral, followed by the other one. I ran after them as fast as I could, but it was too dark, and I missed them."

"Should you know again the man you shot?"

"I would know his voice if I heard it, but I couldn't see his face."

"Did you ever hear the man's voice before?"

"I'm not sure. I'd rather not say at present, sir."

"Were they our own men?"

"The man I shot might be. I don't think the others were. But it was very dark."

"Beg pardon, sir," put in Sergeant Murphy. "I took 'check rounds' at 11.15 and found all present."

"And I called the parade roll," added the troop orderly, "when the men fell in, and there were none absent except the men on pass."

The Commissioner frowned and sucked in his lip thoughtfully. Then he turned to Inspector Jackson.

"Mr. Jackson," he said briefly, "order out two patrols immediately. A dismounted party to search the barracks and its vicinity, and a dozen

men, mounted, to scour the prairie and town. This is a very serious and mysterious affair, and must be seen to. Meantime the parade may be dismissed. But let each man remain under arms."

Jackson acknowledged the Commissioner's directions as shortly as might be—he had guessed the Commissioner's comment on Edith's action early in the evening from his superior's expression—and turned to the men.

"Parade—attention—shoulder arms—right turn—dismiss!" he barked, and the men returned to their quarters to discuss with considerable interest the night's episode.

"'Tis some divilmint of that black-whiskered rebel Riel's," opined Barney O'Shea, shrewdly. "It's meself that won't be sure av him until I see the candles burnin' around his coffin—an' even thin, I'll not be layin' my month's pay on him bein' dead entirely. It must ha' been some of his dhirty breeds stravagin' around the barracks."

"Poor Devine doesn't know what struck him," said McDonald. "An' it was that dark that number six couldn't swear to his grandmother. Unless the patrol 'picks up somebody, I guess come morning, we'll be as wise as we were before."

"Yuss," said Alf Stanley. "But Hi ain't goin' ter lose any sleep, blimy 'f Hi am. Hi've got ter turn hout for two o'clock guard, relievin' Frank Smith, but Hi'll 'ave forty winks fust." He flung himself down in his blankets. "Funny lark Hi didn't see 'm in all this buster."

In the meantime, Jackson was talking to Caron, his handsome French-Canadian servant, whom he had called to him as the ranks broke.

"Report at the guard-room," said the inspector. "I want you." Then, as the French-Canadian turned, "Were you on pass to-night, Caron?"

"No, sir."

"I thought not. That's all." And with that Jackson joined the Commissioner in a visit to the guard-house, where an inspection of the prison cells was made to see that all was right. Sergeant Murphy, carrying a lantern followed them.

Everything seemed well there, and it was not until they had reached the gate leading into the outer guard room that the party paused. The sentry standing opposite cell number one, in which Riel was confined, stood at attention to let them pass. Since his condemnation, Riel had been watched closely, night and day. The party passed, and then suddenly the Commissioner turned on his heel.

"Stay," he said. "Open the door of Riel's cell. I want to have a look at him."

The prisoner was sitting on his cot, apparently reading, but as the officer commanding entered, he rose. As he did so, the shackles, which since his condemnation had never been removed from his legs, fell to the ground with a rattle. The party gasped.

"How is this?" demanded the Commissioner, recovering himself first. "Who has dared to remove this prisoner's fetters?"

Everyone looked the surprise he felt. It was certain that the irons had been opened with a key by someone who had entrance to the cell. But the sentry and all the guard protested that when and how the key had been obtained they had not the least idea.

"I examined the lock at watch settin' meself, sor," asseverated Sergeant Murphy, "an' it was as safe as if St. Peter himself had shut it. The key's here on me ring, sor—" and he held it up—"as ut's been these six hours. 'Tis the devil himself, beggin' yer pardon, sor, that's been payin' a call on his frind here, for no human cratur' has been through yon door since the provost sergeant handed over the prisoner!"

Riel looked on and smiled.

"It puzzles you, my friends," he said gravely, "but do not mistake. The Angel will set me free in His good time."

"Humph!" commented the Commissioner. "The 'Angel,' whoever he is, had better take care, or he will hang with you."

But Riel shook his head, and in his confident serenity the party saw how he must have swayed his adherents in the height of his power.

"You cannot kill me," he rejoined, calmly. "I possess supernatural friends whose assistance you cannot take from me."

The Commissioner made no reply, except to caution the sentry to keep an unrelaxing watch on the cell, and the party returned to the guard room. Once the Commissioner paused.

"This is a very mysterious affair, Jackson," he said. "I don't understand it."

"Nor I, sir. It seems impossible that any outsiders would dare to approach the post at this time."

"Equally impossible that any of our men should be mixed up in such an affair."

"Were all the sentries accounted for, sir?"

"They all answered the call correctly at midnight."

"Curious," murmured Jackson, as if thinking aloud. "I saw nothing of the man Smith."

But they were at the door of the guard-room, and without further conversation stepped inside, where Caron waited for his master. The Commissioner glanced at him keenly.

"Who is this?" he inquired.

"My servant, Caron, sir," replied Jackson.

"Ah, so it is. I did not know him in uniform. When was he returned to duty?"

"I am not at duty, sir," said Caron, respectfully, acknowledging a glance from his master.

"Oh! He has been on pass?"

"I think not, sir," said Jackson. "Have you, Caron?"

The man glanced at Jackson for a cue, but finding the Commissioner's eye on him answered directly,

"No, sir."

"Then why is he in uniform?"

The French Canadian's eyes emitted a gleam, and he hesitated for a second too long.

"Er—I was roused from sleep and jumped into the first clothes I could find, sir."

"Indeed! That will do. Good-night, Mr. Jackson. Sergeant Murphy, come with me."

Once outside the guard-room door

and away from the sentry, the Commissioner halted.

"Sergeant," he said crisply, "you have had a narrow escape to-night from losing your principal prisoner. There is treason in the barracks; of that I am convinced. Do you suspect anyone?"

"Suspect our bhoys? No, sor," replied the sergeant indignantly. "A bit av foolishness, now and again, sor; but naught like this."

"An hour since I'd have said so myself," answered the Commissioner. "But there are four men out on pass. Watch them narrowly when they return to barracks. Double your sentries, and if anything unusual happens, send for me."

"Very well, sor."

"And—" the Commissioner hesitated. "Can you tell me where Constable Smith was to-night?"

"He was on number four, sor."

"Did you see him at the time of the alarm?"

"No, sor. But—"

"That will do. And—listen, I'll give you a clue. Watch closely the movements of the man, Caron."

"Well, I'll be damned!" growled the sergeant as he returned to the guard-room. "The French hound!"

Inspector Jackson sat in his quarters, and Caron stood before him.

"Close the door."

The man obeyed, a mixture of sullenness and fear mingled on his handsome dark face.

"Where were you last night at twelve o'clock exactly?"

"In bed."

"You were not!"

There was a pause. Both men looked at each other. Caron's eyes fell.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said. "I was in bed, and the sergeant of the guard can prove it, for he took 'check rounds' and reported me present."

"You are a good hand at making up a dummy, Caron. The sergeant was mistaken."

A gleam of rage broke through Caron's mask. "Sacre Baptême! I

swear—" he began angrily, but the inspector checked him.

"That will do! I had occasion for your service and went myself to your room at ten minutes to twelve to call you. Where were you, I say?"

"Well— If I must tell you, I just went over to the canteen for a drink."

The inspector stuck out his jaw and leaned over.

"That's a lie," he said, deliberately.

Caron flushed darkly. "By heavens, captain," he began.

"Hold your tongue! Why did you put on regimentals? Never mind answering. I know you can lie with a good face, but I want the truth. The truth, understand. You put on uniform, so that you might pass for one of the guard. You learned the counter-sign from the orderly report on that table, and you broke barracks to meet a man who has dared to return to Canada, notwithstanding that a price has been put upon his head. You have allowed yourself to become involved in a plot which, if discovered, would bring you to the gallows. Now, unless you make a clean breast of the whole matter, telling me the names of your accomplices, and the plot in which they are engaged, you will be arrested at once. And there is evidence enough to hang you."

Fear and hate and rage; shame, too, in his detection; hate again as he looked on the unrelenting face of his superior; and at last one ugly look in which all evil passions seemed strangely blended.

"Eh, bien!" he growled. "You will have it, then? Me, I think you are made of iron—steel—something damn' hard. What do I get if I tell, eh?"

"I haven't concerned myself with that. But you know, and I know, what you will get if you don't. I'd advise you to tell."

And Caron told. It is unnecessary to outline the plot, save to say that no other policemen were engaged in it, the plan comprising only desperadoes from the other side of the boundary who were implicated in it from purely mercenary motives. Had it not been for an accident, the prisoner might have got away safely. The keys had been



ALICE LOOKED AT HER FRIEND SHARPLY AND FOUND EDITH UNMISTAKABLY BLUSHING  
"WHO IS THE LUCKY MAN WHO HAS WON YOUR



"ARE OUR SCARLET TUNICS AS DEADLY AS THAT?" SHE INQUIRED ARCHLY.  
HEART IN ONE SHORT WEEK—OUR RESCUER?"

duplicated, and a conveyance was ready to take the fugitives across the boundary line, a distance of only a little over a hundred miles. But names, dates and places, and a complete confession of Caron's part in the conspiracy were in the inspector's hands before the interview was concluded.

"And now?" inquired Caron. "Dat ees all. What becomes of me?"

The inspector shrugged his shoulders. "Can't say," he rejoined. "But I will warn you before anything happens. That is all I can tell you now."

With that, Caron had to be content.

Alone at his baize-covered table, the inspector sat still, thinking. The sun shone in on his iron-grey hair and the orderly papers on the blotter; and, bare as was the room, Inspector Jackson looked even bleaker and more forbidding, with the narrowing wrinkles around his yellow eyes, and the cruel set of his thin lips. A prairie bird rose from the parade ground outside his window, broke into a crystalline shower of rising and falling notes, and settled again to the short prairie grass. Somebody went by on horseback, the lilting rhythm of the loping hoofs ringing gaily on the hard trail. But the inspector paid no heed to the sun or the pleasant sounds of the morning. The face of Edith Wheelock was before him, and he stared with deepening intensity at that vision. The proud poise of the head, the delicate little chin and fine-turned lips, the glow of her dark eyes—deliberately he called them all into being, and lingered over them. How handsome she had looked last night, even as she turned on him, he thought, and drew in his breath with a sharp sound. She was worth winning; worth having; a splendid and spirited girl.

And she was interested in Frank Smith. The inspector showed an ugly canine tooth in a sidewise smile. He remembered this Smith two years ago in England. Strange that chance should bring these three people together again. In England, Smith had had the upper hand. Here . . . The inspector drew out a cigarette and lighted it meditatively. Nobody had seen Smith after the alarm was given

last night. Where, then, was he? Nobody knew that Caron had been out of his room until the alarm was given. How, then, should anybody know?

The inspector knocked the ash off his cigarette carefully. From the expression of his face, one might have thought that he was giving the rack a final turn on Frank Smith.

But over at the hospital, there was trouble brewing. At eight-thirty the bugle had sounded "sick call" and the "sick, lame and lazy" fell in. After the alarm of last night, more than one of the chronic "bilks" realized that duty would be hard, and considered it advisable to get off for a day or so, if they could work it. Hospital Sergeant Donovan glanced out of the window, and grunted, as he saw the line, but instead of going to the outer office to meet them, he returned to the cot where Larry Devine was holding forth to the doctor between mouthfuls of a substantial breakfast. Devine had had his wounds dressed, and was sitting up with his natural cheerfulness broad upon his bandaged countenance.

"And so, sor," he was saying, "it was about eleven o'clock, as I was standin' at ease on me bate that I heard some-one comin' to'ards me from the stables. I challenged him, av course, an' he give the countersign all right, an' passed on, sayin' he'd been sint by the sergeant over to the canteen for a can o' beer. As I knew Pat likes his dhrap, I thought it was wan av the Day Guard, him bein' in full regimentals; an' so, thinks I, I'll have a dhrink out av the can too, whin he comes back."

"I'll warrant," said the doctor, with a grin. "Devine, that thirst of yours will be the end of you yet."

"'Twill be better thin undher your knife, doctor," countered Larry. "Well, he was so long gone, an' I was gettin' so dhry thinkin' about it, that I thought I'd meet him half way. So I crep' to the corner beyant the ridin' school, an' there I sees the three av thim, an' a buckboord. Two av thim were in civies, an', bedad, I thought it was desartin' they were. At anny rate, they were breakin' barracks, an' we had just got ordhers to arrest annywan prowlin' around. Thin came the twelve o'clock



call, but I couldn't answer for fear av disturbin' the min, so I just watched a bit. Thin it came again, an' I jumped out an' challenged thim. Bedad, ye shud have seen thim run! I blazed away wid the three cartridges in me magazine, but for all that I did not hit thim, for, av coorse, I only thought to stop thim runnin'. But the two in civies got off behind the stables, and the villain in uniform that I got by the coat cracked me a dunt on the head that made me think av the fair at Tipperary an' the drovers comin' out o' Pegeen's. He had some sort av a loaded stick, an' sure, I thought I was sint for."

"Would ye know him again?" asked Donovan.

"I don't think I'd know his dhirty face, for sure. It was mortal dark, an' he kep' it turned from me. But I'd know his coat."

"How?" asked the doctor.

For answer Larry drew forth a small piece of red cloth which had evidently been torn from the sleeve of a regimental tunic.

"There," he said. "Whin I find the coat that this fits, I won't be far from layin' me hands on the dhirty bla'guard that split me head open."

#### CHAPTER IV.

FOR the seventh time, Edith laid down the bit of embroidery on which she was working and stared out of the window where the stunted poplars were turning the white sides of their leaves to the rising wind. Alice, busy with a dainty bureau-cover, looked up with a puzzled air.

"What is the matter with you this morning, Edith?" she inquired. "You're as restless as a witch in a gale of wind. Aren't you well?"

Hastily Edith brought her gaze back to her needle. "I'm quite well," she responded. "Those poplars need watering, don't you think?"

"No, I don't," answered Alice, bluntly. "And you're making those eyelets all wrong. Of course, Edith, I don't want to coax you to tell anything you don't want to; but, honey, won't you be more comf'y if you don't bottle it all up so tight? Can't I help some-

how?" There was real trouble in her blue eyes, and the genuineness of her appeal was unmistakable. For an instant Edith hesitated. It was always easier for her to keep silent than to talk about her own affairs. Yet here she was on unfamiliar ground, and Alice, who had been with the Mounted Police almost from her babyhood, might know more than she.

"I don't know," she said slowly. "I—don't know." Then, in a burst, "Alice, what chance is there for a trooper to work up in the force?"

"To be a non-com.—a sergeant, or something like that, you mean?"

"No,—better than that. I mean to work up to a position that pays well enough to—to—well, to maintain an establishment."

Alice looked at her friend sharply, and Edith was unmistakably blushing, a dark-red flush that ran up her slender throat, incarnadined her face and disappeared into her black hair. A smile tugged at the corners of Alice's mouth.

"Are our scarlet tunics as deadly as that?" she inquired archly. "Who is the lucky man who has won your heart in one short week—our rescuer?"

"Don't rag me, Alice!" Edith looked up in appeal. "I'm in serious trouble, I'm afraid, and I really want your advice."

"What do you mean?" Alice instantly was grave.

"I used to be engaged to Frank Smith, and as we never broke it off, I suppose I am still."

"Constable Smith! Then that's why you put such a crimp in Inspector Jackson last night about him. It served the wretch right, and I thought it was perfectly splendid of you. But—goodness gracious, you can't marry a trooper."

"Oh, he isn't just a trooper, Alice. He's a gentleman, and of good family. But he has had misfortunes—gentlemen aren't always the best pioneers in a new farming country like this—and has drifted into the force to keep himself alive. I knew him in England, when he wasn't just Smith."

"When did he tell you all this?"

"I had a few minutes' talk with

him." Edith was not going to tell of her midnight mission yet. "We cleared up the misunderstanding that parted us, and talked over several matters. He says that he is penniless and can't think of holding me to my engagement. He thinks he's a failure—at twenty-three. Now that's very like a man, but it's no end foolish. I told him to make good at something, and we'd see. What I want to know is what chance he has for making good in the force."

Alice shook her golden head. "Of course I don't know very much about it, but you can see for yourself that it would take him a long time to get a commission, and pay enough to take care of both of you. The pay is dreadfully low—all glory and no ha'pence, papa says. But think of the romance of it! Constable Smith and Miss Edith Wheelock! Saved her life in runaway accident; rewarded with her hand. Edith, aren't you dreadfully excited?"

"I'm worried. And yet I'm happier than I've been for a long time. I thought I'd lost him forever."

"Of course. But how did you ever know him, Edie?"

"I saw him when you and I and the Major drove to town yesterday. He was on guard there right by the turn of the road, and saluted when we went by. I wasn't quite sure, because I hadn't an idea that I'd meet him in the

force. But when he came down the bank and stopped the horses, I—oh, I'd have known him anywhere. He hasn't changed a bit since I—since he—that is, in two years."

"H'm. Yesterday afternoon. When did you have that confidential talk you were telling me about?" Alice's eyes were dancing. "Tell me; I won't whisper a syllable."

Edith laughed. It was a rare action with her, and lighted up her rather sombre face unexpectedly.

"Were you very careful not to wake me up last night when you came to bed?"

"Edith!"

"Shocked, Alice? Well, when you came upstairs so carefully, I was out on the bank of the creek, telling Frank Smith I loved him. How's that for the haughty Miss Wheelock? And he was telling me to go back to the house, and that he had no further interest in me."

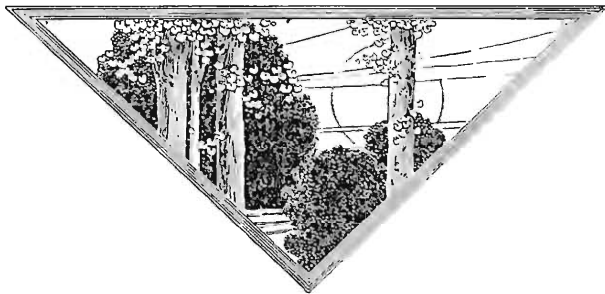
"Edith! I never did! But how did you find out he didn't mean it?"

"How does any woman? I knew—that was all. And then came the alarm, and I ran home. Why, he didn't even want to kiss me! He walked up and down that beat like a— a wooden Indian, and kept saying he couldn't see me any more."

"Did he kiss you?"

"No. I kissed him. And now the problem is, how are we going to marry on nothing a year and find ourselves?"

*To be continued.*



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# Teaching Deaf Children to Live



By Maria  
H. Coyne

Illustrated by  
Rose Cecil O'Neill

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**J**AMES KERR LOVE, M.D., aurist at the Glasgow Institution for the Deaf, tells most beautifully the story of Donatello's statue of St. George. All Florence flocked to his studio to see this beautiful work of art; among the rest came a young student who keenly examined it and at last exclaimed it wanted but one thing. Years passed and Donatello, dying, sent for this student, now the great master, Michael Angelo, and desired him to tell what his St. George needed. "The gift of speech," was the answer. The smile lingered on Donatello's lips long after he lay as cold as the marble upon which he had so often stamped his genius. The doctor added, "Gentlemen, to this statue, which remains the admiration of posterity, no human power could give the gift of speech; but it is given to us to confer on many a deaf child this great gift, and until we have done so to as many of the deaf as are capable of receiving it, we have fallen short in our duty."

