



THE AUTHOR RELIEVING THE WHEEL

Farmers of the Sea

By Frederick William Wallace

Illustrated with Photographs

A STIFF nor'wester was howling across the Banks, and the flying spray whipped from the crests of the waves mingled with the misty rain which drove, fog like, from off the Newfoundland coast. A few weather-defying passengers on the big liner bucking her way to the westward, watched with interest the antics of a small schooner flying along, close hauled, a few hundred yards away. As the little vessel rose upon a mighty, white-crested comber, her bowsprit soared sky high, while half of her gleaming underbody emerged from the foaming water like a gamboling porpoise. For a short moment she paused on the hill top of blue green sea, and then swashed down into the trough

with a crash which buried her bows and sent a cloud of spray as high as the fore-topmast cross trees. Under her reefed main sail and lower sails, she would rise and disappear from view on the hills and dales of racing, surging seas, and roll down to leeward in a manner which made the onlookers hold their breaths involuntarily. Within a biscuit toss she came; her sails dark with rain and spray; briny water sluicing from every scupper hole; and the white water from under her sharp bows foaming and tossing along the bends of her black hull to mingle with the hissing wake astern.

Aft, near the wheel, three oilskin clad figures gazed up at the ponderous bulk of the liner with aggressive, semi-

contemptuous stares, until, like a sea-skimming bird, the schooner drove over the wind-harried combers, and misty rain and spray hid ships and men from each other's sight.

A Toronto broker, homeward bound from an Old Country trip, turned and enquired of the second mate. "Don't you think those fellows are taking big chances in this weather with a small vessel like that?"

"No!" replied the officer, tersely. "They're Bank fishermen."

To him, this seemed explanation enough. He was of the sea, and nautically wise. He knew the Grand Bankers; knew their seamanship; their reckless daring; and was also aware of their hatred for the hard-driving liner running on schedule time with mails and passengers aboard. A half-forgotten memory of a passage when he had heard the muffled scream in the fog, and seen the splintered dory whirling past in the cream of the racing bow-wave, had opened his eyes and made

him an able interpreter of the fisherman's antipathy.

Off the coast of Nova Scotia and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, there lie great patches of shoal ocean known as "banks," where, at certain seasons of the year, the cod, mackerel, haddock, hake, halibut, gusk and numerous other members of the finny tribe congregate during their migratory journeys. These banks are all named and are as familiar to the fishermen as the streets of their home ports, and over them the fishing schooners roam and gather in the harvest of the sea.

South of Nova Scotia lies Brown's and La Have Banks; to the southeast is Sable Island Bank, and still further east lies Banquereau—known to all fishermen as "Quero." Off Canso, N. S., lies Canso Bank, and to the eastward of Cape Breton is situated St. Pierre and the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

The type of vessel mainly employed



THE WOMEN OF THE FLEET ON THE DRYING-GROUNDS



GATHERING THE FISH AFTER DRYING

in Bank fishing is the easily handled and fast sailing schooner. They range from 60 to 90 feet in length: are built upon beautiful yacht-like lines, and carry an immense spread of sail. In winter fishing, the topmasts are usually sent down, and the schooners carry nothing but their four lower sails, consisting of mainsail, foresail, forestaysail or jumbo, and jib. The weather to be met with on the Banks at that season of the year will not permit of any "flying kites," and though the fisherman is the last man in the world to reduce sail, he is wise enough to know exactly what his vessel will stand.

The crews carried on each schooner vary from ten to twenty-four men, who are paid according to the value of their catch—an arrangement which encourages the men to their best efforts.

In addition to fresh fishing, or "shacking" on the Banks, many of the schooners make special voyages, "halibuting" and "haddocking," besides running up to the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts buying frozen herring in winter. This herring is mostly used for bait purposes, and is brought down

to the home ports and sold to the vessels of the fleets. Besides these craft, there are the "seiners" and salt fishermen. The former operate mostly in the mackerel fishery and operate the seine nets from a seine boat launched from the schooner when the school of mackerel is sighted. The salt fishing trip is a lengthy one, and may keep the vessel at sea for many weeks, as the fish caught are cleaned and salted on board, and a skipper will seldom return until he is full to the hatch combings. From Lunenburg, N. S., a great fleet of "salt" bankers sail, and the fleet hailing from that port is the largest in Canada.

Winter fishing upon the Banks is very severe, and the hardships undergone by the men of the winter fleets are untold. Plunging around for days in the schooners; lashed with snow and sleet; with decks continually awash and bodies numb and well-nigh frozen with the intense cold, they have, perforce, to pursue their business upon the wild waters and supply the hungry markets with sea-food. Working all day in frail dories; standing up in them

to haul in the heavy trawl lines with the little boat pitching and jumping over the gray, breaking seas; taking a spell every now and again to knock off the accumulating ice on the gunnels; and continually handling frozen gear with fingers numb with cold, they have no sinecure.

Then again, there is the yellow bank fog—steaming, impenetrable mists—which hides schooners and dories from view, and exposes the lonely men in the boats to the dangers of being lost, and the schooners to the risk of being run down by the hard-driving liners crossing the Banks. Truly it is a hard life, but with the fishermen it is a matter of business. It does not worry them in the least, and I have seen them make a "set" in a wind and sea which would appall a landsman, while as for fog—it is regarded as a mere bagatelle. "When it shuts down thick—hang on to your trawl anchor. The schooner will pick you up, sooner or later!" So the fishermen say, but I have met men who were deserted, thro' no fault of the vessel, and when they found that the schooner had lost them, calmly gurdied up the anchor and pulled for the nearest land, sixty miles away. Sixty miles over open sea on a dark winter's night, thro' pelting rain and snow is a task calculated to daunt most men—except fishermen. They are kindred to the sea and unafraid of her whims and moods.

The liners, however, have instilled fear in otherwise staunch hearts, and not without cause. Stories of being run down in fogs by them are common topics in a schooner's foc'sle, and when a steamer is heard blowing in their vicinity, the fear is fully evident. One night, while slatting around in a dense fog upon Roseway Bank, we heard a steamer's fog-horn sounding in the pall to starboard, and almost immediately the two side lights of a large vessel could be seen standing towards us. On the hail from the skipper, all hands scrambled up on deck, and kerosene torches were lighted with the haste born of fear, while the fog horn was pumped with vigor. The glaring torches served their purpose and revealed us to the steamer, who swung

around and backed off into the fog again. Not a soul went below until they were sure that the stranger was well clear. "Damn them!" growled one old salt. "They'd run slam inter ye an' not stop ter pick ye up. Remember th' 'Fame,' boys? Steamer run inter her—cut her in two—an' while they were atryin' ter launch a passel o' rotten boats from their davits—th' hull gang—twenty-two o' them—drowned alongside."

From the ports of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland, a numerous fleet of fishing schooners fit out, and laying a course for the bank to be fished, sail, until the questing leadline tells of shoal water. It is only necessary for the leadsmen to call out the depth for all hands to guess exactly where they are. Years of practice and familiarity with the soundings on the shoals have made it possible for the average fisherman to ascertain his position at sea by the simple process of heaving the lead. So accurate have some of them become in this art, that navigating instruments, other than lead, log and compass, are regarded as being unnecessary gear. Others, probably the Ananiases of the fleet, declare that by merely smelling or tasting the bottom of the lead, they can tell their position to a foot.

Arriving upon the bank intended to be the scene of operations—called in fishermen's parlance "making a berth," the skipper gives the call of "Bait up!" and the gang tumble out with alacrity, and proceed to bait the thousand or more hooks which run to a three tub set. Each tub of trawl line is 2,100 feet long and is fitted with "gangings" or shorter lines spliced or hitched into the main line at intervals of 32 to 36 inches apart. Upon these gangings are the hooks, and some six hundred odd go to the single tub. Each dory, as a rule, sets three to four tubs. In summer, the whole are set at once, but in winter the custom is to set one tub at a time, as the weather is such that a man may have to cut loose from his gear and return to the vessel.

To the uninitiated, it should be explained that a dory is a small, double

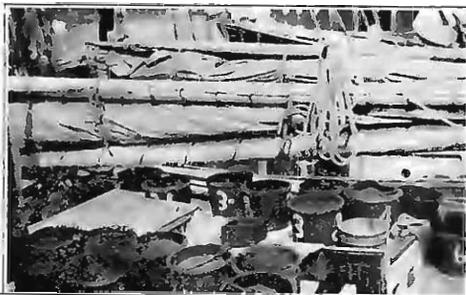
ended boat from 16 to 18 feet long; flat bottomed, deep sided, and with considerable flare and sheer. Their build is peculiar to the fishermen of the East Coast, while their seaworthiness and ability to stand heavy weather, besides being easy to scull or row has led to their universal adoption by all fishermen.

After baiting up with either herring caplin or squid the skipper sings out "Get ready! Lower away dories!" Hoisting out their dories, the baited trawl tubs are placed in them, while the two dory-mates take their places and overhaul the gear. The spare hand and the cook take the dory painter and making it fast astern, the dories are towed by the vessel until the order is given to let go.

With the men in the boats, the first part of the fishing operations is to cast the anchor. To this anchor is attached a line and buoy, as well as the end of the baited trawl line.

of the wrist, slung into the pen at the bottom of the dory. Dog-fish, skate, sculpins, and other useless fish are slatted off on the gunnel into the sea again.

