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MY CANADIAN MEMORIES

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA



S. Macnaughtan

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BY

S. MACNAUGHTAN

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"A LAME DOG'S DIARY,"
"THE EXPENSIVE MISS DU CANE,"
ETC., ETC.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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PREFACE

MISS MACNAUGHTAN had visited Canada just before the Great War, and was busily engaged upon writing her experiences in the new country, which had impressed her so much, when the cataclysm of the war burst upon Europe. She at once volunteered for service, though she was not young and was far from strong. With the heroic little band of English nurses at Antwerp, and in the battered corner of Belgium which continued to hold out against the Germans, she laboured devotedly till June, 1915, when she came home to lecture on the war to the munition workers. In October of that year she left for Russia with an ambulance party, her keen sympathy having been aroused by the news that the Russian wounded were getting no nurses. The little unit got as far as Persia, where Miss Macnaughtan was taken seriously ill. She struggled back, how no one ever really knew, all the long way from Teheran to her own home in Norfolk Street, where she lingered through some summer days, till she passed away on July 24, 1916.

I had had the privilege of knowing Miss Macnaughtan intimately, and when the unfinished book was found among her MSS., I was asked to edit it, having previously written a short history of Canada and being interested in everything Canadian. The work is substantially as the author left it, for it was

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thought better to leave things somewhat unfinished rather than spoil the atmosphere of the book. Miss Macnaughtan always put her own stamp upon her writing, investing it with her own personality in a very marked degree. She had evidently intended to have written other chapters, notably one on the emigrants, but the notes were too fragmentary to be used. It is hoped that this book, the outcome of a much-enjoyed visit to Canada, will stimulate the same enthusiastic love for one of Great Britain's daughter nations, with which the author was inspired.

BEATRICE HOME.

LONDON, 1920.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	PREFACE	v
I.	ON BOARD THE C.P.R.	1
II.	FROM TORONTO TO MONTREAL . . .	25
III.	CONCERNING QUEBEC	40
IV.	STORY OF THE C.P.R.	57
V.	LORD STRATHCONA: A SKETCH . . .	80
VI.	SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE	96
VII.	STORY OF THE CANADIAN NORTHERN . .	116
VIII.	SIR WILLIAM MACKENZIE	125
IX.	SIR DONALD MANN	136
X.	COLONEL DAVIDSON	152
XI.	SHIPPING	174
XII.	RECIPROCITY	195
XIII.	THE ROYAL NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE .	215

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My Canadian Memories

Chapter I — *On Board the C.P.R.*

WHEN Lord Strathcona went to Canada in the year 1838 he sailed in a clipper ship of eight hundred tons, and the voyage occupied fifty days. In 1913 he made the same voyage, spent three days in Canada, and returned to England, the whole expedition having occupied fifteen days.

We know the futility of gaping with astonishment at figures such as these, but it would not be difficult to show that our astonishment is largely due to the fact that we are hardly able to grasp intelligently and all at once the story of Canada's progress and the rapidity of its development, and our amazement increases when we realise that this land of broad rivers and streams, with its latent wealth, its beautiful scenery and its rich soil, remained so long practically undiscovered.

The whole of the earliest history of the country might almost be described as that of animals with hairy covering being sought and killed by those who have none. Fur was the word round which all trades circled; fur was the coin of the country; fur was the cause of many disputes. For the fur trade Indians fought, and for the fur trade and all that it meant men died. Fur came at last to have a

political meaning, and fur became another name for wealth. The herds of wild buffalo, meek-eyed and immense, the shy, wild animals that peeped from under the snow, and those who protect themselves by faultless mimicry of their surroundings, were hunted and tracked and speared by the early inhabitants of Canadian soil, and were ultimately exterminated by them. There existed a perpetual struggle between the fur covered population and the hunter who went in need of covering. Both hunter and hunted learnt something in those days, and the race was to the swift, the keen-eyed and the patient. No animal moved so stealthily but found that the Indian moved more stealthily still. Physical endurance was strong, and man, trained to hardihood, not only in the chase but by voluntarily endured torture, became fleet of foot, keen-eyed and ready.

When he began to exchange his skins for something else that he wanted it was necessary to develop a new sort of intelligence. The trader had come, with his gay-coloured cotton handkerchiefs and his beads, and the Indians wanted beads and handkerchiefs—wanted them badly, as did also his squaws, and he was willing to give all that he had for them—namely, his furs.

The barter thus begun has led by steps quite easy to trace to the complicated system of national economics which exists in Canada at the present day. Lives have been ungrudgingly spent in its development, battles have been fought for it, men have given their lives to the study of it.

And at the back of it all is the primary instinct, so often forgotten, of sheer love of sport. When the hunter tracks his game it is not for mere love of killing, but from an ineradicable instinct of competition. It is one man's sight opposed to another's ;

sharp hearing pitted against sharp ears, and fleetness of foot measured relentlessly against another's speed. In trading, the goal itself is often forgotten in the enjoyment of the exercise involved in "getting there," and in the keenness which develops in every living thing that enters on a race. This fact is often ignored by those who have dubbed the British a nation of shopkeepers, but it is one of the things that cannot be too strongly insisted upon when we come to study the lives of those who, in making a country, have made their own fortunes too. The men who have made the greatest success are often those who have but little regard for money, and very few personal tastes which they wish to gratify. And when it is urged, as is sometimes the case, that Canada is becoming Americanised, and wholly given to the acquirement of material advantages, it is well to remember that money-getting does not always mean greed, and that there is often a very heroic element about its attainment. It has been said that money is the supreme test of a man's character, and there is a good deal of truth in the statement. Gold is not all dross, but frequently has the king's image very plainly stamped upon it.

But for trade, it would be very doubtful whether one half of the world would ever have been discovered by the other half, and there is much honour due to the men who, in the face of personal danger and personal sacrifices, pushed out far.

The story of commercial enterprise, with which these pages are mostly concerned, will show, we believe, not only the attainments which have been brought about by acumen and intelligence, but that other side of it so often overlooked, which involves a character. It is notorious that it is the

men who have been able to touch money without soiling their hands who have made the most steady success in financial life. More than this, there are qualities which alone can make financial success possible, and, whatever a man may come to in after life, there are few amongst those who have succeeded who cannot look back upon a boyhood of strenuous industry, youthful intelligence, punctuality and resource. These qualities are worth having, whether the business does or does not succeed ; they will carry a man far, and we who believe that no force is wasted, have a comfortable sense of security that initiative, patience, courage and enterprise will find their goal some day, and that such qualities make good men, and sometimes successful men—which is a secondary consideration.

It is characteristic of Canada that she is producing men of this stamp, and endowed with these qualities. Possibly what some persons have forgotten is that the development of the country requires not only endurance but continuity of enterprise. As we have begun in Canada so we must go on. It is no use stopping half-way.

Nansen, when he sailed for the North, had only one purpose in view. To sail into the fog and freeze in. It was a waiting game, and we know what the results were. In Canada the simile would have to be altered, and a more suitable one, both to the country and to the people, might be found in the analogy of shooting the rapids. Those who have seen canoes racing through brawling waters, through waves crested with foam, may have held their breath both at the rapidity of the transit and the splendid daring involved in it. There are only two things that an onlooker is quite sure of ; one is that there is no possibility of pausing or of turning

back, and the other is that the craft will arrive safely.

It is absurd to talk of taking in sail—the boat has to go on.

No one who has not been in Canada can guess at its opportunities or have a just appreciation of its hardly touched wealth. No one who knows anything about this can have any doubts about the future of Canada. Its record in the past justifies that belief.

In 1903 the quantity of grain produced in the country was 293 million bushels. In 1914 the production of grain was no less than 672 millions. In 1903 the value of exports was 225 million dollars, while ten years later they had mounted to 425 million dollars. The mineral productions showed the same increase in figures, and will probably go on increasing very rapidly; their developments between the years 1901 to 1912 show an increase of 68 million dollars. The machinery which has been bought at so great expense will only now be able to put forth its whole possible output.

The greatest machines in the world are its railways, and foremost in the list of stories of enterprise and resolve stands the great railway system of Canada.

Long ago it was said of this country that it was to be a country of railways, and the saying is as true to-day as it was then. We remember once standing in the office of a great business house in Toronto, and asking for permission to look at a map of Canada. To us was pointed out a large white sheet of paper with some irregular lines traced in red ink across it.

Somewhat bewildered, we ventured to suggest that what we required was a map of Canada, not merely a blank space with some lines running across it.

To which the answer came: "That's Canada! Just a blank space with some lines running across it."

These lines have grown in the very short period of twelve years from 19,000 miles to 36,000 miles. And in this period the total amount of capital spent upon new lines and upon improving old ones has reached the sum of £200,000,000 sterling. Their effect upon the development of the country has been extraordinary. The welfare of the country, almost its discovery, has centred in them, and in the case of one of them at least its history reads almost like a personal narrative. It is impossible to dissociate the name of the Canadian Pacific Railway from a sense of something vital in its existence. It is not merely a line of rails, but like some work of art it shows the handiwork of those who made it, so that, however many years have passed, there is always a sense of living in the thing created.

Even a traveller (whose comments upon any country, it is noteworthy to observe once more, are not of much consideration) may, as he stands on the platform of a railway station on some autumn morning, catch something of that sense of romance, almost of poetry, which is conjured up at sight of the great pioneer of Canada's roadway from ocean to ocean. The song of engines and of steam, of roaring factories and the harnessing of Nature's forces has hardly been breathed yet. But the rhythm of mechanical movement may yet prove to be full of music, and the glint of burnished steel in engine or machine may move us to admire not only its strength but its grace.

The air is cool and crisp on the autumn morning, and the maple trees are red. Overhead the sky is blue, and there is a sense abroad of something

vigorous and strength-compelling in the air. Every field and every river suggests abundance, and one is reminded of those persons who, when they have discovered some attractive spot in the world, say in a whisper: "Don't tell anybody about it, or it will get spoiled." In Canada, however, there is room for everybody. And the traveller, half moved to envy, is inclined to ascribe to atmosphere the vitality of a new nation, and to feel that, with clear skies overhead, and a touch of early morning frost melting in the bright sunshine, physical energy might be an easily acquired thing, and life itself prove to be not too strenuous.

Youthful Canada has grown up with the Canadian Pacific Railway and is accustomed to it. Only the stranger standing on the platform in the crisp early air of autumn dares to inflict his comments upon it.

Almost like a well-directed stage entrance the voice of a bell declares that the train is arriving and the engine comes round a great curve in the clearing of a forest, a brass bell like a toothless monster rollicking at its head. The train has travelled far since the great engines took in their first supply of water at Vancouver. The lake was misty and shrouded that morning, but the mountain had a gleam of sunlight on it like a crown. Black pine trees, the remnants of a once glorious army, stood erect at its base, or seemed like marching soldiers still to be climbing the mountain side. The army was cut down very ruthlessly once, or burned to make a clearing for a new town, and the black fir trees that remain stand regretfully at the mountain's base.

But Canada has little time for regret, and none at all for resignation. "If a thing is wrong I am going to put it right," it says, with the strong voice

of youth : " if a thing is done and it is wrong I am going to do it over again."

There is plenty of time, plenty of opportunity. The country is a new one and it is a vigorous and a joyous thing.

The train leaves behind it white banners of farewell in a long cloud of silver steam as it swings out of the mist which wraps the lake and into the sunshine again, and through the large rich land that lies between Vancouver and the mountains. And ever as it journeys on the sleepless train is travelling through the land of romance. Dawn finds it amongst the snows, and where Rogers found his famous pass, and Donald Mann, riding into the virgin beauty of the heart of the mountains, exclaimed : " Civilisation is murder," it thunders on with the great brass bell at its head waking a thousand echoes.

" There is a path which no fowl knoweth and which the vulture's eye hath not seen." But here in the Rocky Mountains we seem to be in the very secret of the fastnesses of the hills. The inaccessible peaks stand aloof from us, radiant as truth itself and almost as serene, and the thundering gorges seem to roar back defiance at the bending, circling disturber of their ancient peace. The train laughs at obstacles and shouts defiance at difficulties. The birch trees—delicate white ladies—shiver slightly as it thunders past them, while the slender pines, whose tops are in the skies, seem to regard it disdainfully. Perhaps at night-time, when the road is silent again, the mountain tops in solemn conclave may give their deep-voiced disapproval to the insolence of man ; meanwhile the stoker heaps fresh fuel on his engine fires, and the train sings on its way a new song which those who have ears to

hear may hear, and those who have not ears will never hear.

The train has left the echoing passes now, and has glided into a fertile valley where Indian braves and their squaws lounge peacefully at the railway station, and where the hills that stand sentinel round about bear upon them a tenderer and kinder aspect. Children, fearless of steam and power, come to the doorways of homely wooden shacks and wave their hands in greeting to the giant. Streams babbling under the bridges that span them accept its presence as merrily as the children do, and the worker in pleasant fields hardly turns his head as it passes.

Towns come out to meet it, throwing their welcome far and wide, flinging, like a visible token of their prosperity, high towers which send forth their tribute of golden grain, while the train passes through a new civilisation into the great clanging station of a western city.

It has been a fine run of throbbing engines and hot axles. The engine driver wipes his blackened hands with a wad of cotton waste, and eyes his boilers with a look such as a sailor gives his ship that has made a fast voyage.

The pause at the western township is made in a vast and echoing station, filled with hurrying troops of men and women, all carrying portable luggage and bags. Outside, the insistent tramway cars travel ceaselessly with a sharp ting of bells, there are sky signs, and great stores blocking the sky. Here also are busy streets with their Pentecostal crowd of English, Germans, Galicians, Russians, and amongst them a sprinkling of Indians, still-faced, and with high cheek bones and long narrow eyes. This is one of the places for which

Canadians have only one expression, " It has gone ahead in leaps and bounds," and a drive round the town and its environments provokes such startling figures and advance in prices that it leaves, as it is meant to do, the humbled traveller open-mouthed !

This is where only ten years ago a little shack stood, owned by Andrew Maclean, or Jock Campbell, who came out from Scotland with a few pounds in their pockets, and now the new Bank buildings or the Post Office with their handsome stone fronts occupy the spot, and, moreover, had to pay four thousand dollars per foot frontage for it ! This untidy piece of ground, productive only of waste tin cans and rank weeds, is the corner lot which old Brown is holding on to, meaning to get even a higher price than that ; and this store, with its gleaming glass windows, its Paris fashions, its modern furniture and " Beauty Parlours " is the place where not so very long ago a store-keeper sold his goods in a tent and had a pallisade built round it to protect him from the Indians. This is where two soldiers, one of whom is still alive, sent out to survey the land, stuck their two sticks in the ground to mark the spot by a river's bank to which they had come, and Colonel Irvine, turning to his old friend, Colonel Macleod, demanded what they should call the place.

" We might call it Calgary," he said, " it is the Gaelic for clear running water."

There are Real Estate offices in every street, and the cry still is " Canada will boom in the long run." If some reverses come no one knows better than she how pluckily to take them. " Go on, the more you give her the more she is going to give you." It is the shout triumphant of a people who have determined that their children shall be well fed and their

men and women shall be housed in decency and in comfort, and that education shall go forward.

Even when the cry becomes vain-glorious it has a fine sound about it !

The western town is edged with a pretty fringe of white houses having balconies where women sit all day, and pleasant little unfenced gardens giving on to the road ; and there is generally some favourite residential quarter, built on a height (whose price per foot is quoted), and from whence successful merchants can survey the town which has given them wealth. Half the fabulous stories of quick fortune-making belong to the inhabitants of these houses with their pleasant balconies. One man, we hear, bought a swamp for a few dollars and drained it, and now a street of houses stands there. Another bought an old race-course which no one wanted and turned it to good account, and young Smith, the fool of the family, who was sent out from England, happed upon a few fields which is now a town centre—and Smith, mind you, was a fellow who could not add two and two together. Fortunes, they would like you to believe, are forced upon people in Canada !

The sadder side of the stories takes the wail of " What might have been," and is generally voiced in such words as, " If I had had the capital in 18— I——" Sites once inglorious and now measured out by inches are pointed out, and it is not possible to escape the story of the man who was offered the land where the modern city of Chicago now stands for a pair of old boots. Sufficient pause is given for the traveller's obvious rejoinder, and the story ends with the man's reply, " No, I did not buy it, for I had not a pair of old boots."

The lack of the pair of old boots at a critical

moment still rankles in the minds of many rich men, who, nevertheless, take pleasure in the thought of how much richer they might have been.

A millionaire once remarked in the presence of the traveller that he never liked keeping trains waiting. The traveller, being a humble individual for whom trains are not likely to wait, now proposes continuing his journey. There is a fresh engine, and the black porter is making up beds for the night in a long corridor, where behind green curtains travellers roast like St. Laurence on his grid, and the thick air echoes with snores. The romance of Western railway travelling does not lie in its corridor system combined with the exigencies of a common toilet, which once experienced, is not as a rule attempted a second time. The traveller stepping over bare feet thrust into the passage way and hearing various noisy slumbers, is reminded of the story in which one more than usually offensive passenger paused for a moment in his noisy sleep, and in the silence which followed a voice in thankful piety was heard to murmur, " Thank God, he's dead."

Morning finds the train, like some racer, settling down into its stride over a long stretch of level plain. The beauty of yellow grain with the wind rippling across it and the blue sky overhead brings with it almost a sense of laughter so imminent is the joy of it. The boundlessness of the plains, with their ripening harvest, conveys a sense of plenty which not all the gold of the world can give. Fatuously the traveller asks, " Is it possible that everyone in the world has not enough to eat ? " Rippling wheat in ever-widening circles from the train covers the land which lies like the sea with the sunshine full upon it. The beat of the railway engines with their tireless punctuation produces in the mind something

trance-like and dreamy. The sense of pleasure is still abroad, but with it has come a strange sense of unreality. After hours of journeying the landscape is still the same, and after a night of sleep we are still travelling through wheat. The wind stirs their feathery heads gently, and from a shallow lagoon by the side of the railway a flight of duck gets up, showing like a long necklace of black dots against the sky. That was before we went to lunch, and after lunch there is again a still pool by the side of the railway and a dotted line of duck across the sky, and miles of feathered wheat with the wind blowing gently across it.

This is the harvest field of Canada, and it is worth going far to see. No view of it seems to be big enough; one wants to "drink all the sea," and a glimpse from a railway carriage window of the yellow prairie, whose utmost edge meets the sky, is like dipping a cup into the ocean.

The observation car is full of babies, those invariable accompaniments of travelling in the West, where nurseries and nurses are but little known, but outside on the platform is a group of chairs, where men sit and smoke and quote very high figures. Here, too, is a little group who, upon a very slight introduction, have courteously made the traveller one of their own circle. Their very names are unknown as yet, but we find that one of them, a man in a soft grey hat, who looks fifty years of age, but who had already confessed to being nearly eighty, is always addressed as "Old Timer." He never fails to get out at each station where the train stops, and is always known to at least half the men standing about on the platform, who invariably slap him on the back. He seems depressed about Canada. The second in the group is a lady of

delightful manners, a well-bred Englishwoman, who allows us to know that she dresses for dinner every night, even in the wilds, and who (perhaps rightly) associates the practice with empire-making, and a Canadian gentleman, whom mentally we call " Mr. P.," never having got further than that with his name, while envying the talent, possessed to a mysterious degree by Americans and Canadians, of picking up one's name at once and being able to address one correctly at first sight.

Far away on the horizon, where blue sky and yellow grain meet, we see the roof of a little farmhouse, and wonder who lives there, and whether the woman finds the days very long. Mr. P. tells us that the loneliness of prairie farming is minimised since the installation of the telephone, and that the old tragedies of long ago, when women died untended, and there was no doctor for the children, are happily for the most part over.

" Those were the good old days," said the Old Timer, " when men learnt to do without."

" And when Canada," said a Canadian lady, " was not known as a place where there are all luxuries and no necessities."

" There were men then," said the Old Timer, " who struggled and failed, and they were followed by men who struggled and succeeded, and now there are the men who fail without a struggle."

A waiter announces the first call to supper, and the young men, who quote large figures, now stopped smoking for the brief interval which they devote to eating. They sway down the long corridors of the train to order for themselves " individual domestic duck " and other quaint items in the menu of the " piebox." Each one seems to know the Old Timer, and is unable to part with him without the

salutation which by right seems to belong to him. As they leave the car they pat him on the shoulder, and some of them remind him that he is not dead yet.

" The girls are not equal to their mothers either," the Old Timer goes on.

" They never are," said Mr. P., laughing. " I guess the blood is the same, but the chances are not equal. They go to school, where they learn a lot of nonsense, and where they have far too much money to spend. And in the holidays there is nothing but spoiling and thinking about dress, where their mothers used to be thinking about cooking and washing."

" They could cook and wash yet if they were put to it," said the Canadian gentleman.

" They have not the physique for it, poor bits of things," said the Old Timer.

(" His daughters are the best educated women in Canada," said the Canadian lady in an aside.)

" May I tell you the story of a young English girl I know personally ? " said the Englishwoman, " and who, acting upon the sheer need of doing and being, left a very luxurious home in England, and came out to Canada as a farm help, where she learnt all the drudgery of quite menial tasks. She soon got what is called her chance, and became manageress of the Western Hotel. She began to save her money, and invested it to such good account in various schemes for the development of the country that she has a very comfortable income of her own now, and is married most happily."

" Now I'll tell you about a Canadian girl," said the Old Timer, " and the story is true."

" My story is also true," murmured the Englishwoman.

" There was a neighbour of mine with whom everything had gone crooked for years, and the turn of his luck came with a girl. They were selling everything they could lay hands on at the farm then, and the girl used to take eggs and other bits of things into the nearest town and sell them for what she could get. It was a twelve mile walk, and the land was very much like this that we are passing through now. You bet it was heavy work walking, and the basket was full of eggs. My friend's girl, who had a quick eye as most people have on the prairies, noticed a flight of duck such as we might see to-day. Ya-as ! I do think she was cute. She watched that flight of duck and got a track of their nests. I guess she was cute and it did not take her more than a li'l time to empty her own basket of eggs into the nests and to take every darned egg that she found there. Ya'as, sir, she went right on into that li'l town and sold the ducks' eggs, and in course of time she made tracks again for the lagoon—a pretty place just such as we have seen to-day, and she soon had a splendid brood of chickens hatched out by the ducks. Wa'al—I do believe that that farm is one of the most prosperous to-day that I know of. You will believe me, it is still famous for its chickens."

" But those girls had a poor time of it," said the Canadian gentleman, " and the girls who are living now don't know what their mothers had to put up with."

" I don't know about that," said the Old Timer.

With twilight has come a reminiscent turn to the conversation, and one is reminded that it is always at the end of man's little day that he tells best his old stories.

" But I will tell you the story of the prettiest girl in Canada. She married a young fellow, and rode

sixty miles with him into the forest, where they built their new house and set about housekeeping as happy as birds. The young man got typhoid fever before the house was nearly completed, and that young thing, who was only eighteen years old, nursed him day and night, and never could leave him even to go for a doctor. In the end she dug his grave with her own hands and rode back sixty miles through the forest, and that was all."

There was a pause for a little while. The Old Timer told his stories with a simplicity and power of expression of which he himself seemed unconscious. In imagination one saw the little widow of eighteen riding back alone through the forest.

"Girls are made like that," said the Canadian gentleman quietly, "I don't care who they are."

They say that Canada has too little history, that her rivers have never run with blood, that she has not been shaken by great deeds of violence, that she has never suffered persecution nor known the fires of Smithfield nor the high hung gibbet on Tower Hill. They say that her early struggles against Indians were like border raids of long ago, and that, with the exception of these raids and the long struggle with France, she is unworthy of that place in history which is occupied by nations who have imperilled fortunes and sacrificed their lives for great causes.

Early pioneers of Canada may have had little but climate to contend with, and it is a truism to observe that strong men are quite capable of roughing it. But, just because the settlement was a peaceful one, there is honour due where it is not always bestowed. It was the women who came out with those early settlers who peacefully conquered Canada, suffered uncomplainingly, and died unsung.

Sometimes we are reminded of these gentle warriors when we meet to-day the women of Canada, the simplicity of whose lives is matched by the gentleness of their tempers, and who may truthfully be called the great ladies of Canada. The inheritance which their mothers and grandmothers won has passed to the sons : their own possessions are not to be measured by acres of soil, but a certain courage is theirs by right of heredity, and a wisdom which we believe will one day be used for great ends.

" People wonder," said the Old Timer fiercely, " why Britain spread so far, and what is the secret which she possesses of colonising. Do you know why it is ? Wa'al, it's because with other nations the women wait till its comfortable before they follow the men, but Englishwomen go with them from the start and before it is comfortable. I'm talking of ladies, mind you, who perhaps never did a hand's turn of work in their lives before they left home."

" I knew Catherine Blake," the Canadian lady said. " She used to tell me that when her first child was born she lay in bed and looked up through the roof, which had great gaps in it, that she saw the stars shining overhead, and with a romantic fancy she believed that one in particular beamed down upon the child, and she thought this a good omen for him. He has gone down to history as Edward Blake,[1] one of Canada's great men."

" I remember that, too," said her husband, " and the story she used to tell about her longing for fresh meat, till at last one day her husband rode away twenty-six miles for it, and came home with a

[1] Edward Blake was a very eminent lawyer and leader of the Liberal Party in Ontario.

great piece of sheep carcase hung to his saddle, but the wolves got scent of it, and followed him too closely, and at last he had to drop his burden and ride home without it."

"I sometimes laugh," says a man at the edge of the group—one who has done good work in Canada —"when I hear men talking of an eight hours day. Edward Blake was a man who used to work all day and all night too, and his wife, descending to the library at six o'clock in the morning, used to find him still writing.

"'If I must sleep,' he told her, 'I lay my head on my arms for an hour.'"

The train meanwhile rolls on with the rhythmic beat of its engines; there are low-lying woods now on either side of the line, and quiet lakes with the evening sun turning them into gold.

"It is the old trail," says the man of nearly eighty who looks as if he were fifty, and he speaks with a voice of exaggerated hardness, which deceives no one. "I used to pike it long before a railway was dreamed of. First Indians, then missionaries, and mind you, they may say what they like about missionaries, but they were the first good things that Canada had. Ya'as, and life was none too easy for them, nor for the men who came after them. I knew Michael Fawcett, the Methodist. He had an enormous district to visit, and only one horse on which to make his journeys. Wa'al, he sold that horse for £20, and walked for years afterwards, although he was an elderly man, in order to give the money to a Methodist college that was being built. Do you find men like that out here now? No; they boast when they can do their jobs with white kid gloves on, and they boast when they don't do a job at all."

" Swank," said the Canadian lady, " is the noise a man makes when he knows himself to be an inferior."

" Their idea of independence is to say ' I quit,' and to say it as offensively as possible."

" George," said the Canadian gentleman, " you want your dinner."