Very, very slowly has the idea that there was help for the deaf grown. Of those deprived of hearing Lucretius writes, "To instruct the deaf no art could ever reach, no care improve them, and no wisdom teach." For ages it was actually the practice to destroy them at three years of age, in

many of the most civilized countries of Europe. Want of faith and neglect must have been to blame for ages, for Bede in 685 makes mention of an educated deaf mute.

Jerome Cardon, of Pavia, writes in 1501, "Writing is associated with speech, and speech with thought, but written characters and ideas may be connected without the intervention of sounds therefore the instruction of the deaf is difficult, but it is possible."

A Spanish Benedictine monk, named Pedro de Ponce, (a friend of Cardon) residing at the convent of Sahagun in Spain, is the first person who is recorded to have instructed the deaf and dumb and taught them to speak. In Italy and in England they were taught during the early part of the seventh century but not in France until the middle of the seventeenth. The first gratuitous school for their education was started in England, in 1792. The first institution for educating them in America was started in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1817.

Our own Institute in Belleville was not opened until 1870. Canada, in age, ranks as a mere babe among the nations, and perhaps we need not feel too ashamed of the date of her commencement in this branch of well doing. The heart aches sorely though when

one conjures up in fancy the crowd of sad, heart-sick children of our dear land that must have grown to manhood and womanhood in the terrible silence and ignorance caused by this affliction.

I am glad to be able to state that the government deserves the credit of establishing this Belleville Institute, and I wish I could add that it is conducted wholly on the most generous basis. This is a difficult matter to manage however, so we can only hope the finance committees may soon, very soon, see their way to granting funds to supply all needful requests of its managers, and overseers.

Institutes for the Deaf suffer from a lack of qualified teachers. Teaching the deaf is a high art, and one not easily acquired. Teaching a deaf child to speak, has almost reached the dignity of a science. It requires a knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of the vocal organs and a thorough understanding of the elements of spoken language. The opinion is general among those of experience in the work that the qualifications of teachers of the deaf should be equal to those possessed by teachers of the hearing, plus an additional qualification for their special work. The difficulty seems to be a financial one, as the salaries offered are not sufficient to induce teachers to obtain the double qualifications.

Just here it is evident, comes in another draw-back to the education of these deaf children. Too many have to be consigned to the charge of one teacher.

In the Belleville Institution W. Spankie, Literary Examiner, writes of the Articulation class in his report for 1907—"These teachers have too much work, and the pupils capable of this form of instruction cannot get sufficient training with only two teachers, as the number of classes will increase from year to year."

Again he writes, "Oral teaching of the deaf is now practised at this Institution. Mr. Rodwell conducts a class of thirteen pupils in this way and is making good headway with them. It is predicted that this form of teaching will be of the greatest importance in

the future, as it enables pupils to increase their vocabularies much more rapidly and to communicate with each other more easily—it is simply lip-reading made perfect and the results already achieved here are sufficient to warrant its continuance."

In addition to the class-room work the pupils are instructed in domestic science, dressmaking, millinery, fancy work, manual training, laundry, and have classes in the work of a print shop, shoe shop, bakery, carpenter shop, and barber shop. He adds "The pupils, 227 in number, are orderly, kind to one another, neat and clean in appearance, apparently most diligent in their work, and of a very healthy appearance."

At the eleventh biennial, convention of the Ontario Association of the Deaf held in Convocation Hall, Toronto, June 20th to 25th, 1908, a strong expression was given, both by formal resolution and in discussion, of the desire of the deaf that the words "dumb and mute" should be eliminated from all official reference to them. This dislike to these terms arises because there is a misconception of facts of the case common throughout the community. The great majority of them do not speak because being unable to hear words they cannot learn to utter them except by special training. This power of speech in a most marvellous degree is being bestowed upon them by the love and patience of their teachers.

At this convention also gratitude was expressed to the Minister of Education and the authorities of the Institution for the adoption of the public school curriculum at the Institution, and the inception of a movement, for the higher education of the deaf, which they hoped would continue till the work accomplished at the Institution at least equalled that of the public schools of the Province.

The president of their Convention, Mr. John T. Shilton, though deaf, had taken the high school course at Fergus, passed his matriculation examination and at that time was in his fourth year at Victoria, expecting to take his degree the next year.

Uneducated, what torture would not such a keen intellect have suffered,

imprisoned untrained in its scabbard, the body ?

There are three means employed in training the deaf. First, signs in which the teacher, as it were, supplements nature, much as the mother does very early in life with the normal child until it gains command of its vocal organs. Second by the manual alphabet, that is, forming signs with the hands to signify the letters of the alphabet.

In the 18th century Abbe De l'Eppee codified and extended the first of these, the gestural, into a systematic language, but it lacks idioms and can be understood by the deaf only and therefore tends to keep these by themselves, instead of bringing them into communication with normal people.

For the last, the oral, I cannot make its use, and the mode of teaching it, plainer than to follow an article by Frank H. Felter, published in a magazine some years ago.

Himself deaf, he was taught by a sister, who was only fourteen when she began her labor of love, and in which she wrought so well, that at the end, he tells us, it not infrequently happens that parties will converse with him several times before they discover he is deaf.

"In oral teaching of the deaf the instructor must be careful to pronounce the letters distinctly, without emphasis, must not twist her mouth or in any way exaggerate the motion of the lips, as there is much danger of overdoing it. Also she must not tighten the muscles of neck, throat, or face, but allow them to remain flexible and she must speak distinctly, looking the pupil straight in the face. Teach letters first, then words. Speak one word only, then wait until pupil writes it. From words, proceed to sentences and see that as soon as the pupil has a few words he ceases to spell, or he

may settle into a habit of so doing.

"When it comes to cultivating speed the eyes will have an exercise in gymnastics the child never dreamed of. His eyes will feel stiff and rigid in their sockets, after less than fifteen minutes of this exercise."

In Mr. Felter's case his sister as soon as he could manage sentences, proceeded to teach him to read in the "Second Book," from that proceeding to short stories, the newspaper and finally to serials, etc.

All this may be, and is, tedious work, but so is the upward growth of the normal child. Indeed has not Nature so arranged that the more valuable the animal or plant the slower its growth to the perfect specimen ?

In this case the teacher has the exquisite pleasure of feeling that he not only cultivates dormant faculties, but in a measure actually creates them. In just such measure must the teacher of the deaf feel a greater thrill of pride and joy in watching the upward growth of the expanding intellect of his pupil, than that which so cheers the teacher of normal children.

Will it not be a wise move in the powers that be to draw the attention of our bright young pupils in high schools to this field of enterprise ? The kindergarteners seem to be crowding each other, and even the teaching ranks seem to be too well filled for their own good.

If a sufficient number of those who intend to teach would turn their attention to fitting themselves for this work while yet their nerves are free from the strain of other teaching, their minds fresh and receptive, and their habits and modes of thought and action still pliable, it would be, I feel sure, a blessing to themselves, to the teaching profession at large, and to the Deaf Institution.



# How Many More?



WHAT THE BUSINESS MAN  
CAN MAKE IN CANADA

By Arthur I. Street

Illustrated by W. C. Sheppard

## SECOND PAPER.

**O**R, aren't you a farmer? Remember we were talking last month about how many more people the Western provinces of Canada could be expected to hold, and we wound up with a particular talk on the farmer's side.

We were showing how many new farms could be looked for, how many acres on a farm, and how many acres out of the how many would be good for cultivation. Now we're asking:

Aren't you a farmer? Are you only a farm dealer, or a lender—a fellow who buys and sells, not products but acres, who matches his gold against muscle and crops by "extending accommodation"? And are you curious to know where you'd get off on this farm proposition?

The answer is as easy as the other.

An increase of nine and three-quarter millions in population, a million and a half in dwellings, and three-quarters of a million in the number of farms would mean an increase in farm values of nearly two billions. And that's your particular "baby", isn't it? Increase in land values? Isn't that where you make your money? Isn't that the temptation that leads you into a new country?

Here's the arithmetic:

Possible increase in land values in Manitoba to equal the average in Nebraska.....	\$ 322,056,540
Possible increase in Alberta and Saskatchewan to equal the average in Texas.....	1,180,525,370
Possible increase in British Columbia to equal the average in Colorado.....	319,977,356
<hr/>	
Total possible increase in Western Canada.....	\$1,822,559,266

Approximately two billion dollars, and that's only for the value of farm lands and improvements. It doesn't include live stock or agricultural implements, which amount to something in themselves, as we shall show presently. It's just land and fences and houses. And it's pretty near to two hundred dollars for every one of the nine and three-quarter million new residents. Or, if you reckon the nine and three-quarter millions as representing everyone from the father to the kid in the cradle, as of course it does, and if you therefore divide it by five to make it stand for families, it's about \$1000 for each family. And wouldn't it be good to be in a section where every family, on the average, has a thousand dollars' worth of land? Couldn't you get busy there—trading, lending, promoting, any old thing of that kind?



THE OLD-FASHIONED KIND OF FARM MORTGAGING DOESN'T EXIST IN WESTERN CANADA

Why, in the United States, with all its maturity and ripeness of advancement, farm values come only within 10 per cent. of that. Yet, note what's doing there and has been doing for a century in the way of land swapping and farm mortgaging and financing, and things of that kind!

Not that we seek to encourage farm mortgaging. Certainly not farm

mortgaging of the old kind, where the lender drove home the widow's cow when he couldn't get his money. But farming's becoming just as much of a business as any kind of business nowadays—just as scientific. It even has correspondence schools teaching methods of accounting. Farming borrows money and repays money, discounts its crops and redeems its charges the same as any merchant or manufacturer. So, where there are three-quarters of a million new farms and fifty million new improved acres of land, there's bound to be some money-dealing. Somebody has to do it. Somebody has to be there with the goods when they are wanted. And it doesn't take much discussion, does it, to show you the chances for the man that knows the game when values can improve almost two billions of dollars and still not carry any water?

Now, use your specs from another angle. An angle that gets a little closer to the man that don't farm and don't buy and sell or lend money on farms, and that yet prospers as the farm prospers and goes down when the farm hits the toboggan. We mean the merchant and manufacturer.

We are not going to talk in the air about these two. We're not going to speculate on generalities, and tell you that, of course, where there are nine and three-quarter million new inhabitants there must be stores and factories. We presume that your common sense will feed you with that kind of pap. What we are going to do is to fire another charge of mathematics at you.

That charge is like this:

Amount of new agricultural implements necessary in Manitoba to equal average in Nebraska.....	\$ 17,203,900
Amount necessary in Alberta and Saskatchewan to equal the average in Texas.....	53,057,320
Amount necessary in British Columbia to equal the average in Colorado.....	11,953,600
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Total new agricultural implements necessary in Western Canada.....	\$ 82,214,880

Catch the drift of that? Nine and three quarter-millions more of inhabitants and three-quarters of a million

more farms will require eighty-two million dollars' worth more of agricultural implements before they can be as proud of their up-to-dateness as are their compeers across the Border.

Figure on that total for awhile. Take your Western Canada map. Locate yourself in some presumptive place. Then measure your energy and your means against that \$82,000,000 and see what share you think you could get. Conceive yourself at work all the while that these nine and three-quarter million people are coming in, extending the fame of your firm name, advertising yourself, showing the new farmers your new implements, offering them reasonable degrees of credit, "getting next." Wouldn't there be some simoleons in that? Or would you rather just stand outside and look on while the other fellow does the gathering?

Suppose you were something more than merely a dealer in agricultural implements. Suppose you were a maker of things of that sort. Or suppose you made tools? Or suppose you made pants? Suppose, in short, you were a manufacturer. How would the idea of a new market of nine and three-quarter millions appeal to you? It's one-fifth as many as there are in the United Kingdom. And it's a couple of million more than there are now in the whole of Canada. Couldn't you find something doing in a bunch of that size?

Well, here's the manufacturing side of Western Canada. Here's the arithmetic:

Potential new manufacturing output in Manitoba to equal the average in Nebraska. . . . \$	87,191,995
Potential new manufacturing in Alberta and Saskatchewan to equal the average in Texas	252,022,270
Potential new manufacturing in British Columbia to equal the average in Colorado. . . .	298,841,500

Total potential new manufacturing in Western Canada. . . \$ 638,055,765

That's considerable, that six hundred and thirty-eight millions, isn't it? And it isn't unreasonable. For, if the farming shows up like all outdoors, as we have shown that it does, why should all the goods be sent out of the section

to buy clothing and bedding and tin-ware and coal scuttles and horseshoes? Why shouldn't the money be kept at home among the home folks? Why not grow things, just as you would make them? Nebraska does it. And Texas and Colorado do it. And nobody ever heard of these states being much prated of as manufacturing states. They're babies in the art. They only put out from fifty to a hundred and twenty-five dollars' worth of manufactured products per capita from their mills, while such states as Ohio and Illinois put out over two or three times that much. Yet, at that, Texas, Nebraska and Colorado turn so many mills that Western Canada will have to do the sort of climbing we mention above to equal them.

And, happily enough, Western Canada has the stuff to do the climbing



THERE ARE THIRTY WORKING COAL MINES WITHIN TALKING DISTANCE OF EDMONTON

with. She's got the coal, the wood, and the water power. Edmonton, in Alberta, is a young Pittsburg already, as everybody knows, with thirty working coal mines within talking distance of her front and back doors. And



Calgary in the same province is almost in the same class.

Then, there's the coal of British Columbia, without which the whole Pacific Coast would have starved, coal-wise, almost, for the past thirty or forty years. Water is everywhere. Lakes and rivers lie around like lost souls, merely waiting for somebody to save them, offering 20,000, 40,000, 80,000, 100,000 horse power at a whack. Really, it's almost a shame, there are so many of them.



RIVERS LIE AROUND, OFFERING 100,000 HORSE-POWER AT A WHACK TO SOMEBODY

Manitoba and Saskatchewan don't do so much, as yet, in the coal line. But you can't stop them on water power. There's no limit. It's Alberta and British Columbia however, that do the coaling. And, you know, we said we were not going to talk hot air; we were going to stick down to facts. Water power is being put in by all the Manitoba and Saskatchewan cities and along all the rivers at a rate that makes one's hair stand up. But it's hard to get a basis for comparisons. Nebraska isn't heavy on water power. Neither is Texas. Colorado begins to be. So,

leaving that side of things for your imagination, we'll stick to the coal.

And even here we'll have to make a little change. For, Nebraska and Texas, with all their virtues, are not coal states. Colorado is. Raise Alberta's and British Columbia's population and coal production to Colorado's level, and their coal output will figure up like this:

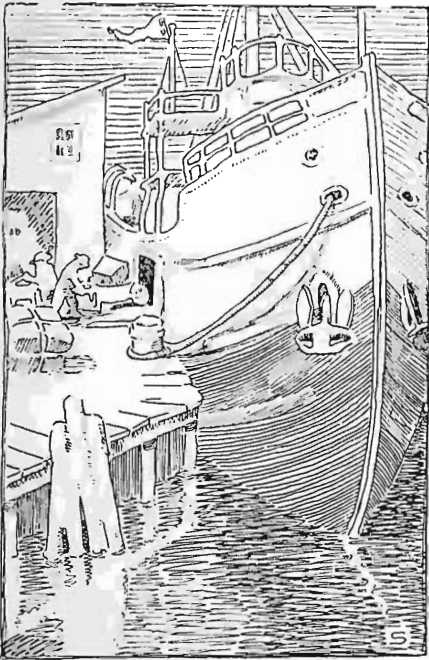
Potential increase in British Columbia coal output to equal the average of Colorado.....	26,298,052 tons
Potential increase in Alberta's coal output to equal the average of Colorado.....	7,349,705 tons

Total potential coal increase in Alberta and British Columbia.....	33,647,757 tons
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Thirty-three million and a half more tons of coal to do manufacturing business with, to heat the house, to fry the bacon, and to run the railroads! Isn't that going some? It's about one-sixth of the total output of the greatest coal outputting region in the world—Pennsylvania. And it'd be a pretty complicated job, wouldn't it, to estimate what one-sixth of the coal business of Pennsylvania brings in, in ready money, or puts in motion in the way of factories, or supports in the way of numbers of people? If you could get at the total, it'd be a sort of capper on the door-arch of the whole future of Western Canada,—no? A sort of official yard stick by which to measure to-morrow, if you prefer that figure of speech better.

There's only about one thing to consider after that, isn't there? After you've seen what's likely to be doing in the way of population. After you've seen how many farms are piled up on the pastry counter. After you've had the lid lifted off the roof of the future manufacturing situation. After you've glimpsed the tunnels and stopes and drifts of the coal mines, what is there left, in a climactic way, to consider except well, the banks?

The banks are the wells into which the current of prosperity flows and from which the water of future growth and achievement is drawn. They are the sine-qua-non (which means the



ON THE PACIFIC COAST, WHERE BRITISH COLUMBIA DIPS DOWN INTO THE SEA, THE BANK CLEARINGS ARE FROM \$1,500 TO \$1,700 PER CAPITA

can't-do-withouts) of modern civilization. And in Western Canada they are—

Well, they're booming. Some cities that are not so all-fired big have eighteen of them. In some the clearings run up to over four thousand dollars per capita. In mid-country Calgary and Edmonton they run from fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred dollars per head. On the Pacific Coast, where British Columbia dips into the sea, the cities of Victoria and Vancouver hold their clearings at from fifteen hundred to seventeen hundred.

But for a' that, the banks of Western Canada have a mighty journey yet to go. They've got to follow that crowd of nine and three-quarter millions of people into all the recesses and crannies and prairies and mountains. They've got to get next to the new conditions and nurse and father them. And here's the arithmetic of some of their possibilities. It isn't all of them. For, in making the comparisons we've stuck only to one side of banking. We've only figured from what are known in

the United States as national banks, not from the state banks or the trust companies. We've only used the sums that are turned into Uncle Sam's controller at Washington. And they make the totals look like this:

Increase in loans and discounts in Manitoba to equal the average in the national bank of Nebraska.....	\$ 48,855,315
Increase in same in Alberta and Saskatchewan to equal the average in Texas.....	298,447,425
Increase in same in British Columbia to equal the average in Colorado.....	181,695,632

Total increase in loans and discounts in Western Canada..\$528,998,372

That's over half a billion, and it takes no account as we said of the "state banks" and the trust companies. It says nothing about deposits. It says nothing about clearings. It's just the loans and discounts in a particular class of banks, for which there is no exact parallel between the United States and Canada. It's what the presumably most conservative of style of banks in the United States would be expected to do if transferred across the Border into Western Canada.

But it's enough, isn't it, for calculating? It's enough for thinking purposes? It's enough to bring the increase in population and farms and buildings and manufacturing and all that sort of thing down to the hard, round shape of gold and silver? It's enough to translate the great hegira of the next couple of decades into terms that fit into the individual pocket, into the terms—dollars—that everybody understands?

Bind together all the other things of which we have told you—and we haven't begun to tell you the things we might tell—wrap them around with this golden twine of banking business, and here's your tale of the New Canada of To-morrow in a few sentences:

Five hundred and ninety-eight pieces of land pie for every nine persons—of which any able-bodied person ought to be able to get his share.

Nine and three-quarter millions of new population—which means that every person in Eastern Canada, and

then some, could move west, settle down, and still be surrounded by nearly sixty acres of farm land.

One and a half million new dwellings—in the building of which, or the owning of which or the trading in which,



FIGURE UP THE INCREASED VALUE OF FARM LANDS  
AND FARM PRODUCTS FOR A MINUTE

any good hustler ought to have no difficulty in "butting in."