In the meantime, the schooner with only the skipper, spare hand and cook aboard, has been "jogging" up and



TRAWL TUBS, HOLDING A LONG LINE STRUNG WITH HOOKS. IT IS A NICE TASK TO BAIT UP A TRAWL WITHOUT RIBBONING 'ONE'S FINGERS



MORE THAN ONE ANXIOUS PAIR OF EYES WATCHES EACH COD FISHERMAN AS THE SCHOONERS SET OFF FOR LA HAVRE



WHEN THE SALT IS WETTED AND THE SCHOONER COMES HOME TO HER WHARF THE MEN UNLOAD THE CATCH WITH LONG FORKS

As soon as it is over the side, the dory-mates pull the dory and heave the trawl lines out of the tubs by means of a heaving stick—one man to the oars and the other standing up and paying out the gear. When all the trawl has been paid out, the men hang on to the end and allow for 30 to 45 minutes for the "set." When the time has elapsed, they commence hauling the lines in, and the fish caught are, by a deft turn

down the line of dories. "Jogging" is a semi-hove-to condition, maintained by hauling the jumbo to windward and easing off the main sheet. As the vessel comes

up and falls off, she makes but little way but when the haul has been made, she draws away to pick up the dories. One by one, they come alongside, and the catch is tallied and tossed into pens on the schooner's decks, and after the dories are hoisted aboard and nested, the crews turn to and clean and gut the fish. All hands, except skipper and cook, busy themselves at this work, and store the cleaned fish upon ice in the vessel's hold. Upon salt fishermen, the fish are split and salted.

Sailing from bank to bank—to the berths known as good fishing ground to the various skippers the schooners roam in quest of their harvest. A dozen different methods are employed, but the foregoing illustrates the most

popular. Others called "dory-hand-liners" fish by means of ordinary hand-lines from an anchored dory. They take their bait with them, and bait their hooks as fast as a catch has been made. Handlining is also done from the decks of small schooners, but this method is confined to narrower and more sheltered waters than on the open banks.

When the fishing vessel has got her load, or when circumstances compel her to make for port, the hatches are battened down, gear stowed away and with the gripes over the dories, preparations are made for the drive to port. It is a happy moment when, after the last fish has been stacked in the hold, the skipper sings out: "Come on, fellers! Git th' kites on her!" Balloon jib is routed out from the locker, staysail is overhauled, and gaff-topsails cast adrift. Out on the bowsprit we go—a mob of laughing and fervent and cursing men. "Bend th' balloon, an' up she goes!" Staysail is sent aloft next and willing hands sway the sheet taut, while the gaff-topsails are set to the breeze. "Swing her for home!" cries the skipper. "No' west b'nothe!"

The man at the wheel repeats the course as he swings the wheel over, and the gallant schooner rolls down to the breeze, "Homeward bound, and with a full fare!"

Timid indeed is the skipper who shortens sail before the wind rolls her down until the lower deadeyes of the lee-rigging disappear from sight in the mad boiling under her lee, and such things as carrying away a topmast, blowing away a staysail, or splitting a lower, are but incidentals for which the owners gladly pay.

Statistics and figures are but dry things at any time, but it is worth noting that, though Canada's maritime supremacy in the offshore fleets has declined, the branch devoted to her fisheries is still holding its own. Figures for the year 1910 show that nearly 100,000 men, 1,750 vessels, and 41,170 boats are employed in this connection, and the total value of vessels, plants, boats and gear amounts to the considerable sum of \$17,357,932.

British Columbia, with her extensive salmon fishing industry, leads the way in value, nearly \$7,000,000 being in-



SALMON-FISHING IS NOT ALWAYS A BED OF ROSES. COLD, WET, AND LONG HOURS ARE THE FISHERMEN'S PORTION



THE SALMON OF THE PACIFIC COAST BEING TRANSFERRED FROM SCOW TO CANNERY

vested in plants and gear. The salmon fishing is carried on principally from small boats working with nets, seines and traps at the mouths of the great coast rivers and inlets, and the scene at the mouth of the Fraser River during the salmon "runs" is one of extraordinary animation. As far as the eye can see, thousands of boats dot the water from horizon to horizon, while at the canneries the sight of the countless cans piled up; the fish tugs and scows coming in with tons of silver-scaled salmon; and the bustle and activity of the cannery hands, is a sight never to be forgotten.

† The bulk of the salmon caught is salted and dried for export, while canned "sockeye" finds its way to every market in the world.

† In addition to the lordly salmon, the halibut and herring fisheries are also very extensive. Nearly 20,000 men—a large proportion of whom are Japanese and Indians—are employed in the fisheries of British Columbia.

To the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia we must turn for the deep sea fisheries in which large vessels are employed. The latter Province has nearly 5,000 men engaged upon the schooners and sail boats, and over 18,000 men in boats. Over six hundred schooners and sailing craft, and sixteen thousand boats are employed in the sea fisheries out of Nova Scotia.

New Brunswick has 1,459 men employed in 378 schooners and sailing craft, and 5,273 men in boats, while the value of plants, boats and gear for each Province amounts to \$5,014,909 for Nova Scotia, and \$2,346,467 for New Brunswick.

In Ontario, the fishing upon the Great Lakes is conducted mostly by means of seines and nets from steam tugs and boats. Three thousand men are employed upon these craft, while a greater number are engaged in the gill net and line work from the shore. The value of the plant and gear used in Ontario's fisheries amounts to \$1,147,-

075, while the most valuable fish caught are herring, whitefish, trout and perch.

The total value of the fish and fish products taken by Canadian fishermen during the year 1909-10 amounted to the huge figure of \$29,629,169—a sum which constitutes the highest record of Canada's fisheries.

Of the various kinds of fish caught in Canadian waters, salmon leads in value—the catch in all Provinces for the year 1910 amounting to \$8,204,524. Cod, the premier fish of the Grand Banker, comes second with a valuation of \$3,912,806. Lobsters, which are caught in baited traps on the rocky bottoms around the Atlantic Coast, rank next with a value of \$3,657,146. Herring and halibut are valued at \$2,754,751 and \$1,240,486 respectively. Whitefish, a Great Lakes product, is valued at \$1,000,126, while mackerel values \$948,071.

Of late years, the handy gasoline motor is speedily displacing sail in the smaller fishing craft, and even in the big

off-shore schooners auxiliary gasoline motors are being installed. Though conservative, the fishermen realize the advantages of the auxiliary motor in calms, and in working into harbor, and all modern schooners are being equipped.

For all the romance in connection with the farmers of the sea, one must look to the "Banker". He is the one who is regarded by the popular mind as the fisherman. Pursuing his calling upon the face of the open waters, he has to contend with all the fickle moods of the elements, and pits every ounce of brain and muscle against the spite of wind, seas, rain and cold. Besides being a fisherman, he has to be a sailor—able to "hand, reef and steer." The palmy days of Canada's "Bluenose" clippers and packet ships are past, but the type of men who manned them, live to-day in the crews of the fishing fleets, and they ably uphold the reputation for seamanship, courage and almost reckless daring, which characterized the "windjammers" of old.

GIPSY SONG

BY SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

GIPSY, gipsy, gipsy girl!
 Puck is at the door,
 Puck is whistling through the wood—
 Must I call once more?

Gipsy, gipsy, gipsy girl!
 Keen across the night
 Hylas flutes among the pools
 And the road's moon-white.

Gipsy, gipsy, gipsy girl!
 Must I whistle still,
 Waiting at your silent door
 On the ferny hill?

Moonlit road and breaking sea,
 Wet wind from the south!
 Gipsy, all your lover lacks
 Is your scarlet mouth!

The Red Patrol

By A. A. Strachan

"How the Police impressed Sitting Bull and his turbulent warriors is well illustrated by the affair in which Sergeant McDonald figured. The scene is still Wood Mountain. One day the Police found half a dozen Salteaux Indians dead near their post, and not only dead but scalped. Another Salteaux who had witnessed the tragedy confirmed the belief that the perpetrators of the crime were Sioux, and if further proof were wanting it was afforded by Sitting Bull himself, who soon appeared at the Police quarters and demanded the surrender of the surviving Salteaux. Sergeant McDonald was a tough nut for the Sioux Chief to attempt to crack. He was not a bit scared when Sitting Bull leaped from his pony and ran forward thrusting the muzzle of his gun into the other's stomach. The old soldier pushed the weapon to one side, and invited Sitting Bull and the four chiefs with him to enter the stockade and have a "pow-wow." The rest of the Indians—about five hundred in all—remained outside.

When Sergeant McDonald conducted the chiefs into his quarters, their arms were left stacked in the yard. This strategic move gave him the whip hand over them. First he commanded that the howling mob of "braves" without should be ordered to disperse. This was done; then the Sergeant explained the law to them, and announced that he was going to send to the Sioux camp to arrest the murderers of the dead Salteaux. Three constables went on this mission, and a lively time they had by all accounts, with the Sioux hustling them and trying to provoke a fight. But they got their men, whose names were known, and they brought the prisoners back. Sitting Bull received his first lesson in Police methods then: the second came when the prisoners in question were tried for the murders and duly hanged."—A. L. Haydon, in "Riders of the Plains" (A History of the Royal North West Mounted Police.)

"**B**ONJOUR, Mess'ue Legarre," shouted the guide, as we drew rein on the rim of the coulee and looked down on the trader's camp. "By gar! where you get heem, all dem cayuse—hey?"

"Why, hallo, Joe! *Comment sont vous?*" returned a hearty voice, as Mr. Legarre climbed the bank and shook our guide's hand so warmly that Joe came near to toppling over the head of his pinto pony, which had seized the opportunity of our halt to nibble the bunch grass.

With the politeness of a true Frenchman, after the first greeting to his old acquaintance and compatriot, the trader shook hands with us all round, with a cheery word and a grip that left no doubt of his sincerity.

We were a Mounted Police patrol returning from our weekly trip to White Mud, where we connected with a party from "A" Division, thus forming a link in the great chain of outposts which, a quarter of a century ago, stretched from Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains.