His wife suggested that we might go on talking stories, but the train had reached the head of a great lake, and had come to a stop at a town where fortunes are made and where steel plant and wood pulp dominate growing industries.

" You don't want stories, you want facts," said the Old Timer, " and all those busy young fellows who are taking three little boxes at a time on one little hand truck, their Trade Unionism not allowing them to walk quicker than that lounge with which they are stolling down the quay. What are those onions going to cost the consumer with men paid three dollars a day to do a baby's work ? What is to become of their muscles, anyway ? "

The traveller remarked tentatively that there certainly seemed no hurry on the part of the dock labourers.

" The two children of Trade Unionism," said the Old Timer, " are enforced idleness and enforced inefficiency. No one is allowed to excel, and no one is allowed to be industrious. You must be as bad as the worst workman in the gang, and you must dawdle, or else the job won't carry enough hands."

" Yet Trade Unionism," said the Canadian gentleman, who seems to be well informed, " if we trace it to its origin, was simply the outcome of artisans requiring their fellow-workmen to have certificates to show that they had served their apprenticeship before offering themselves as work-

men. In its earliest days it was simply an organisation to keep out the bad worker."

"And now it's an organisation to keep out the good workman."

"There were industrial evils——" began the Canadian gentleman.

"Yes," said the Old Timer, "and Trade Unionism was the most unmoral, artificial and dishonest attempt to put things right. Its one cry : 'We will be employed, but we won't work.'"

"People say," said the Englishwoman, "that working women are foolish not to combine and join Trade Unionism ; they are far too wise to do so."

"They know something of thrift, at least they ought to, for most of them have had a small purse all their lives, and a good deal to do with it ! At any rate they would not tax time and tax energy and build up a tariff wall against their own skilled labourers. Skilled labour ! Skilled labour is going to be taxed out of existence, just as most other things are taxed."

Some young men returning from dinner, and instantly busying themselves with tobacco, were so evidently impatient to join the argument that it seemed almost like cruelty not to allow them to do so.

One said : "I am a traveller in hair dye, and I guess there is more of that sold in New York to elderly men than anywhere else in the world. A man of fifty or sixty need hardly seek work. Well, we fake them up to look young, and that is my trade, sir, and a trade of which I may say I am proud."

"Do all who are weak and all who are old go to the wall?" someone asked, to which the young man replied cheerfully, "That's so."

" Economic conditions will always show a certain equation," said the Canadian gentleman, " and whether we have a minimum wage or not, the fact remains that a certain justice prevails, we may say automatically, where employment is concerned. A man may demand high wages, but he cannot demand impossible wages."

" And what sort of service are they going to give for their pay ? " said the Old Timer. " And what sort of men is Trade Unionism going to produce ? Are they to be men leaning on their tools and smoking cigarettes, or are they to be men using their tools in the way a man loves to use them, with energy and with skill ? To limit output is rotten. A man once said to me: 'If I am to do my work well I must work at my own speed. Now I can lay twenty per cent more bricks than I am allowed to lay. But I ain't allowed to finish my work and go, I *must* dawdle ! Well, sir, I can't do my best work when I dawdle, it seems to give me the fidgets.' "

The purveyor of hair dye said that he believed in the present system, and another young man, also smoking, backed him up warmly.

" We mean to have high wages and short hours," he said. " We mean to get home at five o'clock in the afternoon."

" Your poor wives ! " murmured the Englishwoman.

" I believe," said the Canadian gentleman, " in a man demanding what wages he likes—that is a matter which will always settle itself."

" Share and share alike," murmured the Old Timer, " and as much for the man who works the machine as for the man who invented it. Fools always think that the work of brains is easily done."

" If a man won't give me what I want for turning the handle of a machine," said one of the younger men, " I quit."

" You don't call a man a working-man unless he turns a handle or heaves muck ! " flashed the Old Timer.

" I approve of strikes," said a youth who had not yet spoken, " and the mistake we make in Canada is that we are obliged to submit things to arbitration before we strike. In London, England, I was on picket duty for a time ; it was bully ! "

" Strikes are a pleasant remedy, and like all pleasant remedies you may be sure they are dangerous."

" You spoke just now," said the Canadian gentleman, " of the moral effect on a man of not being allowed to do good work, and I am with you there ; but what of the moral effect on an employer who does not permit himself to give just wages ? "

" Just wages," said the old man, his eyes blazing, " for good work and a fair day's work."

" I go further than you all," said the fat young gentleman. " I think that employees should not only state what their wages should be, but who is to be employed. Now mark you——" he began to saw the air with his hands——

" If I make a business," said the Old Timer, " I shall conduct that business. If I make mistakes I shall no doubt suffer for those mistakes, but I shall learn to do better because of them. Nothing was ever learned by interference."

" I approve of liberty ! " said two young men at once.

" For yourselves ! And for no one else ! Do you know what liberty means, and do you know what law means ? Liberty means responsibility, and those

who talk most glibly about it are least aware of the problems involved in it."

"Liberty," said one of the young men, hotly, "is the right of every individual that lives."

"And law," snapped the old man, "is a direct interference with the rights of individuals. But there never was liberty without law, and that is what youth has still to learn. Fine words do not help a man much, and men may shout Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity until they are hoarse without getting a whit nearer the truth of things. Liberty means law, and independence is only faintly understood, except in communities, and fraternity can be no more imposed upon people than love can be imposed upon them."

"Everyone," said the Canadian lady, "starts with the idea that liberty means doing as one likes ; it is an extraordinary view of the subject."

"But more particularly it means doing as badly as he likes," was the quick reply.

"Whereas of course," went on the lady, "liberty can only mean freedom to do one's best."

"I guess I'm going to do as I like, and I don't see who's going to prevent me," the fat young man said.

"No, I don't see who is to prevent it," said the Old Timer quietly.

"When you come calm, George——" said the Canadian gentleman——

A waiter in a white coat opened the door and announced the second call for supper.

It was a well staged entrance, and probably just in time.

Chapter II *From Toronto to Montreal*

THE traveller journeys away from Western Canada with a sense of regret at not having discovered why it should be called the "wild and woolly West," but the train rolls on irresistibly carrying him into a new country which, to his surprise, is not even marked by a different colour on the map. Yet the differences are very obvious and full of interest.

Eastern Canada received its first large influx of British Colonists when the American Loyalists, who had fought under the British flag during the War of Independence, were forced to emigrate to Canada when the Treaty of Versailles in 1783 separated the United States from English rule. There are many people who, when they allude to Canada as being a new country and its inhabitants as new people, seem to forget that there are names to-day in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec which belong to very early ages of English history. These Loyalists were not men of mushroom growth, but could boast a long descent ; they had lived on their own property and had enjoyed stately and luxurious homes. They proved themselves willing to give up everything rather than be disloyal to the mother country, and the traveller, arriving at some of the large and beautiful towns in Eastern Canada to-day, is immediately impressed, not only by their magnificent buildings and by their intellectualism, but by the fact that this is not a country of yesterday.

In Montreal there are collections of pictures which would compare favourably with many of those in the villas of Roman nobles of long ago, and which exceed in actual commercial value most of the private collections. Its best hotel compares very favourably with those of London, Paris or New York, and the chief hospital both here and in Toronto are believed to be the finest equipped in the world. In Ottawa the Parliament Buildings and their grand positions above the river are unique, while the schools in these towns and throughout Canada give the traveller much to think about and still more to praise.

The amazing part of it is that though the country itself is old, its recent developments have been made with such extraordinary rapidity. In England, Charles I began to collect pictures for a National Gallery, and during three hundred years pictures have been slowly collected to adorn its walls. The same monarch was the first to introduce the Italian Opera into this country, and the old house still stands on Chelsea Embankment where the first performance was given, and where amongst the audience was the king's favourite, Nell Gwynn. In Canada it is decided to-day that there is to be a National Gallery and to-morrow the pictures arrive. No want is "long felt"—what Canada wants she gets quickly. Two years ago she required Italian Opera, and probably she cabled to Italy for singers and players. A University springs up almost in a night, fully equipped, fire-proof, hygienic. Her hospitals grow with the same rapidity, and huge buildings (if they are not pulled down before they are finished because the land site has increased in value so rapidly, that to sell it for a Government School or a Bank or a Public Library

will prove a very desirable deal) fling steel frames skyward, and almost before there is time to ask what is going to happen, typists and telephone clerks are busy in echoing chambers of some great new office.

It is interesting to read the reminiscences of such a writer as Mrs. Susanna Moodie, who arrived in Eastern Canada in the year 1832. Her long sea voyage of nine weeks being ended, she finds herself amongst a rabble of rough emigrants, of whom she writes that these " vicious uneducated barbarians, who form the surplus of over-populous European countries, are far behind the wild man in delicacy of feeling or natural courtesy. You would think they were incarnate devils, singing, drinking, dancing, shouting, and cutting antics that would surprise the leader of a circus. They have no shame—are under no restraint—nobody knows them here, and they think they can speak and act as they please."

Cholera was raging at the time, and small wonder that it should be so when we read of the condition in which the emigrants lived. Strangers newly landed were singularly liable to its attacks, and the story of sick people sleeping in sheds and the impossibility of obtaining good food or medical aid forms a chapter of suffering of which it is very pathetic to read.

Beautiful Montreal, with the mountain guarding it like a lion, was at that period not only dirty and ill-paved, but its drainage was of the most primitive order of things. Hundreds of emigrants were dying daily, all day long there was a solemn tolling of the death bell, and to add to the general gloom scores of coffins piled high were exposed in the undertakers' windows. Everywhere might be seen groups of sick emigrants seated by the roadside

beside their little belongings, wondering what to do next. In the poor hotels of the place no one spoke of the scourge because everyone knew that week by week every bedroom was giving up its quota of victims of the disease, and that the only possible means of escape from the contaminated city was in an overcrowded slow-moving stage coach, sometimes with but partially recovered invalids amongst its passengers.

It is worth while following Mrs. Moodie's voyage throughout the pages of her delightful book, with its account of her arrival at her new home in deluges of rain, where, in a little clearing, she saw what she first supposed to be a shed, then occupied by five cows who were sheltering from the rain in the principal sitting-room.

To-day the traveller arrives at Toronto, at that declared impossibility, a beautiful railway station, and here the little company, who have become very friendly together, exchange cards as hostages, and hope for their redemption in the near future.

The friendly spirit in Canada is one of the most delightful things about it. It is hardly invidious to say that it probably comes from a Scottish ancestry, with its open doors and its generosity. Be that as it may, to a Scot the Canadian welcome is always a warm one.

The Old Timer draws the traveller aside at parting. "Look here, I have something to tell you," he says. "Those boys are good boys; you may have thought them a little quarrelsome on the train"—we were able conscientiously to say that we had not thought so—"their manners aren't always good, but that's surface, you know, that's surface. They are going ahead, and Canada's going ahead with them."

"I am afraid our friend may have thought Canada was going back," said the Canadian lady.

"There now," said the Old Timer, "that's the way conversations get twisted. Canada's all right, I tell you, she's all right, and if anyone says anything to the contrary you send them along to me."

We thanked him for his old stories.

"They're all being forgotten," he said, "no one cares about Canada's old stories now. But I'll tell you the man who'll give you all you want and give it far better than I'm able to do. We call him 'The Boss' at Montreal."

"Only some people," said the Canadian lady, "call him the kindest man in Canada."

Montreal became a pleasant place to which to look forward to visiting. But Toronto, with the moon shining upon the lake, its University and its pleasant old streets with their borders of gardens and pleasant houses, is a place at which it is well to pause. It is not only the prosperity of the great cities of Eastern Canada that call for comment. We have travelled on very muddy lanes to little towns, tree-shadowed, and with quiet streets, which have about them a charm and a sense of mellow age which sends memory back a long way and suggests a delightful mood of reminiscence.

Here is a little house with big trees about it and a view of the big lake from the windows and small rooms filled with treasures of long ago. Things the like of which we remember in our grandmothers' houses or which we perhaps too readily threw away in the days of drastic refurnishings, are still here, very pleasantly and fragrantly recalling past days. There are cabinets full of delicate china and little beadwork things and shell boxes. The old furniture was brought out to Canada perhaps two hundred

years ago. Its surface is smooth and polished and the pictures and prints upon the walls are hung side by side with old swords and cutlasses, while by a window whence the sun streams in, turning the old parchment to a deeper yellow, hangs framed the pardon which the old lady's father received after being condemned to be hanged in the Rebellion.

The Rebellion[1] opens a floodgate of memories on our gentle hostess's part. We hear about the "family compact," and about Attorney-General Robinson, Lount and Mackenzie almost as if they were living still. Almost it seems as if the old vendetta was dying hard, and indeed when one hears the stories of those times it seems as if there were a certain dignity in not forgetting too readily!

"My father wrote from prison that the first and second generation must suffer for the good that would accrue to the third. The suffering was not light, and I remember my mother telling us when we were children that she sent her pearl necklace to the baker to buy bread for us. He refused, as she was a rebel, and only the kindness of neighbours, who secretly gave the little creatures food, saved their lives."

The gossip of a departed day is often worth much more than mere historical evidence, and records which are lightly called "old wives' tales" have often far more of truth in them and of interest

[1] This was the Rebellion of 1837 headed in Upper Canada by William Lyon Mackenzie, and by Louis Papineau in Lower Canada. Both leaders had started their careers with comparatively mild ideas of reform, but were gradually led into open rebellion. From a military point of view the rebellion was a fiasco, only a small section of the people being roused to action. Mackenzie and Papineau escaped and were ultimately pardoned, but Lount and Matthews, who perished on the scaffold, are remembered by many Canadians as patriots.

too ! The old lady's cheeks flush a little as she says, " Beverly Robinson had the pardons of Lount and Matthews in his pocket the day they were hanged, but he withheld them till the evening when their bodies swung from the gibbet."

The old house, with the flickering shadows of trees upon its walls, contains in one of the beautiful old cabinets a treasure of these past times, in the shape of a box, beautifully carved, which Joseph Milbourne made when he was in prison.

We believe it is worth while recording rather a strange circumstance in connection with the death of the brother, ninety years of age, who lived with our old friend. In his youth he had been a great singer, gifted with an unusually fine tenor voice. For years, for perhaps forty years, he had not sung, and his speaking voice was extraordinarily low and weak even for a man of his great age. He had lain in bed during his last illness silent, inarticulate, hardly conscious for many days until, one early morning as his friends waited about him for the end, he suddenly raised himself upon his pillows, and in a voice of extraordinary sweetness and power, he sang, from beginning to end, one of his beautiful tenor songs of long ago, and then sank back dead.

His surviving relatives have been good enough to allow us to give this short account of an incident which is evidence of a spirit's strength at the end of life, and which seems to us one of the most remarkable we have ever heard.

Already Eastern Canada has that sense of age about it which makes story-telling possible, and Ontario teems with recollections and reminiscences of long ago.

Bishop Cronin, the first Bishop of Huron, who

came out in 1832, followed the Indian trail between Niagara and Detroit River, toiling with his delicate wife and two little children many a weary mile in a rough timber waggon. He was bound for the township of Adelaide, which had been represented to him as a place where there were many settlers, requiring an ordained minister.

It seems, however, that the imagination of the inhabitants had run ahead of them a little, because the difficulty was to find the town of Adelaide at all. It existed in imagination and on maps, but otherwise it had not materialised, and the Bishop turned to the village of the Forks, putting up at a little inn called the "Mansion House," where a room was obtainable. The Forks is now London, Ontario—a place of pleasant gardens, broad streets and a comfortable air of opulence about it, but it then contained only four hundred inhabitants, many of whom had fled to the woods in dread of contagion from cholera which was raging there.

On the Monday after his first service he was waited on by a deputy of the congregation asking him to remain as their pastor, while entreaties reached him from many couples in the neighbourhood to be married, for neither minister nor parson had been there to tie the knot. So mounting his horse, Mr. Cronin rode here and there in every direction to visit the settlers' shanties, in many cases having to perform the marriage ceremony for the young couples and to read the Baptismal Service over their children as well. The Bishop almost lived in the saddle in those days, never failing in his ministrations to the people. He often carried meat on a pole to outlying districts where none could be obtained, risking the great danger of being attacked by wolves on the way.

The Bishop's kindness of heart was shown as much to the Indians as to those of his own race. Indeed, there was no lack of opportunity for his ministrations. During the Rebellion when prisons were overcrowded and a man's sentence too often was one of hanging, it was this good man who attended the condemned prisoners in their last hours and accompanied them to the gallows.

It is round the history of the Rebellion, that brief but stormy episode of 1837, that most of the later stories of Eastern Canada gather, not all of them being connected with sadness. Indeed we hear a good deal about the gaiety and amusement which used to follow, for instance, the arrival of a garrison or even a picket of soldiers, quartered upon the inhabitants of some dull little town. Dances were given in those days, and ballads were written in praise of the " Red Coats." Suppers were plentifully spread, and those whom the tragedy of the situation did not touch, seem to have seen a certain merit in a rebellion which could only be put down by young men in uniform. But the privations and difficulties which went side by side with these occasional gay doings made life for the early settlers and their wives far from easy. It is a little difficult to realise that almost the only mode of transit was in a slow-moving wagon and that even this was not always procurable. Nearly all journeys were made on foot, often in deep snow, and whatever was wanted in the house had to be made by the hands of those who lived there. There were no tailors or shoemakers or mechanics of any kind, and a man who could get a coat made by a tailor or a pair of shoes made by a shoemaker was looked upon as a dandy. Most men had their feet bound about with bark and deer skins. The women carded the wool, spun it, and knitted it,

while here and there would be found a hand-loom weaver who was able to produce a piece of cloth from the hand-spun wool brought to him. Justice was roughly administered or not administered at all, but there was a fine spirit of helpfulness between the settlers themselves, and simple crafts were soon learned amongst them.

We could wish that more of the old stories were kept alive in Canada, for it seems to us that already many of them are forgotten. However, we had the good fortune to come across those, who, busy men though they were, found the time to spin some excellent yarns. At Montreal we met the man who is affectionately known as " the Boss " by hundreds of those who like to call him their friend.

It is always a pleasure to write of one who, unaided and from small beginnings, has come to a good position, and at the same time has never lost a friend nor made an enemy. The Boss is one of those who loves to speak of old days. He began life as a very poor boy, and his mother died when he was quite a little chap. " But," as he himself tells one, " everyone adopted me." More particularly there was some Scottish friend at Kingston, of whom he talks to-day with deepest affection, liking to tell the story of the first invitation he had to dine on Christmas Day where the lady of the house was very pretty, which no doubt accentuated the honour ! At Kingston he went to school, and after he had learned telegraphy, was sent as assistant to the telegraph clerk, who was also the local dentist. His teeth, poor boy, were sadly out of order, owing to the fact that no one had looked after them properly, so the dental telegraphist offered to take a look at them for him. At the time he was earning twenty dollars a month, and feeling sublimely rich,

his mind filled with all that he meant to do with it. But the dentist, having " fixed " his teeth deducted ten dollars from his salary, and sent him away with teeth mended but heart broken.

These and other disappointments which occurred constantly to him have, no doubt, been instrumental in making him show consideration even to those who have no right to appeal to him. He had frequently been urged not to answer what are called " begging " letters, but he always replies,

" I never forget what it used to be like to call and call again at some village post office hoping for a reply to some letter which I had written and which never came."

The stories of his telegraph days do not lack humour. One of them concerns a well-known applicant, always in need of favours, who requested one of the Directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway to send him a free travelling pass. The application was made by telegram, and ended, " If I don't get it I'll have to walk." His application was forwarded through the office to headquarters in the words, " ——has applied for free pass and states that without it he will have to walk. Are we to give it to him ? Reply."

Back came the reply, " Don't let him walk," and the needy individual started with his free pass and arrived in safety and comfort before it was discovered that the punctuation of the return telegram had been faulty and should have read, " Don't. (i.e. don't give him a Pass). Let him walk."

A much more serious incident in connection with telegraphy occurred to him when upon one occasion he found himself in a railway accident, and not only in the accident but amongst those who were seriously injured. He was laid with some forty

others, some dying, and some, alas ! already dead, and the local officials instantly began to telegraph for doctors and nurses. The telegraph apparatus was in a little office opening off the room where the injured lay, and the Boss, with his senses keenly alive to what was going on was able perfectly well to understand the words as they were tapped out by the clerk, and what the return message was also. An urgent summons was sent, and the answer came back that owing to some defect in the line, help could not be immediately forthcoming. Upon this the station-master entered the temporary hospital and told everyone cheerfully that doctors and nurses had started. Perhaps fortunately only Mr. Hosmer knew of the pardonable deceit. Once more the wire was set in motion urging in strenuous terms that every effort would be made to come to the assistance of the injured. Again the reply message was not wholly satisfactory and again a cheerful message was given to the invalids. Following on that came press messages asking for an immediate return of a list of the killed and injured, and the clerk in charge began tapping out the names and the extent of the injuries of those in the hospital. A long list was given, and the Boss was able to interpret first of all the names of the dead. As the list grew longer his heart began to sink and he said to himself, " If they give my name and say that I have died I know that I shall die." Still the tapping went on, and the young man lying on the floor with no medical attendance, and without much knowledge of the extent of his injuries, continued to listen until at last he heard the name, Charles Hosmer. Then he held his breath for a time thinking, " This will settle it." The words which followed were, " Seriously injured."

" I was able to bear that," the Boss said, " but I did not want to hear that I was dead."

Most of his best stories concern railways and telegraph offices. The telegraph is generally owned by private or railway companies in Canada, and they are built at the same time as the line. When a station in some distant and isolated place is erected, the telegraph clerk sleeps in an empty railway carriage with a telephone at one end of it, and this becomes the centre of news for the district and the centre of some gossip also! Probably the black porter of the train is as good a hand at this as anyone else, and there was an old negro, Jim French by name, who used to be quite a character on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Once when Lord Lorne, in his capacity as Governor of Canada, was going to travel in the compartment in which Jim waited, Mr. Hanna remarked to him that he must address Lord Lorne and H.R.H. the Princess Louise respectfully and by their proper titles.

" I intend to do so, Sah," said Jim, " I will call him ' Your Succulency ' and her ' Miss Louise.' "

Here is another story which seems to us full of dramatic interest, and which really belongs to the wild and woolly West, although as a matter of fact it was told as at Medicine Hat. It concerns the old days when horse thieving was the commonest form of crime, and when the newly-raised body of North-West Mounted Police had their hands full in capturing and bringing these men to justice.

A noted thief was known as " Crackerbox-Bill," though the derivation of the name is lost in obscurity. He was a fine man, whatever his trade was, and, strangely enough, singularly honest according to his lights. He had moments of repentance too—when he thought he had bungled the theft of a

horse or the lifting of some cattle. But he paid his way like a gentleman, and was generous with his money. After all, he enjoyed every day of his life and the adventure of it. And he never blamed the man, but his own clumsiness (about which he used much curious language), when he was caught red-handed one day and handed over to justice. Three men of the N.W.M.P. were told off to take him to Regina to undergo a term of imprisonment.

On the way thither he was closely guarded and handcuffed. But after breakfast one morning his offers to show his guard the three-card trick were too tempting to be refused. Crackerbox-Bill was unhandcuffed, and with a greasy pack of cards and the ground to play on, he began to show off his extraordinary sleight of hand. There may have been some betting on the skilfully played cards, and each man's eyes were intently fixed on the play in front of them. As they stooped over the cards, Crackerbox-Bill suddenly drew the revolvers from each man's hip pocket, held them up and became master of the situation. It is said that he even insisted upon one policeman putting on his own handcuffs. He flung his leg across the horse, and, with a revolver in each hand, marched the policemen in front of him, but unluckily for him marched them at last into the fold of a hill, where a picket of their own men were camping out. The horse thief seeing all was up with him, put spurs into his horse and rode for the open. He was shot dead with half a dozen bullets through him—he probably preferred that to imprisonment.

It is said that people of Highland descent are always merciful in their judgments of cattle lifters. Be that as it may, we confess to feeling sorry for Crackerbox-Bill.

Few things are so stirring as old stories, with their blending of humour, pathos, the clash of arms, and that curious sense of music which underlies some of them. Their usefulness lies in emphasising the fact that countries are made by individuals, and that individuals will continue to make them. We have often heard it said that what Canada wants is a leader. In our humble opinion that is just what she does not want. Individual effort has made her trade and her commerce, just as individual effort claimed the services and made the homes of the first settlers. Their success has been misnamed independence, for independence, we humbly submit, can only result in non-productive isolation, whether of individuals or of nations. It is better explained by the old analogy of childhood and youth leading up to that sense of responsibility which is neither swagger nor independence, and which men and women either accept or refuse as God made them, but which can never be accepted lightly. The future of Canada lies with each man and woman who lives there. Its integrity lies with them, and this is an important matter. Individual men and women have made the country, and as they have made it so they must hold it. Its success depends exactly on the manner in which they accept this responsibility or disregard it.

Chapter III — *Concerning Quebec*

QUEBEC is the spot where Canada was fought for and won, not once but many times. Its story not only would fill, but has filled, many volumes, and the interest of the place is as fresh to-day as it was when Champlain founded Canada by building his " abitacion " on the site of the Indian stronghold of Stadacona, ever since famous as Quebec (an Indian word, meaning the " narrows ").

The roar of civilisation and the quick happenings of events in Canada have swept away westward from the old city on the St. Lawrence, and many tourists only pause there to see what they call " the battlefield." As a matter of fact there are five battlefields in Quebec, and there is a touch of humour in the fact that lately subscriptions have been raised to place an English church in memory of " the victory," not on the site of Wolfe's own battlefield of Quebec, but in the centre of the totally different battlefield of St. Foy. Now Wolfe's army, victorious on the Plains of Abraham in 1759, was defeated by Lévis, Montcalm's successor at the battle of St. Foy in 1760, and the very spot now chosen for the Wolfe Memorial Church is actually where the issue of St. Foy was decided and the British forces under General Murray yielded to the superior numbers of the French.[1]

[1] Pamphlet by Colonel Wood.

Stolid British inability to accept defeat has been a very powerful factor in its history. We sympathise with their exclusion of all battlefields in Quebec save the one where Wolfe and Montcalm fell, but much of the history and glory of the place is missed by not telling of others also.

For it is round Quebec that almost the whole of the heroic history of Canada centres. Here it was that Jacques Cartier built his first fort in 1535. It was a mere stockade to protect them from the Indians, and here he and his handful of men spent a miserable winter, their small numbers being greatly reduced by a malignant scurvy which spread amongst them. The following summer they returned home, leaving a cross to mark the fact that France claimed Canada as her own. As everyone knows, much of the early history of Canada is French, and is principally concerned with accounts of the extraordinary privations which the Colonists endured and the bravery which they exhibited in their raids against the Indians. It is hardly possible to speak with any exhaustive detail of the men who made the romantic history of that time. Of them all Champlain has undoubtedly come down to us as the most distinguished name on the list, and the story not only of his daring but of his statesmanship, makes extraordinarily interesting reading.