Three-quarters of a million more farms—which are three and a half farms to every farmer that is supposed to have entered Canada from the United States within the past five or more years; in other words, three and a half times as many farms yet available as United States farmers have thus far been able to take hold of.

Nearly two billion dollars prospective increase in the value of farm lands and improvements—which anybody with a penchant for making money in lands can determine the significance of for himself—or herself.

Eighty-two million dollars' worth more of agricultural implements to be used—which is sufficient to appeal to the mercantile sense of anybody that ever sold a plow or weighed nails.

Over six hundred million dollars' worth more of manufactures to be turned out—a sum the size of which is capable of distribution among more than one man who understands the handling of a loom, or the tempering of a furnace.

Thirty-three million tons of coal to be produced—which is one-sixth as much as suffices to make Pennsylvania the second richest state in the United States.

And finally, half a billion dollars worth of loans and discounts to be handled by the most conservative and law-restrained class of bankers—a prospect that needs no words to make its importance more vivid or the truth of the possibilities more truthful.

Imagination needs but to follow these items out through such ditches and rivers, watercourses and railroad tracks, grain elevators and country stores as the particular imaginator may be familiar with. The lesson is unavoidable. There is no danger of missing it. Before the spectator stands one of the great continental epics, now in the working. Four provinces in one nation nearly four times as big as the original thirteen states of the United States, and the population more widely scattered in two of them than in the desert land of Arizona. Four provinces at the edge of such an inevitable overflow of population and energy and evolution as swept over the Northwest of the United States thirty or forty years ago and that left behind a permanent population almost four times as thick as the densest part of this new world. There can be no doubt of what will happen. The measure is only one of degrees. And the degrees that we have used in these two articles have been overmodest ones.

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# Just Smith

A STORY OF THE "MOUNTED"

By A. A. Strachan

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson



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## SYNOPSIS.

Frank Smith, a constable in the Northwest Mounted Police at the time of Riel's imprisonment recognizes, while on guard, his former sweetheart, Edith Wheelock, driving with Major Barton and his daughter Alice, and later in the afternoon saves the lives of both girls by stopping their runaway team, wrenching his arm badly in the process. Inspector Jackson, in love with Edith, comes to Major Barton's house in the evening to congratulate the girls on their escape, and insinuates that Smith is shamming sickness. Edith turns on him angrily, and defends her former lover with warmth, after which Jackson leaves and, going over to the hospital, orders Smith out of bed on guard. Edith slips away about midnight, and clears up her misunderstanding with Smith, who, however will have nothing to do with her, saying that he is penniless and prospectless and can offer a woman nothing. As she pleads, rifle shots and a sentry crying "Halt!" are heard. She gives Smith one quick kiss, and darts away to the house. It is discovered that an unsuccessful attempt has been made to free Riel, in the course of which Larry Devine, a sentry, has been badly hurt, and an unknown man in uniform wounded. Jackson learns that his servant, Caron, is the man implicated in the plot, but says nothing, and later tries to throw suspicion on Smith. Meanwhile Edith takes Alice into her confidence, and tells her about her midnight interview with Smith.

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## CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

THE ball of embroiderersilk from which Alice had been working her design had rolled away unheeded under the table, and Dandelion, the yellow kitten, was stalking it with lashing tail and a great pretence of ferocity. Alice's bright eyes sparkled intensely, and she leaned forward. This was a romance of a sort that had seldom come into her nineteen years of experience. Adventure in plenty she had had; she had seen Indian raids, and buffalo hunts; had ridden across the plains with detachments out after cattle thieves, and once had chanced directly upon the cache of a gang of whiskey-runners; but love

in that womanless country had been rather out of her province, except as the young officers had cast themselves respectfully at her feet, with Miss Dexter watching the proceeding out of the tail of her humorous eye. She meant to have her full share of this episode.

"Is he handsome?" she inquired.

"He has very good teeth, and a clean-cut profile. Yes, I should say he was," decided Edith.

"We'll have to get him up here on some pretext or other. I know. I'll get Aunt Margaret to write and ask him to call so we can thank him. He saved our lives, remember."

"Oh, you mustn't, Alice. Your

father would be dreadfully angry, and there's no need of getting you into trouble."

"I will, though. And I'll manage it so you and he and I can get off from the rest, and figure out some way."

But Edith shook her head. "He'll never stand it for a minute. No, my dear, we mustn't be foolish. It will all come out right some way. But I wish I knew what to do."

"Maybe I can ask dad, without his knowing what I'm driving at. He's a dear old stupid when I get hold of him, even if he is a Major. Hush! There he is now."

The door of the next room opened, and the Major came in with the Commissioner.

"—but he hinted that Smith might have something to do with it," the Commissioner was saying, "and I can't find anybody who saw him after the alarm. It is just possible—"

The girls looked at each other, and Edith laid a finger on her lip.

"I won't believe that until it's proved to me," returned the Major emphatically. "Why, Commissioner, Smith's the man who saved Alice's life yesterday."

"Well," the Commissioner rejoined, "at least it will do no harm to keep an eye on his movements, and those of Caron, as well as watch the men who were out on pass. I shall feel easier when Riel is off our hands."

With that, they fell to talking of other things, and the girls quietly tiptoed out of the next room. Both of them, of course, knew about the previous night's alarm, and it was easy to piece together from the fragments they had overheard that Smith was suspected of complicity in the plot to free Riel.

"I'll wager my best bonnet that Jackson was the man who did the hinting," declared Alice, once they were safe upstairs, and Edith nodded.

"Jackson got Frank out of the hospital with that wrenched arm of his and made him go on duty," she said, "and possibly he did it intentionally, with this in view. I wouldn't hesitate to suspect that man of anything."

"Oh, I don't believe he would be

mixed up in a plot like this," demurred Alice. "He's a martinet and a bully and a disagreeable creature, but duty is his fetich, and I think his character isn't one to entertain treachery against the service he's in."

"Perhaps. It may be that Frank covered my retreat to the house, and that's why he wasn't seen when the alarm began. But it makes me boil to think that they are ungrateful enough to suspect him. There isn't a more honorable man breathing. I'd like to tell the Commissioner where he was when that alarm started."

Alice looked very grave. "That, in itself, is an infraction of duty, of course," she said. "Sentries on their posts aren't expected to talk to old sweethearts or help them get away unobserved. Still, it isn't as bad as being mixed up in a plot, I suppose. Perhaps you may have to tell the Commissioner."

For a moment the two girls looked at each other anxiously. Then Edith threw up her head with a characteristic gesture.

"If it comes to that," she declared, "I will."

## CHAPTER V.

"Now then, who's next? You, Jones?"

The men waiting to see the doctor at the hospital, were seated on a long bench in the outer office, and a stir ran through them at Sergeant Donovan's brisk speech. Jones, a lanky, tall trooper with a face like a horse, rose to his feet like a jackknife unclosing, and followed the sergeant rather ruefully into the surgery. The rest looked at each other, grinning.

"Bet you a tanner, it's castor-oil," remarked Westaway to Tom Nichols.

"Go you," said Nichols. "I'll lay my money on ipecac. That's what old Pills gave me last week, and I haven't got the taste of it out of my mouth yet."

The waiting crowd was a motley one. Nichols had his arm in a sling; Westaway sported an elaborate bandage and shade about a remarkably pretty black eye obtained in a pugilistic encounter behind the hay corral.

Another had a crutch beside him and wore a moccasin on his left foot; he had been kicked by a horse. Some had cuts and bruises to show, while still others had no outward and visible signs of internal ailment. Of these, only one possessed a real complaint, and that was a headache brought on by over-indulgence in the four-per-cent. beer of the Territories, generally called "ginger wine." The rest trusted to their "song-and-dance" to get put off duty, a hope that, with the doctor's shrewd little eyes on them, generally proved vain. Illness got careful attention with a vigorous lecture on the side; but the "bilks" received castor oil—and duty. The last man to enter was Caron, Inspector Jackson's French-Canadian servant.

"Well, Caron, what's wrong with you?" inquired the doctor, with an estimating glance, which changed as he noted the lines of pain around Caron's mouth.

But the French-Canadian spoke nonchalantly.

"Why, doctor, I sprained my wrist this morning, leading Dandy to water, and I'd like some lotion for it."

"How did you manage to do that?"

"Oh! The cursed brute took fright at something, and bolted. But I hung on to him, until he almost tore my arm out."

"H'm! I should say he did," commented the doctor, examining the wrist, which was quite black and badly swollen. "You say this happened this morning? At what time?"

"Oh, early—about seven o'clock."

"Strange," mused the doctor. "This looks as if it had been done at least twelve hours ago. Why didn't you come to me at once?"

"I didn't want to bother you so early," answered Caron. "Besides, I didn't think it was anything but a bit of a strain until it began to swell up. It's not anything serious. Just give me some liniment for it."

"You must have been mad to keep hold of the horse until you got so badly hurt. Take off your jacket and roll up your sleeve." I want to have a look at your shoulder."

"Oh, it's all right, doctor," demurred

Caron, making no move to divest himself of his tunic. "I just want some liniment or lotion, and to have you put me off duty for to-day. I don't want to trouble you."

The doctor made an impatient gesture. "Why man, your wrist must be dislocated. Take off your jacket at once, and let me see your arm."

Reluctantly the man obeyed, and the doctor started with surprise. For the sleeve of his shirt was stained with blood, which still flowed freely from a wound in his shoulder which had been clumsily bandaged. Caron smiled airily.

"I got this from a kick," he said lightly. "I got into a row in town yesterday with one of the railroad men, and three of them piled on me."

"Indeed?" said the doctor, examining the wound.

"Yes. They called me—" and he repeated an epithet. "Of course that meant the fight. I knocked one on the head, and then the others piled on me, knocked me down, and one of them kicked me with his heavy boots here, while I lay on the sidewalk. But I'll get even with him."

"Hold your tongue," said the doctor at this juncture. "I don't want to hear any more. It's the curing of hurts we do here; not the listening to how you came by them. Look here, Donovan," he added, pointing to the wound. "Sit down, Caron. Get a bandage, Sergeant, while I prepare a lotion for his wrist."

Without further glancing at the French-Canadian, the doctor bustled off to the far end of the surgery, and began clinking about among his bottles. Presently Donovan followed him for more antiseptic gauze.

"What think ye av that?" he inquired under-breath.

The doctor snorted. "Why, the fellow has been shot," he answered. "I can see the mark of the bullet quite plainly."

"I thought so," answered the sergeant. "And, by the Lord Harry, doctor, he is the man who—"

"Hush!" cautioned the doctor. "Don't say a word!"

So Caron's wound was attended to

and he departed to his room, rejoicing that he had got off duty, and never dreaming that his shrewdly concocted story was disbelieved in every particular.

## CHAPTER VI.

"THEY'VE arrested Smith!"

Alice Barton tumbled headlong into the quiet sitting room where Edith Wheelock and Miss Dexter were placidly drinking afternoon tea beside the fire. The elder lady looked up, with eyebrows raised. Edith said nothing. Only, she stopped eating her wafer, and set down her cup with a hand that shook.

"They've arrested Smith," Alice repeated. She still gave the appearance of headlong haste, although she had come to a standstill. "What can Dad be thinking of? It's too ridiculous for words! Why, he's as innocent as—as Dandy, there. I never heard of such a thing!"

Dandelion, hearing his name, awoke, and uttered a plaintive mew, but he might as well have mewed to Juno in wrath. Miss Dexter looked at Alice gravely, and spoke with her usual dignity,

"My dear, is that any reason why you should frighten us out of our wits?"

"It's time somebody was frightened, I think," replied Alice with spirit. "Why, Aunt Margaret, it's *our* Constable Smith! That old fool of a Commissioner—"

"That will do," said Miss Dexter, cutting through the girl's sentence like a steel blade through silk. "Go to your room, Alice, until you can enter and speak like an officer's daughter."

Gentle though Miss Dexter was, her authority was absolute in the house, and when she spoke in that tone, it commanded instant obedience. Alice flushed, clicked her heels together, inclined her head to her aunt, and went out, restraining impending tears.

"Now, do you suppose that is really so?" demanded Miss Dexter of Edith, when Alice had left them? "I understood that he was very highly respected in the force, and in line for promotion."

"I don't know, Aunt Margaret," answered the girl. The passage with

Alice had given her time to control herself, and her voice was steady. "Inspector Jackson, I believe, has some dislike to him. It may be that—"

"It wouldn't surprise me at all," declared Miss Dexter with some warmth. "I can't bear that man, with his superior English ways. Captain he may have been, but I'll warrant he murdered somebody for his commission. That young Smith is twice as much a man. I never saw anyone bear pain and thanks with such equal fortitude as he did at the hospital the day he stopped your horses."

"He is unquestionably brave," replied Edith, and, urged on by this unexpected praise of her lover, might have said more, had not the bell rung at that instant, and the Commissioner's wife dropped in to share Miss Dexter's tea. Her first news was on the subject they had just been discussing.

"My dear, they're holding a court-martial over at the orderly room this afternoon, or I'd have brought the Commissioner with me. He always says that between the talk and the Scotch you keep, he enjoys himself at your teas more than he ever expected to with any living woman. But he buckled on his sword just as I was getting out my bonnet, and said there was no rest for the wicked, or Commissioners of the Mounted Police, and went over to go into this matter of Frank Smith."

"Frank Smith? what is the charge against him?" inquired Miss Dexter.

"My dear, I don't know. I make it a point not to know the Commissioner's business, and that's why I'm so dreadfully low on gossip. All the really interesting things I have to hear from someone else. But it's something about being off his post, I think. I know Commissioner's disappointed about it. *Cross—my dear!*" And the vivacious little lady held up her hands with a musical chuckle over the frailties of mankind.

At this point, Edith, who had been listening with her usual grave face, said something about more hot water, and vanished.

Once in the kitchen, she hesitated for an instant. Should she get from

Alice what Alice knew, or—no, there wasn't time. With swift decision, she threw on her coat and made for the hospital, walking into the surgery with.

"Doctor, they're courtmartialing Frank Smith for leaving his post and for complicity in Riel's attempted escape."

"What!" The old doctor jumped. "The devil they are?—I beg your pardon, Miss Edith."

"Don't ask questions for a minute, doctor,—” she was past conventionalities now—"but have Terence find Larry Devine and his bit of torn tunic, and while he's finding him, I'll tell you about it."

The doctor glanced at her dark, controlled face, hesitated a second, and then, going to the door, spoke to the hospital orderly, who departed on the trot.

"Thank you," she said as he returned. "We haven't a minute to lose. I learned of the court-martial only just now, and they may have condemned Smith by this time."

"But, my dear Miss Edith, Larry Devine's bit of torn tunic won't prove that Smith wasn't off his post that night."

"No. But I can."

"You! Miss Edith, you don't want to be mixed up in an affair of this kind. Let Larry and me go over. We'll do what we can. And Smith has a good record. That will be in his favor."

She shook her head. "I must go myself. I'm so thankful that you told me Larry's story. I'd not have known what to do, otherwise. Doctor, I used to be engaged to Frank Smith in England, and he has saved my life since I've been here. In such a case, wouldn't you do everything you could to save him?"

She spoke eloquently, and the doctor regarded her with eyes in which admiration and humor were strangely mingled.

"Begad, my dear," he said, "you needn't tell Isabella of it, but I wish I stood in Frank Smith's shoes this minute."

The faces at the orderly-room were a curious study in expression. Domin-

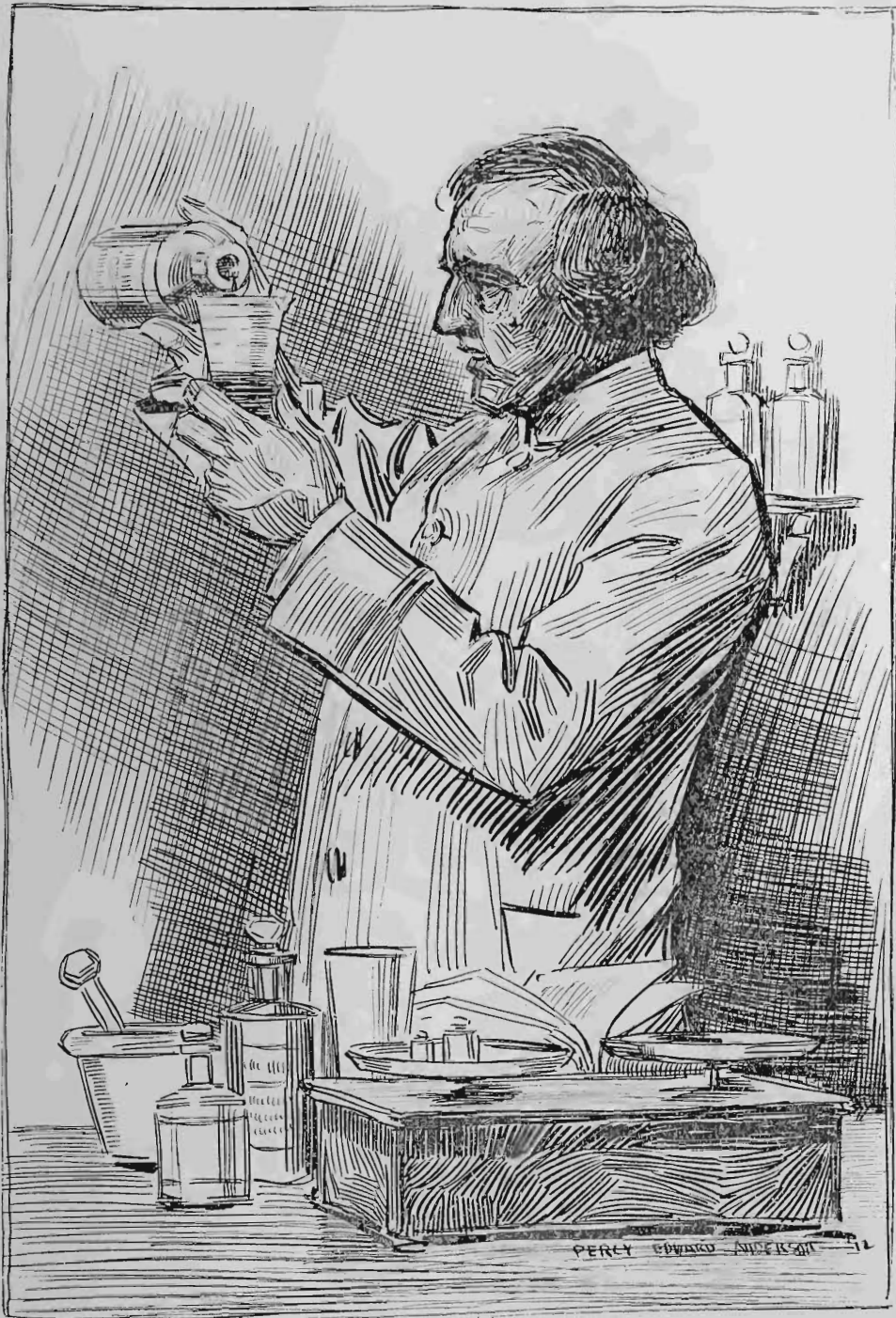
ating them all, was the soldierly, stern countenance of the Commissioner, his clean-shaven jaw square-set, but a hint of puzzlement in his eyes. Major Barton was frankly disappointed and indignant; Jackson, inscrutable. Caron's handsome dark face betrayed nothing of the fear that haunted him—easy, graceful, respectfully nonchalant, he gave his delicately-shaded evidence that was designed to bring Frank Smith to a shameful imprisonment and dismissal with an air of connoisseurship, tempered with a discreet regret. It was at Inspector Jackson's instance that the trial was held, and he was Jackson's servant; yet Constable Smith was his comrade; let the right prevail, said his attitude.