A little east of Pinto Horse Butte we had struck, that afternoon, the fresh trail of wagons and unshod horses which had not been there when we had passed that way before, and, as strange outfits in that lone land were as rare as coyotes with two tails, and generally meant whisky smuggling or horse-stealing, both of which reprehensible forms of native industry we were there to discourage, we had hit up the trail with considerable satisfaction,

having a hunch it would lead to some little excitement which would be a welcome break in the dull monotony of our lives. So, our disappointment can be imagined when, after four hours' hard riding under a broiling July sun, we found nothing more exhilarating than the camp of a peaceful trader who was too well known and respected for any suspicion of law-breaking.

After the first greeting Joe Lacerte, "our guide, interpreter and friend," was soon squatting beside the trader's camp fire, drinking black coffee, smoking vile tobacco, stinking with a blend of "kinnikinette" (red willow bark), and yapping away in a mixture of French, English and Indian, bewildering in variety and torrential in volubility while we of the Red Patrol made camp a little further up the creek, picketed our tired horses, unrolled our bedding from the patrol wagon, pitched our bell tent, cooked supper and afterwards also, but more fastidiously, smoked.

I had not met Mr. Legarre before, but his name was well-known to me. His exploits, too, had been told around our camp-fires. He was looked upon as king of the old pioneers, a man whose coolness and courage were far above the average in a land and amongst men with whom these attributes were the rule—not the exception. When, after the Custer massacre, Sitting Bull and his braves had crossed the line and settled near Wood Mountain, it was Legarre who located them, he who explained the conditions on which the Canadian Government would allow them to remain in the country as refugees. He made clear to the chiefs the laws of the country and the might of the arm that would enforce them. To him, more than to any other man belongs the credit that those war-like, turbulent and unwelcome guests kept the peace during their sojourn amongst us. He lived amongst them, traded with them and finally persuaded them to return to their own country when the United States Government proclaimed an amnesty.

It turned out that Mr. Legarre was returning from a business trip to Benton, where he had been to purchase

supplies and a small bunch of very likely-looking bronchos, and was now on his way to his home at Willow Bunch by way of the Fort. Being a sensible old-timer, he had camped during the heat of the day but pulled out, an hour after our arrival, and resumed his journey, amidst much shouting in three languages, stamping of horses and creaking of Red River carts.

"By gar," said Joe, squatting, tailor fashion, beside our coffee pot, after seeing his friend to the trail, and reaching for a flaming willow to relight his villainous pipe. "dat one good mans. Legarre. Brave!—say, he ees one lion! Fear!—he not know w'at ees dat! You boys not know heem, but for me—well, w'at you tink? He ma freen', know heem since ten, feefteen, twanty year—by gar!"

"Aw, gawn!" said Pipes, winking at the rest of us and shifting his seat, so as to get the wind between him and Joe's tobacco, "he ain't no good. All bluff, like the rest of you! I never knew an old timer but had a yallow streak somewhere, when it came to a show down."

The guide, contrary to expectations, did not fly off the handle at this sneer. He knew us too well and could take a joshing without losing what little temper he possessed.

"You boys," he said, judicially, "is all ri'. In twanty year mabeso, you learn somet'ing 'bout des contree. But, say, I could tell you some storee' bout dat mans, Legarre. How he safe the Fort from bein' burn', how he stan' off ol' Sittin' Bull an' all hees braves an' safe your Major Puddee—you know heem?—an' hees mans from wipen' out. You lak hear dat storee, hey?"

We became interested at once. Shorty, our teamster, and Sliver, the cook, put away a greasy pack of cards and gathered around for we had all heard something of the incident to which Joe referred though none of the Red Patrol had been long enough in the force to have been actors in the little drama, so near becoming a terrible tragedy, which, like many another, had for record merely a brief announcement in General Orders of that time.

Not long after the Sioux had taken up their abode at Legarre's Coulee, the

supply of buffalo meat began to run short. The wholesale slaughter of the animals by the Indians and hunters for the sake of the fur robes alone would soon, as it finally did, have exterminated them, but added to this a plague of grass-hoppers had visited the country that season and the animals had been driven northward. The Indians were hard put to it for food and were suspected of making raids across the border and bringing their plunder into Canada. At Wood Mountain Fort the officer in command had but twenty men to patrol the trails and keep in check the restless Sioux who threatened to break into open rebellion and make things lively. Fort Walsh and McLeod were a long way off and supplies and reinforcements scarce and uncertain, and the Major had to rely solely on the courage and fidelity of his little band to preserve the peace.

One night the Wolf Point patrol brought in a wounded man and a distracted woman who had been picked up on the trail beside a wrecked and looted prairie schooner. The tale was a pitiful one and filled every man in the post with indignation and a thirst for vengeance. The man, George Bower by name, a Canadian settler unsuccessful in Dakota, had set out with his wife and little girl, five years old, to make the journey back to Canada by trail. What little he had he packed into his wagon, hitched up the team and set out to reach his brother's ranch in the Cypress Hills. The night before, after a weary trip through the then uninhabited wilderness south of the line, he had joyfully made camp well within Canadian territory, and was congratulating himself that the worst was over, when suddenly with wild whoops a band of painted Sioux swooped down upon them, looted the camp, stole the team, clubbed the man almost to death and carried off the little girl.

This was the bomb that suddenly exploded amongst the little group of twenty men in that lone fort on the outskirts of civilization, and a half hour later the Major and ten red coats, accompanied by scout Lacerte and Bower, were tearing like mad on the

trail of the looters, while the remaining half-score of the little garrison were putting the log guard-house in shape to receive prisoners, fixing up the stockade, overhauling arms and, incidentally, drawing fresh ammunition and placing it where it would do the most good.

There is one thing about most Mounted Police commanders, they never send a man where they fear to go themselves, and when any service of an extra hazardous nature is to be performed, you will generally find the man at the top on parade. So many deeds of daring by the men in red, have passed unrecorded that deadly peril has come to be looked upon as simply part of the day's work. When, therefore, Major Crozier and his command rode into Sitting Bull's camp and grabbed Red Cloud and five other Indians, whom Bower identified as his assailants, no one thought of flinching, and despite the very hostile demonstration of the rest of the band, the prisoners were promptly bundled into the patrol wagon and toted along to the fort where they were soon behind the bars, very much surprised, and considerably sadder if not wiser, Indians. But although the team was recovered and the prisoners taken the most diligent and systematic search failed to find the lost child or any trace of her, neither could threats nor promises extract any information as to her whereabouts.

It happened at the time Sitting Bull himself and most of the warriors were absent on a hunting expedition. They had followed the buffalo to the Qu' Appelle Valley. Had the whole band been present, or had there been any hesitation in making the arrests, there is no doubt blood would have been spilled and the little garrison would undoubtedly have been hard pressed. As it was, a messenger was sent to Walsh for an escort for the prisoners, as it was impossible to spare sufficient force from the garrison for that purpose, but before reinforcements could arrive, Sitting Bull returned and things began to happen.

"By gar," said Joe, reminiscently, at this point, as he proceeded to refill his evil-smelling pipe, "I not forget the night dat ol' Sittin' Bull come back!

He was clean mad, for sure, and there was hell a-poppin'. Legarre, he tell me he come to hees store wit' hondred Injun all painted for fight. They take hees tea, an' hees sugarr an' hees flour. They not get some gun nor some ca'tridge—Legarre he cache dem. Then Legarre he come to the fort an' he tell the Major that Sittin' Bull, he say—'Onlas he let heem go the prisonaire—right away—queeck—pronto! to-morrow he come take dem, make big fight, burn fort an' keel all Red Jackets.' By gar, dis make heem mad, dat Paddee! He call all hees mans, make big speak. Dey all cry, 'Fight, fight, fight,' an' cheer—say, dem feller did shout! Den the cook he serve some coffee, the sergeant he serve some more gun an' we get all ready for the big fight. Ah! dat was livelee tam', for sure! By an' bye, Major Paddee he call Legarre an' say, 'Go back you, Legarre—tell heem, Sittin' Bull, an' dem Injun,—if they fire one shot—come one step 'cross dat creek—I hang dat chief, Red Cloud an' all prisonaire lak dog!'—Ah! he one dam fine mans, dat Paddee!" Having sent the trader back to the Sioux camp with his ultimatum, the Major quietly set about preparations for putting his threat into execution, and the tap, tap of carpenters' hammers was heard far into the night. A double guard was posted and everything possible done to prevent a sudden surprise.

In the meantime Legarre had reached the Sioux camp and coolly delivered his message. The old chief wrinkled up his cheek and came as near smiling as his style of face would permit, when he heard it, seeming to look upon it as a very good joke.

"They might hang Red Cloud," he grunted, "and serve him right for allowing himself to be so easily taken, but my brother knows that would not prevent the Sioux burning down the fort and killing the white men. My braves are many, the white warriors few. I can kill them all."

"True," said the trader, "but my red brother will not kill them."

The old chief let out what was probably a ripping good oath in his language, and turned on the Frenchman angrily

"And why," he asked, "will I not kill them?"

"For a sufficient reason," said Legarre, "because my brother is afraid."

Sitting Bull uttered a howl of rage, drew his knife and sprang towards the trader with fury, but remembering the dignity of a great chief, for he was as proud of his striped blanket as any prince of the royal purple, he resumed his seat.

"My brother knows well," he said in as quiet a tone as his brand of voice could ever assume, "that he is always welcome in the lodge of Sitting Bull. His tongue is not forked and when he speaks his friend will listen to his wisdom—but why should I fear to kill the Red Jackets who have taken away a chief of the Sioux nation and will not set him free?"

"Because," said the trader, "Red Cloud is a coward and should be punished for conduct unworthy of a chief—he is a thief!"

Sitting Bull pondered this view of the case for a moment. It had not struck him in quite that light before.

"And," continued Legarre, "there are more Red Jackets. If the Sioux kill what are here, others will take their place."