Champlain sailed up the St. Lawrence in a little vessel of only one hundred and twenty tons, having made the fastest passage across the Atlantic that had then been accomplished. The *Don de Dieu* sailed from Honfleur to Tadousac in eighteen days and, no doubt, entered the St. Lawrence River as proudly as a steamship with a record does to-day. Imagination can easily picture the fleet of Indian canoes, with their warriors crested with war plumes

and uttering their strange cries, that put out to meet him. Long ago as that early landing was, Champlain has stamped himself upon Canada in a very remarkable way. The principal street of Quebec was designed by him and remains as he designed it, and we learn on good authority that the sphere of his influence can be followed even further than Canada —that he was the first man to suggest the building of the Panama Canal. His personality seems to have been an extraordinary one, and it is related of him that his courtesy never deserted him, being as marked in an Indian wigwam as in the Court of France. He will probably always be the popular hero of Canada, and deservedly so. Primarily he was an explorer, and so well did he ingratiate himself with the Huron Indians that we find him trading peaceably with them, and even joining them on an expedition up country in their light birch canoes. Raids with the Iroquois Indians delayed him at every point, forcing him to return to France in order to seek royal permission to assume a more definite form of warfare against them. We find him urging upon young Frenchmen to seek adventure in the West, and quite suddenly, as it seems now, Canada became the fashion for hot bloods with a love of daring. Fabulous tales were circulated about adventures on creeks and lakes, and the possibility of an occasional fight, and not only so but the romance of Canada extended itself to serious-minded men and women in France, resulting in the remarkable missionary effort, which was afterwards to bear its terrible quota of privation and suffering and horrible torture.

Three women sailed about this time for Canada, who very deeply affected its history, one of them, La Mère Marie de l' Incarnation, being known as

one of the five founders of new France. Their voyage was made practically into the unknown, but Father Lejeune had made an appeal for women to convert the Indian girls of Canada, and the appeal was answered by three Ursuline nuns, whose lives of devotion in a hostile and difficult country make a pathetic appeal to the imagination. They had everything to contend with, and their story has never been more beautifully told than in the book called, *In the heart of old Canada*, from which we have permission to quote. The first Ursuline convent was a grey hovel, near the site of "Notre Dame des Victoires," and their first Indian school established in it was broken up by a terrible attack of small-pox. In 1641 the first stone was laid on the site of the present convent. But the next spring, Madame de la Peltrie, burning to carry the Cross still further into the wilderness, followed Maisonneuve, a brave and devout soldier, to the founding of Montreal. In spite of everyone's advice to her to turn back, she wrote saying that, having once put her hand to the heavenly task, she would never give it up alive. Quebec became half a mission station, half a trading post, and more than once the colony nearly lost its life altogether. The Iroquois Indians never ceased their warfare against the Whites, and the situation became more complicated when their old enemies the Hurons put themselves under the protection of the fort at Quebec. La Mère Marie was ever foremost in succouring them, and bringing the children into her school. She took lessons herself in Huron from Father Bressani, who had escaped death at the hands of the Iroquois as by a miracle, after having suffered the extremity of torture. Just as her classes were well established, the convent was

burned to the ground. The nuns barely escaped with their lives, running out barefooted and half-clad into the intense mid-winter cold. La Mère Marie issued her orders as calmly as if going through her regular routine. She went all over the building to make sure that everyone was safe, paused one reverential moment before the altar, and then walked out as the flames met behind her.

To quote more from a charming book would be robbery. The Ursuline Convent still stands in Quebec, but the monument thus raised by devoted women is as nothing compared with the work done in Eastern Canada by the Ursulines. Their influence in the early days was not only spiritual but civilising ; the convent was a refuge for the destitute and the friendless, for the wounded in wars and for the sick. Its work has never ceased, either in cold or heat, through poverty or when exposed to bombardment. When Quebec stood aghast and defenceless before the American army, the Ursulines were instant in prayer, and Frontenac boldly flung back defiance to Phipps, declaring he had no answer to give to his summons to surrender except from the cannon's mouth. A cannon ball burst through the shutters of the convent, and the devoted nuns ran up a picture of the Holy Trinity to be hung in the steeple of the Cathedral to show under whose direction they were fighting. When victory was proclaimed their church was named "Notre Dame de la Victoire."

The nuns were statesmen too, as their history shows, and they could provide funds for a cause, as was proved when they melted down the whole of the silver plate of the convent to pay for the support of the French armies.

With these and many other kindred deeds of

devotion and heroism we have little time to dwell. The early history of Canada teems with heroic names —Roberval, Radisson, Grosseillers, La Violette, de Maisonneuve, Bienville, Iberville, La Salle, Marquette, La Verendrye, or Montmorency-Laval, the first bishop of Quebec, or even of Frontenac, who built its first walls, defeated the Indians and repulsed the first American invasion. On the English side the list of names is not less heroic.

John Cabot, dwelling peacefully with his sons at Bristol, in England, was commissioned by Henry VII to go on a voyage of discovery as early as 1487. His voyage was one of the epoch-making things in Canada's history, giving England the right to claim a new Continent, for he returned with the news that the New World was not part of Asia, as had previously been thought. Hudson, the English pilot, sailed from the port of London and entered Hudson Straits in 1610. His ship's sides were torn and scarred by the ice through which he had come, and there was something dangerously like mutiny on board, yet he still sailed forward and southward into the unearthly silence reigning round the bay which he called by his own name. Here he built winter quarters and ranged the woods of James's Bay for game, but provisions ran short, the mutiny continued, and the horrible whisper went about that with fewer men rations would be more plentiful. The drama in the ice-bound land ended tragically, for the mutineers flung Hudson and his son into an open boat and left them to their fate. The great bay of the North, with its future almost limitless developments, bears the name of an English pilot, who was deserted and died of starvation on a sullen winter sea.

Gilbert and Raleigh wrote their names upon the

heroic sheet before Gervase Kirke rallied the merchants of London, in 1628, to fit out privateers to wage war on France on new soil. War had broken out between the two countries, but Quebec was ignorant of the fact until six English frigates lay at Tadousac. Kirke demanded the keys of the fort, but with only fifty pounds of ammunition behind him Champlain declined the request and the English fleet, loaded with booty, sailed home again, while the starving garrison remained on in Quebec. It was not until the following July that the British Flag flew from the fort. Charles I of England held the country for three years in pledge for the dowry of his Queen, Henrietta Maria of France, and afterwards granted to his friend, Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, " the County and Lordship of Canada." But military glory was spoilt by politics in this case as in many others, Canada being given for the dowry which went to fill the private coffers of Charles I.

There are long narrow streets in Quebec with high houses on either side of them and rattling cobble stones underfoot. Beyond is a rich country which, seen down the long telescope of its grey stone streets, reminds one quaintly of the " tail pieces " which one finds at the ends of chapters in an old book.

Many travellers stop at Quebec because of one old house which stands close to the Ursuline Convent. Its rooms are wide and lofty and filled with treasures of old china and old pictures, and there the traveller may, if he is fortunate, get his first experience of Canadian hospitality with its fine sense of plenty and disinterested generosity. The house is too well known to English travellers to need any disguise. It has a garden under the

ramparts where humming birds flit, and every alley is fragrant with the smell of roses. From the garden in Quebec, Canada no longer appears a big space with some lines across it. Down below on the great St. Lawrence the ships sail noiselessly like little toy boats on a river made of glass. Opposite lies the beautiful island of Orleans, and westward the great yellow foaming falls of Montmorency pour their heavy waters in a continuous roar.

We drive down to St. Anne's—perhaps the happiest of miracle working places—where stacks of crutches and cases full of discarded spectacles bear witness to instantaneous cures, or we take the train out to some little French Canadian village and hear stories of the days of Evangeline. They are almost forgotten now. France seems not to have sung of her sufferings as Scotland used to do. We do not know of any " Flowers of the Forest " or " Will ye no' come back again," but surely there is hardly a more pathetic story than that of the simple Acadian farmers exiled from their homes, under the stern plea of necessity.

The expulsion in 1755 of the French settlers, men, women and children, from Acadia (the present Nova Scotia) is a measure hard to justify seen at this distance of time, though most historians agree that it was only carried out after the English had exhausted every means to a peaceful settlement. For forty years the English Government had dealt with the simple peasantry in a kindly and lenient manner, only to be repaid by the French in Canada sending missionaries to inflame the ignorant and superstitious Acadians against any allegiance to their heretic rulers. When the Seven Years War caused conflagration in America, it was feared that the so-called " neutral " Acadians, encouraged by

fanatical priests, might become open foes. The story of the suffering of these unfortunate people, torn from their homes, has been told in such moving language by Longfellow, that one almost forgets there is another side to the picture.

Quebec teems with tales and old stories, many of which are on a heroic note. The Joan of Arc of Canada is Madeline de Verchères, who held the fort almost single-handed against the Iroquois Indians, and whose simple telling of her own story has impressed itself upon everyone's mind. The child was fourteen years of age at the time. When called upon to fly and with bullets whistling about her ears she shouted, " To arms ! To arms ! " The story thrills us yet, the young girl appealing to her two little brothers to die like gentlemen for the King, and bidding the two remaining soldiers in the fort, " Begone, you rascals ! " when they suggested blowing it up rather than it should fall into the hands of the Indians.

We wonder whether there has ever been written a more plucky page of history than that which recalls the story of this girl, who, donning a soldier's helmet and carrying a musket, gave decisive orders that even if she were killed the gates were still to be kept shut and the fort defended, and then went out to try and draw the fire of the Iroquois upon herself. The whole garrison consisted only of the two little brothers, one servant, two soldiers and a few women, but the child of fourteen put herself at their head and bade them never surrender though she should be cut to pieces before their eyes.

" Only put up a fight," she urged them, and for twenty-four hours, without rest or food, she went about from one corner of the bastion to the other, and thus for eight days she withstood the siege.

There is a pathetic touch when at last Lieutenant Monnerie raised the siege with his relief party of forty men. Madeline was dozing with her head upon the table and a musket across her knee when she heard the soldiers ask, " Who goes there ? " They answered, " French come to your aid," and the French girl, with the grace of her nation, swept the young man a curtsey and offering him her musket exclaimed, " Sir, I surrender my arms to you."

On the old ramparts of Quebec we are reminded of other days of daring, and of the fact " that the white man has been building forts there in five different centuries already, and that he is building forts there still." Jacques Cartier was the first of the whites in fort building as he was in everything else, when he raised the stockade against the Indians and claimed the valley of St. Charles for the crown of France.

In those early days it seems to have been the fashion to plant a flagstaff on a stockade, run up a flag, and claim Canada for whichever country that flag belonged to.

After the death of Cartier two generations passed before the French again took possession and began another fort. This was the famous " abitacion " of Champlain, built on what is now the lower town of Quebec. It probably never had a garrison of more than twenty men, but it was the foundation of an empire, garrisoned and held, and three hundred years later representatives of nearly every civilised nation of the world went to Quebec to celebrate the doings of a solitary naval officer, who with a handful of men founded a colony and ensured its safety.

In 1698 Frontenac built the first wall round the

city after Colbert had recommended, and recommended in vain, its re-fortification. Frontenac is one of those persons who has gone down to history without a stain upon his name, but the building of his wall, while safeguarding Quebec against its enemies, introduced into it, more cunningly and more mischievously than the most diabolically contrived onslaught of a foe, the bugbear of corruption. There was money to be made out of the huge contract for Quebec's walls and Bigot made it. The most deadly form of disease in a camp would have been less dangerous and less harmful and perhaps less infectious. Jobbery and chicanery spread like wildfire, bringing with them their inevitable consequences. The works were done badly and required patching almost before they were finished. Bigot, the Intendant, waxed rich, as did Vaudreuil, the Governor-General, and money being much more important to them than good work, they sacrificed the safety of Quebec to the filling of their own purses. Middle men, directors and engineers, infected with the same malady, grew rich by charging exorbitant prices. It is not difficult to find a " sermon written in stone " when we wander round the ramparts of Quebec and try to trace a line of the old French works which entirely disappeared from the permanent plan of 1833. It is a story of honour sold for money and of lives sacrificed to greed. In its last results it meant the loss of Canada to France.

Bigot was Minister of Finance and of Public Works. His frauds were extraordinary and his corruptions absolutely systematic and deliberate, whilst his sense of pity followed the usual corollary of fraud. It is stated that whilst the people were forced to eat grass to keep themselves alive he never altered his style of living, and balls and

parties with elaborate suppers were of nightly occurrence at the palace. It would be undesirable to dwell on the doings of such a knave, were it not that the story of Quebec and the tragedy of Montcalm cannot be very well told without reference to this sinister tale of disaster and fraud. Montcalm set a good example by having horse flesh every day on his own table, and by enforcing an order against card-playing and unseemly entertainments. In 1758 he wrote home, "Our Government is good for nothing and provisions will fail. The farms are scarcely tilled at all, the people are dispirited, there is no confidence in Monsieur Vaudreuil or in Monsieur Bigot. Monsieur Bigot appears to be occupied only in amassing a fortune for himself and in his appearance. Cupidity has seized officers and storekeepers, the commissaries are making astounding profits. Everybody appears to be in a hurry to make his fortune before the Colony is lost."

In that same year the state of Canada was more perilous than ever. Naval and military defences were entirely neglected, for in spite of anything that Montcalm could say the most ordinary precautions were neglected.[1] No reinforcements were being sent from France, but the British were being greatly strengthened and getting ready for a threefold attack. Ostensibly Vaudreuil gave the French General a free hand in everything, but we find him whenever a critical moment approached, interfering, safeguarding his own credit, and trying for nothing but to ensure his position, whatever might be the fate of Canada and the men who were defending it.

When the first shot of battle came Vaudreuil

[1] The story of these days has been ably told by Colonel Wood in *The Fight for Canada*.

seems to have been so carried away by the preliminary success of the French arms that he sent bombastic instructions for the total annihilation of the British army. He also forwarded reinforcements to Montcalm now that he no longer required them. The whole story is a miserable record of a fine military genius and a straightforward man sacrificed to the personal greed and ambition of two worthless men.

Montcalm determined to make one more desperate appeal to France. The mission was a failure, but at least the King's orders were received to defend the Colony, and for this Montcalm prepared to sell his life.

All that follows has about it something of the inevitableness of Greek tragedy, the triumph of it only coming when the great Frenchman is at last confronted by an honest-hearted, worthy British foe, whom he met in the open on the Plains of Abraham. It is worthy of record that in Quebec the national monuments to both heroes are almost side by side. On one appears the inscription :—

Here died Wolfe victorious.

and on the other :—

Honneur à Montcalm
Le Destin
En lui dérobant la Victoire
L'a récompense
Par une Mort glorieuse.

whilst on the monument to Wolfe and Montcalm together are the words :—

Mortem Virtus Communem
Famam Historia
Monumentum posteritas Dedit.

Wolfe was one of those men whom we associate with the best type of English soldiers, such men whom we say very thankfully our island and her colonies seem singularly capable of producing. There is a very long list of their names, but our concern at present is with one only, but one who seems typical of many others. Wolfe was a man who, under a soldier's carelessness, took a very serious view of life, his letters to his mother showing a mind singularly faithful, with the fear of God wholesomely before him from very early boyhood. He was a man of good family but of small means, and at sixteen he was acting as Adjutant to a battalion on active service in Germany. His life is a fine story of endeavour and industry. But in Wolfe these were combined with a curiously sympathetic mind, an almost womanly feeling for suffering, and a gentleness towards all men which is not always synonymous with industry and zeal. In the midst of his campaigns, when everything depended on his leadership, his decision, and his strategy, he always found leisure to look after the individual comfort of his men, and few military commanders have effected better reforms. When Pitt chose Wolfe to go to Canada he proved, not for the first time, his knowledge of men, but the General seems himself to have been as modest as are most heroes. While writing to his mother about the small business application or education which his officers possessed, he regrets that a person of " his own very moderate capacity " should be thought worthy of the high distinction he had attained.

A week before the battle Montcalm sent a regiment to guard the Heights of Abraham, and on the very eve of the first engagement he ordered back the same regiment to watch the path up which

Wolfe came next morning. But the Governor again counter-ordered, and the important strategical position was left undefended.

The history of Wolfe's landing reads like a tale of romance. Print carries a certain conviction with it, but it is only when one stands on the spot where he and his men silently left their boats and climbed up the wet steep banks of the river that the tale of that night attack in the rain and the darkness can be even faintly understood. In the silence of the woods the whole scene very vividly impresses itself, and almost one can imagine the hush of the night, when the brawling of the little stream and the slipping of the men's feet on the loamy uneven soil were the only things to break the silence. It was a breathless climb and victory was never ensured, while defeat could only mean total annihilation. Needless to say such a consideration did not act as a deterrent to Wolfe and the men whom he commanded. Some sleepy sentries were found in the little wood, and the rest is soon told. Montcalm, reconnoitring the plains in the early dawning, found that a red wall had sprung up across it in the night and shouted, "There they are where they have no right to be."

"He had no choice but instant action. He rode down the front of his line of battle, stopping to say a few stirring words to each regiment as he passed. Whenever he asked the men if they were tired, they said they were never tired before a battle; and all ranks showed as much eagerness to come to close quarters as the British did themselves. . . . Montcalm towered aloft and alone—the last great Frenchman of the Western World . . . he never stood higher in all manly minds than on that fatal day. And, as he rode before his men there, his

presence seemed to call them on like a *drapeau vivant* of France herself."

"Never were stauncher champions than those two leaders and their six brigadiers. 'Let us remember how, on the victorious side, the young commander was killed in the forefront of the fight; how his successor was wounded at the head of his brigade; and how the command-in-chief passed from hand to hand, with bewildering rapidity, till each of the four Generals had held it in turn during the space of one short half-hour: then, how the devotion of the four Generals on the other side was even more conspicuous, since every single one of these brave men laid down his life to save the day for France; and, above all, let us remember how lasting the twin renown of Wolfe and Montcalm themselves should be, when the one was so consummate in his victory, and the other so truly glorious in defeat.'"

The ramparts of Quebec tell other stories which would take too long to recount. Two invasions by America were defeated. The first by Frontenac in 1690, and the second under Murray and Carleton when Arnold and Montgomery were repulsed. There is an interesting monument to the memory of the defenders upon which is inscribed:

Here stood
Her Old And New Defenders
Uniting, Guarding, Saving,
Canada.
Defeating Arnold
At the Sault-Au-Matelot Barricade
On the last day of
1775
Guy Carleton
Commanding at
Quebec.

The third American invasion was in 1812, but this time the tide of war did not sweep up to her battlements. In 1822 the citadels and walls built after a plan approved by Wellington were completed at a cost of £7,000,000. This was only one item of over £100,000,000 sterling spent by the mother country in the works and actual fortifications alone.

As we walk upon the solid ramparts of stone we are told of this vast expenditure of money laudably and rightly spent, but looking round at the country, at the St. Lawrence River, and the old town at our feet, we are reminded, not for the first time, that it is not money but the lives of men that make bulwarks, and in old heroic Quebec this fact is so apparent that we should be unworthy if we did not send a grateful thought back to those who lived and died there long ago.

Chapter IV — *Story of the C.P.R.*

THE actual making of the C.P.R. is so full of interest and even of romance that it is difficult to dissociate it in one's mind from stories of fancy and imagination.

Canada was to become a nation; more than that it was to become a compact and powerful nation. East and West were to join hands in a strong grip; scattered districts, provinces the size of empires were to be joined together under one Flag, and the integrating factor was to be the great railway system of Canada. As we now know, its final triumph has been complete, but men still living can remember the early days of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which are almost more like the personal history of a living creature than the story of a line of rails. The defeats, the hopes, the despair which followed each other quickly contributed to the personal interest that surrounds it, while the very fact that, like all pioneers, the railway was met by scoffs and jeers carries the analogy still further, and promotes almost a sense of affection and loyalty to the great enterprise.

The proper treatment of the subject involves the whole story of the federation of Canada. It could hardly be briefly described, and yet it is so well known that it seems hardly necessary to do more than recapitulate it here.

The gigantic scheme had been the dream of politicians, the objective of Lord Durham's famous Proclamation, and the kernel of Sir John Macdonald's magnificent and far-reaching policy.

During his short regime as Govenor-General, Lord Durham, in 1840, had brought about the union of Upper and Lower Canada, but at the same time he had made a larger and more comprehensive suggestion.

He wrote in his report :

" I discussed the general improvement of the government of the colonies with the deputations from the Lower Provinces and with various leading individuals and public bodies in both the Canadas, and I was gratified by finding the leading minds of the various Colonies generally inclined to a scheme that would elevate their countries into something like national existence. I am inclined to go further and enquire whether all those objects would not more surely be obtained by extending this legislative union over all the British Provinces in North America, and whether the advantages which I anticipate for two of them might not and should not in justice be extended over all. It would enable all the Provinces to co-operate, and above all it would form a great and powerful people possessing the means of securing a responsible Government for itself, and which under the protection of the British Empire might in some measure counterbalance the preponderality and increasing influence of the United States on the American Continent."

His masterly suggestion was not carried out at the time, but it remained an ideal in the minds of far-seeing men, and when in 1864 the Maritime provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and

Prince Edward Island proposed a conference to consider a union, the Government of Canada urged the advantages of a general confederation of all the provinces. Federation was in the air and finally carried everything before it in spite of a natural hesitancy on the part of some of the provinces.

On paper the scheme looked both tempting and easy, but there were circumstances which made it unusually difficult, and it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the importance at that time of wise statesmanship and a far-seeing policy. Canada was full of alluring possibilities, but the growth of trade, like everything else, was hampered by the inadequacy of the postal and telegraph systems, while various systems of law, civil and criminal, hampered the administration of justice. Added to this there was serious tension between the United States and the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and not only was commercial war threatened, but it was believed that actual invasion might follow on the Alabama exploits and the raids of the Fenians. Canadian sympathy with the South heightened the ill-feeling with America, and the abrogation of the commercial treaty between the two countries was undoubtedly to starve Canada into union.

Following on this, and as a result of it, came the splendid vision of an united Canada. The scheme was so vast that at first both statesmen and people were inclined to approach it warily. Sir John Macdonald saw future trouble in Quebec, but George Brown put into the whole matter his warmth and enthusiasm and his belief in federation, and shortly afterwards we find Sir John, although at first he advanced with greater caution than Brown,

speaking proudly of the great alliance, and saying that he was satisfied that Canada's future progress depended upon this.

Upper and Lower Canada seemed resolved on federation, which indeed was an obvious advantage to both. In the Maritime Provinces local patriotism showed itself in a strong desire to retain their own laws and institutions and their ancestral associations. The loss of individuality is always a bugbear to those who, by their individuality have come to success. Besides this, the commercial prosperity of the Maritime Provinces tended towards free trade, and that of the Canadas to protection. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick had nominative Upper Chambers, while in the Canadas the Legislative Council was elective.

Upon this scene, with its discontent and agitation, Sir Charles Tupper's conviction, to which he stuck through thick and thin, that it was to the advantage of all the provinces, whether large or small, to join in the federal scheme, carried weight. Joseph Howe, one of the ablest of Nova Scotia's politicians, prolonged the agitation in the Maritime Provinces beyond the time that the Provinces wanted to agitate.

Amidst the storm and the strife which ensued, Sir John Macdonald stood firm, beholding always the idea of a great nationality in Canada, commanding the respect of the world.

In the end Upper and Lower Canada accepted the scheme with enthusiasm, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick more slowly, while Prince Edward Island joined later on, though when confederation was first carried, newspapers on the island printed their current numbers with a black edge, and patriotism, mingled with provincialism, fostered

objections which were not always substantiated by any real fact or grievance.

But most important of all was the fact that Western Canada was invited to join the Federation, and Western Canada made conditions. These conditions were to prove one of the most significant and far-reaching events in the life of the new Dominion. British Columbia, which until then had had a government of its own, an English Governor, and a British warship, should not it have the promise to become part of new Canada ? But the condition which she made was this : that she should be joined thereto by a transcontinental railway within ten years. The condition was accepted, and, in the words of George Brown : " Our scheme has given prodigious satisfaction ; everyone is delighted, and everything Canadian has gone up in public estimation immensely." The complicated question, in spite of some sullen murmurs, was at last decided; even jealousy was satisfied, and race feeling put on one side when the friendliness, not to say generosity, of the Federal Scheme was made known.

In February the completed Bill was submitted to the House, and on March 29th it received the Royal Assent under the title of the British North American Act of 1867. Federation had been carried, and now it remained to be seen whether the conditions which British Columbia had imsposed could be carried out. Many electors were afraid of the scheme for completing a railway across the Continent, and nothing in Sir John Macdonald's ministry was more sharply criticised than the railway inducement held out to British Columbia. Party feeling ran high, but in spite of this the railway, with a sort of splendid inevitableness, went

forward. The railway track, 3000 miles long, through a comparatively unknown country and over a vast range of mountains, was begun in 1871, and round the completing of it are gathered not only the names, but the lives of some of the most important Canadians who have yet lived. Everyone knows the storm of objections which greeted its commencement. The English Press became hysterical over the mad project of a transcontinental railway in Canada, which was described as being just as ridiculous as a scheme for the utilisation of icebergs. The country through which it ran was declared to be as forbidding as any place on earth and quite unfit to live in, while the Canadians themselves were accused of being perfectly well aware that the Canadian Pacific Railway would never yield one cent of interest on the money sunk in it. Not content with this description, various towns were signalled out for a frank exposure of their pretensions, and it was confidently stated that where men did not die of frost-bite in the winter they were generally killed by malaria in the summer.

Through this austere, inhospitable, ice-bound land the railway resolved to run, and from that moment it becomes to us not merely a great undertaking, but a sentient thing filled, we may say, with a high purpose and with a goal in view to which at all hazards it meant to arrive.

In its early beginnings it was met not only by discouragement but by failure. Round it factions of every sort met and fought, politics and principles, friendships and reputations were laid upon the two long lines of rails, fortunes were made and lost upon it, and if blood was not actually spilt, hearts were broken on Canada's first great high road.

Like all stories of endeavour involving sacrifices, there was a sustaining courage running through the whole project which lifted it far above mere money-making, and while health and spirits failed only the indomitable perseverance of the men who made the Canadian Pacific Railway saved it from failure and carried it triumphantly through.

The scheme, long before its completion, was, however, to be met by political difficulties which could at first hardly have been foreseen. Graver matters were to follow, and the tragedy of scandal of a personal character, not unmixed with dishonour, makes the story of the Canadian Pacific Railway one of the most remarkable in the world.

In the first instance, it was stipulated that it should be built, not by Government, but by a State-aided company, and during 1871 and 1872 two such companies received charters from the Dominion Government, one headed by Senator D. W. Macpherson, of Toronto, and one by Sir Hugh Allan, of Montreal. Under the skilful and diplomatic leadership of Sir John Macdonald the two companies were amalgamated, but a difficult point arose as to whether Allan or Macpherson should be President. Neither was inclined to yield, and finally a new company was started with Sir Hugh Allan as President of the Board of Directors. The construction at first was very slow, but all might have gone well but for the open page in the history of the Line, which involved Sir John A. Macdonald in the unhappy history of the Canadian Pacific scandals, and plunged his Government into the worst sort of trouble—political dishonour.