The rest of the faces betrayed nothing but distaste for the affair, and an anxiety to get it over with as soon as possible. Frank Smith watched the Commissioner with expressionless eyes, and when he spoke, his voice had no tone. Further than to say that he had left the hospital on the night of Riel's attempted deliverance, at Inspector Jackson's orders, and had been on post at number three until the time of the alarm, he had maintained a respectful but persistent silence. Between the time of his leaving the hospital and the hour when he came off duty, no one had seen him; and for the interval he would not account. Inspector Jackson had seen him talking with a couple of half-breeds a day or two before the attempt. This he admitted, but explained that they were Little Horse and the Beaver, with whom he had hunted the season before, and whom he had met casually. Caron had seen him running from the direction of number six just after the alarm. This also he admitted, but refused to explain. Among his effects had been found two or three socialistic books, and some clippings dealing favorably with Riel's cause. The evidence was slight, but the defence nothing, and on his own admission he had been off his post during the night. Twelve months imprisonment, and dismissal from the service in disgrace looked him in the face, and he stared back at it unflinchingly. The Commissioner had his





"BUGAB, MY DEAR," SAID THE OLD DOCTOR JUDICIALLY, "YOU NEEDN'T TELL



ISABELLA OF IT, BUT I WISH I STOOD IN FRANK SMITH'S SHOES THIS MINUTE"

mouth open to say the words, when the door of the orderly room opened, and Edith stepped smoothly in, the doctor beside her, and Larry Devine, still bandaged and leaning on his crutch, following behind.

"One moment, Commissioner," said Edith. She was pale, but her voice was low.

The Commissioner frowned. Such an intrusion was unprecedented, and although he admired Edith personally, he did not approve of woman's mixing themselves in men's affairs. Suffragettes were unknown in the eighties, and St. Paul was still quoted on the whole duty of womankind.

"Another time, my dear Miss Wheelock," he said politely. "We are busy at present. Shall we say this evening at Major Barton's?"

"Yes! Run along home, Edith," put in the Major brusquely. "This is no place for you," and he shot an indignant look at the doctor, who returned it unmoved.

But Edith did not budge.

"I am sorry to intrude, Commissioner," she said, "but I have some valuable evidence in this case. If you would do justice to an accused man, do not send me away unheard."

"In this case?" The Commissioner looked astonished. "But, my dear young lady, what can you possibly know about it?"

"Then you will hear me?"

"I beg pardon, sir," said Frank Smith unexpectedly, "but I should much prefer that the young lady should not give her testimony. She is mistaken in thinking she can help me, and—and—I had rather not, sir," he ended lamely, with the Commissioner's keen eyes upon him.

"So-o?" commented the Commissioner, apparently not noticing Smith's protest and speaking to Edith. "I think we will hear what you have to say. Are the doctor and Constable Devine witnesses too?"

"Indirectly, yes," returned Edith. "But if it is regular, I should like to tell my story first."

"It is not exactly regular," said the Commissioner, "but in this case I

think we can waive the regulations. Proceed, Miss Edith."

How her heart beat! The pallor of her face had been succeeded by a dark flush that made her beauty more brilliant than ever, and her eyes glowed. But she clung frantically to her self-control. There must be no tears, no nerves, in this ordeal, she told herself, and she spoke slowly, measuring each word before it passed her lips.

"Some years ago, in England," she began, "I knew Constable Smith, and in fact was his fiancee." A stir went around the orderly-room, and every eye turned to the accused, who looked uncomfortably at the knees of his trousers. But Edith went on. "Through a misunderstanding, we lost sight of each other, and it was not until I saw him on duty the afternoon of the runaway that I knew where he was. As you know, he saved my life and that of Miss Barton on that day. That evening I slipped away from Major Barton's, with my mind made up to see him, if only for a moment. You recall the evening, Commissioner?"

The Commissioner tugged at his mustache. "Yes," he agreed. "Whist party, wasn't it? Miss Dexter said you were shaken by the afternoon's experience, and had retired. And you went to see him? Very irregular, Miss Edith."

"Perhaps," she said. "At least, I went. He had refused to see me when I applied at the hospital in the afternoon, and I went there first. I learned that Inspector Jackson had ordered him on duty, and that he was down there by the creek. I went to the creek, and found him."

"Did you realize that if you were found out, it would be a very serious thing for Constable Smith, and for you?"

"I didn't think much about it at first. But he told me frankly that I must not talk to him, nor he to me; and did his best to make me go back to the Major's. I wouldn't go, and finally, as the quickest way to end the difficulty, he talked with me a few minutes."

"Did you think that he might have

any reason other than the obvious one for trying to make you go back?"

"No. We talked for ten or fifteen minutes, and after his first attempt to send me home, I think he forgot the danger of discovery."

A little smile ran around the orderly room at this. Smith made a quick movement.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but—"

"That will do," said the Commissioner sternly. "There is no reflection on Miss Wheelock." And the smiles faded out beneath his cold glance.

"I mean," explained Edith, blushing, "that we were both so engrossed in clearing up the misunderstanding which had parted us that we forgot our situation. Constable Smith continued to patrol his post, and I walked along with him, in conversation. Suddenly we heard three shots from some distance away, and a scream, and somebody ordering somebody else to halt."

"What did he say then?"

"He said, 'Get to the house, Edith—there's trouble afoot.'"

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing, except that I should go quickly."

"And you went at once, or did you delay?"

"At once," Edith was not going to tell about that swift-snatched kiss. "I ran like a rabbit. The whole square was awake, it seemed to me, and I was afraid of being challenged. I heard the bugler sounding the assembly just as I got inside our back gate."

"Did you meet anyone?"

"No. Once I thought I heard footsteps behind me, but I didn't look to see who it was. I thought afterwards that perhaps Constable Smith might have followed me to see that I got home safely."

The Commissioner interrogated Smith with a glance, and he inclined his head in assent.

"So you see, Commissioner," Edith went on earnestly, "he couldn't have been mixed up in the assault on Constable Devine, because I can account for at least twenty-five minutes directly prior to the alarm, which is just when the assault took place."

Insensibly most of the group had

come closer to Edith as she narrated her story, but as it progressed, Caron had drawn quietly away. Now, like a shadow, he moved toward the door; but the doctor interposed a strong leg.

"No, you don't," he said curtly. "I've got something to say to you, my man."

"Sacre! Let go!" hissed Caron, twisting like an eel as the doctor grasped the shoulder of his tunic, and the room turned to the sound of the scuffle.

"Halt!" said the Commissioner sharply. "What is all this?"

But the doctor was too busy with his quarry to make reply. For once, Caron had lost his nerve and his nonchalance, and with head down and every muscle taut, was making a blind break for liberty. One or two of the officers stepped forward to help the doctor, and Inspector Jackson watched them with impassive eyes. The struggle was brief. Caron fought silently, like a trapped wolverine, but in a moment he was overcome, and stood panting and disheveled, with the doctor's hand on his coat-collar.

"It looks bad for that chap," murmured one of the officers to another. "Why the devil was he in such a hurry to get away?"

Jackson's eyes narrowed to slits. He believed that he could rely on Caron's fear of him to keep a check on his tongue. Yet, although he had been careful to keep clear of any direct accusation of Smith, and had merely suggested that the constable should offer some explanation of his movements on the night of the alarm, he had no wish to have Caron tell all he knew.

But the Commissioner was repeating his inquiry, and Caron in sullen silence stood listening to the doctor's reply.

"This man came to me, the morning after the alarm, with a plain gunshot wound in his shoulder," explained the doctor, "and now he seems a trifle too anxious to get away."

"Indeed!" said the Commissioner. "I believe Miss Wheelock said that you and Constable Devine also had something to add to the evidence in this case."

"We certainly have," retorted the doctor, "and interesting as Miss Wheelock's narrative has been, I think we will win the prize yet. . . . Stand still, you French-Canadian body-snatcher," he added, with a shake, as Caron wriggled. The Commissioner could not repress a smile.

"This is indeed an unusual case," he said, "but since we have stretched a point in Miss Wheelock's favor, we will continue to stretch it in yours. Will you inform the court what evidence you have to offer?"

"Just this," said the doctor. "On the morning after the alarm, this man, Caron, came to my surgery, asking for lotion for his arm. His wrist was badly swollen and discolored, although he stated that the accident had occurred only a few hours earlier. I insisted on seeing the upper part of his arm, and, unwillingly, he stripped off his jacket. There was an unmistakable gunshot wound just below the deltoid muscle. He accounted for it by saying he had been kicked in a fight the day before while on leave of absence in town. However, the wound was still bleeding, and the whole injury showed every sign of having been inflicted about ten or twelve hours earlier—in other words, about the time of the alarm. Later I learned by inquiring that he had not been away from the barracks the previous day. Hospital Sergeant Donovan was present at the time, and spoke to me about it."

"Why did you not report this earlier?"

"I had an idea that Caron was up to some devilment, and wanted to give him a little more rope to hang himself by. Both Donovan and I have kept a watch on him ever since.

"H'm," said the Commissioner. "Is that all?"

"It is."

"How did you happen to come over here at the critical moment?"

"I brought him, Commissioner," put in Edith quickly. "By accident I heard that Constable Smith was on trial, and I went to the hospital at once to get the doctor and Constable Devine."

The Commissioner looked at this

resourceful and prompt young lady with amusement and disapproval mingled on his face.

"Very irregular again, Miss Edith," he said. "How did you happen to know your—er—point of attack?"

The doctor and Edith exchanged glances. "I'm afraid that was rather irregular, too," she answered. "The doctor and I are good friends."

"I see," said the Commissioner. "Now what have you to add to this, Devine?"

"On the night of the alarm, sor," answered Larry, "I saw a man pass me in uniform, but I took him for wan av the Day Guard. I thought it was quare he should be goin' in that direction, so I followed, and saw him wid two others in civies. I thought it was desartin' they were, an' called on them to halt. But the man in the regimentals struck me over the head wid a loaded shtick, 'and Larry touched his bandage, 'and I wint undher."

"Can you swear that the man who struck you is present?"

"I cud not, sor. 'Twas mortal dark, and I cudn't see his face."

The Commissioner turned to Sergeant Murphy.

"You took check rounds at what time?"

"At eleven-fifteen, sir, and reported all present, except the men out on pass. However, there might have been a dummy in Caron's bed, for I did not turn down the blankets."

"If you please, sor," said Devine, addressing the court, "ask him if that is the tunic he had on the night of the shootin'."

"Certainly," said Caron, "it is the same one. Why not? Death of my life, why not?" he demanded, suddenly jarred out of his calm, and turning to Devine.

"That will do," said the Commissioner. "Sergeant-Major, will you have this man's quarters examined at once, and all tunics there brought to the orderly-room?"

A mounted policeman's effects are not many, and presently the messenger returned, carrying a second scarlet jacket. In the right sleeve, near the shoulder, was a hole about three inches

square, where a piece of the cloth had evidently been torn out.

"How came you to tear your tunic in that way?" inquired the Commissioner.

Caron's eyes fell. "I don't know," he answered with an attempt at indifference. "I never noticed it particularly before."

"But I did," said Devine, stepping forward, and taking a piece of red cloth from his pocket, "and I have the piece to mend it with. See, sor," he

continued, fitting it in the hole. "It matches exactly. It's the same color—the same size—and fits to a hair's breadth."

"What do you mean, Devine?" asked the Commissioner.

"I mean, sor," said Larry, "that I can swear that this is the man who assaulted me, for when he struck me I grabbed him by the coat sleeve and held on so tight that I tore away a piece of the cloth, which I've kept ever since—an' there it is!"

*To be continued*

## THE BANSHEE

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

THE banshee cries on the rising wind

*O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!*

The dead to free, and the quick to bind—

(Close fast the shutter and draw the blind!)

*O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!*

Why are you paler, my dearest dear?

*O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!*

'Tis but the wind in the elm tree near—

(Acushla, hush, lest the banshee hear!)

*O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!*

See how the crackling fire up-springs

*O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!*

Up and yet up on its flame-red wings.

Hark how the cheerful kettle sings!

*O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!*

Core of my heart! How cold your lips,

*O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!*

White as the spray the wild wind whips,

Still as your icy finger-tips!

*O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!*

On the rising wind the banshee cries—

*O-hoho, o-hoho, o-o!*

I kiss your hair; I kiss your eyes—

The kettle is dumb; the red flame dies!

*Ochone! Ochone! Ochone!*

Money No—  
Pony No—  
Pants No—  
Arm Very Worse

By Lillian K. Beynon

Illustrated with Photograph



“NO arm better, and pants no me.” He was a pitiable, but amusing figure, the old Indian who stood in the door of the little mission house one cold morning in November, wrapped in a blanket, but lacking the usual covering for his lower limbs. The Medicine Woman and the missionary tried to look as serious as the occasion demanded, while he explained, “arm sick, very worse. Medicine Man come, better no—Medicine Man again come. Money want—no money me—no pony—no cow—pants yes, Medicine Man take—no arm better and pants no me.”

The Medicine Woman covered her mouth with her handkerchief to hide a smile, while the missionary took the shivering Indian to the bedroom to supply the rather necessary article of clothing that the Medicine Man had appropriated. He was evidently a good collector, that Medicine Man, but the Medicine Woman knew but little about him. He had refused to have anything to do with Christianity, and

had avoided the mission house, and especially the Medicine Woman, who was surely stealing his practice. She believed that he hated her, and she often wondered, when out alone visiting someone in the middle of the night, that he did not attempt to harm her. But one day she found out her mistake.

She was preparing tea late in the winter afternoon while a little girl talked to her. The little girl was saying: “I tell you something. One little Indian girl Alice go far away, five days trip to the hunt, get sick, no doctor, no medicine, nothing. Alice dead, no bring home. Indians read prayerbook, sing, then Alice buried. Christmas tree present for Alice. No come. Children sorry. One old man dead, this week, day 'fore yesterday, she buried and one little boy is very worse.” Here the child stopped and ran to the window. The Medicine Woman followed her. There on the road, in front of the house, stood the old Medicine Man. He had never been

seen so close before, and the woman felt anxious, particularly as he was looking so intently at the house. She knew, however, that the majority of the Indians on the reserve were friendly, and although the missionary and his wife had gone away for a few days, she was sure that in case of need she would find plenty of loyal protectors. But the old Medicine Man, the man who scouted Christianity, and whose practice she was taking, was still watching the house. Suddenly he appeared to make up his mind, for he turned and went toward the house, but he did not go in. He disappeared around the corner, and the Medicine Woman, fearing she knew not what, ran to another window to see, if she could, what he was doing.

Imagine her surprise when she saw her rival, the man from whom she was stealing a living, seize the axe and set to work to chop some wood. She had wondered how she could manage over night with the small supply on hand. The old Medicine Man had noticed that she was in need and he had undertaken to do what he could for her.

Tears filled the eyes of the Medicine Woman as she watched the bent form of the old heathen as he performed a more Christian act than many Christian Medicine Men would care to do for a rival. Then, as he started away, as unobtrusively as he had come, she went to the door and invited him to come in. At first he hesitated, apparently sorry that he had been discovered, but when the Medicine Woman disregarded his rather blunt refusal, and gently insisted, he went into her home and was soon looking at the furnishings with all the interest of a child. But when he had eaten and was ready to leave the Medicine Woman said: "I am sorry you will not come to church. We are trying to help your people."

The old man straightened up. The look of childish interest left his face and over it came a sombre dignity, the look of a beaten, but not subdued, warrior.

"No," he said, "me not come. You no help my people."

"But we are trying," said the Medicine Woman gently.

"You understand no," said the Medicine Man. "One time my people strong—fight—Medicine Man study long time. Ten suns, he make know this." He pulled a dried herb from his pocket to show what he meant by "this." Then, as he handled it carefully, he continued: "Yes, Medicine Man take twenty and hundred these, twelve each sun. He make song each one. Song tell what better make. Young men learn songs ten suns, pay guns, blankets, skins, and then be Medicine Man. Every year long tent—make big dance—young men sing song. Some Medicine Men get—others no."

Here the old Indian shook his head in disgust, and for some minutes seemed lost in the memories of the long ago, when every year in June the Medicine Men examined the students and initiated the successful ones into the deepest secrets of the cult. Then too, at the Long Tent, new students were initiated into their ten years of study, and they paid their fees, after which there was a general jollification and all danced around the central stone in the direction of the sun. But those days were passed, and as the old man rose stiffly to his feet he said: "Then weak he die. Strong live—fight—hunt—fish—all big warrior—all land have—buffalo—deer. Now you come—weak he live—strong he weak get—no fight—no hunt—no land—all weak. All soon die—"

"Oh, you will live many years," said the Medicine Woman, purposely appearing to misunderstand him.

But the old Medicine Man would not smile. Indian no Medicine Man. Indian no fight, no hunt," he said. "White man, Medicine Man warrior—Indian all weak—no good. Indians go—Old Medicine Man go—no good."

The old man folded his coat more closely around him and left the house without another word. He still lives true to the old traditions, a heathen, in a reserve of Christian Indians, and no threats of the wrath of the greater Manitou have made him fear the great beyond for his eye is still on the Happy Hunting Ground of the brave warrior and the good Medicine Man.



# Canadium

PROBABLY THE METALLIC MISSING LINK

By John Coggswell

Illustrated from Photographs

**S**CIENTISTS are of the opinion that for the first time in a quarter century a new metal has been discovered. Twenty-five years ago Winkler found germanium. Since then the researches of mineralogists have failed to unearth anything new, until recently, Andrew Gordon French, conducting operations near Nelson, British Columbia, brought to the attention of the scientific world a new metal, Canadium.

Mr. French has been carrying on explorations in the vicinity of this town for some months and has made several valuable finds. Of nearly as much interest as the finding of canadium, and of probably greater commercial importance, is the discovery that a great many of the numerous igneous dykes that intersect the country are impregnated with precious metals of the platinum group.

Should these deposits prove of any great extent they will be of large industrial value since the price of platinum has risen enormously of late years, the supply being startlingly short. A great many samples from the Nelson dykes have been assayed in that city, in New York and in London, and some show values above \$30 per ton while many others are quite good enough to pay for working.

At the present period of research, the chief value

lies in iridium, the most generally distributed metal of the group, which has a value of \$55.00 to \$70.00 per ounce. It is largely used for alloying with platinum to render the latter more infusible and harder and therefore more durable. In other platinum-producing countries, iridium has been found to be scarcer than platinum. As a result, the price of the former should not be so subject to downward variations.

But as valuable in dollars and cents as the discovery of the iridium seems to be, scientists are paying small attention to it as compared with the interest they are showing in the newly found metal. Mr. French has made the following statement regarding the properties of canadium: "Its properties have been only partially investigated as yet and little can be done now until the snow is off the ground and a sufficient quantity can be got to supply the needs of the chemists who have the subject in hand. The metal is of a brilliant white color and does not tarnish like silver when exposed to sulphurous gases. It takes on a highly polished surface and should for that reason be very serviceable for reflectors of astronomical instruments, gem settings, etc."