"We can kill them, too," said the old savage, after considering this for a moment.

"Mabeso, but they are like the grass on the prairie. They will come from the rising and setting sun and across the big water. Their guns are like the gun at Walsh that shoots in every direction—that plows up the earth and scatters death all around. They will send fire to burn up the prairie and lightning to blast the forests and the noise of their ponies' feet will shake the earth like the stampede of many buffalo. Then where will the Sioux hide from the vengeance of the Red Jackets? They cannot go south for there the Blue Jackets, brothers of the Red Jackets, lie in wait for vengeance, and if they flee to the north they will perish of cold and hunger, amidst the everlasting snows, far from the graves of their race and the spirits of their fathers will know them no more."

If this speech is correctly translated, and I was assured it was, the old trader must have been of a poetical turn of mind, or gifted with some imagination. It certainly seemed to strike Sitting Bull as sound logic, for he remained wrapped in his old blanket and these new thoughts for quite a while. His face was perfectly inscrutable, of course, as the face of an Indian, whether he is a great chief, or merely a cigar store dummy, ought to be, but after thinking the matter over for awhile, he grunted in the usual way, and said:

"My brother's words are jewels of wisdom, but if I call off my young men and light the pipe of peace, what of Red Cloud and those with him?"

"Return the child to the white squaw unharm'd, and the prisoners will get honest treatment and no worse punishment than they deserve."

This seemed to strike Sitting Bull as somewhat indefinite. Perhaps he thought if they got what was coming to them there would be some vacant squatting places in the Sioux lodges, for he said, with some return to his old ferocity:

"My brother is wrong, the Red Jackets will not dare to hang a Sioux chief!"

"Make no mistake," said the trader, "the chief of the Red Jackets is no squaw."

All was quiet along the creek during the night, but with daylight the Indian braves began to gather in force, riding hither and thither on their wild ponies, but none ventured to descend from the bench on which stood the trading post. At the fort everything seemed to proceed as usual. The flag was run up to the pole, inside the stockade, as the bugle sounded "Reveille," but a keen eye could detect a long platform, which had been erected during the night on the flat roof of the guard-house. Above this scaffold was a beam from which dangled six ends of stout rope in a very sinister and suggestive manner. By ten o'clock not less than five hundred well-armed warriors had congregated on the bench, waving their guns, and uttering ear-piercing and blood-curdling yells and nothing but the presence

of Sitting Bull, who had not quite made up his mind what to do, prevented the hostile demonstration from developing into a regular charge upon the fort, which could not long have withstood the assault of such heavy odds. Within the fort the garrison felt the next few hours must decide their fate. All knew if that wild mob broke loose, nothing could stop them. The old fort would be rushed or set on fire and nothing could be done but to fight to the end and sell their lives as dearly as possible, as did the gallant Custer. Even though the first assault could be repelled, when darkness fell the besiegers could creep near enough to set the old logs on fire. A night attack was to be feared above all things and, recognizing this, Major Crozier resolved to bring the affair to a head at once. So he ordered the prisoners to be brought up and placed upon the scaffold with the loops of the different ropes around their necks.

When this spectacle met the eyes of the Indians a great silence fell upon them. The Sioux are probably the bravest of all the American aborigines and to die in battle is looked upon as the natural death of a warrior, but to seek the happy hunting ground at the end of a rope is the greatest disgrace that can befall. The prisoners were related to many, tribesmen to all, and such a death, even though they wiped out the little band of Red Jackets immediately afterwards, was a disgrace that no blood could ever wash away.

Sitting Bull was a shrewd old chief. The words of Legarre had been ringing in his ears all night. The only doubt in his mind was whether the Major would dare to keep his word and as he looked towards the fort these doubts melted away—the chief of the Red Jackets was not putting up a bluff. He grunted three times which, I am informed, was his mode of expressing admiration for a brave man, and commenced with all speed to herd his warriors up the coulee. By nightfall not an Indian was to be seen in the vicinity.

That night the sentry at the gate challenged some object moving in the darkness. He was answered by a

child's cry and Legarre staggered inside the stockade carrying the stolen little girl who was soon clasped in her mother's arms. Everybody crowded around the brave trader; the mother kissed him, the men wrung his arms almost out of their sockets, the Major clapped him on the back and all agreed that he was a fine fellow—for a Frenchman!

There was a long silence around the camp-fire when Joe had finished his "storee", and Sliver and Shorty slunk off to their blankets without a word.

"If the Lord loves a cheerful liar," remarked Pipes, as he got up and stretched himself, "you sure have eternal happiness coming to you, Joe."

"By gar!" said the guide, "dat always the way with you feller—tell you true—you say lie! I been in dis contree twanty year—Major Paddee, he ver' fine mans. Legarre, he—"

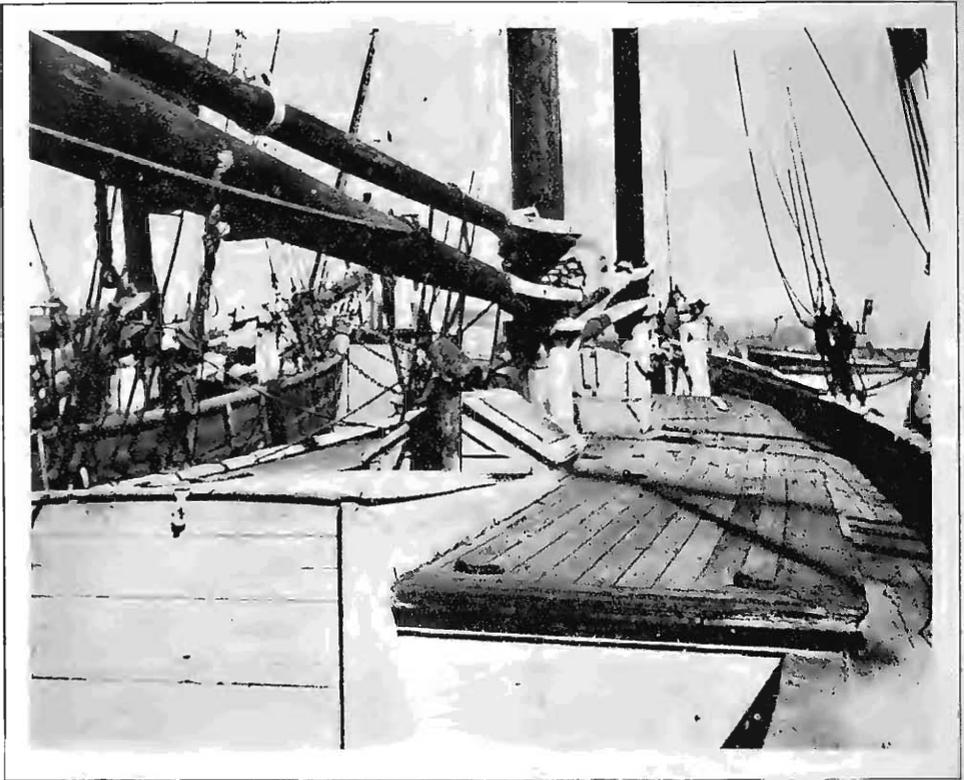
But even as Joe spoke in defence of his countryman the call of "Lights out" sounded in our camp, and silence settled down over the prairie.

THE PRAIRIE'S ANSWER

BY BERT HUFFMAN

IN YEARS agone a hunter lost his way,
 And stood aghast on the wild Northern plain;
 To east, to west, to north, to south, there lay
 The utter solitude. He searched in vain
 All its white vastness for a sign of life;
 He threaded all its trackless waste in dread;
 Then sank down, vanquished in the hopeless strife,
 The prairie answered not his cry for bread.

"O God," he cried, in life's last keen despair,
 "Why cast this desert in a world so fair?"
 Another day—the hunter's bones were white -
 The self-same prairie smiled its answer back.
 Ten thousand firesides glowed with tender light,
 Thronged full of life its highway, street and track;
 Fleets waited for its ripening harvest gold,
 Wheels hummed in tune in all its thousand mills,
 The warm and pulsing sod yields manifold,
 The prairie's heart with splendid rapture thrills.
 A million lives unto it are endeared,
 The prairie answers to their beck and call,
 And where the hunter laid him down, is reared
 The splendor of a new state's capitol.



"THE CASCO" ONCE A SEALING SCHOONER, AND LATER THE CRAFT IN WHICH ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
CRUISED HIS BELOVED SOUTH SEAS, LIES AMONG THE ABANDONED SEALING
FLEET BELOW POINT ELLICE BRIDGE, VICTORIA

SEALING AND SANDY McLEAN

BY C. L. ARMSTRONG

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"NOT that old tublying half up on the beach there!"

A young girl, delicate of feature and modishly dressed, typically tourist as tourists are known in Victoria, British Columbia, where they have thousands of them every year, pointed with slender finger to a poor gaping wreck of a schooner piled up on the shallow beach below Point Ellice Bridge in Victoria harbor. The guide had just informed the party of

which the young girl was one, that the sixty odd derelicts below were the remains of the far-famed Victoria sealing fleet. Surprise and disappointment were written large in the maiden's face when, having been reassured, she contemplated the weather-worn hulk. The party passed on to other "points of interest". The sealing fleet, hull, sheet and rotting spar, had flitted from their minds and from their memories probably for all time. But I stood for

a long while looking down on the warped decks of the schooner she had derided, lost in thought of the incident; of the contrast conjured up between that delicate girl and the men that had paced the deck of that insignificant looking sealer. For, by chance, the girl had picked out a vessel which in its career had whirled in the vortex of more excitement than probably any other vessel of her tonnage still afloat.

"Why are they left there?"

are fit for any service, will perhaps be used as fishermen; the remainder will go to the port of departed derelicts.