To understand the situation it is necessary first of all to understand the character of a man like Sir John Macdonald.

His place in the history of Canada is so large that it is hardly possible to think of the country without him. He loved Canada and he believed in her, and Canada returned his affection with a warmth and a sincerity which has never been equalled in that country. They knew his faults, but they knew also that those faults were never mean or petty. Always Canada came first with him; his worst mistakes were never connected with the thought of self, but were all for the sake of the land which he loved. As a statesman there are few to equal him. He dared to attempt great changes and great reforms, doing so with courage, believing that those reforms and those changes were for the public good.

All his greatest qualities were given unreservedly to Canada, his imaginative power, his quick judgment and his loyalty. It was said at the gloomiest crisis of his life that there did not exist in Canada a man who had given more of his time, more of his heart, or more of his wealth, to the good of Canada.

He saw what not everyone else was able to see, that loyalty to the Dominion meant also loyalty to Great Britain, and the saying most often quoted about him—" British I was born, British I will die " —strikes the keynote of his life.

That his failings were many no one will deny, least of all perhaps those who loved him best. But already the memory of these failings has been turned into more of a kindly jest, without bitterness in it, than any fault-finding. The stories told of him are always touched with a sense of personal regard which transcended every other consideration when it came to the point of criticising Sir John Macdonald.

Perhaps above all things he was a man who never shirked responsibility, and he expected this characteristic in everyone who served him. A man, in a responsible position, once telegraphed to him a long message, describing his difficulties in connection with the Indians, and the telegram ran : " Wire advising me what to do."

Sir John's answer was brief and may at first have puzzled the man who received it. It contained the brief message : " Go and get your hair cut."

On many occasions he was able to turn the joke upon his friends, in a manner very adroit. As, for instance, upon one occasion when, having dined somewhat freely, his after-dinner speech was so confused that it was very difficult for the reporters to take it down. The following day one of these gentlemen called upon him and asked if he would look over the speech and correct it. Sir John looked at the queer jumble through his spectacles and then, turning to the reporter, he said : " Young man, let me give you one piece of advice, never take down a speech when you are drunk or else you will make a mess of it, as you've done with this."

On another occasion he made so clever a retort about his personal appearance that it seems worth quoting here. He had an unusually large nose, and a friend, going in one day when he was being shaved and seeing the barber in his usual position, remarked to Sir John : " That's the only man, Sir John, whom I have ever seen lead you by the nose."

" Yes," said Sir John, " and he finds it rather a handful."

It was one of his characteristics that he had an adroit way of getting the better of everyone. An

opponent of his writing of him one day remarked : "As usual, Sir John gets the oyster and I get the shell."

This statesman, benevolent, whimsical, intrepid and far-seeing, was the man who once had to leave the service of his country in disgrace. Sir Hugh Allan had been nominated President of the Board of Directors of the new Canadian Pacific Railway, and Mr. Huntingdon, in a remarkable speech, accused him of having given money for electioneering purposes to Sir John.

No one at first could believe what had been said, but the charges were too serious to pass over. It was declared that the Government had trafficked with foreigners in Canada's most precious interests, and had obtained gold as the price of their treachery ; that an agreement had been entered into between Sir Hugh Allan and other Canadian promoters and G. W. Macmillan, the latter agreeing to furnish all the funds necessary for the construction of the contemplated railway and to give the former a certain percentage of interest ; and finally, that the Government were aware of the negotiations going on between these parties.

Many people still living remember the terrible time through which the Government of Canada then passed.

Sir John denied absolutely that there was any corrupt bargain between Sir Hugh Allan and himself.

Had a bomb-shell exploded it could scarcely have startled more, not only the House of Parliament, where the words were spoken, but the whole of Canada.

But in spite of Sir John's strong personal pleading and the fact that Sir Hugh Allan, when he made

the large contribution to the party fund, knew that the railway contract could only be given to an amalgamated company, Canada pronounced against the Prime Minister, who immediately resigned. There was no question that the money had been paid to the Government, and even Sir John's most staunch followers felt that they could not support him.

This scandal hurt Sir John's reputation, but he out-lived it, and it is a credit to himself as well as to those whom he led, that he was able to stand on his feet after he had fallen in public estimation, and that he was able to triumph over his mistakes.

Four years of precious time were frittered away in political squabbles, and only a small amount of grading at the eastern end of the Line was attempted in that time. By 1879 the entire mileage only amounted to 700 miles of track, and now British Columbia became impatient, and insisted upon the redemption of Canada's promise to join East and West together by a railway system. It was none too soon to do so. British Columbia had, in a sense, been re-discovered since gold had been found there. Adventurous American citizens, owing to their near proximity, were of course first in the field, and there is no doubt about it that absorption by the United States of this important country was not only a remote contingency but a peril very near at hand.

At the same time there were difficulties in Eastern Canada. Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland set out against Confederation, and Newfoundland still remains outside it. Prince Edward Island came into the Union in 1873, but it would have been impossible to bring British Columbia into the Union without the meeting of the railway. How-

indeed, could it have been expected that any form of Union was possible with two countries divided by a vast range of mountains and an unknown prairie. So detached did the two countries seem from each other that we find the same opposition to federation at both the extreme points; Prince Edward Island in the East, and Vancouver Island in the West, professed themselves altogether unfavourable to the idea, and only the determination of a handful of men at that moment saved the country from a disintegration. It is a little difficult to realise the absolute lack of communication that then existed between the East and West. There were only trails suitable for the roughest form of conveyance, and commerce in the ordinary sense of the word was practically impossible. All communication between British Columbia and Eastern Canada had to be conducted via San Francisco or the Isthmus of Panama. But, strangely enough, the simple expedient of a railway that would merge the two countries together was vehemently opposed by the Liberal Party. It was freely stated that such an enterprise would result in the ruin of the country. As a sequence there was a general election in 1872, when those men who were frankly accused of attempting the impossible were returned to power. An excellent move was made by bringing the Hon. Joseph Howe into the Government in 1869, and he and Sir Charles Tupper between them carried every seat in the province in Nova Scotia. All promised well until 1873, when the Canadian Pacific scandal, to which we have before referred, threw everything back, and produced so much heat and discord in the country that it was perhaps impossible at that time rightly to gauge the exact brainworthiness of the men at the head of affairs.

Undoubtedly Sir John Macdonald dictated, or wrote, the famous despatch to Sir Hugh Allan, then President of the Line, asking him to send 10,000 dollars more. It was supremely evident that the 10,000 dollars were paid by Sir Hugh for electioneering purposes.

The plea that two blacks will make a white is always a feeble one; nevertheless, it must be admitted that it is possible that the Government were not alone in the matter of receiving monetary support, but the accusation of bribery could not be met, and, to the credit of the Canadians and of Sir John himself, he tendered his resignation, and it was accepted.

The Mackenzie party now came into power, and remained until 1878, during which time they did not build one yard of railway in British Columbia, and it was not until Sir John Macdonald came back triumphantly to power on the strength of his National policy that anything was done about the railway. A sweeping change was made when it was resolved to take it out of the hands of the Government altogether, the whole responsibility of the enterprise being undertaken by Mr. George Stephen (Lord Mountstephen), Mr. Donald A. Smith (Lord Strathcona), with Mr. William van Horne as actual Director of the Line. Other names on what later became known as the Canadian Pacific Railway Syndicate were: Mr. Duncan McIntyre, Sir John Rose and Baron Reinach, of Paris. Mr. J. J. Hill did not appear publicly on the Syndicate, and he afterwards withdrew from it to build the Great Northern Railway.

The Hon. Edward Blake was at this time the chief opposer of the railway policy; he publicly declared that the whole country was to be ruined

for the sake of 12,000 white people out in British Columbia. In the face of this opposition Sir John Macdonald, the Hon. John Pope and Sir Charles Tupper went to England to organise the financial business of the railway. Certainly at first there was no indecent haste betrayed by Great Britain in taking the matter up, and almost to the time of opening the railway the bonds were exclusively in the hands of foreigners. But even those who believed in the success of the undertaking felt bound to declare that the Line could not be made to pay operating charges until the North-West had a population of two million people.

At this time the Government induced Parliament to alter in some respects the route which the railway should take.

The story of the actual construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway can be found in many engineering works and books about Canada. We have borrowed largely from one before us :—

The new Railway Company stipulated that it should receive 25,000,000 dollars in gold, and equal numbers of acres of good prairie land ; that it should be accommodated with free right of way and sites for stations, docks, etc. That all materials should be admitted untaxed ; that the Company's lands should be exempt from taxation, and, last but not least, that the Government should make it a present of the 700 miles of partly completed track.

The Government on its side exacted the condition that the line should be open for traffic by May, 1891, which meant that more than 250 miles of rail must be laid every year.

As one of the Company's main assets—the land—depended for its value upon the railway, and so could not be realised to any profit until the railway

should be built, the Company found itself in heavy financial straits. Its stock fell heavily, and a loan of £6,000,000 had to be made from the Government, which took advantage of the position to clip five years off the time originally allowed for construction. The Government engineer, now known as Sir Sandford Fleming, started with a small exploratory expedition across the Continent, and took the Line across the prairies and the Rockies, which he eventually selected in preference to ten other alternative routes suggested by Surveys working under his direction further north. Work began in 1874, and that year there was a fall in the price of steel rails, 50,000 tons of these being bought from English companies, who were allowed to import duty free. The first efforts of the Government were devoted to that portion of the land which runs from Fort William, at the head of Lake Superior, into Manitoba, and in 1876 the first locomotive was landed at Fort William. From Fort William to Fort Garry (Winnipeg) there was a heavy piece of engineering work, the engineers being met by the very serious difficulty of the Muskegs. These are lakes hidden under a thick surface of decayed vegetable matter, not solid enough to carry a railroad track. They had to be filled up with vast quantities of timber, and those who worked on this business often declared that they believed they were trying to fill up bottomless pits. As far as Winnipeg the need for speed was not so much felt, and the work could go on in comparative peace, but everything was changed when British Columbia, tired with delay, threatened to withdraw from the Union. This entailed a fresh effort, and a supreme attempt on the part of the Company to hasten forward the construction of the Line. The prairie section was

undertaken by Messrs. Langdon and Shepherd, and the crossing of the Rockies was engineered by the North American Railway Contracting Company, under Mr. James Ross. The engineering department consisted of five divisional engineers, each in charge of thirty miles, divided into ten-mile sections under an assistant engineer, who had his own camp of men to look after. In 1882 there were four thousand men at work, with seventeen hundred teams, consisting each of a pair of horses and a large four-wheeled waggon. Many settlers, especially in Manitoba, joined the work, and were glad to find remunerative jobs for themselves and their horses during the months when work on their farms was slack. On the other hand, there were very many men of quite another class working on the Line—men of every colour, caste and creed—men of muscle and endurance, but without, perhaps, any great veneration for law and order. That they were a difficult lot to manage there is no doubt; the country through which they passed was in many cases a wilderness, where rough-handed justice might be meted out, but where very little backing was possible in the matter of legislation. Providentially the North-West Mounted Police had by that time been formed, and it was largely owing to their exertions, and the fine standard of conduct which they maintained that they were instrumental in keeping order during a most difficult time. We have alluded to the North-West Mounted Police in another chapter, but perhaps higher testimony was never given them than by the men over whom they exercised very firm control during the making of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The work proceeded at high pressure, and in the face of peculiarly trying circumstances. The tunnels

of the railway were not only expensive, but they required infinite patience to make, because every foot of them had to be timbered up as it was driven, in order to prevent the caving in of the clay soil. The winter temperature in which the men worked varied from a few degrees above to about fifty degrees below zero. A steam saw-mill was erected on the margin of Kicking Horse Lake, cutting up the timber into poles and sleepers, bridges and trestles, and here also was erected a dynamite factory to obviate the dangers of transporting high explosives by rail. The descent of the Kicking Horse River is so rapid that the engineers found that enormous tunnelling operations would be necessary, and here they had to build a temporary line in order to conform with certain items in the contract. The cost of construction increased as time went on. At Big Hill a dozen pusher locomotives had to be kept on hand as auxiliaries, three engines being required to do the work of one on other sections of the Line. From the top of Kicking Horse Pass to the mouth of the Beaver (73¾ miles) there are seven tunnels totalling 2552 feet. The Kicking Horse River is crossed nine times, six of these crossings being over a distance of only twelve miles. The total length of bridging and trestling work from the summit to the first crossing of the Columbia River (62 miles) was 8039 lineal feet. The greatest feat in trestle bridging was performed near Bear Creek, about eight miles east of the summit of the Selkirk range. Here the railroad, at an altitude of 3673 feet, crossed several narrow gorges carved out of foaming rivers, and at Stoney Creek there was a timber railway bridge built which at the time was known as the finest specimen of its kind in the world. Solid ice covered the rivers, during much

of the time that the task of pile driving and erection went on, holes having to be cut in the ice for structural woodwork. The men were walking on ice most of the day, boring auger holes with half-frozen hands.

The crossing of the Gold Range by the Eagle Pass was a simple matter compared with the titanic engineering accomplished on the Kicking Horse and Rogers Passes. It is stated that trains have to climb so steep a gradient round the Loops, that it is quite possible for an active man to drop off a train at one point, and, by climbing a hundred feet or so of steep bank, to reach a spot which the train must travel a mile or more to attain.

Hundreds of statistics can be furnished by anyone interested in engineering work on the subject of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Hundreds of people could give technical details relating to it far better than we are able to do, but these statistics and these figures are only one part, and perhaps the smallest part of the matter. We have, for instance, spoken of Rogers Pass, but who shall eventually tell the story of this engineer who, being simply told to get there, and to get there in time, found by sheer force of will, energy and enterprise, a road through the mountains. It is difficult to convey the anxiety which depended upon his survey for its success. There was no time for properly drawn plans to be made out. There was not even a direct certainty that the pass would prove feasible. Major Rogers said he had found a way, and his word was accepted, but whether, or how far, a railway would be able to follow on that way was a matter of faith. At one time it even seemed possible that it might be necessary to drive a tunnel under the Rocky Mountains, but the vast expense of this scheme rendered

it impracticable, and there was nothing for it but to follow where Major Rogers led. It is said of Sir William van Horne, the General Manager at that time, that not even the Rocky Mountains appalled him. There were some good men who stood by each other in those days: Sir James Shaughnessy, Mr. Harry Abbott, Mr. James Ross, and Messrs. McIntyre, Mann, Holt, Cambie and White. They worked together and seemed to enjoy difficulties. Even when money failed there was no grumbling or discontent, but only the honest-hearted belief in the work they were doing. Lord Mountstephen might exclaim in despair "my coat does not belong to me," men might be unpaid, and the health and nerves of those responsible for the undertaking might break down, there were still left the unflinching courage which fights on and never counts the cost nor even the odds against it until victory is won.

Sir William van Horne came to a friend of ours engaged on the construction of the railway one day, and said cheerfully: "I am going to do a little blood-letting, and I intend to begin with you." He then proceeded to cut down all salaries by 20 per cent, and in the face even of depleted purses the work went forward. A story is told of one of the engineers, whose work in laying lines had to teach a certain point by a given time. The rails failed to arrive; he had nothing left to work with. But he laid down the few he had left, and ran a trolly over them; then, taking up those behind, over which he had passed, he laid them in front of the trolley, and so continued until eventually to the prescribed time he and his trolly were at the point indicated, though behind him was a long gap in the steel.

Another story, which concerns Major Rogers,

shows something of the spirit of those days. The pass he had found was attempted. It was the old case of English muddling—but always muddling through! The line of railway had to be made by a certain given time. It was finished with five years to spare, and it was glorious British stupidity that did it, because British stupidity is far too dense to see difficulties until they are over, and even then they have to be pointed out.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company sent Major Rogers a cheque for £1000 in appreciation of his services in having discovered the pass through the Rockies. At the end of their financial year they were surprised to find the cheque had not been cashed. They wrote to Major Rogers, asking for an explanation, and his reply was: "I have had it framed and glazed and hung in my room. You did not suppose I was going to do anything so silly as to cash a thing so valuable." But although this was the temper of the time and the men who worked, the situation at Ottawa was becoming daily more serious. It was stated decisively that the railway could not pay until the North-West had a population of two million people. Yet now the enterprise was committed to enormous expenditure, and could neither stop nor go back. Neither New York nor London would guarantee the money, and if despair ever seized upon the makers of the C.P.R., it was now. A certain baffling indifference met them everywhere. Lord Mountstephen, waiting in the Parliament Buildings from eleven o'clock in the morning till two in the afternoon, found out casually that his application had been forgotten, and that no one was now in the House to give it any consideration. Sir William van Horne laid before Sir John Macdonald a list of

names of the men who would be ruined if money was not forthcoming to finish. Sir Charles Tupper, then acting High Commissioner, came to Ottawa to find the Directors at the end of their tether, and everyone in despair. He suggested that Parliament should be asked to authorise the Government to advance thirty million dollars for four years at 4 per cent, on the difficult condition that the Company should agree to finish the road five years sooner than the contract called for.

The proposal was met by derision, but the Government gave the suggestion its support, and a settlement was made by which the Company surrendered its land to the value of seven and a half million dollars at one and a half dollars an acre. This was done, and the land was actually bought back again at a later date by the railway.

Later on came happier days, and an easier time, when twenty-five million dollars of C.P.R. 5 per cent bonds were floated. Later, through the agency of Sir Charles Tupper, a contract with Bearings and Glims was signed, by which they promised to take half of the Issue at ninety-one, with a privilege of issuing the second half at a later date.

But what actually made the scheme a success, or even a possibility, was doubtless the fact that the National policy now held sway in Canada. The land and its people were beginning to come into their own ; the old feeling of unrest was over, the conservative fiscal policy was teaching Canadians, and giving to them that sense of opportunity, of which they were capable of taking such intelligent advantage. Trade had now become a possibility ; industrial enterprise was going forward. Farming was protected, and there was no longer the conviction that the United States was

the only place where a man could build up his fortune. There seemed some object now in a young man trying to do his best. Commercial grievances were at an end, and a country of enormous potential wealth was now going to have that wealth developed. From East to West a message of hope rang, and its echo has never died away.

There will always be a number of clever people who occupy their valuable time in pointing out impossibilities and in uttering well-meaning warnings about dangers and difficulties. Fortunately there still remains a large class of stupid, blundering people, who go straight on and do the things. Some of these worked on the C.P.R. Some of them made South Africa. One delicate man went there because everyone said he could not grow rice. Cecil Rhodes said, " I intend to grow rice." And he did. In after years he was always fond of saying when insuperable objections were made to anything he had in hand : " They used to say I could not grow rice in South Africa." And that settled the matter as far as he was concerned.

There used to be a saying that there would never lack a man to the House of David. The saying almost seems to hold good of the Anglo-Saxon race. The need arises, and with it comes the man, often of delicate physique, sometimes of humble origin, nearly always of humble mind. One who sets out quite quietly to do something for the land which he loves so much. A single-armed sailor, with an empty sleeve and a blind eye raised his flag over the waters and claimed the sea for England. Another sets out to grow rice, and gains a kingdom. The man who won Canada on the heights of Abraham was a chronic invalid, and an English pilot dies in an open boat in Hudson Bay.

So that, on the whole, we may, I think, satisfy ourselves that there are a few men and women of courage and enterprise left amongst our poor race, of which we hear so many murmurings.

We like to think that amongst them we may class some of the men and women who have made Canada.

Chapter V *Lord Strathcona : A Sketch*

TO write the life of the late Lord Strathcona would be to write the history of modern Canada. Few persons, either living or dead, have been more intimately associated with its development, and fewer still have laboured as Lord Strathcona laboured for the prestige of the country which he loved. He lived at a critical moment in Canada's story, and such critical moments have ever found, in the development of the world by Anglo-Saxon races, the necessary man, the strong individual, the leader, whether soldier or civilian, fit to carry great matters through and to carry them through greatly.

Yet these leaders have seldom been the men who would have been chosen by a consensus of public opinion for their suitability to the task before them. The need arises and the unexpected man appears.

Lord Strathcona's figure is not an isolated one in the page which it adorns. It would be invidious to mention him above the name of his famous cousin, Lord Mountstephen, or of his able colleague, Sir William van Horne. But his recent death has inspired a fresh interest in the life of the veteran who has passed away, and if a biographical sketch is in some sort a funeral oration, the sad honours of the occasion belong to him alone. The honour must necessarily be inadequate and the meed of praise wholly imperfect, because the future

alone will show how invaluable to his country was the service of such a man as the late Lord Strathcona.

The harvest of Lord Strathcona's life, in so far as recognition went, came late. Most people are inclined to regard him as a brilliant man, always before the eyes of the world, always successful, not born perhaps to any great position, but coming into his own, and deservedly a successful man from the first. Lord Strathcona was forty-eight years old before he was made even Chief Factor in a fur company, and he was forty-eight when he leapt with all the vigour of youth into fresh activities bearing responsibilities for which he appeared to have had but little training, and into positions of importance for which he was always equal although not ostensibly prepared.

His preparation, indeed, for the life of ceaseless public work before him was one of the most curious and most unusual that we believe has ever fallen to a man's lot. We have heard of men being snowed up for a winter. Donald Alexander Smith, as he was then, was snowed up for thirty winters. And we have heard of men being lost to their relatives and their friends for the space of a few years. When Donald Smith bade his home and his people farewell, the farewell was an eternal one ; he never saw his parents after he quitted Scotland at the age of eighteen. In Labrador he was almost without postal communication with the rest of the world, and he lived amongst trappers, Indians, and fur traders, and saw no one else at the very age when young manhood is most disposed for enjoyment, and in face of the fact that his limited opportunities did not, to use the common expression, seem to " lead to anything."

At home, it might reasonably seem that the young man would have had better chances, for he had had a sound education and his thrifty parents were prepared to make sacrifices for the boy whom they thoroughly believed in.

"Donald will surprise them yet," his mother used to say sturdily when all her ambitions for her son were overthrown by his choosing to sail for Canada rather than to study law.

"They will be proud of my Donald yet," she repeated when still another opening came for the young man in the form of an offer of a desk in the house of his merchant uncles, the Grants, of Manchester, kindly men of good repute, who have been immortalised as the Cheeryble Brothers by the pen of Charles Dickens. But Donald had adventurous blood in his veins. Two of his uncles had travelled far and done excellent pioneer work, and, who knows, the story of their lives may have fired the determined youth to launch out into the deep rather than hug the shores of his native land and enjoy its calm waters.

There is nothing particularly arresting in the figure of a Scottish boy in the middle classes sailing for the West as many others have done before him. The heroic side of it lies in the fact that for thirty years he never turned back. Yet the discontent which every boy must feel at a hard lot and a solitary existence must have been felt by him as acutely as by any other ; his surroundings were infinitely more austere, and it is conceivable to suppose that his courage often failed him and that the longing to return home must at times have been well-nigh unendurable. Thirteen years in the silence of Labrador might well have broken down the determination of most young men. One might even say

that it would have been excusable had mind as well as courage given way. Yet we find him at the age of eighteen settling down at a lonely fur-trading station, and here for thirteen years silence falls upon him like a fog. Hardly ever did his own voice pierce the silence. Donald Smith was a quiet Scotsman who disliked talking about himself, and only here and there will be found old friends of his to whom he spoke of his life in the lonely land.

There was only one post in the year to Labrador, but every week Donald wrote to his mother. The letters must have lain beside him unposted for months after they were written, but at least they formed an outlet for self-expression and affection on the part of the solitary boy. Perhaps the punctually written letter was the result of a promise made before leaving home, and his mother may have asked him to write every week, as is the custom of mothers. He himself uttered a pathetic need when he told an old friend that when he used to get too homesick he always wrote home. One can imagine the routine of the life which included the writing of a weekly letter, and still more characteristic of the man is the well-authenticated story that he always had the *Times* for a year sent out to him, and each day the sheet was laid upon his breakfast table and was diligently read by him. The news was a year old, but the next year's issue lying upon the top of the orderly pile was never even glanced at by him—a small act of restraint and self-discipline which, no doubt, was not without its bracing effect upon the young fellow's character.

It is not idle to wonder whether, in seeking for a man to do imperial work for a great nation, a more unlikely spot could have been found than mist-veiled, remote, inaccessible Labrador, where in a

rudely constructed wooden shack, conducting a very poor fur trade amongst Indians, the young Scottish clerk stuck to his work and did his duty.

The ice clings long about the solitary shores of that land, and the mists hang heavily through the interminable winter. The nights are long and intensely cold, the silence is sometimes broken by the cry of an animal travelling soft-footed over the snow, or by the roar of wind upon the shore. Dogs bark furiously at night-time, and when early spring comes and food is scarce they do more than bark and howl. It is not good to meet hungry dogs when the winter supply of fish is gone and they search ravenously for scraps and food under the snow. In summer-time no doubt all was well, and the young clerks at the fur station passed their time canoeing, fishing, and shooting. But there are eight months of winter in Labrador, and it is not unusual for the thermometer to drop to forty degrees below zero. The forests are very quiet then in the long, clear, frosty nights, and the fur stations were two to three hundred miles apart. And once a year the post came in and once it went out.

A man might live there for a whole summer and get material for a book, or a sportsman might collect provisions for one desperate winter. But thirteen years in Labrador must have had moments of dullness.

We first hear of Donald Smith quitting the inhospitable shore on account of his eyes, which gave him great trouble. His modest trip to an oculist entailed the trifling feat of walking nearly one thousand miles to Montreal in winter-time; while the story runs that Sir George Simpson, the Governor, treated the expedition as being "absent without leave." He sent a messenger to meet the young man

and to demand of him why he had quitted his post, and ordered his immediate return, pointing out with perhaps unnecessary plainness that the eyes of one young clerk were of very little importance compared with the interests of a great fur-trading company.

Donald received the message and walked back to Labrador without having seen the oculist.

At the end of thirteen years he was transferred to another fur-trading station on Hudson Bay, where, he informed a friend of his, he had the companionship of a few employés and his own thoughts. But the Governor, Sir George Simpson, had by this time discovered one important thing about the young clerk. However poor the trade, Smith's ledgers were able to show a profit. He learned the right way to treat the Indians. He nursed some and doctored others, and he acted honestly by them. The young man with few opportunities did what he could, and on the death of Sir George Simpson he was made Chief Factor in the fur company.

And here, at the age of forty-eight, an honourable career might have fitly closed. Donald Smith had done his share of the world's work, and after a hard life he deserved the ease and prosperity to which he had attained. As a matter of fact his real work was only just to begin.