"Its physical and chemical properties are interesting," says a chemist



ANDREW GORDON FRENCH  
Discoverer of the new metal,  
Canadium



NELSON, B. C., NEAR WHICH ARE THE MINES WHERE CANADIUM WAS DISCOVERED



GRANITE POORMAN MINE WHERE CANADIUM WAS DISCOVERED

who has investigated the new metal. "It has a brilliant white luster, does not oxidize in the oxidizing flames of the blow-pipe, melts at a little lower temperature than silver and gold and is somewhat softer than platinum. From a chemical standpoint it is electro-negative to silver, is precipitated from its solution by zinc and may be separated from lead by cupellation. It is easily soluble in hydrochloric and nitric acids and is not precipitated by chlorides or iodides. It does not tarnish in damp air, sulphurated hydrogen or alkaline sulphides.

"This somewhat extraordinary combination of properties is one that leaves little doubt as to the genuineness of the find and raises questions of very great interest as to the character and position of the new metal. Its easy solubility separates it from the known metals which generally accompany platinum and its melting point is at least 500 degrees C. below that of any of the platinum group. Sufficient data are not at hand to locate it definitely among the metals, but the possibilities are somewhat sensational."

One of the most impressive potentialities of canadium is that it may prove to be the "missing link" of the mineral world. Years ago Mendeleeff worked out a table of metals. Between gold and silver, he decided, there must be a metal then undiscovered. He went so far as to assign to the missing metal the properties that it should possess. These properties are strikingly like those attributed to canadium. For the time being all that the scientific world can do is to

wonder and work over the meagre information in its possession. But interesting reports are promised when the new-comer's salts are formed and analyzed.

The finding of canadium and the new deposit of platinum was a matter of pure chance. When Mr. French commenced his explorations in the vicinity of Nelson, he had no idea that he was to make any startling discoveries. He was employed in solving some of the problems with which the mining companies of that section of British Columbia are concerned and while pursuing his investigations simply happened to make the finds.

Another discovery, interesting to those who combine the study of geology with the seizing of business opportunities, is that many of the igneous dykes carry the much valued peridotite gem. Some of these are of a very pure and rich green color, but whether or not they are in sufficient quantity to pay for mining remains to be seen.

Regarding another commercial asset of the Nelson district, Mr. French says: "The granite rocks in which the intrusive dykes occur are generally very much laminated, forming broad sheets of great extent, which are of a very suitable thickness for building purposes. This lamination or false-bedding occurs generally near the walls of the dykes and is probably the result of great pressure due to 'earth movements' along the line of the dykes as an axis of least resistance. This laminated granite is being quarried at points along the Canadian Pacific railroads, but only to a limited extent."

## THE BEGGAR

BY CY WARMAN

OUT of the wealth of your womanly charms,  
 Give me whatever your heart can give;  
 Give me your eyes or your lips or your arms;  
 Teach me the life that the live ones live.  
 But whether you do *not*, or whether you *do*,  
 Here is a lyric, my love, to you.

# Making Friends With Your Banker

By Frederick A. Hamilton

**T**HE BANKER is in the market for loans and you are in business to sell goods and to build up your business. You need the banker and the banker needs you. He wants to loan you money—that is his business.

If you have a going business, you ought to be a frequent borrower of the bank's money. That is the way to build up and extend your business. If you are a regular customer of any commercial bank, if you are a regular depositor, you have the first claim on the borrowing fund of that bank; the fund set aside for short-time or accommodation loans. And you can draw against that fund in just such measure as your bank credit entitles you.

But your credit is going to be determined by your banker. That is the reason you ought to make friends with your banker and take him into your confidence as to your business. Of course the bank may be used by you as a place wherein to keep your money safely; and that is a good thing. But the banker is the one who is going to establish your credit rating. If he is a friend of yours, and knows your business, his rating of you is going to be more intelligently done. And if you can show him good business method, his rating of you will be higher.

If your banker knows that you are accurate and methodical in conducting your business in such things as collections, extending credits, taking frequent and detailed inventories, figuring costs, live advertising, your banker is going to be very willing to let you have money. If he knows you as a man of good personal character and good business record; if he knows the amount of

capital you have invested and the nature of your quick assets, such as bills and accounts receivable—when your banker sees you come borrowing, it will be with exceeding joy. He will give you the glad hand, he has an itching palm same as you. You are coming to make profit out of him. And he is going to take toll out of you. Hence his gladness.

You wouldn't go borrowing if you didn't believe you could pay his little six per cent. and still make money. And he would meet you with a calm and immovable dignity if he didn't believe you could come across with the five hundred, say, *and* the interest. And the *interest*.

But how is he going to find out the things he wants to know about you before loaning you the money you want? You would rather give him this information than to have your competitor do it, wouldn't you?

Some men boast that they never borrowed a dollar from a bank in their lives. That's nothing to brag about. Why—we know a general store merchant up in a little town in Ontario, who not only never went into a bank for money, but who sends his surplus cash every week to a *savings bank* in a nearby small city. That's going some. Of course this man could borrow money any time he wanted to. There's his blooming savings account working for him day and night, week-in and week-out, month by month and year by year; bringing him in the magnificent gain of three per cent. per annum—when he ought to be getting sixteen per cent. out of his money. But his money's safe—safe as the bank. Also his money is no good to him.

Of course a merchant ought to carry a good deposit (in a commercial bank); the amount of his deposit ought to be a good indication as to his ability as a merchant. But the wise merchant will deal with one bank, build up a credit there, have no more money on deposit than necessary to carry his ordinary business, and borrow nowhere else. But he will borrow there.

This building up of a credit ought not to be put off until the man finds it absolutely necessary to raise the wind. But having picked out the right man in the right bank, and having gained this banker's confidence by the showing he has been able to make as to good method in conducting his business, let him confidently go to his banker-friend and tell him he wants some money. Supposing it's you, with an almighty good grasp of the details of your business, and the ability to present the case in a perfectly orderly and intelligible and convincing way, you will get your money all right.

Moreover—by the very fact of your making this borrow, you have been enabled to show your banker a business system which he can heartily approve. And he is able to say to his directors, when reviewing the loan, that you are a mighty fine business man. Good advertising for you. This bank credit is worth more to you than money.

To illustrate: Suppose you are carrying a stock of \$6,000; with \$3,000 on your books in accounts receivable; with no demands but the ordinary day-by-day liabilities; and you want to borrow \$800 at ninety days for a cash buy. If you have a system of credits that enables you to show the cashier or president that you have so graduated these book accounts as absolutely to know that your collection system will take care of the \$800 at the end of ninety days, you've done a fine stroke of business for yourself—beside getting the \$800 you wanted to make that "good buy" with.

The doctor and the lawyer and the lumber man and the farmer and the retired capitalist and your big competitor who make up the directors'

board of the bank get to know you as a safe and going business man. This will be a tremendous asset out in the community for you—not tangible, but real; mighty real and golden. And remember—all the time—all the time—that your banker is the one who makes your commercial rating. So this borrow of yours turns out to be an asset, also, from your wholesalers' and jobbers' angle of vision.

No—we are not advising, Merchant Friend, a riot of reckless borrowing. Beside your banker will see to it that you don't do that. Even if he would let you get into the bank's funds when you had no business there, that thing would put you down and out—that sort of program, we mean—in double-quick time. And after all, the best way to keep a good bank credit, and so a commercial rating, is to build it up patiently and cleanly on a rock-foundation. And then not ask for credit. Let your banker-friend make his money out of somebody else. Or let him get you elected to the directorship of the bank that, haply, you assist in the plucking of interest-feathers out of the other fellow. Then you can do both—borrow and lend. In any event, you want to keep your business in such shape that your loans will be of short duration, without renewal, so that interest charges do not eat into the profits of your business.

Here is the point! Put yourself into such relationship with your banker that he may gladly help you out when you need help. Get next. Your bank credit should be built up and used as a resource for temporary demands and opportunities.

Make friends of your banker. He may be to you like a rock in a weary land, like a shelter in a time of storm. And folks do not build cyclone-cellars when the sky is black with threatening—they don't have time; nor do they build them when in the clutch of the gale. Prudently they go at it when the sun is shining and there's not a cloud in the sky. Wherefore, do it to-day. Begin to cultivate your banker. Make him your friend—and cyclone-cellar. He won't mind.



AT THE SIDE OF THE GRAVE SAT OLD BULL HEAD'S WIDOW AND HIS ANCIENT SISTER,  
MOURNING THE PASSING OF THEIR CHIEF

# Honor Be To Mudjekeewis

By Norman S. Rankin

*Author of "The Tropical Tramp," "The Pioneer,"  
"The Boss of The Bar U," Etc.*

Illustrated from photographs by W. J. Oliver

*Lo! how all things fade and perish!  
From the memory of the old men  
Pass away the great traditions,  
The achievements of the warriors,  
The adventures of the hunters,  
All the wisdom of the Medas,  
All the craft of the Wabenos,  
All the marvellous dreams and visions  
Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets.  
Great men die and are forgotten,  
Wise men speak; their words of wisdom  
Perish in the ears that hear them,  
Do not reach the generations  
That, as yet unborn, are waiting  
In the great, mysterious darkness  
Of the speechless days that shall be.*

*Hiawatha.*

UPON a little mound in close proximity to a tiny, deserted shack, with rough boards nailed across its curtainless windows and its door tightly sealed, a tangled tatter of black rags fluttered mourn-

fully in the evening breeze. An Indian death symbol, it wailed a grim paean of sorrow, and cried a silent message of courage to the spirit of a departed brave, hurrying timidly on its lone journey into the realms of Great Gushkewan beyond.

The spirit of Bull Head, the last great chief of the Sarcee Tribe, had flickered from his worn-out body the night before, and gathered to the arms of grim Pauguk, set forth on its long pilgrimage towards the happy hunting ground. Wrapped in a handsome blue uniform, adorned with brightly shining brass buttons, and followed to its last resting place by wailing women, big-eyed, wondering children and stoical braves, his withered corpse was solemnly laid to rest in the Indian Reserve, on

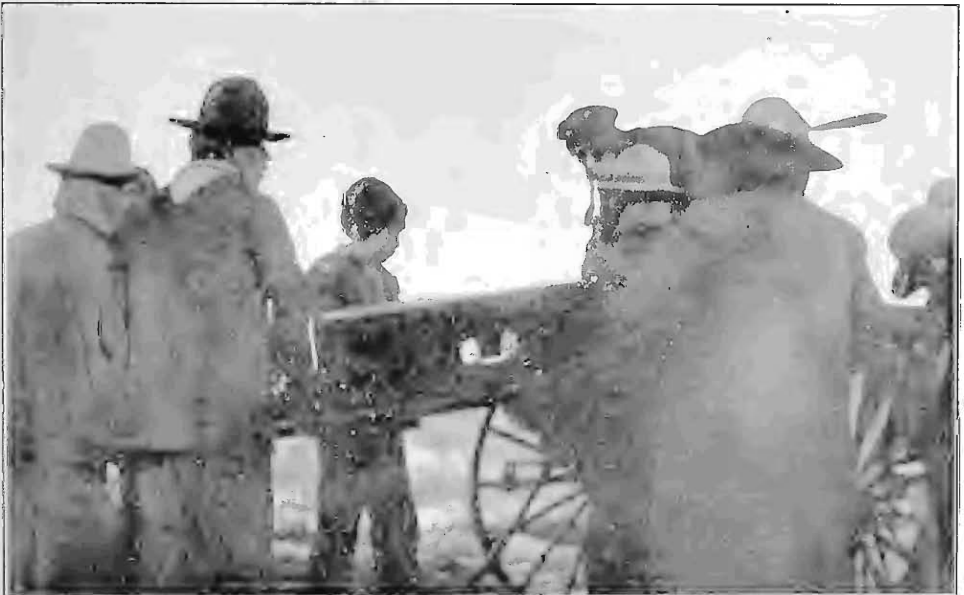
the outskirts of the city of Calgary. His aged face, leathery and sunken, furrowed with countless wrinkles, was thickly streaked with red and yellow ochre in evidence of his courage and reputation during a warrior's life of fullest adventure, while his raven hair, coarse, matted, unbrushed and uncared for, fell heavily across his sunken shoulders. And in crowning glory, over the clumsy wooden sarcophagus, with the red, white and blue of the Union Jack standing forth clearly in acute contrast with the dull surroundings, was gracefully draped the Canadian Ensign.

The burial was a desolate affair. The day was sunless, lowering and cold, with a chill wind sweeping the Reserve. On an old rickety wagon drawn by two bedraggled cayuses, the body was slowly conveyed through the village, across Fish Creek—bridgeless and icy—to the foot of the hills, where it was lifted to the shoulders of the braves, and borne up the steep trail. The way was narrow and slippery with melting snow and ice and round stones, and frequent halts were necessary in order to rest the bearers. Narrower and narrower grew the trail, with the

Indians eagerly grasping the bushes on either side, to steady and assist them. Not a word was spoken—not one single sign or outward evidence of grief or sorrow or emotion. All smoked; occasionally one grunted.

After strenuous efforts, the cortege reached a little level stretch overlooking the dead chieftain's former domain, where the casket was placed on the ground. Here women and children of the Reserve were gathered to pay a last tribute to the once powerful leader. They drew near, weeping. Preparations were then made to dig the grave, in accordance with tribal custom. The coffin was measured off with one of the ropes which had been used to carry it up the trail, and the size of the grave outlined with a shovel point, after which some of the Indians fell to work with pick and spade. The ground was hard and frosty, and by the time darkness fell, sufficient excavation had not been made to receive entirely the casket; it was, however, placed in the existing hollow, carefully covered over with branches, and boards and earth, until the morning, when the braves would return to finish the work.

During the digging of the grave,



THE "STORE COFFIN" CONTAINING THE LAST REMAINS OF THE SARCEZ CHIEF WAS CARRIED TO ITS RESTING PLACE ON A CRAZY CART

Bull Head's squaw crouched by the body of her departed master, moaning in anguish. A decrepit old figure, weakened by infirmities and a century of years, she appeared a veritable witch of by-gone days. Opposite, and apparently bowed down with a grief as bitter, Bull Head's ancient sister took up her position. Both evidently drew consolation from their pipes, which they smoked incessantly. A Blackfoot, the old squaw spoke a different dialect from the Sarcees, and many of them seemed to find difficulty in understanding her. According to the Indian Officials, this faithful old squaw's affectionate care and consideration kept the now defunct chief on his feet for a number of years past, and her reward now is poverty and desolation.

For thirty-four years Chief Bull Head ruled the Sarcee Indians with sagacity and intelligence. Filled with the cunning and lore of the red man, he upheld the dignity of the tribe on all occasions, representing them with honor and profit in all their tribal treaties and agreements with the pale-face government. And now that his spirit had flown to Gitche Manito, both Indian and government united to do him honor—the former, by attendance and assistance at his interment; the latter, by an absolute lack of interference with the semi-pagan burial. For the old chief was a pagan, though many of his subjects had become Christianized, and his funeral rights were pagan with the exception that the body was placed under the ground in place of above it or on poles as is the ancient custom. In the Blackfoot Reserve they still bury the Indians above ground.

As first man of his tribe, Bull Head had wanted for nothing. His position brought him attention and respect, and many material advantages and benefits not possessed by the ordinary tribal braves. For refusing to ally himself with the Louis Riel Rebellion, years before, he had won the warm friendship of the Canadian Government and the much coveted blue officer's uniform, with shining metal buttons—the envy of all—in which he had been laid to rest.

Now that he was no more, his faithful squaw would suffer in body as well as in spirit. From an exalted station as first lady of the land (reserve) she descends to the rank of a poverty-stricken old woman, almost friendless and alone. The spoils, comforts and homage which she shared with her departed chief, have passed on to her successor. No—not quite friendless, either—for the Government through its Indian officers will see that she does not want for the necessities of life. But who, after tasting the cake and wine of life, would be satisfied with bread and water? Not I, or you, and not—you may be assured—this poor old squaw.

"Great Manito," said the interpreter, when I asked him about it, "she has had her day. Let her go." And so she went. Immediately after the burial of Bull Head, binding her beaded moccasins tightly on her weary feet, and wrapping her colored blanket about her withered shoulders, she set out to return to the home of her fathers, the Blackfeet, whose reserve lies some fifty miles to the eastward along the Bow River.

On a tanned steer hide in possession of the Reserve, and covered over with hieroglyphics and mystic characters, painted roughly with the aid of bright juices squeezed from wild plants, the history of the Sarcee Tribe is clearly set forth. The lives of half a dozen chiefs are interestingly told, particularly that of Chief Bull Head. It is daring, thrilling and venturesome in the extreme.

Although Bull Head is now in the arms of grim Pauguk, the Indians still fear him. None will go near his shack after dusk, as they believe that his *jeebi* (spirit) haunts the locality. Only his dog remained faithful to the spot, until hunger drove it afield.

One of Bull Head's last commands was that the Reserve was not to be sold. Once during his lifetime, he was approached regarding its sale, and, typical of the crafty Indian, replied through his interpreter that "he would consider the matter and reply in the morning." All night long, the braves under his command were busily engaged





WHO SAYS THIS IS A MODERN AGE? THE OFFER OF A QUARTER PRODUCED A BOW-AND-ARROW SHOOTING MATCH THAT MIGHT HAVE PIQUED ROBIN HOOD HIMSELF. THE DARK LITTLE HIAWATHAS SENT ARROW AFTER ARROW QUIVERING INTO THE CENTRE OF THEIR MARK



CHIEF BIG BELLY OF THE SARCEE TRIBE IS A WARRIOR OF RENOWN, AND WHEN HE IS AT HOME HE MAKES AN IMPRESSIVE PICTURE. THE DECORATIONS OF HIS TENT REPRESENT AN IMPORTANT DREAM HE HAD ONE NIGHT



THE OLD AND THE NEW MEEF STRANGELY HERE. ON THE SARCEE RESERVE, LIFE IN ALL ITS ESSENTIALS IS AS IT WAS TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO YET ONLY A FEW MILES AWAY LIES CALGARY AND A CIVILIZATION THAT HAS FAILED TO CHANGE THE RED MAN ONE IOTA

gathering stones and placing them in a great heap, and when morning broke a pile five feet high stood before his tepee door. When the land agent returned, the chief, pointing to the pile of stones, said; "Great and mighty is the race of palefaces, strong of arm, swift of foot, and cunning of brain; brothers we are to them, and love them dearly as such, but this land is our birthright, and it we love too. Hear now our decision. When there comes a paleface who can, in an armful, lift yonder pile of stones and place it even so much as one spear's length to the eastward or westward, the Sarcee will sell his birthright. Hough! We have spoken."

Bull Head's record, interpreted from the official cowhide archive, tells of early bloody battles with the hostile Crees, the most disastrous of which occurred at Vermillion Creek, Battle River, in 1866. Over fifty Sarcees ambushed by the enemy were caught and scalped. The hieroglyphics show a Cree who has been shot by Bull Head, lying wounded on the ground. Bull Head's faithful squaw, ever vigilant, crawls cautiously out and drags him in

for her lord and master's pleasure—to scalp.

A daring deed is outlined in another place, where in a later battle with the Crees, the chief deftly pulled a flying warrior off his horse, pinioned his arms, and quickly scalped him. Again, he is recorded as saving the life of his squaw when, in disastrous retreat from the vengeful enemy, she fell from a stumbling cayuse. The chief drew up his own mount, lifted her in his arms to his own horse, and together they escaped.

Four braves scalped and killed; two spears, five bows, two warclubs and five tomahawks captured—truly no mean record, one worthy of tale and song.