And when they go there will be many to mourn them, for to know something of their history and identity, is to open the index to the true romance. Among their number is many a famous craft. Rotting there is the vessel in which the revered "R.L.S." cruised his beloved South Seas and there, too, is the original of what Kipling called "The



THE KILLERS AT WORK ON ST. PAUL, CLUBBING A POD OF SEALS SELECTED FROM THE HERD. THOSE THAT ARE REJECTED ARE ALLOWED TO REJOIN THE MAIN HERD ON THE "PULLING OUT" GROUNDS

That is one of the first questions with most visitors. It might be answered in either a tome or a sentence. Briefly, the old schooners are left there as a monument to what has been; as a sort of security for the claims the Canadian sealers have preferred in compensation for the loss they sustained when the international agreement of years ago made sealing for them well nigh impossible and certainly unprofitable. Now, as a result of the great sealing conference held in Washington and just closed, whereby the several countries interested in the sealing industry have agreed to suspend all operations for a term of fifteen years, the owners of these abandoned vessels are to be paid the indemnity they have long awaited. Perhaps at the end of the close season Victoria will again send a great sealing fleet northward into the Smoky Seas. But when that bright day arrives none of the boats in that long disused fleet will go. Their days in the seal chase are past. Some of them, such as

Northern Light", famed for "a hidden sea and a hidden fight", and one of the many schooners rendered notable by the skipper whom Jack London had in mind when he created the character of Wolf Larsen in "The Sea Wolf". The same skipper was the hero of the late Frank Norris' stories of the "Three Black Crows".

Ever hear tell of Sandy McLean? "Alexander" he was called formally by his mother when he first opened his eyes on this adventurous world, away down east in Nova Scotia. McLean left Nova Scotia, where he was reared, mostly on the deck of a fishing smack with the salt air filling his lungs, and went westward. Soon afterwards the Pacific Coast began to get acquainted with a big burly sea dog with enormous sandy moustaches. He was called "Sandy" McLean and in the years that followed his adventures by land and sea would fill a large book. But with the death of the sealing industry, so far as Canada and the United States

were concerned, McLean's real adventures closed. You could find him to-day if you tried, a reserved, inoffensive man, skipper of a tug boat plying out of the harbor of Vancouver. Then, there was Dan Macauley, who hailed from Newfoundland. He tasted of the wine of adventure in the northern seas too, and he is also engaged now in the less perilous work of piloting the destinies of a tug out of Victoria. Captain Balcom, now a wealthy member of a large Van-

emergency. Then had come the panic following the report that the island of Sagalien was threatened with invasion and Copper Island was left to the care of ten men under command of a sergeant. The bulk of the garrison had no more than disappeared when a long, clear-lined schooner, flying a flag which the Russians had never seen before, slid into the small harbor and dropped her anchor. It was not the United States flag she flew nor was it the flag of Eng-



GATHERING UP THE PELTS AT ST. PAUL ISLAND AFTER THE KILLERS AND SKINNERS HAVE DONE THEIR WORK. THE SIWASH SQUAWS DO A GOOD SHARE OF THIS WORK, HANDLING THE SCALES AND THE BARROW EXPERTLY

couver Island whaling company, is another of the old-time sealing skippers who could relate many a tale of daring. Of them all, Sandy McLean was perhaps the most picturesque and the most famous.

It isn't necessary to visit "Cisco's Dewdrop Dining Rooms" to hear tales of the daring of some of these early masters of the sailing seas. Almost anywhere along the waterfront in Victoria or Vancouver you can find some more or less ancient mariner who, on proper acquaintance, will entertain you with true stories that sound like the best fruits of a disordered mind.

Pelagic sealing was not particularly lucrative in the summer of 1905 and therefore the seal patrols of the favored nations enjoying rookeries were the more watchful. On Copper Island, a Russian possession off the southeast coast of Kamchatka, where the Russians had a fur station, there had been a half company of imperial soldiers, well fortified and ready for any

land. The Czar's men knew those banners. This flag was strange and they watched with interest the putting off of a small boat. A big, broad-chested American, skipper of this strange schooner, stepped ashore with a smile and signified that he wanted water. He told them that his vessel was Mexican. He was a very affable captain, a great joker, a jolly dog, and he seemed so glad to meet the Czar's men. Moreover, he had tremendous sandy moustaches. The Russians gave him water and laughed and talked with him. They had seen no stranger for many weary months and this visitor was so genial, so kindly and so obviously honest and open-hearted that they were in love with him almost at once.

So well did the big American skipper like his new Russian friends that he lay over until next day and that afternoon he came ashore with two cases of the finest French champagne and several varieties of liquors, some of which the humble Russian soldiers had never so

much as heard of. This most princely skipper also brought along some excellent cigars and several of his men from the schooner. Then began the most wonderful celebration the Russian garrison had experienced in many a day. Wine and spirits flowed like water, the smoke and aroma of fine cigars filled the low-ceiled garrison quarters. Songs were sung and stories were told. The big skipper even made a speech in Russian. The sergeant in command

The sergeant was seated in a chair at the head of the table. Empty bottles and broken glasses decorated the table and the floor and the room was filled with stale smoke. The sergeant called on his men, for his head reeled; but none replied. He tried to move and found that his hands were tied behind his back. Then he broke forth into curses that made the room ring. Gradually ten of his men came to their senses. They were seated in the chairs



THE "KILLING GROUNDS" ON ST. PAUL, A RICH ROOKERY FOR RAIDERS IN THE PALMY DAYS. THE "POD" HAS BEEN CLUBBED, STUCK AND SKINNED, AND INDIAN WOMEN ARE BUSY CUTTING POT-MEAT FROM THE GLISTENING CARCASSES

of the garrison was the first to give in. He made several brave attempts to keep pace, stoup for stoup, with his friend the big skipper, but the latter seemed to have a brain of ice and a stomach of sheet lead. The liquor served but to make him more genial and kindly and when the Russian sergeant at last slipped from his place and slid gracefully under the long table, the courteous skipper even took off his coat and folded it for a pillow beneath the sergeant's head. Far into the northern night the songs and the stories, the clink of glasses and the snap of cigar-lighting matches, disturbed the peace of God. The Russian soldiers threw restraint to the winds. They were once more in their native villages. It was a fete day. They sang and shouted and whirled about the room in tipsy wise, locked in one another's arms, calling forth the names of Russian girls.

The sergeant was the first to awaken. Bright light streaming through the port-hole windows fell across the room.

along the big table, each neatly trussed up like fowls for the basting. The big, jovial American skipper and his boon companions—they were gone, faded away like a dream. An hour later when one of the Russians had loosed himself and set his comrades free the sergeant came to a full realization of what had happened. It was all very clear, painfully plain and simple. The storehouse locks had been forced; the long schooner with the Mexican flag was gone—and so were all the furs stored on Copper Island, valued between \$15,000 and \$20,000.

On one of those rare days in the northern seas when the fog lifts and the sea-scape is clear, eight years ago a Russian revenue cutter, cruising off the Kommandorsky Islands, north-east of Kamchatka, sighted a low, lean schooner footing it southward. Suspicious at once, the cruiser swung over a few points and bore down upon the stranger. Right away the schooner broke out more sail and picked up all

the breeze blowing. At the same time the Russians on the cruiser heard the exhaust of an auxiliary engine. The cruiser put on all speed and the chase began. The swift cruiser quickly overhauled the fugitive schooner and commanded her to heave to. She complied only after a shot from one of the bow guns carried away some of her rigging. Fifteen minutes afterwards the Russian officers came up out of her hold and seized her papers and placed the skipper

liary engine and removed some of the principal parts to their own vessel.

For two days the Acapulco, her own crew on board, lay practically under the nose of the cruiser while the commander of the latter made preparations for completing the seizure. During this time the men on board the Acapulco remained inactive, awaiting their fate. Apparently the skipper with the big moustaches was ready to take what the Russians deemed he deserved.



DUTCH HARBOR, WITH SEALERS IN PORT AND A PROTECTION CUTTER IN THE BAY. MANY A ROMANCE HAS GAINED A CHAPTER HERE

a big, broad-chested man with great sandy moustaches, and his crew under arrest. There was no excuse possible and the big skipper offered none. He was fairly caught and below decks there was bloody evidence and to spare of guilt. His papers showed that his craft was the Acapulco, Mazatlan register; his flag Mexican. The cutter took the trim schooner under convoy to the nearest port of the Kommandorfsky group where she was to be held while her skipper was tried and sentenced as a seal poacher. The Russians were jubilant. They had never caught a poacher with more proof of guilt. They had this American with the Mexican schooner just where they wanted him.

When the little harbor was reached and the schooner's anchor dropped, the Russians took precautions to keep the poacher where he could not get away from them. Their first act was to seize his papers and some of his gear. They then uncoupled the aux-

These Russians had never seen those big moustaches before.

On the third night a heavy fog settled over the sea and shut out all view beyond a radius of a few yards. At sundown the atmosphere was so thick that the seized schooner was completely lost to view from the cruiser's deck and the commander made preparations to have a guard sent aboard the poacher at nine o'clock to make assurance doubly sure. The noise of hammering coming from the direction of the captured vessel aroused the commander's suspicion and he gave orders for the guard to leave at once. The men detailed to this duty were in the act of assembling when there was a heavy explosion just under the stern overhang of the cruiser and almost at once the Russians heard the steady chug-chug of a heavy-duty auxiliary engine sounding faintly through the fog.

A sense of what had mysteriously happened flashed across the command-

der's mind and he gave instant orders to have the cruiser's anchor taken up and the vessel put under weigh with all speed. Russian sailors flew about their tasks fired with the excitement of the unusual occurrence. The commander fumed and fussed until the anchor was up. Then, at the command, the engines turned over. There was a rattle and a wild racing. The cruiser failed to move. A few seconds later word came from below that the propeller and a part of the rudder had been blown to pieces.