There were quick happenings in Canada in those days. Events were succeeding each other with startling rapidity. Half a continent which had been forgotten was bursting into life. The buffalo and the moose were disappearing, and in their place were coming new men—men of vigour and of purpose, men who saw far and intended to go far, and amongst the foremost of these men was Donald Smith. The story of Canada at this time reads like

something more than romance; it is a story of strong endeavour and great causes, and above and noblest of all, it is the story of strong self-assertive individualism coming to something better than it knows, fighting for bigger issues than those for which it at first set out to fight, and inspired at last by a great imperial idea stronger than self-interest.

We cannot do more than touch lightly on the Riel Rebellion, which may be briefly described as an agitation to force the settlement of Red River from the Hudson Bay Company's rule and possession. The rapid increase of population in Assiniboia had entirely altered the Company's conditions of tenure; and when Canada proposed, by an arrangement with the directors in London, to take over this country, it involved a very difficult problem. To the men living there annexation by America would scarcely have seemed less unintelligible than the proposal held out by Canada. For to the West, Canada was still almost an unknown country. In the end an arrangement was made whereby the Company agreed, with some notable reservations including large tracts of land, to surrender their interests in the North-West District to the Crown. Hence ensued a long and important dispute between the " wintering partners " and those who stayed at home and simply enjoyed the revenues of the Company. There was bold talk of establishing a republic in the North-West, and the Governor of Assiniboia travelled in hot haste to the most loyal man of the Hudson Bay Company and put the immediate danger of the case in front of Donald Smith.

A less strong or a less sober-minded man might easily have been carried away by the turmoil of talk and agitation which ensued; but not only did

Smith see with his almost unfailing judgment and far-sighted outlook that in the end the Company might very well profit by the transfer, but he had sufficient belief in the innate justice of his fellow-countrymen to believe that the "wintering partners" would get a very fair share of the price paid in London. He could not, however, stay the march of events which was going forward with headlong rapidity. The Deed of Surrender was signed in London ; and Canada, proud of her new possession, was already flooding it with surveying parties and speculators. The North-West, with perhaps exaggerated ideas of its own rights, resented the arrival of new-comers, and the general discontent found voice in the man who has given his name to the rebellion—namely, Louis Riel. Of the involved politics of those times we have, as we have said, not enough space to speak. Suffice it to say that the torch of insurrection was lighted when the French leader prevented by force the entrance of the new Governor, Macdougall, into the territory. Following on this came the capture of Fort Garry, and this remained in the hands of the insurgents until the arrival of the Imperial force under Colonel Wolseley.

Meanwhile the situation was both complicated and dangerous, and one of the most striking features of the general distraction which ensued was the suspicion with which men of the time regarded each other. Hardly any of the prominent actors escaped calumny, and quarrel succeeded quarrel in a perfect maelstrom of suspicion and distrust.

Upon this scene entered Donald Smith, always quiet, seeking justice and doing it with that keen sense of fairness which was his chief characteristic. Not waiting for instructions from London, he set

out for the North-West with the authority of Sir John Macdonald, who, in order to back his authority, invested him with the title of Commissioner. There must have been a dramatic moment when, unguarded and without even a message being sent to herald his arrival, he drove up in his sleigh to Fort Garry with no other introduction than his own words to the chief sentry, " Je me nomme Donald A. Smith."

He struck the right note when, in his opening appeal to the mixed races round him, he first of all claimed to be a Scot amongst Scotsmen, and afterwards in truly Imperial fashion declared that he was neither for Canada nor for the Company, but for the Country !

His belief in his country, or, as it has since been more popularly termed, the Empire, was not only sincere but was worth, as he believed, any personal sacrifice. His singleness of aim gave him a dignity such as is not often surpassed, and in the turmoil around him his large and forcible silence was more impressive than brilliant oratory or fierce denunciations. What he believed men should have, that he demanded, no more and no less. What he believed they should give, that also he stated as plainly as he stated demands. But always at the back of his great utterances one seems to feel the great silence engendered by a lonely life and the strength that comes to a man from knowing himself thoroughly. His own thoughts had been his companions at the fur-trading station of his youth. Now his thoughts were to be put into action in the midst of the roar of men. Hot and excited were the meetings over which he presided, and always it seemed he waited until others spoke, and then with the slow, gentle Scottish voice, which those of us who knew him

remember as one of his characteristics to the end of his life, Donald Smith would announce a programme or deal with a situation deliberately, thoughtfully, slowly, and in a way which imposed silence on the maddest spirits round him. Perhaps of all the tense moments of the Riel Rebellion none can have been more arresting than when Donald Smith read the Queen's message signifying her sorrow and displeasure at the lawless proceedings that had taken place. It was spoken by a man who was nominally a prisoner, and who might actually be made one any day, and yet his voice of authority never failed, while the text of his speech was Justice, undeviating and indifferent. The perturbed and excited Frenchman who opposed him called upon his men to shoot " that Scotsman Smith " if he disobeyed injunctions, but neither this threat nor that other, which was infinitely more serious—namely, the annexation of the North-West by America—seemed to alarm him unduly. He felt throughout that direct communication with the Dominion Government was what really should be aimed at in order to effect a peaceful settlement, and the murder of Scott alone convinced him that peace could only be bought at the price of war.

In 1870 he returned to Ottawa to find himself surrounded by petty jealousies, and his important services were not even recognised until two years later, although by this time he had practically undermined the forces of the Riel Rebellion. Evidently quite unperturbed by this somewhat ungenerous treatment, Donald Smith plunged eagerly into work for the Company again, and next we find him at a motley meeting of Indians and fur traders at Norway House settling the question of the " wintering partners ' " claim to a part

of the £300,000 obtained by the English shareholders. His mission to London was urged in loyal terms by those who, being without great powers themselves, were content to say, "We shall get our fair share if Donald Smith goes to London for us."

"I will get you £100,000," said Mr. Smith. And in the end he returned with £107,000.

The Red River Expedition under Colonel Wolseley, in 1870, is a matter of comparatively recent history. Its peaceful termination gave Donald Smith leisure for fresh enterprise. He had by this time gained not only the affection but the confidence of the people of Canada. In after years it was as little possible for him as it is for any strong man in a high position to avoid differences, and, in two cases at least, very serious differences, with those about him. His quarrel with Dr. Schultz, who at heart respected him, lasted, and lasted fiercely, for many a long and controversial year; and his sharp, painful, and wholly unexpected opposition to Sir John Macdonald doubtless brought suffering to both; while the reconciliation which followed was as much a credit to one as to the other.

His connection with Sir John Macdonald brings us abruptly to the story of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is a tempting subject on which to linger, but even a cursory treatment of it involves the whole story of the Federation of Canada.

As everyone knows, it was at first a Government undertaking, and curiously enough the man who was subsequently to be the head and forefront of the private company which built it was at first wholly opposed to its being undertaken by any but Government. Donald Smith urged that it should be wholly regarded as outside party considerations,

and stated that nothing short of a guarantee from the Government of interest on the whole amount of the bonds could induce capitalists to embark in the enterprise. It was only after each Government in turn had failed to construct the railway that he saw clearly that individual enterprise alone could carry it through. Before, however, this daring scheme—involving as it did tremendous financial issues—could materialise, came the turbulent Parliamentary Session of 1873, and with it the publication of the Canadian Pacific Railway scandals, when Sir John Macdonald's Ministry was charged with receiving funds for electioneering purposes, in return for a charter to construct the railway. A period of almost unparalleled excitement ensued, and the burning question centred round the possibility of saving Sir John Macdonald's party. His following was large, his adherents were faithful, and whatever may have been his mistakes he was a man whom Canada trusted, and rightly trusted, to act for her best interests.

Donald Smith was then Member for Selkirk and an intimate friend of Sir John. The casting vote would lie with him, and there was a breathless sense of uncertainty as to whether the amendment which would retain Sir John in power would be defeated or not. Donald Smith was telegraphed for and was closeted with the Premier for some hours, but the result of the interview remained a secret and the fate of the Government was still undecided. When Parliament met, Sir John, in an impassioned speech, appealed to the loyalty of his supporters, and with his powerful gift of oratory seemed to have carried the House with him.

At one o'clock in the morning, upon a scene of tense expectation, Donald Smith rose, and one

can well imagine what effect the quiet voice, the well-weighed sentences, spoken in the rugged tone of his forefathers, must have had upon the heated assembly. But even as he spoke no one was cognisant of the fact whether his old personal friendship for Sir John would be the deciding factor, moving him to vote for the Government, or whether the man's own inherent sense of fair play and his fine sense of what was just would triumph. His concluding words, spoken with what difficulty he alone knew, must have fallen with the dead sound of stones upon a coffin-lid to the almost frenzied party who waited for his support.

"For the honour of the country," said Donald Smith, "no Government should exist that has a shadow of suspicion resting upon it, and for that reason I cannot give it my support."

The scene in the corridor of the House which followed has often been described, but probably no words will ever do justice to it. Men, wrought up to a curious state of excitement, threw off all reserve, and whether cheering or denouncing raised their voices in a roar of sound. Suddenly the crowd parted to right and left as if by magic, and through it strode Sir John. There was, no doubt, something about the advancing figure which made men draw back from his path, leaving no one in front of him but the solitary figure of the friend who had defeated him. Scot has met Scot before and the fight is always grim when it does come. Straight to the erect figure strode Sir John. . . .

And there it is usual for historians to ring down the curtain. But living men who were present tell us that the fiery Premier, feeling no doubt the inadequacy of words, planted two vigorous blows upon his opponent before the surrounding crowd

intervened. The language which he used meantime has not been handed down to us, but it is generally believed that Sir John was a past master in strong invective.

For many a day the Canadian Pacific Railway remained unbuilt, but in 1878 we find Donald Smith engaged in the reorganising of an American bankrupt railway, known as the St. Paul and Pacific. Ridicule was freely poured upon the undertaking by men who, without the power and the initiative which would render them capable of making a few thousand dollars themselves, are always able to prophesy defeat to those who can see farther than they are able to do. The taunt levelled at Donald Smith was that through him the Canadian Pacific had been shelved for a generation, while his Yankee railway would be as great a fiasco as the Canadian one. Financiers and politicians derided the scheme, and in face of this, Smith, with his usual directness, formed a company with Mr. James A. Hill and his kinsman, Mr. George Stephen, to teach a lesson of financial daring at which even New York stood aghast.

From this successful project, triumphantly carried through, there was only a step to the acquisition of the Canadian Pacific Railway itself. In 1880 a syndicate was formed, of which the heads were Mr. George Stephen and Donald Smith, with Mr. William van Horne as actual constructor of the road. During many vicissitudes and many delays and disappointments Smith's belief in the project never wavered, and it is a matter of financial history that, in order to prevent the cessation of work on the line through lack of funds, he and Mr. George Stephen pledged the whole of their private fortunes to the enterprise. The last spike of the

railway was driven in at Craigellachie on November 7, 1885, and the great road which Sir Edward Blake had described as " a streak of rust across the wilderness " without earning power to grease a train's axle-wheels, had bound together half a continent.

It is almost impossible to speak with any degree of thoroughness of the work of the man who, with many goods laid up, yet seemed determined not to take his ease. After the railway had been opened hospitals had to be built and colleges had to be founded. The once lonely fur trader was always busy in a throng of men. In 1897 we find him raised to the peerage with the title of Lord Strathcona, and on the outbreak of the South African War Strathcona's Horse, raised and financed by him and largely recruited from that splendid body, the Canadian Mounted Police, which he himself had been instrumental in raising, brought Canadians and Englishmen together in a way that perhaps only those who fight side by side can understand. The magnificence of Lord Strathcona's gift cannot be reckoned by dollars—the battlefields of South Africa are where the price of this great gift was paid. In 1896 he was made Lord High Commissioner of Canada, but the high-sounding title always seems to those who knew him to suggest but little of the man whom they remember. Rather, a memory of Lord Strathcona recalls a vision of an old man, a little deaf and with curiously gentle manners, sitting and working in a plain office room.

It was his simplicity of life and of thought which endeared him to his fellow-men, and his old friends love to recall the fact that even in the matter of taking precedence it was very difficult indeed to persuade him to " stand in the order of his going " ; while

one of them recalls a characteristic story of him in connection with old days at Winnipeg. With his usual hospitality Lord Strathcona had invited far too large a party to dine and stay the night at his house at Silverheights. In his perplexity, and suddenly realising that some dozen friends at least would be without sleeping accommodation and that the dinner provided might also be inadequate, he transferred the feast to the Club House at Winnipeg, where an excellent entertainment and fine old Hudson Bay port beguiled the party for a considerable time. Lord Strathcona meanwhile was busy at the telephone ordering extra beds to be taken out to Silverheights, and when the company arrived there in the evening he was able to give them all accommodation.

His old friend who told me the story was obliged to leave early the following morning, and passing through the hall at 6 a.m. he found his host sleeping peacefully in a straight-backed wooden chair. In his preparations for his guests he had overlooked one man.

" It was so like Donald Smith," said his old friend, " to remember everybody except himself."

Chapter VI — *Sir William van Horne*

AS the months of the war have lengthened out many of us must have noticed, as we have added up our heavy losses, that it is not war only which has deprived us of friends. Side by side with lists of casualties there has been a very long list of deaths at home, while the obituary notices of newspapers have been busy with the names of many who have not lived to see the end of a great struggle. This can hardly be a coincidence. It points rather to the fact that in spite of our fortitude, in spite of the courage that has been shown by men and women, and in spite of their steadfastness and patience, the war has proved a very heavy strain on those who have hearts to weep and minds to feel. The sheer bodily fatigue of extra work has gone very hardly with many of those who were of an age when it seemed not idleness to put their tools aside ; while the mental tension, the uncertainties of war, the very absence of news, has often broken down the health of the man or the woman who is outwardly showing a calm and sanguine spirit. Outside the ranks, many splendid fighters have fallen, and amongst them there lies the figure of one who in his lifetime was one of the giants, and whom we pause to honour now, not with words only but by showing if possible in a sketch, however crude and faulty, some aspects of one of the greatest intellects and most powerful personalities of his day.

A story is current in Canada to the intent that a stalwart miner out West, being impressed as everyone was by the extraordinary amount of work which Sir William van Horne habitually accomplished, once said that he would do in one day exactly and hour by hour what Sir William was doing in order to see how he got through his work. At the end of the day he was carried to his bed and remained there for some weeks afterwards in a state of collapse.

If work means success—and certainly there is no surer road to it—the success of Sir William van Horne was ensured and preordained from the very first. It is not too much to say that he was a man of colossal industry. "Sleep," he said once, "is a habit, and it is rather a bad habit, like eating." During pressure of work it used to be quite a usual thing for him to give up all sleep for many nights, and yet it would be giving a wrong impression of him to say that his energy was indomitable. Rather his leisure was indomitable. He had time for everything; no one was ever less pressed or hurried. He had time for art, which—had he devoted all his energies to it—would have probably made him twice famous. And he had time for building houses, and for farming in a manner that was as successful as it was original. And he had time for building railways, and for seeing his friends, and for making one of the most remarkable collections of art that has ever been placed under one roof. And all the time he was laughing at industry and pretending he knew nothing about it.

"We are all born lazy," he said one day. "Some of us get impressions, vivid impressions, which call for our industry; industry leads to facility, and everything becomes easy."

"Work! I never work. I never have worked

since I was ten years old and split logs. I have only enjoyed."

Yet this was a man who built a railway from one ocean to another in Canada, and from one end of an island to the other in Cuba. He never worked ; he only enjoyed himself ! The radiant philosophy of such a life, and the sheer success of it, seems to make endeavour at once easier and finer.

Sir William made no trumpet call to work, to suffer, or to endure. But he gained a height, and from there he called down to men struggling below that it was great fun up on the top, and great fun getting there, and that it was all perfectly easy !

Nothing ever seemed to be a matter of difficulty with him, and we well remember hearing him say one day, when talking over some of his achievements, that in order to succeed he had never taken as much physical exercise as it takes a young man to play a game of baseball, and he had never taken so much mental exercise as it takes to play a good game of bridge.

A masterly facility in everything he attempted was far the most striking thing about him, and always out of what one might call his most serious success he got the full enjoyment of a schoolboy. Even in describing his early and very poor days, one never heard him allude to them as his early struggles. He gave us anecdotes about them, made us laugh with him over them, and told us stories of giant difficulties only to make fun of them. Always he gave the happy idea, not only that difficulties were made to be overcome, but that they were made to be enjoyed. No one who has ever heard him talk at his own table in Montreal will readily forget the presence of the man who dominated the assembly by the sheer force of his personality and held a

room or a table entranced by his conversation. He had a great gift for descriptive narrative, choosing his words with a sort of unfaltering sense of art which made action visible. This was noticeable particularly when he dwelt on very small incidents, which another less skilful story-teller might have left out altogether. We recall one case in particular, when he was describing a long march through a trackless country. Darkness began to fall and the men were so worn with fatigue that they were far too tired to look about them and merely followed doggedly in each other's footsteps, finding firm ground where they could. The man who marched in front of van Horne was an old pioneer of the back-woods of Canada. There was something inimitable in the very way that Sir William used to describe the squelching sound of the trailer's heavy boots clogged with the mud of melting snow ; and himself as a mere boy following doggedly behind on the long march. He made no attempt at dramatic utterances, yet one felt vividly the dim hush of the forests, with the single line of tired, hungry men, slogging it through unknown passes and breasting their way where others would one day follow.

Very clearly the scene of the room where his stories were told comes back to one. The rare and beautiful collection of pictures on the walls, the long dining-table with its flowers and silver, and at the head of it the figure of the man who was renowned throughout Canada as an ideal host. But it was not only to a careful and appreciative audience of friends that Sir William loved to tell his stories (toying with a heavy silver fork balanced on his fore-finger meanwhile !) but always his best seemed to come out whenever he spoke, nothing being reserved or held back for a more important occasion.

All Sir William's work was done very rapidly, his painting being one of the most rapid things that he ever did. Often we have seen large canvases covered in quite a few hours, and we remember hearing him say to some friends who had admired a large picture made by him of a birch tree in autumn glory of colouring, that the whole painting had taken him eight hours to do and that it had all been done indoors. When they exclaimed at this, his reply was:

"Yes, but I know what a birch tree looks like! Why should I sit outside in the cold and do it? I know the dip of its branches; I know the curl of its leaves; I know the colour of it where the sun touches it in autumn." So he came home and painted the picture.

"I never believe," he went on, "in taking long over anything, or in making great preparations for work, and when I hear of studios and north lights and the impossibility of working with this thing or with that, I always feel, either that man is a humbug or he does not know his job."

He liked the story of Velasquez, who was a marshal of the Court and never knew that he was a painter, merely loving to get his colours out when the children of the King of Spain came down at tea-time, and to make sketches of them on his canvas. And we used to hear him talk of the small round window in the courtier's room (the only place he ever had in which to paint), and where by that single light he learned to concentrate the inimitable shadows of his pictures.

"Anyone," said Sir William, "can be an artist who will just go ahead and paint a picture every day."

A sincere optimism governed his life and must have showed itself, we believe, from the time he

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

was a very little boy. Certainly his accounts of his childhood were amongst some of the most interesting stories he told. They were such inspiring things towards effort and towards success, that it hardly seemed an impertinence to ask from himself the particular influence that had determined his life.

"The best thing a boy can do," he replied, "is to begin to collect. Let him collect something—I don't care what it is—and you will find he begins to notice, and from noticing he begins to classify and to arrange. Interest develops, and wherever he goes there is nothing connected with his collection about which he is not keenly interested. The real education for a boy is simply a matter of impressions. These cannot be selected for him, but they colour the whole of his life."

We were anxious to know at what age a boy may reasonably be expected to take an interest in collections, and we learned from Sir William that he himself began at the age of two and a half years.

"I had," he said, "a collection of bright pebbles which were my greatest treasures, and I arranged them according to their colours. Fortunately I only had what I could pick up and find for myself. No one ever gave me anything. Once, in a stream, I found what appeared to be a black stone, and I took it home in great delight. But when it was dry it turned grey, and my mother had to confess to me that it was only a bit of slate. To console me, she pointed out that it would write. I then began drawing. Whenever I could find a place to draw I used to reach up as far as I could and make coloured designs and lines with my pebbles and my piece of slate. My only canvas was a bare white wall, and I traced upon it patterns of my own making. One day in a quarry, while still searching for pebbles, I

found a fossil. I had never seen or heard of anything of the kind, and it was in some sort a revelation to me. That fossil never left me. It was *my* fossil, part of my collection and a thing that made me important. Sometimes people asked to see it, and I began consciously to live because it was I that had found so rare and beautiful a thing as a fossil. I asked no one to share in my search, nor in my collection, and it was quite by accident that I made a boy a partner with me in the business. We were friends at school, and on one half-holiday I was to go and fish with him. I called for him but he told me that he was unable to find his fishing rod, while not explaining that his mother had forbidden him to go on the expedition." She, poor lady, does not seem to have had any great faith in her son's rectitude, for in order to enforce her prohibition she had hidden the fishing rod under the wooden paths of the garden !

While the boy searched, William van Horne went to the parlour and found lying on the table a book on geology. On turning over its leaves he discovered to his amazement a drawing of his own precious fossil. That it was quite a common specimen need hardly be told. His excitement knew no bounds, and not even the discovery of a portrait of himself within the pages of the book could have given him a greater sense of wholesome importance. He and his friend quitted fishing and started off for the quarry to look for fossils.

The collection became the centre of their lives.

One day a State geologist came to the place and asked if there were any interesting fossils to be had in the neighbourhood. He was told in reply : " Two boys about here gather rocks, no one knows why."

The man came and saw the two collections and went away, but he seems to have liked the idea of the little fellows collecting their pebbles and stones and fossils, and cataloguing and arranging them without any help from outside. He told to others the story of their enterprise and industry, with the result that one day the uncle of the other boy—in order to encourage him to study—sent him Hitchcock's book on geology.

"In all my life," said Sir William, "I never longed for anything as I longed for that book. I never envied anyone as I envied that boy. I would have sold all my chances in life and thrown in my soul too, to have had it. Sometimes I was allowed to peep at it if I had washed my hands. But it was not mine. I would do anything for the boy who had it in hopes of a loan of it! When I heard that he and his parents were going to New York for two weeks the idea seized me that I must ask him to let me have the book while he was away. I believe I grovelled to that boy, while I courted him in every way. And at last I made my request, and was refused. I continued to slave for him in the hope that he might change his mind. I suppose he must have told his mother of my importunity, for on the day that they were leaving home she brought the book across to our house, and on its cover she had sewn a piece of calico to keep it from being soiled. She said, if I made myself quite clean before reading it, I might have it while they were away. I took the book and ran with it to a place sixteen miles off, and I slept there all night under a haystack in case the boy should change his mind and want the book back. The next day when he was safely away I returned.

"I had a little bedroom under the roof and it was bitter cold November weather, but I sat there

reading and reading. One day I got fifty cents for taking a telegram up to the quarry to a man who was working there. There was an old woman in the village called Mrs. Savage, who sold stationery. She used to give me tracts and thought I read them. I asked for fifty cents of foolscap, and as I was a favourite she gave me a great pile of it at cost price.

" I took it to my room and I copied out the whole of that book. I copied the illustrations exactly. I made an index. I had a lead pencil—they were rare then, Faber invented them and they cost ten cents each. I know I was proud of mine ! I drew and copied and wrote until at the end of five weeks my task was finished. I did not sleep much in those days—often I worked all night."

He copied out many other books afterwards, because he never had money to buy them, and the very first that he ever bought and called his own was an encyclopædia. The purchase was infinitely characteristic of him. He was an artist to his finger tips, he was a lover of literature, he was a student of geology, but a book of poetry, or a work of geology was not what he wanted. It was knowledge, knowledge in its fullest and widest sense that he must have, and he put aside for the time being at any rate, everything but his determination to know things. He was a telegraph messenger when he bought the book, and he bought it with the very first wages he earned.

As a telegraph messenger, it is needless to say, he was a success.

" I was put on to the station service," he said, " and as I was very young, the men didn't mind my asking questions, and what is more they answered them too and told me things. I learned to be an operator and remained on as a night dispatcher."

Always there is a sense of the forward movement in his life. The inevitable consequence was that he got on, that he was raised to a higher position, or that he went to get to a higher still.

" One day," he said, " there was a great stir in the place. The General Superintendent was coming to visit the little branch line where I worked. I then saw a private car for the first time. A big man in a ' duster ' got out of it. We were all crowding about the station to see him, for his arrival was held to be a great event. When he left his car I looked into it and saw the dinner table spread with white linen and decorated with flowers, and the easy chairs in the parlour.

" I said to myself, ' *I* am going to be a General Superintendent.'

" I was eighteen at the time and I was a General Superintendent before I was twenty-eight. Yes, I was the youngest man who had ever held this position.

" I began with the mistaken idea that a General Superintendent knows everything about a railway. I therefore determined to know everything about railways too. I kept accounts. I dispatched trains by night and by day. I looked after freight and I was telegraph operator as well. I spent my evenings in learning and all the day I was working.

" Then the War broke out. Everything in America was disorganised. Railway staffs were reduced. Railways were running at a loss. All the men on our part of the line knew they might be dismissed ; no one could be sure of keeping his situation from one day to another. There were nine of us working together and I felt I would be one of the first to go, for one man was nephew of one of the Directors of the line and another was a grandson of the Superintendent.

"At last the dreaded telegram came, and as I was telegraph clerk I took it down and handed it to our chief. He read it and said nothing, but I made up my mind I must go. In the evening he sent for me when I was pretty near to despair and said: "You saw the telegram? Well, the staff has to be reduced, but I have decided to keep you on. Now, how much of the work can you do?' I said, 'I guess I can do it all.' The Chief said, 'I must keep on one other man,' and he did, and he and I did the whole work of the office."

The story requires no comment. The boy who takes on the work of nine men does not require any praise at the hand of his chronicler. The simplicity of his own words make the story double worth telling.

It is, of course, in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway that Sir William van Horne is best known. But the human interest of his life cannot be limited to railway schemes, although the story of it cannot be told without them. That the schemes were romantic or wild must be judged by posterity. The fact remains that it took some big men to make the railway; Lord Strathcona, Lord Mountstephen, and Sir Thomas Shaughnessey are the names that most readily are recalled whenever the Canadian Pacific Railway is spoken of. The actual builder of the line was Sir William van Horne.

Everyone now knows the history of this pioneer movement. It has been discussed and pronounced upon and written about till we seem to know its history very well. But who could ever describe, as Sir William used to do, the crisis when the whole of Canada's future seemed to hang in the balance. The Bank of Montreal had financed the new railroad, and if they failed, the Bank failed

and half the people in Canada would be ruined. Such, very briefly stated, was the position. A meeting was held to discuss the financial question, while next door to the Board Room waited William van Horne with some of his friends. Between the two rooms were boards and in the boards was a chink.