Although Bull Head's brother, Big Plume, yet lives, the mantle of power did not fall on his broad shoulders, but on that of "Big Belly", a warrior of influence and predominance amongst the Sarcees. We found him outside his tent one Sunday morning, sunning himself, and opened negotiations with the aid of a cigar and some coins. He—though not speaking English—was able to understand this universal tongue, and a farther transfer secured



THE WHITE MAN'S CALICO AND BOOTS MAY BE UTILIZED BY THE SARCEE SQUAW FOR ADORNMENT AND PROTECTION, BUT AT HEART SHE IS A BLANKET WOMAN STILL. NOTICE THE ORNAMENTAL BRASS STUDDED BELT OF THE LITTLE GIRL

the various photographs here produced. His tepee, brightly painted in red with many gophers and gopher holes, represents an important dream he had one eventful night.

"But, Chief", I pointed out to him through his interpreter, "you have twice the number of holes that you have gophers. How's that?"

"One to go in by, and one to come out by," he replied triumphantly.

I wondered if he had ever heard the story of the cat and the kitten, and the old maid who cut a big hole for the cat to use and a little one for the kitten, and how terribly disappointed she was when she found that the kitten wouldn't stick to the little hole at all, but kept going in by the big one behind the cat. However, I thought no good purpose could be gained by telling him of this, and so nodded wisely and passed him my tobacco pouch. It must be borne in mind that only chiefs and medicine men are allowed to decorate their tepees with records of their greatness.

Speaking of the painted steer hide—this unique record of the Sarcee chiefs made only two years ago, the "*Calgary Albertan*" says:

"The fact that all these heroes, except Bull Head, are still living within twelve miles of Calgary, seems incredible. That these exploits have occurred within this district and within one's lifetime is scarcely conceivable. This record, made no more than two years ago, within a distance of twelve miles of a city of 50,000 inhabitants, and on a reserve connected by telephone with the city, is truly remarkable, and that such events have been contemporary with the building of public schools in the district, seems unbelievable.

"While the children of new settlers have been poring over tales of the bloodthirsty Iroquois, Algonquins and Hurons, and the wonderful adventures of Jacques Cartier and the early Christian monks and priests west of Niagara—adventures which seemed a part of a dim and distant past, there are living almost within a stone's throw of the school house doors, mighty warriors who have led into battle bands of copper-colored savages as valorous, as brave, as bloodthirsty as the most terrible braves who held sway before the company of One Hundred Associates."



# "Paw, Lemme Go Campin'?"



By Arthur G. Penny

Illustrated from Photographs

IT'S as inevitable a question as Hamlet's immortal query about "to be or not to be," or that other inquiry concerning the age of Ann. Generally it comes along in early April when the first strawberry leaves are pushing up downy pink fingers and the wild geese move north, honking coaxingly.

"Paw, kin I go campin'?"

"No," says Paw, glancing over the top of his newspaper, if he be old enough to have forgotten his camping days, and after that it is up to Maw's ingenuity to burrow beneath the wall that direct battery has failed to break. But if he be wise, he vouchsafes a judicial smile and remarks oracularly, "We'll see."

After that, Jim repeats the question whenever the sky is clear, and it grows increasingly harder for Maw to get him to help with the ashes and the garden.

"No, I ain't goin' to be home to supper," he says after lunch. "Goin' to pitch for the Antelopes to-night - say, maw, where's m' glove? I left it right here on the piano last week. Lyle Dusebury's is ripped. . . . Say, Lyle is goin' campin' up on the Lonesome river this summer. Some

fishin' up there, believe *me*. Lyle's got it pretty soft. . . . Aw, no, I ain't got time to do any spadin'—you jus' work me to death, anyway."

And he goes out, whistling, to return after dark and ravage the pantry with the healthy appetite of youth sharpened by three hours' vigorous exercise in the pitcher's box. Work? You couldn't get any out of him with a monkey-wrench. But he will play himself out to the last ounce cheerfully.

The problem is to get a variety of work that is play; that will while interesting him, build out his chest, square up his rather uncertain shoulders, fill in his upper ribs and stand him up straight on his legs like a man. And Paw and Maw, going into committee of the whole, after the supper dishes are washed up, decide that the answer is camping.

Or perhaps the problem varies a little. Perhaps the family is going to Europe and are not sure that the exciting hurry of hotel life and the indigestible edibles of hotel menus are the best things for growing lads. Perhaps the particular Jim in the case has been sickly during the winter, or has been backward in his studies and

requires some extra work to keep him up to his class mates, or he lacks decision and needs to get out from under the parental wing and shift for himself a bit, with a watchful eye to see that he does not go astray.

In these circumstances, there is nothing better for a boy than a vacation camp, and in the lake region of Ontario there are many that offer a good time and wholesome exercise. In them, the boys live under canvas, and get away from civilization. Which the average boy, being a young savage by nature, enjoys above everything. Discipline is maintained by competent instructors who act as counselors and companions in recreation hours, but will give as much or as little schooling as individual cases call for. Caesar develops a novel charm when translated among the pines; and geometry as illustrated by a little practical survey work becomes interesting as the boy discovers its worth in actual accomplishment. The farther removed from civilization the camp is, the more engrossing becomes the problem of food, shelter and warmth and the more valuable the wood-craft training which is a special feature of this "school of the woods."

There is no country that is more interesting as a playground for the camper than Canada, offering as it does such a magnificent wilderness of land and water, forest, mountain and river, lake and stream. Gamy fish and numerous species of waterfowl and larger animal life abound. Deer, moose, caribou, an occasional bear grubbing in an old log may be glimpsed by the excited city lad. Mink, beaver, otter, haunt the streams and may be seen by the shrewd watcher. At night a lonely wolf may uplift his howl among the maples, or an old dog-fox bark across a valley to his mate that he is returning with a kill. Cutting across a wooded point the boy may whirr up an indignant mother partridge and, if he is quick of eye, may discover her groundling nest or her brood of little deadleaf chicks that are marvellous in their ability to hide beneath a chip, or a bit of moss, or directly on the open ground from which he cannot dis-

tinguish them, so still they lie. To the town boy, the woods life is a revelation.

Among the principal districts of the Dominion that appeal to the lover of out-of doors, Ontario occupies a prominent position, and several popular localities in this province are becoming better known each year. Such is the territory known as the "Highlands of Ontario"; those most suitable for



THE SUNDOWN FLEET SETS OUT FROM CAMP TEMAGAMI FOR AN AFTER-SUPPER PADDLE

camping and canoeing, however, being the Temagami Forest Reserve, the Algonquin National Park of Ontario, the Lake of Bays region, Lakes Couchiching and Muskoka, all of which are reached approximately by the Grand Trunk railway, on which hundreds of camper's outfits are carried every year to the point where steamer, canoe or trail becomes the highway of the wilderness and the young discoverers make the acquaintance of tump-line and paddle and learn the exact weight of a duffle-pack.

The oldest, and one of the most famous camps of the continent, is Keewaydin, an American camp situated on Devil's Island in Lake Temagami in the heart of the Temagami Forest Reserve. To this camp come every year a large number of American boys, chiefly drawn from the preparatory schools and hailing from a dozen large cities as well as from smaller centres as far west as Minnesota and as far south

as Florida. The camp is under the management of Mr. A. S. Gregg Clarke, assisted by a corps of instructors from eastern preparatory schools who have had long experience in the care and training of boys and who are veteran campers. Indian guides are attached to the camp who help to teach the young campers how to handle a fly-rod, paddl a canoe silently, build a cooking-fire, pitch a tent, and the thousand and one tricks of the experienced woodsman.

Temagami Wigwam is the camp for the older boys, Manitou Wigwam for the younger, and the Keewaydin Club accommodates grown-up relatives and friends. The boys divide their time between residence at the permanent camp where canoeing, fishing, and short excursions offer amusement; and long exploring trips into the wilderness. At the permanent camp there are five buildings; including the club house, sixty-seven paddling and sailing canoes,



TO LOOK AT THE CAMP YOU WOULD SAY IT WAS IN THE HEART OF AN UNTRAVELLED WILDERNESS, YET IT IS ONLY TWO MILES FROM ALL THE LEMMINGS YOU WANT



SOME OF THE TENTS AT AN ONTARIO CAMP, WHICH IS UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF THE TORONTO CENTRAL YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION. ANY BOY OVER THIRTEEN AND OF GOOD CHARACTER IS ELIGIBLE

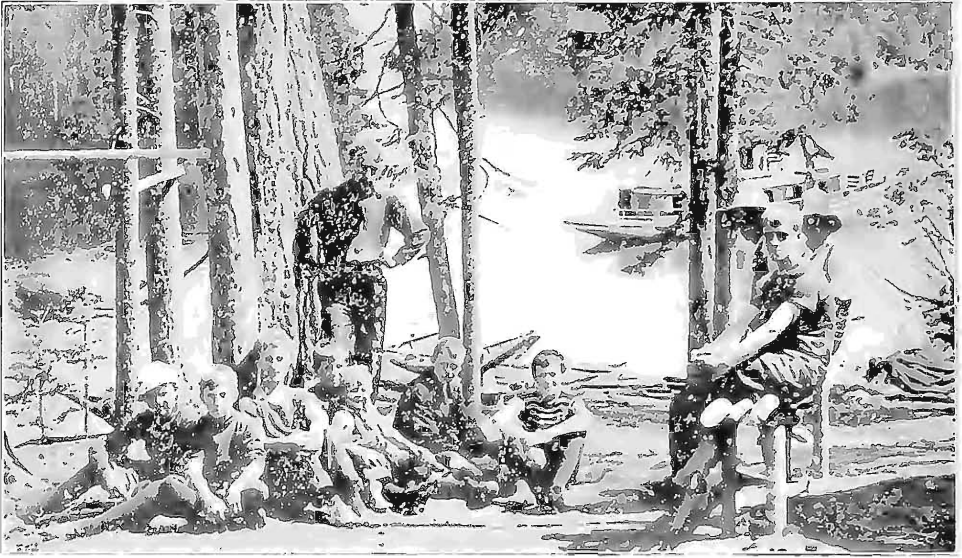
sail-boats, tennis courts, a baseball diamond, cricket-grounds, a basketball field, and facilities for a dozen other out-of-door sports, including a diving tower, swimming rafts, and a water chute. A few of the boys have studying to do in camp in preparation for school or college examinations.

With all these interests, a boy's time is filled indeed. For a whole summer he learns how to swim, canoe, fish, camp, cook over a wood fire, travel without getting lost, how to eat, sleep and take care of himself in the woods, and a thousand secrets of woodlore. He eats twice as much as a full-grown man. The sun tans him almost to the color of the Indian guides. He skins the tent at night and grows indifferent to weather conditions. And he learns self-reliance, obedience and foresight.

Another well-known camp is the University School camp, an outgrowth of the school of that name in St. Louis,

Missouri. This vacation camp is established on Garden Island, near the centre of picturesque Temagami, and 450 miles north of Toronto. School work is somewhat more prominent here than at Keewaydin, the University School having the right of certification to many of the leading colleges and work accomplished in the summer school being credited. There are two departments, Junior and Senior, as at Keewaydin, boys between ten and fourteen being Juniors. The camp equipment includes rowboats, canoes and a gasoline launch. Under a physical director, boys are trained in all water sports. Tennis, ball-games, canoeing, swimming, exploring and fishing for bass, small pike, dory and lake trout are the chief recreations. The camp is under canvas, except for the headmaster's cottage. Sanitation, proper feeding, and hygiene are especially cared for.

Camp Temagami, on the south arm



AT THE LANDING OF A CAMP IN THE HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO. A GOOD-SIZED LAUNCH IS THE PRIDE OF THIS CAMP, AND OFTEN TAKES A PARTY OF LADS ON LONG EXCURSIONS

of the Lake, was established in 1899 as a place where parents might entrust their boys to the care of responsible men, feeling assured of their safe return after a wholesome vacation. It is affiliated with the Royal Life Saving Society, and a special feature is made of swimming in all its branches, including the safest and best methods of towing a drowning person to land, assisting a tired swimmer, the proper method of behavior when seized with cramps, how to assist another person thus attacked, how to undress in the water, and other feats. No boy who has spent a season in Camp Temagami has ever returned unable to swim. Competent boys are given the different awards of the R. L. S. S., and the swimming and life-saving are taught by the Honorary Instructor in Chief of the Society for Ontario. The camp is divided into senior and junior sections, with a location set apart for old boys and other adult friends who prefer the hospitality of the camp to the more conventional hotel life.

Camp Waubeno is located in Algonquin Park on a rocky, well-wooded island of Cache Lake. The lakes and rivers of the district, while numerous, are generally small and easily navigated. The portages are short, and over good

trails. Camp Otter stands on a promontory of Otter Lake, 1,200 feet in altitude, and while apparently in a wilderness is really only two miles from Dorset on the Lake of Bays, and civilization. Camp Couchiching, conducted by the Boys' Club of the Central Young Men's Christian Association of Toronto is the largest and best equipped of the Canadian camps. Fifty-five acres of ground on the banks of Lake Couchiching form the camp grounds, and the fleet attached to the camp is of impressive variety, being composed of a large motorboat, a scow, a large sailing vessel, two war canoes and many row-boats, racing shells, canoes and rafts. A hundred and fifty boys can be accommodated, and the camp is open to any boy of good character and over thirteen years of age. The Toronto University and Young Men's Christian Association furnish most of the directors. Another camp that is popular is Camp Mac, three and a half miles from Penetanguishene and Midland on the west shore of Georgian Bay; and there are many others scattered through the pine woods of Ontario where thousands of lads spend wholesome and pleasant vacations.

After a season in camp, Tom or Jim or Dick comes home in September,



about a week before school begins, brown as an Indian, husky, showing his biceps to his younger brothers, and with paddle callouses on the outside of his wrists and at the bases of his fingers. Eat? He will eat everything that isn't nailed down. Work? He says he can't keep in condition without it. The half-ajar rabbit mouth is gone, and his lips close together in a determined line. There are far-sighted wrinkles about the corners of his eyes, and he carries himself as straight as an arrow. The porch after supper is thronged with the other fellows who weren't lucky enough to go, and mother (she is no longer "Maw" in her young hopeful's vocabulary) hears tag-ends of conversation with strange woods terms in them—what in the world is a "wau-

gan-stick?"—and strange names of Cree or Ojibway guides.

There is a springy step at the door, and the last low light of sunset outlines the square shoulders of her boy in silhouette, outlines the erect head with its thatch of hard-brushed but rebellious hair and the straight, flexible waist.

"Going out, Mother," he says easily. "Won't be lonesome, will you? Dad's here now."

"No, son," she says with quick cheeriness. "Have your fun." She does not ask where he is going or when he will return, as she would have done last spring. But as he disappears in the dusk, she listens to his retreating step with a very little, carefully smothered sigh. Her boy is no longer a boy.

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## THE NORTHLAND

BY IRENE POMEROY SHIELDS

OH! land of the still and silent,  
 Oh! land of the Manitou,  
 Grant me share of thy solitude,  
     While the sands of Time run slow;  
 For I am worn with stress of life,  
     Its clamor and striving's vain,  
 Ambition's rankling crown of thorns,  
     And error's cross of pain.

Give me the balm of thy fir trees,  
     Odors of cedar and pine,  
 A couch of resinous balsam,  
     And air like a rare old wine,—  
 And so shall my soul find healing.  
     While the harper wind sings low,  
 Who shares in the peace of nature,  
     Wins foretaste of heaven below.

# In The "Twilight League"



THE OPENING GAME OF THE 1912 SERIES. JULIE STREIB AT BAT FOR CALGARY, MORROW CATCHING FOR BASSANO AND UMPIRE SULLIVAN ON GUARD

By Currie Love

Illustrated from Photographs

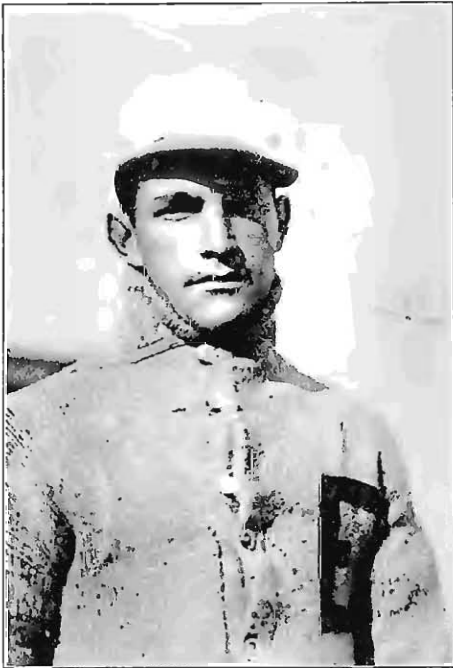
"PEANUTS, cigars and chewing gum! Fresh ham sandwiches and icecream cones! Nice, fresh, roasted peanuts, five cents a bag." The small purveyor of these succulent delicacies came at an uplifted finger and as he pocketed his dime, chortled delightedly, "Gee, that's two dollars I've made to-day. Say, this Twilight League is great for me. All these guys come up here from the office for these 6:15 games, and they ain't had a thing to eat but a sandwich and a piece of pie since breakfast, and they're strong for these ham sandwiches and cones. Hot stuff, ain't it?" And he dashed away to supply the hungry inner man of another enthusiastic fan.

The Western Canada Baseball League is its real name, but the fans call it the "Twilight" because nearly all the games are played after six o'clock at night. That's partly because in Western Canada, they're all too busy making money to take the afternoon off for a ball game, but mostly because the long bright evenings make it possible to see the ball up to nine o'clock at night, or even later.

It isn't a very old league, because Western Canada isn't a very old country. The first ball played there was in what was known as the Northern League, which was international, with Winnipeg and Brandon as the only Canadian teams against Fargo and Duluth as their American opponents.

In 1907, John Lamb, an enthusiastic Winnipeg fan who had been acting as secretary to the Northern League, got together several devotees of the game, who decided that Western Canada could support a league of its own. They thought the cities of Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Calgary, Edmonton and Lethbridge could afford to be in this league, and it was decided to send Lamb over the course to meet the

towns took it up vigorously, and the attendance was splendid. Still there was some internal dissension. Medicine Hat, under the management of "Bill" Hamilton, won the pennant. But Medicine Hat's gate receipts hadn't quite justified the expenditure on the team. Regina had had trouble with the management and the backers were somewhat discouraged. Fleming, the President of the League, resigned, and at the annual meeting



FORD OF EDMONTON. ONE OF THE FIVE GOOD PITCHERS IN THE LEAGUE, AND "JOHNNIE" MACKEM. MANAGER OF THE EDMONTON TEAM

principal baseball men in each city. He spent three weeks at this task, and finally a meeting was called in Regina at which delegates from every city were present. It was decided to organize under the name of the Western Canada League, playing a team from each of the eight cities represented. J. H. Fleming, of Medicine Hat, was elected president, and John Lamb, secretary-treasurer.

That first season of 1908-09 was the best in the history of the League. All

held in Lethbridge, C. J. Eckstrom, of Lethbridge, was appointed President.

Saskatoon was given Medicine Hat's franchise, and the league again consisted of eight teams. That year, Calgary, under the management of "Bill" Carney, won the pennant, and that year saw the best games in the history of the league. Carney, who was known as "The Crab," because of his inveterate scrapping, was not particularly popular, but he knew his

game. He was a veteran player, who had been in several of the big American leagues, and who had come to Calgary from Seattle. The National Commission, at the end of the season, raised the league from class D to class C, which gave it a little better position in the minor leagues.

The season of 1910-11 started out with Eckstrom still president, and the same eight teams playing. Near the end of the season, Regina dropped out,

all eastern teams and to make it a four-team league, of Alberta cities only.