Cursing and raving, the commander gave orders to lower a small launch and put off to the seized schooner. But, when the launch with its guard on board neared the spot where the schooner had lain she was not there and the Russians could just barely catch the rhythmic beat of an exhaust far beyond the entrance to the harbor. Over everything, shutting out all view and all hope of pursuit, was the thick, northern fog.

Subsequent investigation revealed the facts that the skipper with the big moustaches had had a complete duplicate set of parts for his auxiliary engine hidden away in the schooner's hold. A boat from the schooner, rowed with muffled oars, had quietly slipped under the cruiser's stern and attached a bomb with a time fuse at the spot where it would do the most good.

The skipper with the big moustaches was becoming notorious by this time. Besides such major adventures as have been referred to he participated in a host of minor depredations and he was was feared and sought by half the revenue boats on Pacific and northern water. The difficulty the authorities experienced lay in the fact that there was no direct proof against him at any time he was available. Then, in the spring of 1904, he fitted up the swift schooner *Carmencita* at San Francisco, and started north. Information to this effect was immediately flashed to the department of commerce who, in turn, submitted it to the department of justice and, on evidence adduced through the secret service, the skipper with the big moustaches was indicted in San Francisco. Two revenue cut-

ters were instructed to go after the *Carmencita* and bring the skipper back dead or alive. Then a merry chase began, a chase which led all over the Behring Sea and the North Pacific. The skipper of the *Carmencita*, with his customary shrewdness, had evidently guessed at the trend of events for he had dodged into the Mexican port of Mazatlan and, following his old tactics, had again registered his vessel under the Mexican laws and changed her name to that of his old favorite, the *Acapulco*.

For almost a year the revenue cutters of the United States sought the *Carmencita* of San Francisco; and for almost a year the *Acapulco* of Mazatlan dodged and ran, covered and redoubled. At the end of that time she had wormed her way through the net far enough south to duck into Victoria, Vancouver Island, and there, owing to her Mexican register, the appeal for the arrest of the skipper with the big moustaches sent by the American authorities to the British Columbia authorities could not avail.

The American government could not arrest this skipper either. His registry and flag were American and only by virtue of special arrangements with Mexico could he be legally apprehended by the United States for pelagic sealing. Strong efforts were made to secure the co-operation of Mexico but these failed and the *Acapulco* and her skipper went free together with the three hundred choice skins she had brought to Victoria.

It was only when the profits went out of sealing that the skipper with the big moustaches retired from the trade. Many times he was captured but he always managed, by daring and wit, to escape. When his last schooner was shuffled in and tied up among the derelicts below Point Ellice Bridge, Victoria, he took to steam-boating on the Skeena river, exciting enough in its early stages. Then he got an interest in a rug boat and now, as master of this sturdy craft, he no longer dodges the swift cruiser nor hides quickly at sight of a brassy revenue cutter.

One of the most bitterly-felt incidents of the old sealing days—the days that

are now no more—occurred in 1892 when five sealers were seized by the Russians despite the fact that in each instance they claimed to have been miles without the limit. Captain Balcom, now a prosperous official of one of the most successful whaling syndicates in the world, with headquarters in Victoria, was one of the skippers participating in this incident. He was skipper of the schooner *Maria*. The *Vancouver Belle*, a vessel which may yet be found among the fleet at Victoria, was also among the seizures. She was commanded by Captain Coppe, now master of a British tramp steamer. There were five of these schooners all told. They were seized by various Russian gunboats and taken to Petropaulofsky where they, with their masters and crews, were turned over to the Russian governor. The governor, a pompous nonentity, puffed up with pride and filled with a sense of his own dignity, threw every one of the captured seal hunters into a foul old log building formerly used as a garrison hen house. Prior to this their captors had robbed them of practically every stitch of their clothing and they were all but naked and most miserable. Seven kopecs a day was allowed them to procure food. On this allowance they would have starved beyond doubt had not some of the Russian women, moved by that sweet sympathy which is a feminine attribute the world over, taken pity upon them and surreptitiously supplied them with food.

For two weeks the seal hunters languished in this filthy hen house watching the Russians parading past attired in their stolen sweaters, rubber boots and other clothing. The governor and his henchmen took occasion to loot the schooners lying on the beach. The little signal guns from the schooner were taken to form ornaments at the entrance to the governor's residence; the vessels' lanterns were commandeered to light the official drive-way; in fact nothing of value was left. The only breaks in this horrible monotony were the occasions when the sealers were hauled into the Pompous Presence on some flimsy pretext to be further badgered and insulted. It was

on one of these occasions, when the masters and crews—whites and Siwash Indians—were on parade before the governor that the sealers' lacerated feelings were somewhat salved by an incident that must always remain a striking feature of the famous hen-house episode. The governor never failed to attire himself in the greatest possible degree of gold braid and brass buttons with bright facings. The Siwashes, simple children of nature, were transported by the sight of this gorgeous person on the first occasion on which they were marshalled before him. Carried away by the sight, they broke through the guards and surrounded the governor, fingering the gold braid and gurgling with delight as they felt of the rich cloth. The governor, coward at heart as he was, almost fainted through fear before the soldiers could remove the Siwashes. Subsequent parades in the official presence were conducted without the Indians and were attended by less badgering of the seal hunters on the part of the governor.

At the expiration of the two weeks the governor, probably through official channels, began to realize that the Russian government would not tolerate the conduct he had been guilty of. Moreover, the two governments interested were making things lively for his superiors and eventually he made arrangements for the release of his prisoners. Even in this his mean spirit showed itself. He called Captain Coppe before him and presented to him the schooner *Rosie Olsen*, one of the captured vessels, on the understanding that Captain Coppe would take as many of the prisoners aboard as the schooner would hold. Accordingly no less than eighty half-starved, emaciated, almost naked seal hunters, whites and reds, crawled aboard the *Rosie Olsen* and Captain Coppe set sail for Victoria. Those who were left behind were finally sent home on board the bark *Majestic*. The stories they told of their treatment on the voyage did not reflect credit on the skipper of this bark. On arrival in Victoria he demanded \$50 a head from the customs authorities as passage money and it afterwards transpired that he had seized everything owned by

the seal hunters which the Russians had overlooked.

Year by year the schooners of the fleet, when sealing was in its prime in the North Pacific and the Arctic seas, added chapters to the romantic history of the trade. The hard work and the risks attracted remarkable men and these made remarkable stories. They knew and knew well that

This is the Law of the Muscovite, that he prove
with shot and steel,
When you come by his isles in the Smoky Seas
you must not take the seal.

These men were willing to break the Muscovite's law when chance offered and to take what consequences came if they were caught. But the days of sealing romance are over. For fifteen long, delicious years the matkas will be safe and the little holluschickie will not

be wanting for their milk nor left to starve on the barren rookery because their mothers fall prey to the ruthless slayers. For fifteen long years the harem masters will roar their challenges across the rookery grounds; the bachelors will group in the seal grass at the rear and they will live as nature bade them live in the beginning. There will be no drives, no clubbings, no ghastly peltless carcasses under the northern mist. And the derelicts below Point Ellice bridge will keep the secrets of the long ago. They will serve or wait as their masters bid them. Insignificant and rotting, they make a poor appearance. But mistake them not as did the young tourist. That vessel just below you as you stand on the bridge, can you say she was not the Acapulco or another of equal fame?

THE REBEL

BY W. B. HUME

(*WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE*)

DOWER'D with a heritage of brawn and brain,
A heart of fire, a pen of flame;
An eye to see beyond the form the man,
To tell the right, nor fail to note the sham;
A voice uplifted in the people's cause,
An Anglo-Saxon's heirdom; equal laws;
One man, one vote—free speech, free thought,
And all posts open, not bequeathed nor bought.

Such was Mackenzie. Wearied out, he fought
Still on—his country's weal his thought—
First in the forum, then at length the field;
Not ballots, bullets—tricked, perforce must yield—
And if he failed, his cause to triumph yet.
Shall we, his heirs, for whom he strove, forget?

When Annie McDougall Was Young

A STORY OF PIONEER DAYS

By Mae Harris Anson

WHEN Annie McWhinney said "Yes" to young David McDougall, his sole possessions were a pair of horses, a good wagon, and a reputation throughout the Indian country of the Canadian plains as a man who knew no fear, a trader who gave a square deal, and a friend worth while in time of adversity. In the spring of 1871, David and Annie McDougall started on their honeymoon trip across country, nine hundred miles to old Fort Edmonton.

To-day, Annie McDougall's brow is unlined; her hair is barely touched with silver; she looks as if her life had been spent in sheltered places, as if all ills and worries and hardships had been warded from her. Yet for the first fifteen years of her life in the west, whether she was out on the trail with her trader-husband, or keeping store alone at the trading post on the Bow River, where Calgary now stands, there was scarcely a day but Annie McDougall faced situations harrowing enough to have lined her face deeply, and turned her hair white as snow. And in all the stirring years from 1871 until the coming of the Canadian Pacific railway founded towns and fostered civilization along its right of way, Annie McDougall played her part with a man's courage and with all a man's resourcefulness, in the blood-stirring incidents that inevitably came to them in the Indian country,

where frequently only a hair line divided safety from direst peril.

The year 1870 marked the greatest tragedy in the whole history of the Indians of western Canada, a tragedy that not only worked a change for evil in the attitude of the red man toward the white, but also made possible the support of Louis Riel in his absurd pretensions to a red man's government in the west, independent of Canada. For with the New Year of 1870, the dreadful scourge of smallpox fell upon the Northland, and not the greatest devastation of the great scourges of history were so fatal in proportion as that which followed in the wake of this terrible disease among the Indians of the Canadian northwest.