"I guessed," said Sir William, "that sound would come best to me if I stood opposite the glass door in the room which would help to act as a resonator, for though I could hear each voice as it spoke I was unable to make out clearly what anyone said. It was an awful time. Each one of us felt as if the railway was his own child. We were prepared to make any sacrifice for it, but things were at a deadlock and it seemed impossible to raise any more money. We men ourselves had given up 20 per cent of our salaries and had willingly worked, not overtime but double-time, and as we waited in that room, we thought about these things and wondered whether all our toil was going to be wasted, and what would happen if Canada were ruined. . . .

"At last Joe Pope came in with a yellow paper in his hand. He said the Government were prepared to back the Bank of Montreal to the extent of one million dollars.

"I think we waited till he left the room," Sir William said. "I believe we had that much sanity left in us, and then we began. We tossed up chairs to the ceiling; we trampled on desks; I believe we danced on tables. I do not remember now what occurred; no one who was there can ever remember anything, except loud yells of joy and the sound of things breaking!"

Meanwhile George Stephen had been working

and getting Bonds out. Then Baring Brothers came in and voted fifteen million dollars, repayable in three instalments. The Canadian Pacific Railway began to move again. But men were wanted —badly wanted—and William van Horne set out to ransack Canada to find them. He had eight thousand workers, but he wanted twelve thousand and he got them. It was winter : he took them up in sleds to Lake Superior, and to his lasting credit Sir Frank Smith, Grocer, Toronto, advanced the whole of the food supply without conditions. The workmen were fed, they did their work and Sir William got them all safely " froze in " on Lake Superior.

Before the line was completed the Riel Rebellion broke out, and it was imperative that it should be put down immediately and without delay. Indians can do nothing until the grass is green because Indians are helpless without a horse. It follows that winter time is the time for attack. In winter a rebellion might be put down by three thousand men ; in summer it would take fifty thousand.

The new railway line had one hundred and thirty miles still unfinished. Sir William said to Sir John A. Macdonald, " The Rebellion must be crushed now and the soldiers must be taken West ; I'll do it."

The obvious answer and the one which Sir John Macdonald made was, " How can you carry men without a railway ? "

" I shall do it."

" It is impossible."

" Raise the men," said Sir William van Horne, " and give me a week's notice of their arrival, and I pledge myself to do it."

" What do you pledge ? " asked Sir John.

" I pledge my word, and if necessary, my life," was the answer.

" Can you do it in a month's time ? " was the next question.

" I will do it in eleven days to Fort Qu'Appelle."

" You are talking nonsense," was the reply.

" Send up the men," said van Horne, " and I only make one stipulation. I shall carry them up in my own way, and they are under my direction for transport and supplies." (" I was not going to have quartermasters and suchlike bothering about red tape and supplies," said Sir William.)

The railway was being built in sections and there were many gaps in it. But the sleds which had brought four thousand men up to work on the railway line were available. Into these Sir William packed the soldiers like sardines in a barrel. He directed his own transport, and he took them across the snow whenever there was a gap in the railway line and reached Qu'Appelle in six days, thus leaving five days to spare over and above the contract which he had made.

" The biggest things are always the easiest to do," he used to say, " because there is no competition. Men stand around and laugh and say, ' Watch him break his neck.' That leaves one a clear space to work in." The energy spent in games, he used to consider, if directed into other channels, might make of anyone a success, and one of his favourite remarks used to be, " Anyone can do anything if they begin early enough."

Whether early begun or late, he himself had a very genius for success. The Cuban railway is a case in point.

It was the result of Sir William van Horne's leisure. He had come to believe that perhaps he

had worked long enough and hard enough to fill the life of an ordinary mortal, so he gave up his Chairmanship of the Canadian Pacific Railway and determined to devote the rest of his life to enjoying ing himself in various directions. All his life, he told us, he had lacked time to do the things which he most cared about, and he was able to name six or seven particular interests which would now entirely fill his life. In the first place he desired to travel, and he set out for a trip to the West to enjoy the rare sensation of being a spectator only, where for so long he had been an active worker.

His voice used to bubble with laughter when he told the story of his days spent as a fine gentleman. Filled with the laudable intention of enjoying himself he made his way on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Never, he said, would he forget the dullness of it ! To sit there and be interested to order, froze him with its chilly dullness. He watched the landscape and was not amused by it, and he looked at the sky and felt bored for the first time in his life. Yet, even so he meant to give the experiment a fair trial. He had so often heard of the joy of having time to oneself and of the privilege of leisure and of the proud sense of being in a position to be idle, that he pursued his uninteresting journey much further than he intended. He went, indeed, to San Francisco, still laboriously bent on enjoying himself.

He arrived, and deliberately set out to see the many things which he had never before had time to see. At the end of a very few days sightseeing, being a limited occupation, was finished and began to pall. Utterly wearied, for the first time in his life, Sir William said good-bye to the great city at the end of two days, and in despair of finding what

he sought, he finally went to Cuba and sat on the balcony of his hotel and solemnly began to reason with himself. His journey had not interested him. He was bored to death, and it felt almost like an illness that had come to him. He lighted one of his big cigars and then—as he used to say, having worked us up to a point of interest in the story quite disproportionate to the words which he used in the telling of it—he wound up with a drop in his voice and the confession, "I found out quite suddenly and painfully that it was because I had never had much time for anything that I had found recreation so delightful, and that as an end in itself it was amazingly dull."

For how long he stayed communing thus painfully over his evening smoke, we do not know, but in the end we find him throwing away his cigar and with almost a shout exclaiming: "I'll build a railway." He had found his job again and boredom, sight-seeing, leisure were once more at an end, and because a railway across Cuba was according to all showing utterly impossible and because it was one of the most difficult things that could be attempted, Sir William van Horne rolled up his sleeves, as he loved to do, and set to work to do it.

No doubt it gave him some little surprise to find that six railway companies were practically in Cuba before him, and that each of them had determined to build a railway there. He did not retire gracefully from the contest. In Canada it used to be said that his prophecies came true because he made them come true!

Cuba was under the provisional government of the United States of America, which Government was forbidden by the Foraker Amendment to grant any public franchise. Consequently no railways

had begun, and as far as the five other companies were concerned, the Foraker Amendment settled the question.

Sir William van Horne saw the difficulty as plainly as the others saw it.

" But," he said to himself, " Government cannot, as far as I know, prevent me building a railway on my own land if I like."

He began to buy up acres right and left in the Island of Cuba. Sometimes he was able to buy it in a narrow strip suitable for a railway, at other times he had to buy an unnecessarily large portion in order to get the little bit he wanted. By the time he had finished buying land his private property extended across the whole of the island. But he could not cross the roads. The roads were Government property. They were not purchasable, they presented insurmountable barriers.

Sir William began building his railway.

He built in sections. He employed many men and paid them well, and whenever the railway building came to one of those barriers, work and its delightful accompaniment—wages—abruptly ceased. " This seemed," he said, " a great pity."

Sir William was not in a hurry but continued building in sections and stopping at intervals, and during the whole of his operations he acted on two rules only ; he always took off his hat *first* when he met a Cuban, and when one of them bowed to him he returned the bow twice.

Of all the difficult places on the island the one where men were most suspicious of his work and most dogged in their determination to oppose him was in the city of Camaguey. Here, with great difficulty and from a friend, Sir William was able to buy a corner block, and on this valuable space

his railway workshops were built. When they were completed he sent out many invitations, courteously worded, asking the Cubans to come to an inaugural breakfast on the happy occasion of turning the first sod of the Cuban railway. No one came. The Cubans were sullen and distrustful. They did not want either it or Sir William's breakfast. But the Mayor of Camaguey at last very reluctantly put in an appearance and brought with him his brother-in-law and his little niece. With charming courtesy Sir William invited the child to perform the ceremony of turning the first sod, and with an audience of only a few small boys she did what had been so pleasantly asked of her, and after the turning of the sod Sir William went to Montreal.

The first thing he did on his arrival there was to hold an important meeting consisting of the President and the Board of Directors of the new railway, and it was proposed, seconded, and carried unanimously that a vote of thanks should be sent to the young lady at Camaguey. The President and the Board of Directors then went out and bought a pretty gold watch and chain. Also he had the vote of thanks charmingly printed on parchment. Being a President and Board of Directors undoubtedly makes for freedom in the matter even of choosing a watch and chain and having a vote of thanks engraved on vellum. Sir William returned to Cuba with his pretty gift, and going to the house of the young lady he made a little ceremony of the occasion, even going so far as to invite her into the patio of the house and making the affair semi-public. Everyone was delighted, and the Cuban Railway might have then been continued with the full consent of all the island, had it been possible to get the franchise. This, however, was a State

matter which could not be handled by mere courtesy, and a railway with gaps in it is not of much use to anyone.

Sir William went to consult the Governor, heard the whole of the difficulties of the situation, and was informed that His Excellency would think the matter over. Doubtless this meant that he would consult his principal adviser, and to this adviser went Sir William van Horne. Of the consultation which followed we have no account. It is sufficient to say that on the following day the Governor had a brilliant and original suggestion to make, viz. that a revocable permit should be accorded to Sir William to complete his new railway.

This, no doubt, was the moment in which to look dejected and discouraged, and we believe that Sir William was able to hang his head successfully until he was well out of sight of the Governor's house. He did not, this time, dance on a table, but his pace may have quickened. At any rate we learn that his orders to his chief engineer were couched in language so triumphant that nothing was really intelligible except the direction to start immediately and go full steam ahead.

During moments of strenuous leisure, Sir William catalogued the whole of his collection of pictures and works of art by a method of his own, and illustrated it by a process of colour photography invented by himself. Besides this, every piece of porcelain in his world-renowned collection is illustrated by a thumb-nail sketch drawn to scale and so finely done that only a magnifying glass can reveal the minute perfection of the work. After each article is drawn, its exact " life " size for a larger catalogue is made, and these drawings give faithfully every quality of paste, crack, or faintest marking on

the porcelain. Dealers will always buy even the most valuable piece of china from a glance at these drawings, and can actually tell the quality of the paste without seeing the thing itself.

" This is play," Sir William used to say, " and I never allow myself to touch it till after 10.30 p.m. I do each of my drawings in one and a half hours. I know I do not exaggerate in saying this, for sometimes a friend sitting by me has timed me " ; and once more he added, " I think things ought always to be done quickly."

His was a long life, and he always did things quickly. Consequently it was fuller of incident, fuller of work, fuller of success than almost any other that we know of, and whether we think about the little boy collecting pebbles, or the telegraph messenger volunteering to do the work of nine men at a railway station, or the man with a world of leisure in front of him setting out to build a railway, we always have a sense of the élan of life, always the zest and the joy of it, and the perpetual youthfulness of endeavour. But more than all I think we feel the calmness and superiority of a great mentality, a gift for success which made success easy, and a fine outlook which scorned inferior or little things and developed itself and its own work on its own lines. He will not readily be forgotten in Canada, where he was much beloved, but, more than this, his life we believe ought to prove an antidote to half-heartedness and slackness. To know Sir William van Horne was an incentive to high courage, and to something that was tireless and faithful to ideals. Even to read of him, we believe, must make a man abler, more real than he was before, and more determined to make a success not only of his work but of his life.

Chapter VII Story of the Canadian Northern

OVER a mile a day for twelve years has been the record of the Canadian Northern construction. The land over which the railway runs does not make construction easy. It is mostly rich alluvial soil not especially suitable as a bed for rails. Gravel for ballast has to be hauled long distances to make the road bed perfect, but on the other hand it must be admitted that the soil is undoubtedly splendid for crop producing.

There can scarcely, we imagine, be a much more interesting journey than that which one may take from coast to coast on the Canadian Northern line during harvest time in what is called a " bumper " year. The country is new with a splendid sense of youth about it, and almost one might be tempted to ignore its wealth-producing qualities for the sake of the sheer beauty of it were it not that it is the abundance of things which makes Canada so extraordinarily attractive. Wheat is not cultivated by the acre but by the mile. Woods grow in deep luxuriance, and it becomes a mental difficulty to recall the fact that there are countries in the world where to cut a stick is a crime. The rivers rush to the sea in volumes of water, the singing valleys stand thick with corn, and the fruit trees yielding fruit after their kind seem to hold out arms weighted with plenty.

Canada's autumn harvest is too beautiful a thing

to be counted by pounds, shillings and pence, for there is something splendidly magnificent in the fact that there is enough for everyone. Statistics themselves seem out of place and yet the railway enterprise about which we are at present speaking has been such a remakable one that a short history of it will, perhaps, not be out of place. It was begun in 1900 and has grown to be the second system in Canada. The Lake Manitoba Railway and Canal Company was bought in 1896 by Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. D. D. Mann. In 1902 the Manitoba Lines and the Northern Pacific were leased on option of purchase, and the same year the road to Port Arthur and Lake Superior was completed. By 1905 Edmonton was reached, while in the next year entrance was gained to Prince Albert. The first hundred miles were run from Gladstone, eighty-three miles from Winnipeg, to a pair of log houses on the site of which is now the flourishing town of Dauphin. Already the important line from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing has been completed and the fertile Peace River country into which settlers are now pouring is fed by branches of the same line.

These prosaic details, however, do not compare in interest with the real making of the line or of the country through which it passes. They are rather the material of one part of that extraordinary movement which has been taking place in Canada during the last few years and which is taking place to-day. The psychology of it is almost impossible to explain unless, perhaps, we accept the philosophical one of the élan or forward spring which can best be described as the life principle seeking to realise itself. There are abundant evidences of this spring forward in Canada, and nowhere is it

more self-evident than on this new line of rails. There is an extraordinary sense of vigour even in the very small towns which are pushing up their heads like daisies on a lawn all over the country. The towns are a good deal alike, but while it is self-evident that they lack historical interest, the human interest is profoundly there. Their growth and their success are punctuated in a manner a little curious to the onlooker. First of all there is a little group of wooden houses, then a railway station, afterwards one, two or three grain elevators, according to the success of the prairie town. These are followed loyally by church and schools, and the apex is crowned by a cinematograph. Where a "movie," as it is affectionately called, exists the success of the town seems to be established.

We are not competent to say, as we have not stayed a long time at any of these places, whether internally they are so peaceful and pleasant as they appear from the outside, but a halt for an hour or two at any of them makes an interesting pause on a long journey. From somewhere and inevitably appears a motor-car in which we are invited to take a tour through the town. The chauffeur, one hand alone being given to the steering gear, waves the other in every direction to point out improvements and the future prospects of the place, while all the time he delays us with accounts of real estate and its growing value. Afterwards there is dinner or, as it is more usually called, supper at some hotel whose inhabitants all seem to sit speechless and with serious expressions gazing out of a plate glass window, looking on the street. There may be a little store opposite, or if the town is advanced enough there may possibly be a tramway line loosely set amongst stones. But whatever it is, it is

deemed of sufficient interest to warrant the prolonged gaze of the smokers in the window, who sit with spittoons beside them, while boots oddly contrived with a big bulge over the toes are set upon the window ledge. At the back of this hall or general rendezvous may be seen the "shining parlour" on a raised platform and with feet extended the same boots may be brushed, while in the body of the room men with white sheets about them are being shaved. Shaving and boot brushing seldom seem to go on at home as in England and are generally performed later in the day than is customary with us. In the evening there is a cinematograph performance.

In some of the larger towns the programme is more varied. We were met at one place by a "Publicity" man, an official whose like we had not seen before and who was, therefore, especially interesting to us. The function of the "Publicity" man is to boom some town in particular. One we remember was an American, clad in brown and accompanied with the inevitable motor-car. Having accepted the pleasure of a drive we were well rewarded for the time thus delayed.

"I have only one question to ask you," said the "Publicity" man as we stepped into the motor-car, "and that is, 'What do you know about hogs?'"

Our ignorance was so self-evident that it hardly required confessing.

"Right here," said the "Publicity" man, "and I will get you some folders."

This city is going forward on hogs or it is not going forward at all.

Certainly the folders which he produced were, to use a word often heard in Canada, optimistic, and

the personal touches in it almost made one believe that to settle at . . . and raise hogs must be one's highest duty.

The only drawback seemed to be that Mrs. Hog had to work so extraordinarily hard, the success of the hog-raising enterprise which is urged upon one as a sacred trust seeming to depend upon her having sixteen little pigs a year. This and a pig disease called " Humps " seem to be the only disadvantages in connection with getting quickly rich by this laudable farming operation. The other side of it seems to be altogether sunny, and we were told that were we banking on hogs we need not worry.

Afterwards we went to see the town which promises to be a very handsome one, church and schools were pointed out to us, a hospital and also a cinema theatre.

There is a saying current that an American knows the price of everything and the value of nothing. The price of a thing is to us, however, of some human interest although the figures are all too soon forgotten. The " Publicity " man, however, had them all at his fingers' tips.

" On the right, there," he said, " is our 200,000 dollar Collegiate Institute, and our 160,000 dollar school." The churches and hospitals were priced in the same way, and we were shown the water works and various other buildings whose principal attractions, it was urged upon us, seemed to be that they were fire-proof.

We wished good luck to these growing cities and to the men and women who are making them. Their pride in them is honest pride, and their belief in them is very well founded as a rule.

Edmonton, we believe, will one day be one of the cities of the world, renowned for its beauty and its

position. Except at Ottawa we have seen few finer cities in Canada, and in spite of the racing speed at which it has gone forward the town planning and the position of the Parliament buildings, etc., is beyond all praise. Figures relating to its increasing population become almost difficult of apprehension owing to their size, and our ordinary values of time hardly seem to apply to a town which has made such tremendous progress since 1905 when the C.N.R. linked up with Edmonton, bringing eager settlers attracted by the rich farming prospects.

The vision, however, which will remain with us is not of its teeming number of inhabitants, nor of its fire stations and schools, nor even of its churches, but of a wonderful bend of river upon which the setting sun smote fiercely till it looked like a great ribbon of orange fire running between steep wooded banks, while on a promontory stood the great Parliament Buildings hardly finished yet, but already with a sense of age about them.

Were this a financial work,[1] which most emphatically it is not, we might speak of the fortunes which have been made in Edmonton and in very many other cities of Canada. Our aim, if we may say so, has rather been to see, if possible, the spirit behind the gold and the enterprise, and the courage which has made this land what it is. But if we may venture one word about the wealth of Canada and its prospects we should like to say that it seems self-evident that a great wave of wealth is coming, not only here but over a large portion of the world, and it is as well to be prepared for it. First of all

[1] This was written before the long duration of the Great War had made the immediate future of the peoples engaged in it somewhat difficult to predict.

because, of course, an enormous responsibility will attach itself to it, and secondly, because a time of unusual prosperity may sometimes end in bankruptcy. We ourselves believe that the time itself is not so very far distant when we shall look back a generation or so and find ourselves amazed at the poverty of these times. There is no time in a work like this to compare the old with the new, nor to touch on a subject very dear to our hearts of the thrift that used to be displayed amongst the Scottish peasantry, many of whose descendants are now in Canada, who managed to live respectable and decent lives, bringing up their children well on literally a few pounds a year. The shepherds in Scotland used to get £12 per annum, a bowl of meal and pasturage for one cow. In our childhood we frequently heard the wives of these men tell us that wool pulled from the hedges against which sheep had scraped themselves used to be spun in the evenings into wool for the children's clothes. Boots and shoes were never worn, and yet these peasants were the proudest of a proud race of people, seldom, if ever getting into debt, and with fine ambitions and a high standard of conduct. Their good clan names are as well known in Canada to-day as in Scotland.

These strenuous character-making days of poverty are over, we believe, for most of the Anglo-Saxon races throughout the world. Some factor, other than poverty, will now have to be the inspiration of work. Just as in art the motive of early paintings was indicative of a fear of death, whereas in later days they were a joyous indication of life and love. So in the history of the world poverty may have done its splendid work, produced its splendid men, something of the joy of life not un-

mixed with strenuousness may be the inspiration of the future. The change of attitude will, no doubt, be puzzling at first and to some minds shocking until it is acceded that vigour must have a definite outlet, and that the man who sets out to make two blades of grass grow where one was before may stumble upon wealth and must not be afraid of it.

It is a truism to observe that money depends for all the meaning that it has—the coin itself, of course, being only symbolical—upon exchange, while the welfare of the world, whether we look at it from the point of view of Indian famines or cheap beef, depends largely, if not wholly, upon facilities of transportation. This, up to the present time of writing, is most conveniently supplied by the railway systems of the world, but perhaps we have hardly realised how little accustomed we are to them yet, and we are still almost like people who with the telephone in their room are wondering distractedly how to send a message. A hundred years ago no one had heard of railways nor of faster means of transferring either message or material quicker than a horse could carry it. We seem hardly yet to have grasped the potentialities of steam nor its world-compelling resources. Not many habitable countries are now isolated, most of them are open to the ordinary traveller. In time and space alike the dark has been annihilated, and we are compelled to see with a new vision much that is happening round us, and to accommodate ourselves not only to a new view of life but to a certain modification of character which many of us may regret but which is certainly inevitable. Permanence, a love of home, and an intimate knowledge of countryside are hardly any longer possible. Life is inclined

more and more to manifest itself by movement—perhaps by movement alone, and force, in many cases, has been superseded by fuss.

There are many places which railways, we trust, will never touch. We trust that in the world there will always remain certain sleepy dreamy countrysides undisturbed by the roar of engines and by smoke, and that some lovely hills may be left unscarred by lines of rails. We believe in the dignity and the seclusion of ancestral acres, and we would fain support in every way possible some sanctuaries for wild animals, some large untouched woods and spots where men can be alone. We say regretfully that trains are stirring up all the colours of the world, only they are rapidly making them a uniform grey, and we maintain that grey is an uninteresting colour. But in Canada there is room for railways and there is room too for great quiet places where railways never come. We honour the men of endeavour who are making them, who are running steamship lines and opening up industries and developing the great wealth of a new country. We honour also those who see beyond wealth to a further horizon, and who are able to travel with courage and happiness upon the long road perhaps all the more lightly because of their few possessions.

Chapter VIII *Sir William Mackenzie*

THERE is a necklace of lakes in Eastern Canada very like a row of precious stones set in an enamel of dark woods. These are linked together by a slender chain of canals which join the Simco, Cameron, Balsam, and Sturgeon together in the old low portage way of Champlain. Wellington surveyed it as a convenient waterway for moving troops, and upon its little frequented waters there is a surprising and wonderful lock suggestive of important traffic, while on its sleeping banks pretty houses are dotted where lock-keepers live a restful life. The place looks ready for great enterprise, but so far it still slumbers. Yet in one of its sleepiest and prettiest villages a man of surprising energy, William Mackenzie, was born. It is sometimes difficult to realise as one treads the tree-shadowed broad street of Kirkfield with its pretty inn, snug little houses, and well-kept gardens, how so peaceful an environment could have produced a spirit so energetic and so enterprising. Yet the forward movement which leaves little of Canada untouched made itself felt even there, and we find two brothers working together with the determined aim to get on in life. The elder, William, might reasonably have been contented at being a certified teacher at an age when many boys are still at school, but we find him leaving this business at the end of the year and contracting with his brother, who was a carpenter, to build a house in the village.

We may gather that the contract was well fulfilled, but the possibilities attendant upon the life of contracting small orders for general carpentering seemed to have been less attractive than teaching. William Mackenzie opened a general store, and whatever may have been its success we find him at the age of twenty-two in a position to marry the pretty daughter of a neighbour at Kirkfield.

There is a saying current in Canada which is extraordinarily characteristic of the place and its people. We believe it would not be amiss in any place where youth congregates—" There is a Klondike in every man's brain ; keep digging."

It is probable that very few of the men who have kept digging have failed to find treasure, and the only difficulty seems to be to persuade those who have not tried this elementary process to attempt it.

The belief in luck is strong, and constitutional aversion to work is strong also. Yet it is hardly a truism to observe that while a belief in chance almost always ends in failure good workers never lack reward. The work and the reward indeed do on the whole show a perfect equation, and the only point we should like to insist upon in a work which is surely not intended to be didactic is that where there is a prize the best man wins it. In Canada there are many prizes. Many persons believe that they have only got to go there to win them. We have heard the remark made, " I get four dollars a day and I can do all the work I have to do in white kid gloves." This may be so and we wish well to the wearer of the white kid gloves ; we also wish well to the man who urged upon us the necessity for a law forbidding men to work more than eight hours a day, or forbidding them to lay more than a

specified number of bricks an hour. We would merely like to point out, once for all, that success is not for these. The average man, the average worker, the average righteous man does not succeed because succeeding means exceeding, and the average man is one who does not exceed his fellows.

In real hard work and sleepless toil it would be difficult, we believe, to outstrip the record of the men who have made Canada. Sir Edward Blake used hardly to allow himself more than half an hour's sleep at a time, and this he most often took at his writing table when, with his arms stretched out on the papers in front of him, he would lay down his head for this brief amount of repose. Sir William van Horne remarks with a shrug of his shoulders, " Sleep is a mere matter of habit and one can easily do without it." Sir William Mackenzie tells us that he has not had a holiday for twenty-one years. With these men and others like them, the difficult fulfilment of a contract reads with the interest of an account of a forced march when men, perhaps, have been falling by the roadside, while still the determination to get through has never once been forsaken ; while for the other achievement success has not been easily won.

If only as a study in vigour, decision, and initiative we believe that this short sketch of Sir William Mackenzie's life may be of interest to some of our readers.

Probably his first chance came from Sir William Ross, then Manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who persuaded him to go to the West, where he obtained the contract for the railway then under construction in the Rocky Mountains. He had to supply all timber for bridges, building, etc., and not only so, but to erect these same bridges and

buildings in order to avoid delay in track laying. This contract ran, we believe, until the completion of the railway, and it is said that no delay ever occurred in the laying of the rail.

Sir William carried the whole load upon his own shoulders, and notwithstanding the magnitude of the task, the enormous wooden structures, which had to be erected temporarily to carry it through to completion, were ready almost to the hour wherever the line had to be laid.

A friend of his says, "He had several large sawmills, the largest of which was near Donald, B.C., and these were kept running night and day for the purpose of supplying wood for his contracts. When no trains were running at night, and it was absolutely necessary for him to be at one of his mills next morning, I have known him walk from the end of the track to the mill, a distance of probably from twenty-five to thirty miles, without the least hesitation and to the wonder of all the other contractors and employes. These walks occupied the whole night, but he seemed to know no weariness and his energy was tremendous. He seemed to have an idea that if a thing could possibly be accomplished it ought to be done, and the thought of failure never once entered his head."

After the completion of the road laying for the Canadian Pacific Railway, the following year Mr. Mackenzie obtained the contract for erecting snow sheds on the eastern slopes of the mountains. Eight months were given him from the date of the commencement to the completion of his work. Of course everyone said that such a thing was impossible, and contractors and engineers alike were unanimous in saying that the thing could not be done. But the infection of discouragement to

which weaker natures are so prone does not seem to have affected him. Indeed, throughout life William Mackenzie seems to have been immune from contagion of this sort. As soon as the snow melted in the early spring of 1886 he went into partnership with a young giant of the lumber camps, Donald Mann by name, whose broad axe had as good a gleam upon it as many a man's sword, and the two set their own hands to the job. Departmental work was unknown; there was no Head Office from which orders were written. The two men were at every point themselves, and heart, soul and body were centred in the work.