Lethbridge and Medicine Hat refused to join. Bassano, the ambitious, site of the five million dollar dam being built by the Canadian Pacific Railway to irrigate the eastern section of their Irrigation Block, who advertise their town as "best in the West by a dam site," and who have, perhaps, the sportiest little city in the West, took a



"FERDY" MANNING, ONE OF RED DEER'S BEST MEN IN THE BOX, AND "BILL" HURLEY  
MANAGER AND FIRST BASEMAN OF THE TEAM

and three weeks before the season closed, Winnipeg and Brandon retired. Moose Jaw, under the management of "Bill" Hurley, won the pennant.

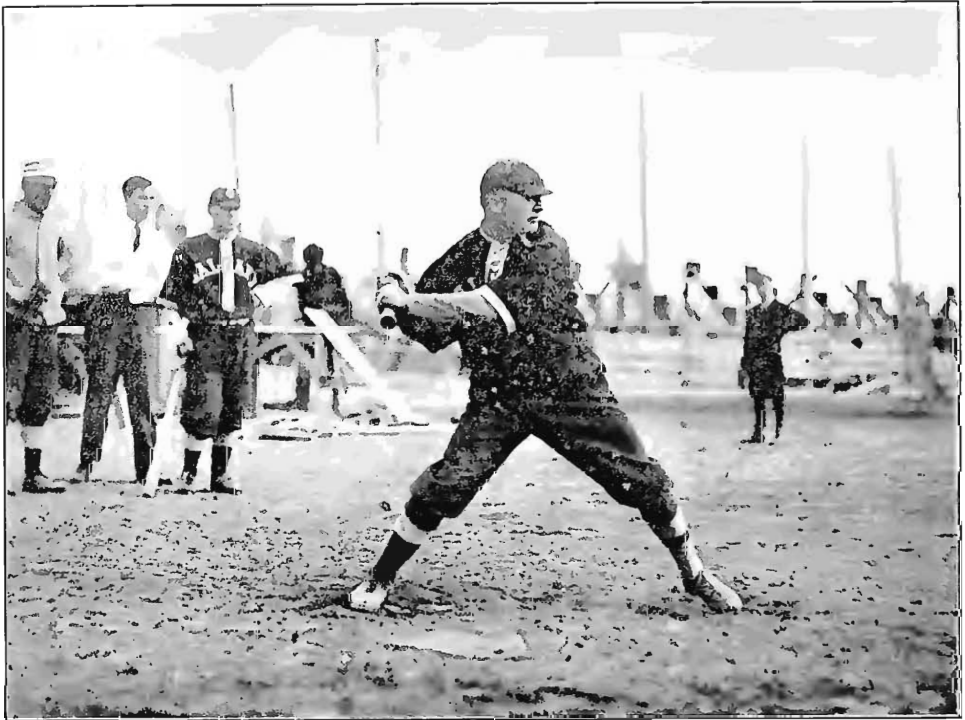
In March, 1912, the annual meeting was held in Calgary. President Eckstrom resigned, and Fred Johnson, of Calgary, was elected president. Mr. Johnson held office only a few weeks, when he resigned on account of his health, and John Dewar, of Edmonton, was elected president. At this annual meeting, it was decided to drop

franchise. Red Deer wanted to come in but couldn't quite see its financial way clear. Calgary, Edmonton and Bassano combined to help Red Deer, and to get the team nicely started. The league consisted of Calgary, Edmonton, Bassano and Red Deer. Now, Red Deer is at the top of the league and gives fair indications of being the pennant-winner under the management of that same "Bill" Hurley who led Moose Jaw to victory last season.

For some reason, the "Twilight League" seems to hold its men fairly well. "Larry" Piper, this year with Calgary, and "Chesty" Cox, managing Bassano, were playing with Winnipeg in the opening season. "Pete" Standridge, young, slim and graceful, who is called the "matinee idol" of the league, has been pitching for Calgary for three seasons. "Bill" Carney, who went to the "Three I" league after his successful season with Calgary, applied this

its salary list. The average salary for pitchers is \$150 per month and for other players, \$125 per month. Moreover, the engagement is comparatively short, as the western Canadian season lasts only four months and the average season for one of the United States leagues lasts six months.

Nevertheless, that western Canada does attract good players is shown by the fact that several of the Twilight leaguers have been bought by big



"PAT" DAVIDSON, CATCHER FOR CALGARY, ON THE JOB WITH THE SECOND-GROWTH ASH

year for the management of the Winnipeg team, but was not successful in getting it. "Red" Flannigan has been playing with Calgary for three seasons, and "Ferdy" Manning, now pitching excellent ball for Red Deer, is also in his third season with the league.

It must be the lure of the West, for the league does not offer any special financial inducements. No team is allowed to exceed \$1800 per month in

American teams. "Wally" Smith, one of the best third basemen Calgary ever had, was bought by St. Louis; "Del" Paddock is playing for Salt Lake City; "Babe" Clynes, left fielder for Calgary, is now one of the best men on the Seattle team; Collins, one of the Winnipeg pitchers, was considered good enough to be tried out by the White Sox; Wilson, playing with Calgary last season, was sold to Phila-

delphia; Fournier, who has become famous in the big leagues as a first baseman, and who is now playing with Chicago, was sold to them by Moose Jaw; Dell, one of Edmonton's pitchers, was sold to the Big League; and Moran, centre field for Calgary last year, is now playing with Seattle.

This year's quality of ball is not quite up to the standard, but there are at least three men in the "Twilight" who give evidences of big league

the "batting eye," and when he does, look out for Wells. They can't stop him. Persons, a Bassano fielder, is another likely candidate for the big league. He is a heavy hitter, an excellent fielder, and never loses his head. Reddick, the Bassano short stop, may also be picked up by one of the big teams. He has a sure, clean throw that never misses, and is distinguished for practically errorless fielding.



REDDICK IS SHORT STOP FOR BASSANO, AND HIS REMARKABLE FIELDING MAY LAND HIM IN THE BIG LEAGUE SOME DAY

qualities. The most interesting of these is "Kid" Wells, second baseman for Calgary, who played Rugby in Tacoma, and who is putting in his first year in professional baseball. Wells is chain lightning on running bases, and has so much "ginger" that he covers more ground than any other two fielders in the league. He is just a fair hitter, but with another year's experience there is no doubt he will get

There are five good pitchers in the league; Ford, of Edmonton; Manning and Dickenson, of Red Deer; Hayes, of Bassano; and Standridge, of Calgary. These have the best control, are all right-handed, speedy, and use all the curves known to the baseball world. They keep up the league standard.

All the managers are playing, none of them being what is called a "bench" manager. Julie Streib, manager for



JULIE STREIB (IN UNIFORM) AND SAM SAVAGE, MANAGER AND OWNER OF THE CALGARY TEAM, DISCUSSING BASEBALL TACTICS

Calgary, plays first base, and does excellent work; "Chesty" Cox, manager for Bassano, is in right field; "Bill" Hurley, manager for Red Deer, holds down the sack at first base, and "Johnnie" Mackem, manager for Edmonton, stops them at second.

"What is really the matter with the Twilight league? Why doesn't it make more money? Why isn't it in the major class, instead of the minor?" These are a few of the questions asked by the people who want to know something about western ball playing. There are several answers. One is that traveling in the West is expensive, and the long jumps involved when Winnipeg and Brandon were in the league, ate up the gate receipts, even when they were large. Then the teams have been managed by men who were not sufficiently experienced in business methods to run things satis-

factorily. But the biggest reason of all is that baseball in Western Canada has not been put on a sufficiently business-like basis. The owners of the teams have been men who were interested in the game merely as a diversion, and not as a means of making money. What baseball in Western Canada really needs is a promoter, who has everything to gain or lose, and who will advertise.

When that far-seeing man appears, he will make a fortune. Nobody is more willing to be amused than the Westerner, and nobody is more willing to pay for good, clean sport of the best kind. It must be clean, as was shown at the opening game of the season in Calgary. The grandstand was full and several ladies were compelled to sit in the bleachers. A Calgary player, becoming annoyed at some play, yelled, "Here, what the h—are you doing there?"

Instantly, hissing was heard all over



PEASLEY, THE LEFT-HANDED PITCHER, IS DOING THE SOUTH-PAW STUNT FOR WINNIPEG THIS SEASON

the bleachers, and one indignant fan arose, and called, "Cut that out. Remember you're a Calgary player now, and act the gentleman even if you're not one." There was no further profanity for the rest of the game. And that is a pretty good criterion of the spirit of the game in the west. Not only must the sport be clean, but the language used must be as clean as the game or the fan will know the reason why. He wants his women-folks to share his sports, and therefore the sports must be fit for the women to share.

If the four western provinces could combine under a really good promoter, there is no reason why the Western Canada league should not become a genuine force in baseball. The money is here; all that is needed is the man. At present, Winnipeg is playing in



O'NEIL OF BASSANO HAS A SLOW DELIVERY DISCONCERTING TO THE BATTER



PERSONS, THE HEAVY HITTER FOR BASSANO, WHO IS A LIKELY CANDIDATE FOR THE BIG LEAGUE

what is called the Central International League, the only Canadian city in competition with teams like Grand Forks and Duluth. Vancouver and Victoria play with the North Western League, against Seattle, Spokane, and Tacoma; and the other western Canadian cities, outside of the four Alberta towns playing in the "Twilight," have no baseball at all.

The Western Canada League is at present under a Board of Control, consisting of the franchise owners, who make the constitution and bylaws, draft the schedule, and transact all business of the league. Sam Savage, of Calgary, and Frank Grey, of Edmonton, are the two men who have done the most to keep the league together, and their efforts are much to be commended, but the man who can do most for baseball in Western Canada, is the man who will make it his business, and not his recreation.



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# A Summer Toboggan

TORONTO TO MONTREAL ON  
BLUE WATER

By Cy Warman

*Author of "Weiga of Temagami," "The  
Last Spike," "Stories of the  
Railroad," etc.*



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**T**HE Chinaman's description of a toboggan, "Z-z-zip! Walk a mile!" does not apply here.

You simply glide down the swift St. Lawrence and zip back to Toronto on the International Limited, and there is no walking either way.

It was the morning after the day before—that is, twelve hours after the coronation of King George Fifth. Yesterday in Toronto had been one long scream to the Divinity to save the King, and if he escaped they couldn't blame the "Cradle of the Good." It was a glorious Canadian summer day, and not the least enjoyable of its charms was the restful hush that followed the roar.

While they are loading the baggage, let me tell you about Toronto. They used to say in England that Toronto was the place where you changed cars

for Cobalt, but Toronto has lost this distinction. Now the trainmen north-bound call out, "Buffalo! Change cars for Porcupine," and they run solid through this beautiful city to the gold camp up near the appendix of Hudson Bay. If it happens to be Sunday morning, the newsboys will enter the cars at Buffalo and Niagara Falls and warn the people to buy a morning paper, saying, "No papers sold on Sunday in Canada." The same boys should add that you can't buy a cigar or a cigarette. And, if you should become devilish and order a bottle of pop or ginger ale, you must order a banquet, or biscuit; a dinner or a doughnut, before you can be served. Also, if you read the pasted signs on the pillars and posts at the summer resorts you will learn that, "All provisions ordered must be consumed on

the premises." "If it kills you," they might have added. That is the law.

The regulation of Sunday work is such that a good Christian from Quebec, seeing a funeral passing, crossed himself and was immediately run in for working, on Sunday.

Yes, Toronto is as good as it is beautiful—almost too good to be true.

It was three in the afternoon when we cast off all cables and cares and steamed slowly out of the beautiful bay. We did not head immediately down the Lake for Montreal, as I had expected, but steamed across the blue-green water for Charlotte on the northern selvage of the United States.

By great good fortune I fell in with a writing friend who proved an excellent guide and interpreter. He seemed to know everyone, and everybody seemed to know or, at least, to suspect him. It is much better to be known. I felt that way about the tunes when the country bands were blowing forth their loyalty in a laudable effort to save the King. Those they knew were "not too bad" to use a Canadian expression, but those they merely suspected were excruciating. This good guide, (who spoke English) took me aloft and introduced me to the captain, who made us welcome, as he "steadied," "starboarded" and "larboarded" the good ship "Toronto." I hushed my happy heart to hear him say "hard-a-lee" but he didn't.

The sea was serene with scarcely a ripple or a wave save for the "jiggle of the screw," until the sun went down and we sighted the busy shores of the restless Republic.

A black cloud curtained the west. Just as the sun went down, the wind began to rattle the rigging, the one thing wanted to help the imagination out to sea. The big bronzed captain disappeared for a moment, then showed up on the bridge wearing a sou'-wester. Also, to my view, he wore, in addition an air of anxiety. Forward, rain fell in big drops that splashed upon the deck, and for all I knew it was raining aft, as well.

The dark cloud darkened, thunder crashed, lightning flashed, and when I had recovered from the blinding effect

I peered out and there was my viking captain on the bridge, brave as ever.

Now the ship was rolling gracefully, the wind was wailing about the rigging and crying at the cracks and crevices of the cabin. By this time I was far at sea, but my eyes were for my brave captain.

"Is he not splendid?" I whispered to my guide.

"Yes," he answered, "Grand, picturesque and peculiar."

Now the search light began to pick up the shore and show us the entrance to the river which is the sheltered harbor of Charlotte.

Presently I leaned from an open window.

Naturally the memory of "Wan dark night on Lak' St. Pierre" came to me, and I asked the captain if he could recite "The Wreck of the Julie Plant."

The captain did not answer. The man at the wheel seemed to strangle and choke, his fist in his face. The captain called to him "Steady!" and he immediately got himself and the ship under control. My guide pinched my elbow, suggesting that I go below and join my elder sister, who was chaperoning me on the trip. As we descended, he observed that the pilot house was no place for an impressionable young person, and my sister was cruel enough to agree with the guide.

When we had coaled and watered the ship we steamed out into the Lake, now starlit and calm. The winds were hushed and silenced the erstwhile slap and scuffle of the sea. I said the sea was silent but there was a noticeable underswell in the wake of the storm that set our good ship rolling gently and so at midnight we were rocked to sleep.

Just when the rosy tints of the rising sun were filtering through the shore trees, shortening the shadows that lay out over the liquid deep, we stopped at Kingston. Here is the end of the last link of that great chain of northern inland seas. Here is the beginning of the mighty St. Lawrence, whose waters were to carry us on to Montreal. At Kingston is a Military College where men are schooled to go out into the world and kill other men. At King

ston is a great Federal Prison where men are held in chains for killing men.

But war, the worry and waste of it was all forgotten in quiet contemplation of the peaceful panorama that unrolled as we glided on and on. Here, between the shaded shores that mark the end of the Dominion and the beginning of the big Republic, that regal river, the mighty St. Lawrence, sweeps majestically on to tell her story, her joys and her sorrows to the sea. Very picturesque and imposing she seems as she flows on, a thousand emerald isles bejewelling her breast, her shimmering surface mirroring the backward moving landscape and showing the shore-trees upside down.

As we enter the Land of Isles the shores on either side are studded with the summer homes of Canadian and American millionaires, while castles and cottages cover the large and little isles. And near these summer homes, riding at anchors (it was early morn) were scores of graceful and beautiful craft, tugging at their moorings as if eager to be off to skim the surface of this broad and beautiful stream.

Our next stop was at Alexandra Bay where there is a handsome hotel right at the water's edge, all manner of boat livery, quaint habitant guides and a curio shop.

Now the shores, that at first were

silent, then set with summer homes, show prosperous towns and cities on either hand. From the upper deck the splendid farms whose sunny field reach down to the river are tipped to face us, like pictures on a plate rail. All morning we watched "the sleepy shore, like playhouse scenes glide past."

At ten o'clock we left the larger ship and stepped across to a rapids shooter, the "Queen," I believe it was called. Here the tobogganing began. Gracefully but with countless capers and curves the light ship leaped from billow to billow where the swift river fought and fretted among the giant boulders that pave the bed of this beautiful stream. Sometimes, when the ship plunged down the slope of a big wave, forcing the water away, we got a glimpse of a great stone, whose wet shoulder showed plainly in the new-made trough of the shifting "sea." There is a long series of rapids on this run, the swiftest and wildest being Lachine, near Montreal. It's easy going, down stream, but here and there we saw up-river boats cutting out these rapids and crossing meadows and fields by wide canals.

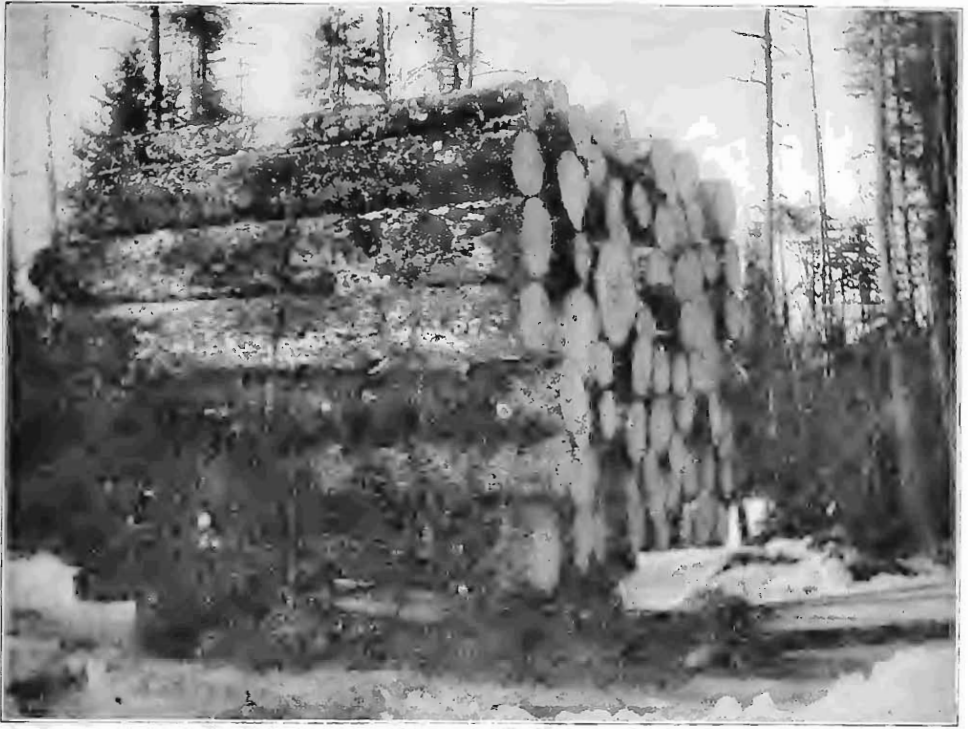
The sun was setting behind the Laurentian range when we passed under the great Grand Trunk Bridge and docked at Montreal, the metropolis of Canada.

## SONG FOR "THE NIGHT"

BY MARY WHEELWRIGHT

THE night is a fallen jewel,  
 The night is ten thousand eyes,  
 The night is a man that's cruel,  
 The night is a woman who lies.

The night is a starlit glory,  
 A dream of clear heaven above.  
 The night is pure music and longing,  
 The night—ah, the night is Love.



HORSES HAUL THE LOGS TO THE SKIDWAYS AND THENCE AN ICE LOCOMOTIVE CARRIES THEM TO THE NEAREST WATERWAY

# The City of Silver Saws

By John S. Woodward

Illustrated from Photographs

RIVER street is long and tree-fringed and gracefully curved high above the silver of the North Saskatchewan, and on it romance walks abroad.