The smallpox came in with the white man. It is, to this day, called the "white man's disease". The buffalo also literally faded away from the prairies at his advent. So, with their ranks, cut down two-thirds when the scourge had spent itself, and famine pinching the remnant, a new hatred was born among them all for the white man, and everything that belonged to him.

It was into this atmosphere of hostility that David McDougall took his wife.

At first, Mrs. McDougall traveled with her husband, as he went among the Indians, but as success came to them, David McDougall built a

trading post at the junction of the Bow and Elbow Rivers, and there alone, or with her sister-in-law, Mrs. John, Annie McDougall kept store during her husband's long absences in the north. Until years later, even after the North-West Mounted Police had clamped law and order firmly upon the North-West Territories, the Indians lived in the hope that sometime they could terrorize the "white squaw" of David McDougall and obtain the biggest end of the bargain, if not the whole store as loot. And in the lodges of their sons and grandsons to-day, there is many a tale told of the unbreakable courage of the two women, and many a chuckle is heard over the story of the times without number when Annie McDougall's wit and sourcefulness availed, where mere strength or skill as a marksman would have been as nothing.

"I never turned my back on them," Annie McDougall says simply, in telling the story of the old days. "We had a storeroom to which there was no entrance except by a small trap door below the counter. When the Indians came in to trade, I merely opened the door, and shot the skins in, without so much as taking my eyes off the Indian on the other side of the counter."

"Were you ever frightened 'half to death'?" I asked, remembering the assertion of a famous woman pioneer of British Columbia that she never had feared anything,—drunken Indian or miner, sullen Chinaman or rattlesnake.

"Frightened?" said Annie McDougall indignantly. "Wouldn't you be frightened if an Indian six feet tall came in and stood where you couldn't get away, and began to demand all kinds of impossible things in trade, and you could fairly see murder in his eye?"

She had stood behind the counter, conscious that she was trapped like a rat, with the shotgun peacefully reposing behind the door of the house some distance away. Apparently, she held her ground bravely. In reality, she could not have lifted one foot from the ground, and literally held herself

upright by her grasp upon the counter.

"What shail we do? What shall we do?" Mrs. John kept saying under her breath.

"Do?" said Annie McDougall without a quaver in her voice. "We'll just have to do the best we can. You go home and get that shotgun."

While she was gone, Annie McDougall still too frightened to stir, matched her keen Scotch-Canadian wit against the cunning of the Indian, and kept him from making any hostile move or demanding something that she could not let go in trade for the single buffalo skin that he had brought. But when Mrs. John returned with the gun, Annie McDougall found her troubles multiplied, for with every choice of the Indian, Mrs. John would wail,

"Oh, don't let him have that!"

No matter what it was,—cloth, beads, tobacco, flour, groceries, dishes,—Mrs. John's perspective never changed, and always came her agonized cry, "Oh, don't let him have that!"

Finally, when the Indian had asked for, and been refused, nearly everything in the store, he pointed to a huge china platter. This time, when Mrs. John cried, "Oh, don't let him have that!" Annie McDougall said,

"Why not? What good is that old platter to us, anyway?"

But the Indian no sooner found that the white squaws were willing to let the big platter go than he decided that it was not enough in exchange for his skin. His manner of conveying his belief soon became unbearable, and finally, danger or no danger, Annie McDougall decided that he must be brought to time. Lifting the gun, she cocked it, and then calmly, but with the telltale light of battle in her eyes, she told the Indian to leave, or she would shoot. And although he was a savage of the wilderness, he had already acquired civilized man's fear of firearms in a woman's hands, and without further parley, he left.

In after years, when all danger of trouble with the Indians had passed, with the establishment of law and order, many an Indian told David McDougall that times without number they had gone to the trading post on

the Bow River, in his absence, bent upon massacring the women and looting the store. And always, the courage of the two white squaws, or some incident that spoke to their own superstitious minds, had prevented.

One day, a single Indian appeared at the post, and after a little half-hearted dickering, left. Annie McDougall scented mischief, and for once her stout heart quailed. For once, she fully realized their helpless position,—two women alone, hundreds of miles from the nearest white settlement. But that night, Dr. John returned unexpectedly. They had not thought that he was within many days' journey of the post. As they sat around the supper table, telling him of their fears, there came a sudden warwhoop, followed by the trampling of hoofs, and before they could rise from their chairs, the door was burst open, and a horse's head and hoofs pushed in.

Ironhanded Dr. John caught the animal by its bridle and forced it out, and then, between the surprise of finding him here at all, and his vigorous defence of his fireside, the Indians suddenly lost all their courage and raced away, pulling up only when they knew that they were safely out of range of the guns in the post. They lingered about, however, and a few hours later, when a furious storm of wind and rain broke upon them, they came back and asked for shelter. Dr. John was at a loss to know what to do, for the Indians were heavily armed. But, finally, as the fury of the storm increased, he told them that they might come under his roof, if they would give up their arms. At first, the Indians refused peremptorily. But as the fury of the storm increased, they finally agreed, and filing sullenly into the warmth of the living room, they lay down to sleep.

All night, the three white people stayed awake, keeping guard over the stack of arms, and keenly watchful for treachery, dreading the dawn, for with its coming, the arms must be returned, and then what might happen, they foresaw only too well. When daylight came, it revealed the fact that in spite of the shelter that had been

given to them overnight, the Indians were sullen and anything but grateful. What might have happened there is no telling, for Annie McDougall says that in case the worst ever had come upon them, she would have put fire to a keg of powder and so prevented the horrors of captivity for them all,—but by one of the providential coincidences which marked the life of the whole McDougall family among Canadian Indians, a large band of friendly Stoney Indians arrived, and taking matters into their own hands, drove the troublesome band away.

If the Indians were sober, they were not hard to handle, but with everybody in the North-West Territories, except the best class of traders, helping along the smuggling of whiskey across the line from Fort Benton, Mont., the Indians managed to get almost as much whiskey as they wanted, and a good deal more than worked for the safety of the settlements. Fortunately, David McDougall succeeded for a long time in enforcing the law against whiskey-trading at his post, and the two women had no trouble on that score. Shortly before one of David McDougall's long treks into the heart of the Indian country, however, an old half-breed, named Kishawasis, settled outside the fort in an old shack. He had no visible means of support, but he gave no trouble, and David McDougall started off with a mind at ease.

One day, a band of thirty Indians came to visit old Kishawasis, and when they left, the two women at the fort knew only too well how the old man made his living, for the thirty of them were ragingly, murderously drunk, and possessed of an insane desire to shoot up the little settlement. All houses meant more whiskey to them, and knowing that they had drunk old Kishawasis dry, they fell in a body upon the store of the trader, and with brutal menacing directness, demanded more whiskey from the trembling women.

Annie McDougall told them that she had none, that there never had been any in the fort. Still they demanded it, and when she persisted in her denial, they began a "rough house,"

in their determined search for it. Finally, Annie McDougall's wit came to her rescue. She told them that if they would wait peacefully for a little while, she would get some whiskey; that it was not in the store, but she would get it, if only they would leave her husband's stock alone. Drunk as they were, they took a brutish satisfaction in the thought that for once they had brought the "white squaw" to terms, and the band settled down to wait, in drunken squabbling.

Had they been less befuddled, they would probably have thought it strange that Annie McDougall's whiskey was brought to them in pails and pots,—and piping hot! As it was, they received her with whoops of joy and drank the liquor greedily by the quart. Alack and alas! Within fifteen minutes they were the sickest creatures that ever wore the semblance of human beings. They rolled around upon the ground, they struggled to their feet, only to reel and fall again, and in their suffering, they called upon the Great Spirit to have mercy upon them and permit them to go at once to the Happy Hunting Grounds in the Great Sand Hills.

Annie McDougall, you see, had brewed some strong tea and doped it with so much New Orleans molasses that even the stomach of an ostrich would have rebelled. Then while her knees still shook with fright at the situation, she made her way to the shack of old Kishawasis and by the time she had a little more than half expressed her indignation at his having given the Indians whiskey, he was trembling himself in fear of the consequences that those terrible McDougalls might bring upon him. Mumbling all kinds of apologies and promises, he went back to the fort with her and after heroic efforts finally succeeded in getting the Indians mounted and safely out of the district.

As the seventies drew to their close, the haughty spirit of the Indians began to break. The buffalo, their mainstay, had already practically disappeared.

They knew not how to till the land, even if they had had implements or the desire to live by the sweat of their brows. At length, the time came when famine stalked abroad in the land, and in their suffering, the Indians instinctively closed in upon the white traders for sustenance. Sometimes they begged it, frequently they took it as their right from those whose presence their unenlightened minds held responsible for the evil that had come upon them.

Hundreds of Indians, remnants of many different tribes which had been spared by the scourge of smallpox, gathered about David McDougall's post on Bow River, all tribal animosity swallowed up in the misery of their suffering.

To them, Annie McDougall gave all the meal that she could spare and, in addition, she opened freely to them great sheds full of dried buffalo meat and pemmican, giving them unstintedly what would represent thousands of dollars to-day. No other starving band, self-quartered upon a trader, fared half so well, yet never a meal prepared in the kitchen of the post for the family was safe from their thieving hands. They often stole the meat that was cooking on the stove.

"But what did you do? What did you have to eat when they did that?" I asked.

"We did the best we could," was the characteristic reply, "but often we had to go without meat ourselves, when they stole ours. Above all things we did not dare to say or do anything that would anger them, for they were desperate and sullen."

When the railroad came to Calgary, it worked a total revolution in the commerce of the prairies, and sounded the knell of the old trading post days. The winding trail of steel put the western prairies in touch with the civilized world, and with the Indians finally tamed and subdued to a life upon well-defined reservations, David McDougall's wandering trader life came to an end, and no more did Annie McDougall have to brave the perils of the Indian frontier alone.