That there were difficulties, who can doubt? The men of 1886 in Canada were not very easy to manage nor were they free from discontent. But more than this a man's life was not accounted safe in the remote passes of the Rocky Mountains in those wild days. Sir William carried the money bags which supplied wages for the men, but he was probably one of the few men in the camp who went unarmed. Whether alone on his midnight walks or riding amongst navvies of every creed and colour he went with his revolver pockets empty and his canvas bags of money full! Perhaps his confidence in their work was equal to his confidence in their integrity. Be that as it may, the snow sheds were finished at the end of October in the same year with a month to spare, seven months being the time occupied by this tremendous undertaking.

One incident stands out very prominently in connection with this contract. Through some carelessness on the part of the engineer in charge of the large mill near Donald the drafts were laid open one day, when suddenly a tornado swept down the valley of the Columbia River and struck

the mill like a whirlwind. Fire immediately began to issue from the smoke stacks in immense volumes and apparently the mill was doomed. Mr. Mackenzie immediately took charge of the situation, ordered men to various posts, and while shouting instructions to all he himself took charge of the hose. To everyone present it seemed a useless and impossible task to attempt to save the mill, but the man at the hose, calm and self-possessed, worked with an energy that seemed almost fanatical. In half an hour a hundred fires in various parts of the yard and mills were extinguished, and not only was the property saved, but the situation was saved also. The contract for the snow sheds was fulfilled, and the fire which would have delayed the opening of traffic on the Canadian Pacific Railway was successfully overcome.

After the snow-shed contract the firm, of which Sir William was practically the head, took another large order from the Canadian Pacific Railway to build a short line through the State of Maine in the United States. Time was the essence of this contract also, and unfortunately from a financial point of view it was a disappointment. The surveying work had not been properly done nor had the land been sufficiently tested by the experts who had been sent down to examine the country. Consequently a great deal more rock and hard pan was found after the work was opened up than the reports showed. So that after two years of hard work it was a man to man race for the contractors to come out without considerable loss. There was an intense feeling of despondency over everyone connected with the undertaking, but through it all Sir William retained his nerve and encouraged the officials to do the best they could.

It is under the most adverse circumstances that he is seen at his best. Those who knew him at this time say that he was "literally everywhere," endeavouring to save the situation which in the end was concluded with very little loss.

After finishing this work in Maine he and his associates began the building of what is now known as the Regina and Long Lake Railway, from the town of Regina, about three hundred and sixty miles west of Winnipeg, to Prince Albert, a distance of about two hundred and fifty miles.

No doubt railway building may become a habit as much as anything else. With Sir William Mackenzie it may be described as an incurable habit.

No sooner was the line completed than he, with the same company, undertook the building of the Calgary-Edmonton Road, a distance of about one hundred and ninety miles between the two places, and about one hundred and fifty miles the same road south of Calgary. These two roads were both pushed through with Sir William's usual energy and determination, and afterwards, during a lull in laying lines, he and his firm turned their attention to the street car lines of Toronto and Montreal, which cities they finally electrified about 1891, entirely abolishing the old horse system.

Speaking of this we were interested to hear Sir William speak one evening on the matter of science. He said he believed that all knowledge of it might easily be lost should the civilised nations ever be overcome by a horde of barbarians. He said, "I am the owner of vast electric plant—I do not know the meaning of it." And he went on to ask, "What do our telegraph operators know of the telegraph? or our mechanicians of machines?" The old question with its ever-recurring interest and its

boundless speculations arose, and we wondered, as many people have wondered, how far the use of electricity in its modern sense may have been known to the Ancients, and what sciences, like senses, may have become unused and forgotten.

The ever-spreading house at Balsam Lake, where the Mackenzies live, lends itself very easily to conversation grave or gay. Outside on the broad verandah there are groups of chairs and swinging hammocks, and tables piled with books ; the lake laps against the low stone wall on the edge of the lawn, and mischievous chipmunks run without pretence of startled haste along the branches of the fir trees. Inside in the timbered hall, the great fire of whispering logs makes almost as pleasant an accompaniment to conversation as the gentle lapping of the waves outside. From the yacht, out in mid-lake, with its white decks and basket-chairs, one can see Canada's tranquil sunsets, when the shimmering gold of the water turns to silver green, and the sun drops quite suddenly behind the low-lying blue woods that fringe the shore.

" When the barbarian comes," someone said, " we shall begin to seek for the ' wild white Professor ' whom no one ever thought of before to tell us how to do things."

Probably we think too much of the pick and the shovel and too little of the brain behind them.

" But hands first taught the brain, not the brain the hands," ventures someone else, " when we learned to balance ourselves on our hind legs and left the arms free."

" I like a man to work with his arms," remarked a Canadian, in the true Canadian spirit ; and a Scotsman observed, " I never had but two friends in my life and they were my two hands."

"A man never feels that he has done a good day's work unless his muscles are tired," said Sir William. Someone reminded him of a story of the late Charles Darwin's gardener, who said that he respected his master, but that he was the idlest man he had ever known. "He will just sit for hours doing nothing," he said.

Probably a labouring man in Sir Isaac Newton's orchard may have said the same thing as he watched the apples fall and pondered on the laws of gravitation.

Sir William was insistent on the matter. He said that he often wondered how many scientific men would have to be killed by the long-anticipated horde of barbarians in order to alter the whole of our modern civilisation. He believed that one of the lessons that a new country like Canada would have to learn would be the superiority of brains over mere physical force.

Probably he is at his best as a maker of railroads, and some proof of this lies in the fact that no sooner was the completion made of electrifying the street cars of Toronto and Montreal than he was elected President of the Toronto Railway Company—a very successful undertaking both from his own and from the shareholders' point of view.

About the year 1896 the Canadian Northern Railway was begun, Sir William taking his old associate, Sir Donald Mann, into partnership, and with Colonel Davidson laid a line of rails from Gladstone to Dauphin, a distance of eighty-five miles.

Surely no one, not even Sir William himself with all his keen and far-reaching foresight, could foretell what would spring from that small beginning, or that at the end of 1914—only eighteen years later—a transcontinental railway, extending

from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts, with branches running in every direction as feeders to the main line, would be an accomplished fact. The accomplishment requires a pause simply to realise the size of it.

It has often been said that the Scottish nation succeeds through caution or canniness, as we call it, with a love of the sound of the phrase, by extreme carefulness, or as it is more frankly called sometimes, extreme meanness. Probably no greater mistake than this is ever made. Scots have made success where other men have failed simply through imagination, daring and lavish expenditure. Their imagination is the most potent factor of the three. Where some men talk about a railway a Scot, particularly if he hails from the Highlands, visualises and sees it finished. His mind leaps to the terminus before a rail is laid, and the road is to him almost a material fact before he has even thought of the financial side of it.

Mackenzie, Mann and Davidson entered upon a scheme as large as anything which the continent of America has seen, with a certain light-heartedness containing such a conviction of success that it carried men far and swept other men along with it. The optimistic spirit is strong in Canada, yet probably there was a sense of amazement evoked by the very mention of the new railway, and, no doubt, the question was often asked where the money was to come from for the enterprise, and where besides were the men to be found who would organise as well as finance it.

Somewhere about 1901, and while the main line of the Canadian Northern Railway was being constructed, the Northern Pacific Railway Company, which had built branches into Manitoba,

determined to dispose of these branches. They consisted of about three hundred and fifty miles of railway running through some of the most fertile wheat-producing districts of Canada. The Government of Manitoba, we understand, purchased these lines from the Northern Pacific Company. Then came the question, " Who will operate these lines ? " Sir William Mackenzie has a keen eye to them, and after some competition he succeeded in leasing the much sought-after property from the Manitoban Government, for a term of ninety-nine years.

Following on that came the railway from Regina to Long Lake, known as the " Qu'Appelle, Long Lake and Regina Railway," which after construction has been leased by the English bondholders to another Railway Company. The Agent-General or Director who represented the bondholders in England arrived in Toronto and had an interview with Sir William at his home. Brevity is a trait which characterises Sir William in all his doings, and it is related that this interview was short, though very much to the point.

Sir William said, " Are you in a position to put a price on these two hundred and fifty miles of fully equipped railroad called the ' Qu'Appelle, Long Lake and Regina Railway,' and have you the necessary authority to dispose of the same ? "

The Agent replied, " I have."

" What price do you put on it ? " said William.

The Agent named a price.

To which Sir William replied, " I will take it."

In this manner two hundred and fifty miles of fully equipped railroad was added to the Canadian Northern System. The whole business had been settled in less than two hours, and that night Sir William started for England.

Chapter IX — *Sir Donald Mann*

ONE of the chief difficulties which meet those who try to make a record of the life or the work of men still living is that those who have most to tell have often to admit that their lives have been so full that the impression left even upon their own minds is that of some rapidly passing scene of which it is very difficult to record impressions. Many of the busiest men, however, are able and are sometimes kind enough to be willing to give their recollections of earlier days when the jealous moments have not flown quite so quickly as they did in after years, and these stories, although they may not be of any great value in themselves, are interesting, not only for the pleasant way in which they have been recounted, but for the light which they throw on a man's character. "The boy that's gone" may almost have been forgotten by the man who speaks, and yet his likeness is very easily traced by the one who looks on.

For ourselves the stories of "When I was a boy" have always a real human interest and the affection with which the old days are spoken of says much for the kindliness of human nature, which is always ready to forgive the past and to think of it charitably.

Last autumn at Fallingbrook, when every tree was a burning bush and the woods were one mass

of crimson, Sir Donald Mann began to speak to us about the busy days which had made his career. He said, " They have passed like some cinematograph show, and seem to me now only a blur of quickly moving scenes. But I can tell you something of the old days. I never see a wood in autumn without thinking of the day when I was a little boy and my father sent me with some dollars wrapped in paper (' sticks ' we called them : silver currency was mostly used then). I also had a coffee-pot in my arms which was to be repaired.

It came on very wet and I sheltered in the woods and laid down my burden, but it was impossible to keep out of the deluge of rain, and the wet broke the paper wrapped round the " sticks " and the dollars were scattered in every direction. I picked up all but two twenty-five cent pieces and these could not be found. I think that search was a real agony to me ; every leaf was turned, I grubbed in every direction and I remember sobbing and crying, knowing the punishment that would be in store for me. I don't think I ever prayed so hard for anything in my life as that I might find those two missing coins. Then I looked at the coffee-pot to walk home and found them both sticking to the bottom of it.

I don't think I have anything very interesting to tell about my life or about my people. My grandfather and grandmother, with four sons, migrated from Invernessshire in the year 1834. The two eldest were married and brought their wives with them, and my father married my mother on the day that they sailed from the old land.

They came out by sailing ship, and were six weeks at sea. They came up through the canals to Lake Ontario and sailed across from Kingston to

Oakville, travelling from Oakville to Acton by a wagon through the woods. A brother of my grandfather had settled about ten years previously.

My grandfather rented a farm, which they partially cleared, where they all lived—where a portion of the town of Acton is now situated. Later on, my grandfather and father walked to Georgetown and bought three hundred acres of land at two dollars an acre. My father's elder brothers objected, and thought this was too much land to buy at one time. However, they commenced clearing the land, and shortly afterwards my grandfather died, willing the two eldest sons one hundred acres and the youngest brothers, viz. my father and my uncle, fifty acres each.

The fifth brother in the family, there being no sisters, came out to Canada some years later.

It was on this fifty acres that I was born ten years later, that is, ten years after they sailed from Scotland in 1853.

When I was about seven years old my father sold the farm to his brother, and moved to another farm about half a mile south of the village, containing about one hundred acres, and, later on, bought an additional hundred acres. The original two hundred acres is still owned by the family—that is, owned by the sons of my father's two eldest brothers.

I was about seven years of age when we moved from the fifty acres to the one-hundred-acre farm. I worked on the farm during the summer months and went to school in the winter months.

When about ten years old, in the mornings, my eldest brother would light the fires for a week and the next week I would light the fires in the house. That would be long before daylight. Before break-

fast we would get out, feed the cattle, hogs, sheep, and horses, and after breakfast I would run about a mile to school, taking my lunch with me, and at night would come home, feed the stock, and perhaps cut firewood. On Saturdays I was expected to thresh sufficient peas to feed the hogs during the next week. This was done with a flail. I succeeded in devising an easier scheme, viz. I would spread the peas on the barn floor and would drive in the young cattle, standing on a half bushel in the centre with a whip, I would drive them around in a circle and thresh the grain out, as they used to do two thousand years ago in the Holy Land. Then I would turn the straw over and bring the young cattle in again and repeat the performance, driving them around in a circle until the peas were threshed. I would then clear away the pea straw for fodder for the sheep, and as the barn was on a high hill I would open the doors as there was generally a high wind, and fling the grain in the air, the wind freeing the chaff, and this was much easier and more exciting than putting it through a fanning mill and turning the mill by hand. After a while the young cattle resented being worked in this way, and I could not drive them into the barn, so that I had to resort to strategy. I would leave the barn door open, go away and hide, and they would flock into the barn to feed. I would then close the door and commence threshing again.

We made everything ourselves in those days—shoes, home-spun blankets, dresses, canoes, everything. I believe in the hands, you know, and the work they can do, and I should not be where I am now had I not made saw-mills, water slides, and every sort of carpentry.

When I was in my thirteenth year my mother

died, leaving a family of eight children—four boys and four girls. After my mother's death my father seemed to have lost his balance and never succeeded in any undertaking, so that everything he had slowly but surely left him, until both farms and their effects had to be sold and left without a penny.

The next year after my mother's death there was about an acre of land, nice green turf, lying between the farmhouse and the barns with a creek between. I asked my father to let me have this acre of land to cultivate, which he agreed to. I cultivated this acre and planted it in hops—my father being a hop-grower to some extent. In the winter-time on Saturdays I went to the swamp and got cedar poles, hauled them out and planted the acre plot with hops. I pointed the poles and drove them into the ground. As it takes two years from first planting before a hop yard will yield, I did the work while the horses that I was driving were fed at noon, and at nights and on Saturdays. I worked cultivating the small hop yard, and at the end of the second year I bagged the hops and kept them separate from my father's own hop yard, and had one short bale of hops. When these were marketed the price would have brought me about thirty dollars. When my father returned from Toronto, after selling the year's crop of hops, I waited for several days for him to speak to me and tell me what he had received for my short bale of hops—anxiously waiting, and could scarcely sleep at nights, thinking about the fortune I was to receive for my two years' work. I finally braced up and had courage to ask him for the money. He stated that he had no money, that it was all spent in paying the interest on the mortgage that was on the farm. This was a severe blow to me.

I did not despair, but asked my father to loan me a pair of horses and a sleigh to haul pine logs to a saw-mill a few miles away. This I did the following winter, and in the spring looked for at least a part of my winter's work, but when I went to the lumberman, who also kept a general store, he said that the account was overdrawn, and that there was nothing coming either to my father or myself.

I worked that summer on the farm, and made up my mind that my father could not possibly succeed in making a living for himself and his family.

In the autumn of that year after harvest, I asked him if he would allow me to cut and sell some hemlock trees of which the bark had been peeled and sold. During the summer, and with his permission, I went to work and cut these trees into cordwood. I could have teamed the wood to the railway station and got more money for it, but I was afraid if I did so that the money, as usual, would not be there. So I sold it on the ground as it stood and got twenty-three dollars for my work.

I then told my father that I wanted to go to college. He readily agreed to this, and I packed my trunks, and was all ready to go, when he stated that he would like me to study for a Presbyterian minister. This I refused to do, and he said, " Then I cannot afford to send you to college," I said, " All right." As my trunks were packed I asked him if he would not allow the horse to take my baggage to the train. This he refused to do. I then picked up a handbag and had just time to catch the train for Sarnia. I left the trunk with all my clothes and took the handbag and raced across the fields to the railway station and arrived about ten minutes before train time. My father arrived about the same on horseback and asked me if I really

intended to go away. I said "Yes." He went down to the store and bought me a Bible. He said, "I cannot afford to give you any money, but I will give you what is better," and then he handed me the book.

At this time I was seventeen years old, and I daresay I was pretty hot-headed. I told my father that the farm would never bring a fortune and, sure enough, he had to sell it before long, but I bought it back for him when he was seventy-seven and he lived there contentedly till the time of his death at the age of ninety-five.

I arrived at Sarnia, and in crossing the river they used small steamers to convey the passengers, baggage and freight. There were no car ferries in those days.

In the springtime I took, at the port, the first boat of the season from Fort Huron to Lexington. I could not find any work suitable there. A week later I took the steamer up to Alpena. We called at another place called Tawas, where we remained for several hours. I remember there was an election on for town officials, and the people stood in two groups; one group for one candidate, and one group for the other. A smart young fellow there took all our passengers on his side. We said we had no vote, as we were just going through, but he said it made no difference to stand on his side, and he, of course, won the election.

We boarded the steamer again in the early afternoon and steamed towards Alpena. After we were out about an hour something went wrong with the rudder and the boat turned around, but they ultimately got the rudder fixed, and we resumed our journey to Alpena. There was a mild sensation on board, caused by one of the passengers who had

jumped his board bill at Tawas, and everyone thought for a time that the boat was making for that port again for repairs. I wondered how a man could be so mean as to run away and not pay his board bill. Of course, I was only seventeen, and the world was entirely new to me then.

The next day a contractor for driving logs down the river came to look for me. We were all sitting on the wharf sunning ourselves, and we all jumped up and made application ; I was selected because I was the biggest. I went and got a pair of driving boots made, with about seventy-five corks in the sole of each boot ; these cost me about fifteen dollars.

The next day bright and early we started through the woods up the river on a tramp of thirty-five miles. It was in April and the snow was just going. We were often knee-deep in ice and soft snow.

When we arrived at the winter camp where we expected to join the river drivers, we found the camp deserted. The men had camped out on the river bank near the railways, or in other words, where the logs were piled in across the river during the winter. We had nothing to eat, so that some of the old hands who had tramped up during the day with us got some firewood and lit a fire, found an old kettle and an old pan. They scraped the bottom and sides of the old empty flour barrels, and with this flour and some warm water they made pancakes. They took the old molasses cans, put in hot water, and rolled it round and round, and gathered up some syrup, and this is all we had to eat. The boys gave an equal share to everyone, but there was not enough to make a meal, so we all lay down on the floor and waited for daylight.

We heard the men at work at daylight, and went three or four miles down the river to where the men

were working and had breakfast. We then went to work rolling logs into the river.

I sat around the camp fire at night until everyone had gone to bed except the foreman. I asked him where I was going to sleep, and he said, " In there." This was a long tent and the men all got under one blanket, that is, ten or fifteen blankets were sewn together, and the men got in under these blankets in a row. I being the last one got the last berth. I was very tired and sleepy. About four o'clock in the morning I wakened up, and found that I had been crowded out of the tent. About two inches of soft snow had fallen during the night. I got up and shot the snow off and crawled back into the tent again. This was my first experience of camping out at night, and I thought it was very great hardship, but I camped out more or less during the next twenty-three years in the lumber woods and on the railways.

I did not stay very long driving, but went back to Alpena and got a job running a saw in a shingle mill. It was an old mill and very much out of repair, and on account of my size I was put at all the hard jobs in the mill. As they worked from eleven and a half to twelve hours a day, and on account of my youth I was not able to stand the work, I shifted to three or four jobs.

I finally got down to fifty cents in my pocket; having been up country and not being able to find a job, I returned to town and paid twenty-five for my bed. In the morning I bought some apples and crackers, paying ten cents for them, and went out to a pine grove at the end of the town and ate an apple and one cracker. I put the balance in a paper bag and tied it to the limb of a tree and marked the spot, so that if I could not strike a job

before noon hour I would come back and have my lunch, but I struck a job and never came back for the other apple and cracker.

I met a big stout Irishman named Deverall, and we formed a partnership to cut cedar fence poles. We took a contract from a man by the name of Brown, who showed us where the timber was, and we were to get so much a post. After working for about three weeks, making about four dollars a day each, a man came along. "What are you doing here, boys?" he said. We told him we were cutting posts for Mr. Brown. "Well," the stranger said, "this timber does not belong to Mr. Brown; it belongs to me, and you boys will have to quit." We asked him if he was going to pay us for the work we had done, and he said, "No." We had boarded with a man by the name of Campbell, who was a fisherman. We owed him for board and could not pay, so we turned to and commenced fishing. We caught white fish and sturgeon—the sturgeon we threw away. We went out every day to haul in the nets.

About the time that our board bill was paid a contractor came along with a crew of men to cut dock timber, and engaged my partner, Pat Deverall, and myself. Our work was to fell the trees and cut them into forty-foot lengths. I liked this work better than any job I had had since I left home. It was a nice clean job, and the smell of the pine was very attractive.

I was felling a tree one day, and Pat was cutting off the top of a tree that he had just felled. The wind was blowing the opposite way to which I intended the tree to fall. I yelled to Pat to look out that the tree might go back, and he walked to the top of the tree, quite safe as regards distance,

but when my tree was falling it was driven back by the wind from the direction in which it should have gone, and fell across the butt of the tree that Pat was standing on, with the result that I sent Pat away up in the air, and he looked like a big frog. Of course, I thought he was killed, and ran and picked him up. Although he was badly jarred he was not seriously hurt. I brought him into Alpena by the first boat. He told me that he was a Fenian and had fought at Ridgeway; he even showed me where he had been wounded on the hip. He was strong and brave as a lion, and after work we used to wrestle for hours, and he said that I was the only man he had met that he could not throw. When I left Alpena ten days later he was still in bed.

I wanted him to buy our little contractors' outfit of saws, axes, etc., but he said he had no use for them. My share would have been about eight dollars, and I said, "All right, take my share of the outfit." I sailed the next day for home.

The next picture on the quickly moving scene is when Donald Mann found himself very ill with pneumonia at Winnipeg. The doctor saw him and told him he had better go to a boarding-house and lie up as he was "very sick." The boy hunted for some place where he could find a bed, and when at last at the end of a long day he lay down he had only sufficient strength to send and tell the doctor where he was and then became delirious for three weeks. No one nursed him or came near him, "and all the time I felt as though there were piles of lumber on my chest, and I kept heaving them off."

When he was better and free from delirium he asked where all the lumber had gone, and the

doctor pointed to the floor and the rafters which were strewn with the poultices, which he had cast aside.

When the Canadian Pacific Railway was under construction Donald Mann got the contract for " ties " (sleepers), and from then onwards he was a dweller in tents for twenty years.

" When I first began to live in a house a few years ago," he said, " I wanted to find some vacant lots where I could go and scream. I had never been indoors before, and I thought walls would have choked me."

In the deep stillness of the woods of Canada he swung his broad axe and lived to know solitude and all that it may mean when it speaks to a man.

Some of his friends tell a story that once in Hongkong Sir Donald in protecting a young Englishman at cards was drawn into a quarrel with a Russian nobleman who the following day challenged him to a duel. His seconds waited upon the stalwart " lumberjack," who accepted the challenge unhesitatingly, but sent back the answer that as the challenged party he was entitled to choose what weapons should be used, and he begged to say that his choice was a broad axe.

The quarrel, very naturally, ended and the two men shook hands. But there is something peculiarly attractive in the young giant, like another son of Jesse, disdaining weapons which he had not proved and choosing one to which his hand was accustomed.

In 1886 Sir Donald went into partnership with Sir William Mackenzie, and an amusing story is told of their first meeting. In Canada there is only one coast, *the* coast, and for a long time there was only one road, *the* road, that is, the Canadian

Pacific Railway. Both men were working on the line, and both had sent for mules for freight. Only one batch arrived and both men claimed it, and both being men of some tenacity of purpose no doubt meant to get what they claimed. Mr. James Ross, as he then was, tried to settle the dispute, and suggested that each man should choose a mule in turn, William Mackenzie to choose the first one and "Dan Mann" to choose the second and third, and so on. Mann's foreman had time to say to him "the two roans are far the best though they don't look it; you will be safe to leave them to your fifth choice." It seemed risky not to choose them at once, but Mr. Mackenzie's first choice was not for them, nor when it came to choice No. 4 did he take the roans, and when the fifth and seventh lots had to be apportioned they fell to Sir Donald, who found that he had been very well advised in choosing them.

Mr. James Hill, the great American railroad maker, used to say, "You are too soon with the Canadian Pacific Railway. When we began our great railways we had sixty million people in the country, you have five millions." Donald Mann laughed and said, "We have Europe and America to draw from," and went on with his work. But he was sufficiently a Scot to feel that no railway can be made without interfering rather sadly with the beauties of Nature. When the Rocky Mountains were reached he rode on alone into the very heart of them, far ahead even of the engineers who were surveying the line, and in the early morning he tells us it was like entering a holy place: "It was all untouched and so peaceful. The place was so quiet and the trees were of such a dazzling green and the stillness of it was so vast and so full of

speech. We were going right into the untouched beauty of it with our pickaxes and our shovels and our steel lines, leaving a track of fire and dirt behind us. It felt like murder to go through the untouched forests and pierce the sides of the hills and lay the birches low. I used to ride deep into the beautiful glades and listen to the rush of streams over the rocks and watch the delicate ferns bending in the water, and I used to feel ashamed of myself and of what we were going to do."

The Celtic spirit with the love of the beautiful is very difficult to eradicate and probably lasts with a man as long as he himself lasts. And there is besides in everyone Scottish born a certain solitude of mind which is often but little understood. They have to suffer and they have to be alone. Almost all their work had been done before they came into prominence or had to live before the eyes of men, and this is very strikingly the case in Canada, which is essentially Scottish. It is exceptional to find any of the men who have come to the front there who have not had a long period of boyhood or young manhood who lived much alone. The application of the theory might no doubt be much more universal than this, but in Canada it is certainly very conspicuous.

Sir Donald Mann's connection with the Canadian Northern Railway we have spoken of in another chapter, but the following incident seems to belong to this personal account of him as being more characteristic of the man. The Bill for the construction of the railway was before the Ottawa Parliament, and every vote that could be obtained for it was important, and what was more important still was that the thing should be carried through while the public was keen about it. Mr. Hanna,

the well-known Vice-President of the Company, was to make an important speech on the subject, and this, one afternoon, was listened to with deep interest by the assembled House. While he was still speaking Sir Donald Mann strolled in upon the assembly, and coming to Colonel Davidson, who sat amongst them, he said casually, " Have you a piece of paper in your pocket ? " Colonel Davidson handed him his visiting card, upon which Sir Donald wrote two words, at the same time remarking to the Colonel, " Block the door, and don't let anyone else in." He called a boy and bade him hand the visiting card to Mr. Hanna, who was still addressing the House. To the astonishment of that gentleman the two words written upon it were, " Sit down," which after one glance of amazement Mr. Hanna did. Colonel Davidson continued to stand in the doorway, the vote was put to the House without further delay, a good part of Mr. Hanna's speech remained unsaid, and the Bill was carried there and then.