Prince Albert, however, is prouder of her growth than of her romance, and being an optimistic western city, quite naturally protests against this view of it. In the year ending March 31st, 1912, they tell you, there were

2096 homestead entries. Property on the main street sells at over \$1,000 a front foot, although considering the growth of the city, prices are still very low. La Colle Falls, they continue, is now being developed, and when the big million dollar power scheme is completed, Prince Albert manufacturers will have electrical energy at less than \$25.00 per horse power per year. The wheat that won the world's prize in

New York in 1911—65½ pounds to the bushel, 75 bushels to the acre—was grown on soil near Prince Albert. One lumber mill in the city ships twenty-five carloads of lumber per day; another turns out 50,000,000 feet of lumber and 15,000,000 feet of lath per year. These are the things that the city fathers will tell you. Romance? Tush!

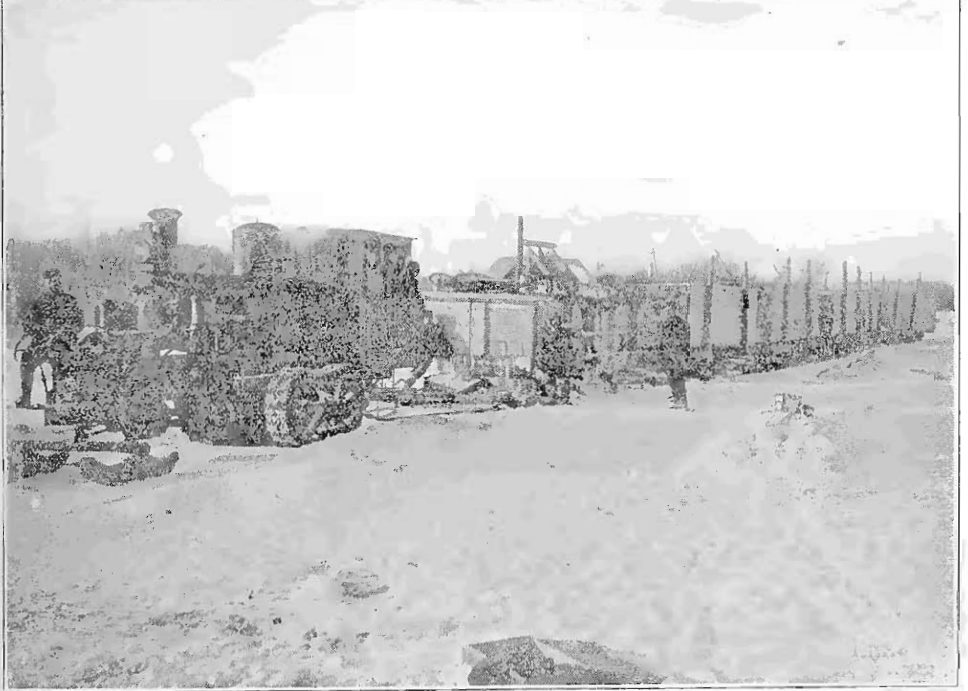
Time was, though, when Prince Albert was a lumberjack's town, and not one of the least striking things about the city's development is the broadening of its interests and the consequent change in the city's character. Not long ago the screaming crescendo of the saw cutting through huge logs—"Hr-r-r-eeen!"—was the only voice of the city, and you smelt the clean scent of sawdust in its thoroughfares. It is still the dominant voice, for Prince Albert supplies the lumber for the new towns of half the western provinces; but there are other voices, too, and there are no longer big doings in town when the shantymen of the timber limits get paid off and come to town after a three days' diet of salt to get up the requisite thirst. The country tributary to the city has opened up, and you will find the lumberjack to-day a peaceful citizen in a hurry to get back to his farm after a winter's work with the peavey, rather than the fighting, whiskey-drinking bully of former days.

But the romance is there, nevertheless. To-day, as you walk down River Street on a bright spring morning, you may perhaps see a tall, slim-built man moving springily along as if life set light on his shoulders. Early in March his attire is perhaps a bit careless, his Christy hat tilted at a rakish angle, his cigar sloping upwards to meet it, his beard luxuriant. Later in the season, he would do credit to Bond Street, and the whiskers are a neat Vandyke. Ask who he is, and they will tell you that he is Ernie Gardner, King of the Lumberjacks, and also they will add that he represents a fast-disappearing type. By reason of his physical strength he was made king, which is why kings have been chosen from time immemorial; and by reason of his shrewd adapta-

bility to changing conditions he remains king, which hasn't always followed, if history speaks truth. At all events, there is no question as to his monarchy. Stories innumerable are told of him in the good old days when the recalcitrant swamper or driver fell foul of the boss and repented of it, many of these encounters being handed down in Homeric story and song from generation to generation of lumberjacks around the bunkhouse stove; and stories there are of him to-day, generally told by the mill superintendents and managers, in which his shrewdness has won him more than one bloodless victory.

But times are changing, and you would never have guessed the hero from seeing him casually on River Street. Gone are the good old days when he was the admired of his companions who could blow in his roll in the shortest time after striking town. No more do the boys hand over their winter's wage to the barkeeper with the request that they be supplied with "booze" until it is all gone. No more does Prince Albert, wakened by shoutings and song in the cool spring night, turn over and realize that the "jacks" have come to town. That era is at an end.

But the business of lumbering, systematized and practical as it has come to be, is no less picturesque. The timber in the Prince Albert region is mostly spruce, with a little tamarac, the average diameter of the wood cut being about fourteen inches at the stump. The lumber put out by Prince Albert compares very favorably with the harder woods found in other lumbering districts of the Dominion, and can be used for practically every commercial purpose when manufactured. About the middle of October the lumber companies hire their men and get in their winter supplies. The first snow-fall gives the date for hauling the cut logs by horse draught to the skidways, where they are picked up by the ice locomotive, which takes them to the nearest water way where they are dumped and left till spring when the ice melts and the drives begin. "Driving" consists in floating the timber



THE MEN WHO GET OUT THE LOGS, AND THE ICE LOCOMOTIVE THAT HAULS THEM TO THE RIVER. THESE MEN ARE PARTLY PROFESSIONAL LUMBERJACKS, BUT THE GREATER PART OF THEM ARE HOMESTEADERS WHO SPEND THEIR WINTERS IN THE WOODS, RETURNING TO THEIR FARMS AS SOON AS THE BREAK-UP COMES

down stream, the drivers with calked boots keeping the raft on the move until the river becomes wide enough for the formation of rafts. Raftsmen then bring this conglomeration of tumbling logs into some sort of order and form rafts consisting of two or three thousand logs which are then towed down to wherever the sawmill carries out its wonderful work of reducing the great rough timbers to mathematically accurate pieces of finished wood ready for the manufacturer and builder.

This generally means to Prince Albert, where the Prince Albert Lumber Company, the Big River Lumber Company, and other mills await the giant logs. "Dangerous! Persons entering do so at their own risk!" says the sign outside the mill door. But disregard it for once, and step inside boldly. Stand on the unstable platform over the shrieking, snarling, shooting carriers that flash to and fro and cut the heart out of a big log in the flicker of an eyelash, and if the men that ride them are careless for half a second snap them off like bugs. Stand a little nearer the river, too, and watch the ugly black hands of the giant who guides the blundering logs to the mercy of the saw from the endless chain that brings them up from the water—blind steel things thrust up through the roughened floor. Listen to the thundering fortissimo of the dynamos, the trolleys feeding the band saws, the joyous screech of the saws as they cut their triumphant way through twenty-five feet of solid timber, and the grumbling bass accompaniment of the endless chain. The first impression is that of a purposeless pandemonium. But if you are fortunate enough to be piloted by one who knows, the marvellous ingenuity of the whole machinery, human and steel, gradually becomes unveiled.

First comes the rough timber from the mill pond, caught by the endless chain, dragged in lengthways, and dumped on the log deck where four or five logs are already waiting to be operated on.

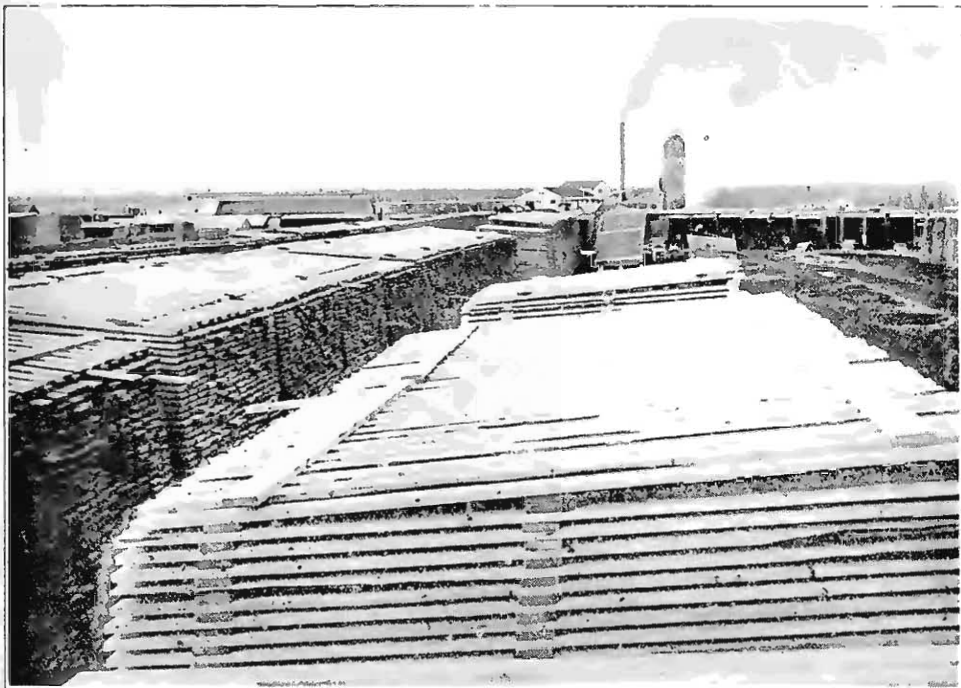
Then from the log deck one log falls into the iron clutches of the carrier, a

rail trolley worked by two engineers, which rushes ceaselessly back and forth alongside the bandsaw, like some evil genius feeding an ogre in a fairy-tale. A shrill scream follows as the saw bites through the rough wood like butter, and then in place of the rough log is a smooth plane. Back snaps the carrier; the saw shrieks again, and a plank falls away; once more, and another plank is shorn from the side of the forest giant; and so continues the process until the whole log, perhaps twenty-five feet long by twenty inches in diameter, is sawn up into rough planks of whatever thickness is required by the quality of the wood.

Now another series of endless chains snatch these planks and carry them to the "edger," a machine for cutting the lumber to the correct width, and thence to the "trimmer" which equalizes the length. Edgings and trimmings are carried to another part of the mill, where they are made into laths four feet long, and there is little left when the lath-makers are through. Such as there is, the mill sells locally for firewood. The sawdust is utilized for keeping alight the big furnaces that supply the steam power to the machinery. There is no waste here.

Then the planks, now of uniform length, width and thickness, are passed out to the sorting shed, and piled for seasoning according to their quality and description. When in condition the rough planks are run into the planing mill, thence to emerge in the shape of finished products—sidings, floorings, mouldings, shiplap, etc., and then they go to the flat-cars that carry out of Prince Albert two trainloads of lumber a day for the hungry young cities that spring up on the prairies like mushroom after rain.

Listen with all your might as the superintendent of the mill shouts facts and figures about feet and prices into your ear above the screaming crescendo of the saw; get a peep into the roaring Gehenna of the furnaces; walk through the long fragrant aisles of piled up spruce in the sorting sheds; watch the blue-clad men loading long strings of flat-cars—150,000,000 feet are turned out annually, you remember, and two



THH PILED SPRUCE IN THE YARDS, AWAITING SHIPMENT TO THE NEW CITIES OF THE PRAIRIE WEST

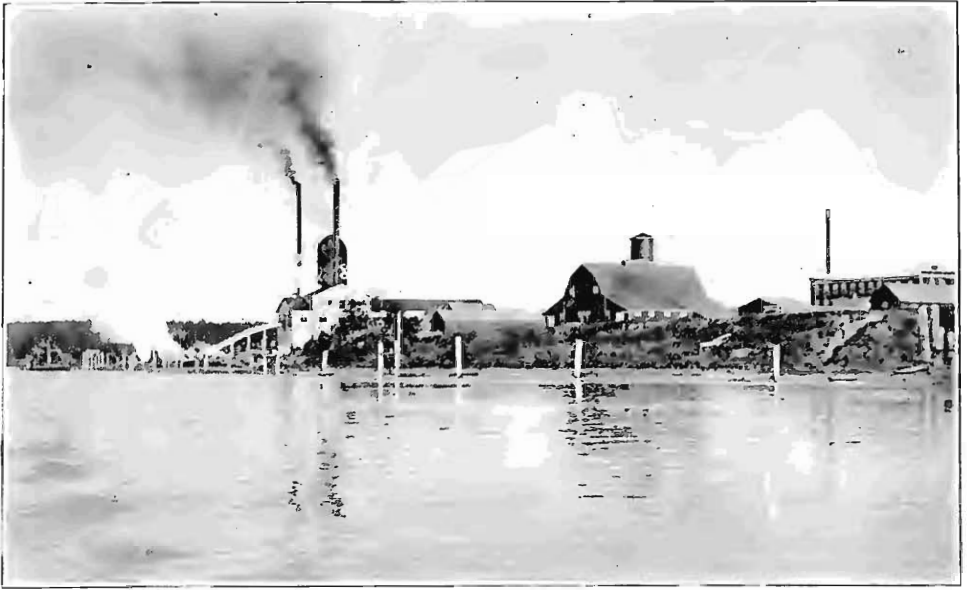
train-loads go out every day—and you will see pictures that one need not be an artist to appreciate. Here is not only the picturesqueness of color—blue overalls and creamy-yellow-pink planks; dark pines and silver river; dim-vistaed interiors flashing with the steely ribbon of a saw, the orange glow of a forge, the slanting spokes of sunshine in the dusty air—but the romance of trade, the romance of man pitted against nature and beating her, romance of derring-do just as real as when Sir Walter's knights whaled the everlasting tar out of each other. And when you look further and see how many little hopes of new homes these four-inch and eight-inch spruce planks mean all over the prairie west, you realize that the romance of the lumber business is the romance of the making of a new empire.

But the day when the voice of the saw was the only voice of Prince Albert is past. The vast farming territory tributary to the city has been settled, and thriving farms have taken the place of the bushlands. Prince Albert as a shipping point for such farm produce as the city itself does not consume

is growing in importance. This tributary district is as rich as any in Western Canada. Wheat grown on the farm of F. D. Cherry, six miles south of the city, carried off the Canadian championship at Brandon in 1910, and the American championship at Columbus, Ohio, in 1911. Marquis wheat grown by Seager Wheeler near Rosthern won, as everybody knows, the world's prize at the New York Land Show in 1911. Which is pretty good evidence that the soil of the North Saskatchewan Valley is unexcelled for grain growing. The abundance of shelter and good water makes it well fitted, too, for dairying and stock-raising. Added to the natural advantages of the soil is the excellent opportunity for newcomers to obtain their share of this rich land at practically no outlay. There is a vast area in the Prince Albert district open to homesteaders and the complying with the government regulations in regard to the taking up of free grants places the farmer in a position to supply himself with a holding that ultimately means a fortune for him.

A great deal of the land in northern





AN ENDLESS CHAIN CARRIES THE LOGS UP THE INCLINE FROM THE RIVER TO THE MILL, WHERE THEY PASS FROM THE LOG DECK TO THE BIG SAWS AND ARE CUT INTO VARIOUS KINDS OF LUMBER

Saskatchewan is covered with bluffs of light scrub. When this is removed, there remains a black loam on a clay subsoil which will produce the finest crops. To the east of the city lies the famous Colleston district where the earlier settlers located and where to-day the handsome homes and farm buildings testify to the results that they have secured in mixed farming and grain growing. There is no reason why their success cannot be repeated in any of the other districts of the North Saskatchewan Valley, and the multitude of thriving new farms that may be seen in a day's drive in almost any direction from the city are excellent proof of the district's popularity with new settlers.

Again, the lumbering interests help here to build up the country. The settler is sure of employment during the winter if he can swing an axe or a peavey—or if he is willing to learn. Nine-tenths of the men who get out the logs all winter in the limits forty, fifty or a hundred miles the other side of the North Saskatchewan are farmers the other seven or eight months of the year. No longer does the coming of the "jacks" to town mean a season of revelry and riot when decent householders stay indoors. The men from the camps

stay in the city only as long as it takes them to get a train for their quarter-section, or maybe buy a piece or two of farm machinery. The average lumber jack no longer lives by wood alone. At freeze-up he comes in to Prince Albert from the farm, and there hires out to a lumber camp. Last winter some ten thousand men must have been so hired there, and most of them were homesteaders. Some, of course, were professionals from the camps in old "Kebec," from Michigan or Minnesota, or the other lumbering states. For a few days they linger in town, and then they are gone to the deep woods, to reappear no more until the pussywillows hang out their catkins along the river's edge. Last winter wages ran from \$25 to \$45 a month with board, and four months steady work was a surety. Once, that roll would have lasted about a day and a half buying drinks for the crowd over the Prince Albert bars; now the quiet-eyed, taciturn men who come in from the camps reckon it in terms of a new binder or a couple of grade Jerseys and some government-inspected seed wheat.

This condition is one that will last for a long time to come, for although Prince Albert will grow bigger and more

varied in its interests, lumbering is going to remain a big asset to the city for a long while. A recent computation places the total amount of timber in the limits of the province of Saskatchewan at five billion feet, or roughly two thousand square miles of limits. The total cut in the province a year ago was about 175,000,000 feet, so that allowing for damage from fire and other sources, it will take fully twenty years to cut out the present limits. Each year, of course, the camps are moving further away from civilization. The nearest now is thirty-five miles from Prince Albert and is reached by team. Further to the northwest, where the Big River Lumber Company operate a five-hundred-mile-square limit, MacKenzie and Mann have pushed steel the ninety miles to the mill. As the present limits are cut out, the companies move further back, although at the same time it will be possible to cut over the limits which are being cut now. Indeed to-day some of the limits that were cut over some ten or fifteen years ago are being re-lumbered.

With the advent of these settlers, the city of Prince Albert has changed, and is changing. In the freight-yards you will see cattle and wheat cars made up along with the spicy flat-cars of spruce on the out-freight tracks; and on the in-freight ones binders and

seeders in all the glory of red and blue paint await delivery to their owners. A trainload of colonists arrives while you idle on the station platform, men with the stamp of the farmer in their calloused hands and sun-wrinkled eyes. And you may not see a pair of spiked boots in a month's stay.

The men who know—the men who told you about the number of homestead entries and the La Colle Falls power project—can tell you, too, of packing plants and flour mills that are coming to the city, of quiet men who have bought tracts where business-like surveyors have laid out the ground for big commercial buildings, warehouses and the like. They will tell you of the line to Hudson Bay, which became a certainty this spring when a party of sixteen engineers and assistants began work on the Prince-Albert-Split-Lake extension, connecting the city with the government metals at the latter point. With this short line to the Bay, the shipment of farm products to the Old World will cost the farmer in the Prince Albert district less than it costs producers anywhere else in Western Canada. The same thing naturally applies to manufacturers, and with cheap transportation and cheap power, it is indubitably but a short time until Prince Albert will become a great and prosperous city.