Where the Otter Hides

By J. H. Reed

With Illustrations by L. Pern Bird



THIS land is full of sylvan beauty. It is not alone the broad landscape, with its great breadth of colour, its greens and gold, ever varying as masses of clouds, sailing before the wind, throw dark shadows over the golden grain or the emerald of the meadows, only to break into smiling radiance as the sun kisses them once again with its living, quickening beams.

Every nook has a charm of its own. Here is a deep rift scored in an upland of the hills. A singing rill, a foot or so broad, rushes adown the rocky bed with sweet music, tumbling over many a mimic waterfall into the pools below. Young oaks cling to the banks with masses of polypody on their outstretched arms, and an ancient holly stretched its long pendant branches downward, as though its tips would sip of the waters below.

The banks were a vision of beauty. Hanging curtains of lady ferns, delicate and fragile, and the long, sword-like fronds of the snake-fern, with serrated edges, hung in rich profusion down the steep sides.

Here and there the star-like asphodel lifted its beautiful flowers, asking the solitary visitor to admire its golden blooms. Mosses clustered on the fringe of the rill, and, loving the soft cushions, the delicate bell-like pink flowers of the water pimpernel lay, soft sheltered, on the mossy stems; while here and there were the charming blue cups of the tiny ivy-leaved campanula. These two delightful flowers were surely made for fairy balls. Nothing could be more lovely to adorn the belles than the little pimpernel, and the brilliant campanula would for certain be chosen by the young dandies when dancing round the fairy rings in the silver light of the harvest moon.

Sunbeams threw shafts of light on the nodding ferns, and made the waters glisten with jewels as they broke into spray in falling over the rocks into the pools below.

The picture was finished as a yellow wagtail, with its beautiful plumage, flitted from rock to rock, as though the beauty was all its own.

The farmer looked disconsolate; he did not like the boats floating above

field and wood; there was "something brewing somewhere." The boats to us were only beautiful bits of snowy masses rent from far-away cloudland, and making the blue above more lovely. To the farmer they were little worries, because of the broad acres of gold across the farms which were waiting to fall before the reaper. We cared not for wind or rain, for the otter hounds were to hunt our stream to-day.

The meet was at the foot of the slope by Stogumber Station, and the company all on foot, in striking contrast to the mounted hunters when the stag is chased across the heather-clad hills rising behind the uplands. The hounds were fine-limbed, strong, and fit. There were a dozen or so of the kind which hunt the stag and fox, and three shaggy creatures with dark coats were of the old breed of otter hounds. One of the huntsmen held in leash two wiry, sharp-nosed, keen little terriers—the most eager and excited of all. I held them while the huntsmen crossed an awkward fence, and was surprised at the strength of the pull of the little creatures, who would not be denied their share of the sport. Their special work was to bait the otter in his retreat and turn him out for the hounds to hunt.

The master, secretary and huntsmen were in scarlet coats, with grey bowlers, breeches and stockings. The latter had a tuck above the boots; when turned down it covered the tops and prevented mud and gravel from getting inside while dashing across the stream when the hunt was keen.

The rest of the followers were very mixed: keen old sportsmen clad in grey, carrying poles with blunt iron ends for probing the banks to drive out the otter lurking below; bright, enthusiastic girls, heedless of brambles and nettles, water and mud, so that they could see the fun; and visitors from distant towns eager to share the frolic of the chase.

Some of these visitors had quaint ideas about the hunt. One asked if the otter was brought in a bag and then turned out for the hounds to chase. The bag was not forthcoming, but it was reported to the master that an otter had been marked down stream, and

so a move was made towards the old mill below.

To hunt an animal well and with success knowledge of his habits and ways is needful, but of the otter less is known than of most animals, for he is a night prowler and rarely seen. To hunt in the dark to find food for the young litter at home, as well as for itself, seems a somewhat hopeless task, but nature has given the otter a wonderful weapon for the work—a nose which is a very network of nerves to scent the fish on which it feeds. As the old huntsman in the "Compleat Angler" said: "I can tell you that this dog-fisher, for so the Latins call him, can smell a fish in the water a hundred yards from him." He starts on the search for food after sunset, and ere rosy morn tinges the sky seeks his lair again, for the "witches of Kirk Alloway" never shunned the break of day more than an old dog otter. All day long he is shy to see the sun, and is snugly sleeping on the dry ledges of a drain, mayhap, very near to the farm, or, to put the hounds off the scent, he may reach a snug retreat by an entrance under water, which, rising upward, leads to a dry and safe hiding place.

But, like other thieves of the night, they leave clues behind them. There is the otter's seal, the footprints on the margin of the brook, the impress of the five toes—a dog and a fox have but four—and then the "drag," the sure tell-tale marks where he fished last night, and these will help in the hunt to-day, for we are on the trail.

The master had seen the signs of a fine animal, and the hunt began in earnest amid the rank foliage below the old mill. Hounds were racing through a mass of the huge leaves of the butter bur, and from the high bank it was a pretty sight to watch the red coats flitting amid the dark green foliage. Through the tangled undergrowth hounds and hunt came into the meadow. The hounds swam every deep pool, and searched every nook with the greatest eagerness, the hunt following, now by the banks, then dashing across stream, or scrambling through thorny hedge of bramble brake. Naught stopped man or



THE FARMER LOOKED DISCONSOLATE, FOR TO HIM THE BEAUTIFUL CLOUD-BOATS MEANT ONLY RAIN

hound, boy or girl, when the hunt was keen. A splash now and again told a little tale, or a deep muttering of a short word a larger rent and deeper scratches than usual.

The stream has many a bend, and oft the hounds struck the line where the otter had left the bank to make a short cut across the meadow, perhaps on the way to its lair. With noses



NOTHING STOPPED MAN OR HOUND, BOY OR GIRL, WHEN THE HUNT WAS KEEN

close to the turf and tail upcurved, it was interesting to watch the hounds search every inch of the way until they took to the water again.

Now an old hound speaks: its bell-like tone arouses the greatest excitement the otter is there. On both banks the greatest keenness was evinced to see the rare animal.

The master is in a pool, waist-deep, searching every nook; poles are in deadly earnest probing the banks to make the otter bolt, and watchers are on the alert, up and down the stream, to catch sight of a hunted animal stealing away; but nothing came of it, and the disappointed are again away downstream to try once more.

So the laughing, merry hunters follow, and the hunt goes on, the splashing and the dashing of hounds through the waters frightening the fish, and sending the bewildered moorhens scurrying away.

"Drag" was found here and there, and by streams as well as the main stream for two or three miles were searched, until scent and signs were no more, and so we must hunt back again.

At the old spot, on the return, there was the same excitement, the uplifted voice of the old hound, the dashing into

the stream, and the same failure as before.

The next move was to the waters above the mill, and so by the alders and willows and the ever-curving waters we came, and now and again a fine bit of colour was seen.

Masses of purple loosestrife with spikes more than a foot long, great plants of pink willow herb, and hemp agrimony, all in glorious bloom, fringed the bank where the hunt was abandoned, for the cunning old otter had foiled master and hounds now, only to be hunted another day.

Otter hunting is good fun for city visitors; they can follow afoot without let or hindrance, save for barbed wire, thorns, and an accidental spill into a bed of nettles, which worry once in a while. It is a summer sport, and for the many who ride not, and mind not a mishap at times, the beauty of the stream and the many adventures are delightful, especially if the otter is not caught after all.

There are four interesting villages within two miles of the farm, so there is plenty of choice for evening service. Bicknoller clusters around the mouth of its beautiful combe, Stogumber hangs on the side of a hill and wanders

a little way up a valley, Sampford Brett is across the meadows, and we hear the music of its bells floating over the plain, and rejoice, for they tell of fine weather on the morrow, much needed for the delayed harvest: and, hidden in a deep valley, Monksilver, which we select for evening service.

It is a glorious evening, and as the two score villagers sing of the golden gates—within—the sunbeams throw a glorious radiance across the golden grain—without. Through open doors and windows we see the rolling hills; their sloping, ample sides are laughing for very joy, and the great fields of waving grain send whisperings of sweet music adown the aisle on the still, evening air.

The spirit of gladness pervaded the service. There were good voices in the choir, and it was a surprise and delight to listen to the beautiful old-world anthem, "How beautiful upon the mountains." It brought memories of another choir of long ago in a far-away eastern shire. The vicar, in simple and well-chosen words, exhorted his little flock to "Sing unto the Lord a new song." It was a pleasant and helpful service.

The story runs that the south aisle was built by a pious blacksmith, who made a vow to enlarge, as a thank-offering, the church in the village that brought him prosperity. The date is

1350, and the windows are good examples of the Perpendicular period. In the upper tracery the ancient glass remains. Here are the four evangelists the bleeding heart, the wounded hands, the crown of thorns and the upright pillar and whips which told of the sufferings of Christ. In another window are the pincers, hook-knife and hammer, the tools of the craft of the smith who loved his church.

By the door is an old alms box with a triple lock, bearing the date 1634. We wonder why it needed so many locks: maybe it betokened a want of trust. Evidently a watchful eye must be kept on the vicar or his churchwardens, for there must be a meeting of the three ere the box could be opened in those early Stuart times.

The village, with the brook leaving the edges of its cottage gardens, all aglow with old-fashioned flowers, is pretty, though small. An old chronicler more than a century ago said: "The average christenings are annually six, and the burials five" and it grows but slowly.

Mists hung over the hills, fleeting, white cloudlets passed over the blue, while a bow hung in the clouds, encircling farm and homestead, and smiling a blessing on the good friends left behind, as we sped homewards, carrying with us clustering delights garnered in this charming Quantockland.