" I should like to know the meaning of that message," Mr. Hanna said, and Colonel Davidson mildly added the request to know why he had been told to block the door.

" Hull is on fire," said Sir Donald quietly, pointing to the other side of the river, where great lumber mills were already in flames. The windows of the Parliament House are high up on the wall, it is impossible to see out of them while sitting in the body of it.

" If word had got about that the town was burning," Sir Donald added, " everyone would have scattered, delay would have occurred, and the Bill might not have passed."

One feels that success is not undeserved by a

man who can act so decisively and with such keen initiative at a crisis. And yet there are those who know well that the practical side of life is not really the strongest motive power of a business man. It may be that like another who did a great deal of work in the world he felt that he was too dreamy to be anything else than practical. It is asserted by those who know him well that love of country and an instinctive love of good literature are also his characteristics. Our business, however, lies with his public character rather than with that more intimate knowledge which rightly belongs to his inner circle of friends and to his home, and on these we do not propose to trespass.

Chapter X — *Colonel Davidson*

IT is a comparatively small and so far not very important place that claims Colonel Davidson as its most distinguished son. Glencoe, Ontario, in the Sixties was remote altogether from the busy sound of the world. But the district boasted a school, and in the school was Mary Campbell, its mistress, and next to his mother, Colonel Davidson owes to Mary Campbell the strongest influence and the largest share of his success in life, and he is proud to own it. The man or the woman who has helped Colonel Davidson has never been forgotten by him, and he seems to hold that gratitude, even for the smallest aid, is a debt which requires sevenfold repayment.

" I owe it to Mary Campbell," is all that Colonel Davidson says when he is asked about his success, and when pushed for a fuller explanation he simply replies, " She thought a lot about me."

Like most boys who are in advance of their fellows and whose school mistress or master has been able to detect the latent possibilities in them, school days were not made too easy for the clever boy owing to the jealousy of his mates. But he was difficult to quarrel with. First, because of his gay, good-humoured disposition with which he was born and which has followed him through life, and, secondly, because of his inherent sweetness of temper which made quarrelling with him almost impossible.

When Mary Campbell left the school to be married to Mr. Corneill, Andrew, although a mere boy at the time, was bent upon continuing his education, and he meant to leave no stone unturned in order to procure it. There were many difficulties in the way and he set about overcoming them. Probably no one in the world had less desire than Colonel Davidson to be held up as a copybook example to young people, but the attitude of this boy, as he then was, in his teens towards the whole matter of education suggests a certain contrast with that of boys to whom these things are made very easy. The Eton or Harrow, Winchester or Wellington schoolboy, sent off punctually with his box packed, his pocket money in his hand, and the special school train awaiting him at the end of a comfortable journey can perhaps hardly realise how much determination and effort were necessary to the Canadian boy in order to procure his much coveted education. When Mary Campbell gave up her school his chances seemed to be over. But Andrew did not intend to be beaten quite yet and, unassisted, he made enquiries and considered means and found at last another place at Glencoe where the learning that he wanted might be obtained. At Glencoe he had an uncle who owned a small farm, and to him Andrew wrote offering to take care of his horse and cow and to do a fair share of work if his uncle would in return give him board and lodging and allow him to attend the Glencoe school.

His mother was against the plan because Glencoe had a sinister character attached to it for being a rowdy place where boys and youths drank more than was good for them. Mrs. Davidson was one of the McRaes of Ross, and the Colonel himself is a descendant of the Davidsons of Tulloch. There

was gentle blood on both sides of the house, and Mrs. Davidson used all her persuasion to prevent her son declining to the bar-frequenting level of some of the youths in the Glencoe district.

It says much for the youngster that not even his mother's persuasiveness could alter his purpose, and he found a way out of the difficulty as he has found a way out of many other difficulties in life. "I will promise not to taste wine or spirits until I am twenty-one," he said to his mother, "and, of course, I did not," says Colonel Davidson, when he tells the story. And on this condition he was allowed to go to his uncle's house to continue his education.

Perhaps not many people after the head-mistress-ship of Mary Campbell was over would trouble themselves to notice the progress of the clever boy, but one thing seems to have been remembered about him and is remembered by some old friends still, and that is his absolute conscientiousness of work on the farm. It has been said that no horse harness ever gleamed as young Andrew Davidson's did, and indeed much more tedious work was done faithfully by him. It is the sons of the farm who seem on the whole to be in the foremost ranks of Canadian men; and the boys who spent their early days in the fields have lived to be the greatest financiers in the world. Probably there is some time for youthful dreaming in the life of the farm even where, as in Andrew Davidson's case, it might sometimes consist in merely carting wood for months at a stretch. With the Scottish born dreams are a necessity, and the pragmatic Scot is probably the most visionary and idealistic of all men.

The value of dreams is their lack of limitation. In the quiet woods and solitary fields of Ontario, Andrew began to see his future and to see it as

dreams painted it. His earliest ambition was to get into a bank. There is a proverb in the Davidson family to the effect that there are no five Davidsons of whom one is not a banker. But in these limitless dreams of his, with their unbounded possibilities which are so wholesome and inspiring in youth and so consoling in older age, it was not as a clerk or even as bank manager that he saw himself, but always as the owner of a bank. Something seemed out of order and out of gear when he tried to consider himself as merely a wage-earning man, though we find him saying to himself, when he was a mere boy, " I won't enter a bank unless I can own it some day." When he carted logs he saw himself not working in a lumber yard, but as the owner of the yard.

He never expected to leap to that position without working for it. The story is told that when he was a boy he took a contract to haul twelve hundred cords of four-foot wood a mile and a half, and pile it eight feet high. It was a job which one might reasonably say would lead to nothing, but even a knowledge of piling wood, if it is thoroughly learned, may be a valuable asset one day.

One day when the President of the railway where Andrew Davidson was working made a trip over the line he expressed displeasure at finding a diminishing pile of cord wood at the end of the platform. Wood was the fuel used for locomotives in those days, but it had evidently been extravagantly treated. Davidson stepped forward and explained to him that the wood was piled in such a way that the company was paying for about 10 per cent more than it got. The President looked at the young man and invited him to get on board the car in which he himself was travelling, at the

same time saying, " I will find out myself whether you know what you are talking about or not."

At the next station there was a similar pile of wood.

" Now," said Mr. Case, " show me what you mean."

Davidson pointed out that when cord wood is split in the log, it is quartered from the bark in toward the heart, so that a cross-section of a stick would show a triangular form, the outer side bearing the bark ; and that where it was piled bark-side down the sticks would not fit closely in, but leave spaces between them " that you could throw a dog through." The cord measurements being four by four by eight feet these spaces would stand for about one-tenth less wood than could be piled in the same dimensions if so reversed that the sticks would pack tight. He illustrated his point as he talked, by handling the sticks both ways, and proved that the company was getting only about nine-tenths of the wood it was paying for. Mr. Case listened, and saw a light.

" You are appointed wood inspector for this road, beginning right now," said he.

Young Davidson accepted the post and worked at it faithfully, but with not the remotest intention of remaining a wood inspector all his life. The desire to push on seemed almost a constitutional part of him.

In later years he has almost the sense of apology in speaking of these boundless early ambitions of his. Always the size of a thing appealed to him, and he sums up the meaning of his life when he says simply, " I could not have been a success in a store." Perhaps the great size of Canada inspires its sons to great things. Be that as it may, it is the men who have seen furthest who have gone furthest, and Colonel Davidson was one of those who are

unable to do little things except with a vision of great things in front of him. Meanwhile he brightened harness and carried lumber, took care of a cow and worked hard at school, which on the whole may be said to be a very creditable side of dreaming.

Of couse he fell in love, and the incident in this case (the affair was a very boyish one) is only important because the father of the young lady upon whom he bestowed his attentions had been to the United States of America, and the United States in those days was to Canada what Canada now is to England—a place of promise, a place of wide opportunities and of hope for everyone; a place where there is a chance for a man. The girl's father talked about the States until even the wagons about the farm began to look small! The farm itself became an insignificant place, there was something cramped and small in the life that surrounded Andrew and he resolved to escape from it.

So off he goes while still in his teens to the lumber woods of Michigan, then to Jamesville, in Wisconsin, where he put himself to school, and where in a business college he learned telegraphy during the day and occupied his evenings in reading.

His career is one of those that proves the hard, dull, old saying, that "nothing succeeds like work," and that lucky chances count for very little. The man who works week in week out, from morn till night, is indeed generally content to do without them so long as he may keep those certainties which are the result of diligence.

It has often been said that the first element in success is a purpose, but purpose unless it is applied is mere dreaming, and dreaming, as we have tried to show, may have a very practical side to it. Andrew Davidson turned them into realities with every

year that he lived! The longed-for chance of getting into a bank came to him, and it is surely a record that by the time he was twenty-six years old he had been twenty times President of twenty different banks.

Now came the period when money was for the first time at his disposal, and he began to invest in small sums where he could. Always his belief lay in land, and almost one has a feeling that between him and it there is some curious sympathy and understanding which can hardly be explained by the ordinary theories at our command. Andrew knew good land as a shoemaker knows leather, and he knows it still. It may be that one drives with him through villages and lanes of England hemmed in on either side by houses or hedges. At the end of a considerable journey he will be unable to tell you the name of a single village through which he has passed, but he could make a pretty good map of the land, and not only so, but it is amazing to hear him say, in a country which to him is perfectly new, "I believe there is probably a gully over there," or, "I believe on the south side of the hill there is a slope to westward." His knowledge is instinctive, and is independent either of experience or of teaching. It is hardly too much to suggest that there is something which, for the lack of a better word, we call psychic about it.

That psychic influences enter very largely into the lives of successful men could scarcely be doubted. One night Colonel Davidson had a curious vision, wherein he saw in a manner perfectly convincing to himself that Canada was the land that had to be conquered and won, and that its ultimate success would depend upon its land values. With the vision came a conviction that he himself was to

be the exploiter of Canadian land. He told his wife after they were married about the dream, and it proves his belief in it that on the strength of it he left the United States and went back to his native country. Probably, did he but know it, this message and conviction for which we have no adequate name have been the motive power of far more lives than we have any idea. Most people hesitate to speak of their dreams, knowing that, like Joseph, they may be hated for them. But the great Egyptian comptroller, as well as hundreds of others, have gone forth into the world armed with nothing but the convinced assurance that they are intended to succeed.

It was in London, Ontario, that Colonel Davidson met the young lady who became his wife. She was a kinswoman of his own, one of the McRaes who had settled in Canada.

No doubt it is his experience of the excellent brains and the nobility of the lives of the women about him which has made Colonel Davidson a loyal believer in the Woman's Suffrage Movement. The man who was educated by Mary Campbell and who married Miss McRae must undoubtedly have a very high opinion of women.

"But what convinces me," he sometimes says with a laugh, "that they ought to have the vote, is because it was through their intelligence that I once got my own way in a very important matter. I never expected to get it and I never would have got it if it hadn't been for women and women voters."

He had entered now on the great railway business of Canada, and in company with Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Donald Mann had carried the Canadian Northern Railway almost to the shores of the Pacific. At Vancouver there came what

seemed an insuperable difficulty, namely, that of acquiring land in the very heart of the city. Colonel Davidson's demand was not a modest one. He wanted one hundred and sixty acres in the most important position in the town and he meant to have it, but could not see his way to getting it. He shut himself up in the rooms of his hotel where he received letters and telegrams pointing out that his project was an insane one, and he waited and worked while he waited. But ears were turned to his entreaties and a real hitch had come. A deputation of women voters of Vancouver, of whom the number was about four thousand, waited upon him to know what were the actual facts of the case, what profit the city of Vancouver would have by giving the land, and how far the drawbacks to the scheme were real or imaginary.

" I wasn't up against silliness, remember," the Colonel says, " I was face to face with intelligent women asking me intelligent questions, and I had to put my best foot forward to answer them. The smoke nuisance was one of the things to be considered, and the question asked was, ' Will the smoke of the proposed new railway injure Vancouver, or blight the beautiful park which belongs to it ? ' "

The word park set Colonel Davidson thinking. He walked to the window of his hotel which looked out on to a public garden. He thought quickly for a moment, and then almost without hesitation turned to the deputation and said, " I'll give you a far better park than this if you will vote me the land. The smoke nuisance shall not destroy it, for the train will run under a cut tunnel and will be electrified where it emerges into the town."

The women thought over his propositions, and while the men opposed him, with a very large

majority, the women voters of Vancouver carried through a project of which the results have been almost incalculable towards making the success of the town, and where the first thing visitors see when they come to Vancouver is one of the most attractively laid out spots in the world.

"So that's why I'm a Suffragist," says Colonel Davidson with a twinkle in his eye. "I got my hundred and sixty acres in False Creek, and the Canadian Northern Railway will boast of the finest station between the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts."

His ventures in British Columbia were not confined to railways only. In 1908 he started the Fraser Saw Mills, near New Westminster, which is still the largest in existence, and the Columbia River Lumber Company, of Golden, had its beginning in 1908. Colonel Davidson is President of the corporation which owns timber limits on Vancouver Island worth millions of dollars, and employs more men than in any other similar industry in British Columbia. His fellow shareholders in these two companies, as well as in the Canadian Collieries, Ltd., are Sir William Mackenzie, Sir Donald Mann, and Colonel A. D. McRae. But Colonel Davidson has gone even further in his industrial investments than his two friends. He is one of the powers that control the Canadian Northern Pacific Whaling Company and the Wallace Fisheries Ltd., all of which are giving hundreds of men employment and making hundreds of men rich. To-day he is connected in an official capacity with over fifty different banks and corporations, varying from chartered banks, trust and mortgage companies, to flour milling and grain elevators. He is the senior partner of Messrs. Davidson and McRae, a firm which has a record of having sold more prairie land

than any company on the Continent, and which in addition acts as the official town site agent of the Canadian Northern Railway. The strenuous railway construction on main and branch lines in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta has opened up a vast region to settlement, and each year sees Messrs. Davidson and McRae place from sixty to one hundred town sites on the market.

A hundred illustrations of his versatility could be given, but one or two will suffice. In 1910 Colonel Davidson and Mr. D. B. Hanna, third Vice-President of the Canadian Northern Railway, visited England for the purpose of purchasing steamers for the railway company's proposed trans-Atlantic service. The negotiations were brought to a successful conclusion, and later both gentlemen returned to England to arrange the details of organisation of the service between Bristol and Canada. Other pressing business called Mr. Hanna back to Toronto, so that the whole responsibility devolved upon the Colonel, who, within a few months, had the Royal Line in commission, and was busy handling a large volume of passenger and freight traffic.

Such a record of work might be considered a handsome one for most men, but we believe that the real story of Colonel Davidson's industry and enterprise is yet to be told.

There was no Western Canada when he began his career, and it was to the United States of America that everyone turned for wealth and opportunity. There were but three settlers west of Regina, while the prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta were unbroken and practically undiscovered. The man who never did things by halves and was always bothered by small figures, went out

to the prairies, saw them in imagination white with harvest fields, and then, instead of contenting himself with wishing that settlers would come and live there and break up the fallow ground and develop industries, he began to consider how best his project could be atained. Perhaps a letter to the Press might have helped the matter a little, or a boom in Canadian prairie land might have assisted by making its possibilities known here and there. Colonel Davidson acted on rather larger lines than these. He sent three thousand agents down into the States to exploit his ideas, and to suggest emigration to Canada to the farmers of the United States. The result in the matter of numbers who flocked across the border was large, and some brought good fortunes with them and some very little. There seems to have been a great absence of meanness about the dealings with the new-comers. To those who came first in answer to his call Colonel Davidson sold the finest land, to those who were unable to pay at the time he gave the opportunity to save their money and then to make their payments.

Colonel Davidson asked no one to do pioneering work for him. It is indeed not his way to shirk the business of life. The pioneer talks about possibilities, but the man of action goes and sees what other people are talking about. Colonel Davidson went to Saskatchewan in the days when it was almost impossible to hire even a wagon as a means of transit. He found a settler who had a team and hired it from him, and for four or five weeks he drove over the untracked prairies finding, with that wonderful sixth sense of his, the very secrets of the ground. He went back to Winnipeg from whence he had started, with an offer to buy one million two hundred thousand acres of land. He is not a

man, as we have said, who deals in small sums. The offer was accepted with a period of seven years in which to pay the required sum. At the end of seven months Colonel Davidson was able to make a suggestion that if full payment was made within a year of the time of purchase fifteen per cent might be deducted from the price. A bargain was struck at twelve and a half per cent by an astonished owner who warned Colonel Davidson not to attempt impossibilities.

Fortunately, it is only impossibilities which attract him, and inconceivable as it may sound, Colonel Davidson had within ninety days sold the whole of his one million two hundred thousand acres.

Most of the settlers were from the middle or western States of the Union, of the finest agricultural type in the West. Thousands of them responded to the trumpet call of the courageous pioneer. Thousands of others sat at home and talked about the danger of the American invasion of Canada. Colonel Davidson, undismayed, went on. And his reward perhaps is only dawning now, when it is found that out of every hundred Americans in Canada eighty-five per cent have become naturalised Canadians.

The scheme of the great American invasion had been maturing in Colonel Davidson's mind for years, so that when the moment of action came, the thing was concluded and the machinery set in motion with a quickness, impulsiveness, and directness which set the world gaping. No one but a big man could have done it, no one but a big man could have attempted it, no one but a big man could have carried it through. Money was wanted for Canada, settlers were wanted, the land was hungry for men,

and men were hungry for land. Above all and in order to obtain all, advertisement was wanted. The Press might talk a great deal about the possibilities of the West ; three thousand agents might talk about it in the States, but what practical men wanted to do was to see it. Colonel Davidson met by chance one of the practical men, a banker, in Winnipeg. He told the man his scheme and without a moment's forethought added, " Come with me and see the place—come as my guest."

The two men might travel together very comfortably, might discuss Canada and finance, might help to move the thing forward very slowly.

This, however, was not quite Colonel Davidson's way. He knows Canada is big enough for everyone, and Canada is rich enough for everyone. It is not a place for one man's fortune, but for millions of men's fortunes.

" Come along with me and see the place," was Colonel Davidson's invitation, and to this he added impulsively, " Bring your friends with you. It's all right, it's my invitation, they shall be my guests, I'll get another car put on to the train. Ask three or four others. Ask nine or ten."

But even so the profit was much too small and moved much too slowly. There was a convention of bankers sitting at the neighbouring town of Crookston—they numbered some three thousand bankers. The date of the convention was the 25th of April. The Coronation of King Edward was fixed for the 26th April. " Let's make a Coronation thing of it," said the Colonel. " Let's ask three thousand bankers into Winnipeg to meet and talk about Canada." He began to pile up the thing grandly, as is his fashion. " Let them come and see Canada too."

" What ! Three thousand of them ! "

It was one of the impossible things such as he was always attempting. How could he possibly take three thousand men to Canada with him ? How were they to be fed, transported ? The numbers amounted to a small army.

He began to ask more and more bankers to join him ; the very fun and daring of the thing appealed to him. Dates were fixed and invitations were accepted before anyone had time to cease gaping.

Three thousand ! Four thousand ! Five thousand ! Let them all come. Let the newspaper men come. Let them come with their cameras and their sharply pointed pencils. Let them come with their cablegram forms ready to send to England at any considerable station where the train stopped.

Too many ? Not a bit of it. It was not a Bank Holiday but a banker's holiday, and there was not a man amongst them who did not treat the outing as a splendid and impossible spree. Of course they all wanted to come, hundreds of others would like to have come. Hundreds of others followed hard after them.

When Colonel Davidson's train-load was completed, it numbered over five thousand souls. What did it matter how many coaches there were on the train. What did it matter how caterers worked and Pullman Cars people contrived. The American invasion was a big thing and it had to be done on big lines. " Go ahead " was the watchword. " Come and see," was the rallying call. And never was there a jollier exodus. These were men not marching out from slavery, but marching from what they had till then believed to be the best country in the world into a country which they believed to be a better. Everyone knows that Canada is the only country to

which Americans have ever emigrated. They did it in true American style, and there were no pillars of salt left in their track because not one of them looked back. All were going forward, all were forging ahead, all were looking out of the railway train windows for the Promised Land.

And when they came to it in truly American style they planked down the dollars and bought it.

The men of that train alone purchased one thousand and eighty acres before they returned.

Not a bad deal for one man's guests, and not a bad beginning for Canadian settlers, also not a bad record for the Joshua who led them forth.

They had all ennobled him and titled him long before the journey was over, and during the jolly evenings he was dubbed the Duke of Dundrin and the father of the American invasion.

It was a modern victory, and had no bloodshed about it. No one was turned out of his land to make way for the new-comers. There was room for everyone and a hoard of good fellows with money in their pockets were prepared to pay for what they took and prepared to make Canada not so much a Land of Promise (which is far too slow a method for Westerners), but prepared to make it a country of to-day.

Practical work went on all the time. The man who had seen visions and dreamed dreams was always wider awake than anyone else as soon as his dreams were realities. An office was started in Toronto for which fifty or sixty girls were busy sending out advertisements. The bankers and the newspaper men went back to their work.

Western Canada had started.

Nothing that Colonel Davidson has ever done will compare with what he did for Canada then.

It was a national thing and the Empire was proud of it.

Railways follow on a movement of this sort as inevitably as night follows day. It is of no use giving men a country unless they have the means of getting there. Colonel Davidson, Sir Donald Mann, and Sir William Mackenzie were building the Canadian Northern Railway, and it was a line on which no steam roller went ahead, making things too easy. Its story we have attempted already to tell, but there is one chapter of it so full of interest and so intimately connected with Colonel Davidson that it hardly seems unfitting to speak of it here.

The chief difficulty and one of the largest expenses in connection with the new line of railway are the termini. A railway cannot finish poetically on the prairie; it has got to come into a town; it must have a station; it must have room to spread; it must have workshops and yards. Town land is expensive. Town land even at a very high figure is often very difficult to acquire.

Also there is the other fellow.

If land is good or if land is valuable, there is always more than one person that wants it.

The Canadian Northern Railway had to come into Montreal and there was not room for it, and the land in the middle of Montreal is almost priceless.

There were difficulties ahead again—difficulties which doubtless everyone pointed out without attempting to remove them. Fortunately in the midst of the city of Montreal there is a hill, Mount Royal, which gives its name to the town.

Colonel Davidson climbed the hill and thought about things.

He said to himself, " There isn't room for a rail-

way on the town side of the mountain and there isn't time to go round it. I'll go through it." It was quite a trifling proposition: merely a tunnel, resulting in a new residential suburb on the other side of Mount Royal. Trains bring men into the city in ten minutes, and the success of Montreal goes forward " in leaps and bounds " as Canadians, love to say.

Sir William van Horne once said that the best part of doing impossibilities was that no one interfered with one. Colonel Davidson was alone in his scheme for tunnelling the mountain, and his difficulty consisted in the fact that the other fellow wanted the land on the other side of the mountain but he had not quite made up his mind to buy it. He had been given the option of purchase up till a certain Friday morning. On the Monday before that Friday Colonel Davidson made up his mind that he wanted it and meant to have it.

We can imagine that it must have been a week of some anxiety for him. But we have a shrewd suspicion that what is called the sporting instinct is very strong in Colonel Davidson. A venture is always to him a bit of pure fun, and a decision once made he has the faculty of putting it out of his mind immediately. Nevertheless a certain strain is always involved in playing a waiting game, and it was essential for the success of the enterprise that during the whole of that week Colonel Davidson should keep his own counsel, and, like " Brer Fox," he had to lie low and say nuffin'. Had it once been noised abroad that the Canadian Northern Railway intended to have its terminal on the other side of Mount Royal there is no doubt that the price of that land would not be phenomenally low. Also the other fellow was considering the matter of

purchase and might close his deal. Colonel Davidson was not even seen in the streets of Montreal; he went to his room in his hotel and stayed there. Not a suspicion was abroad that he contemplated buying the land nor was his presence in the city suspected. At night-fall he went out in a closed motor-car. In a Russian detective story we may come across such incidents, but we are not precisely looking for them in a modern Canadian town.

Colonel Davidson stayed during the week in his hotel rooms. The option was to close at twelve o'clock on Friday. At twelve o'clock on Friday he would make his bid if the option had not been taken up by that time.

"It never cost me a sleepless night," said the Colonel. "I do not see the use of staying awake unless you can do things."

And all the success of the Canadian Northern Railway in Montreal depended on having the land at the back of the mountain.

Friday morning came and the success was very near.

There was a Bill under consideration in the House Assembly at Ottawa, and on this Bill much would depend. The other fellow thought that it would not pass for another year. Even Sir Donald Mann telegraphed to Colonel Davidson, "Go slow."

At twelve o'clock noon on Friday the option was extended to six o'clock on the same day.

Colonel Davidson, who had slept as soundly overnight that week as he had slept during his life, except when it has suited him to stay awake, was able to keep his head cool at a crisis. He waited in his rooms until six o'clock, and at six o'clock the option was further extended till midnight.

Colonel Davidson waited on. He engaged a room

next his own to which the owner of the land might be shown at midnight, when his agent would make a bid for it.

The passing programme may by this time have become somewhat trying, and Colonel Davidson may have given something in the form of a sigh of relief when twelve o'clock struck and the landowner was ushered into the room next his own. It was still necessary that it should not transpire that the land was wanted for the Canadian Northern Railway.

The owner thereof was a cautious man, one who looked several times on every side of a proposition. And rightly too, for the deal was a big one. He set forth his objections, and the agent, we may be sure, travelled pretty constantly between those two hotel rooms during that memorable night. Colonel Davidson sent back his agreement. The agent had something still further to say. The agent brought back the messages and received Colonel Davidson's answer. . . .

That was a long night, but the agreement of sale was signed at half-past six in the morning, and two men went to bed and Colonel Davidson went to Ottawa.

His work was not over yet. He had to get money for his terminals. He would go to Ottawa and see what could be done.

No time to catch the train? Heaps of time! Well, two minutes any way!

Colonel Davidson seized his hat and a map and flew to the station. He caught the train and met a friend who was going to Ottawa also. The friend was a banker, who tapped Colonel Davidson on the shoulder and told him he had a private car on board the train.

"Come into my carriage," said the banker, and it may be noted in passing that he was a man whom Colonel Davidson had not seen for years and had not expected to see in Montreal.

The two friends journeyed onwards together.

"I want to tell you something," said Colonel Davdison, speaking on the spur of the moment, as though he had matured the subject for a year. "I don't want anything said about this scheme, and if you don't want to go into it we'll say nothing about it."

On the conditions of strictest confidence the matter was unfolded, and a chance meeting was turned to such good account that a loan was arranged within an appointed time, and the necessary financial basis. For the third great terminal was built on the great road which was to run from one ocean to the other.

It is customary to say that good luck has followed Colonel Davidson all the way. As a matter of fact good luck is following everyone, but it is not everyone who knows how to use it. One man turns a chance meeting with a friend to good account, another turns it to bad account, but for the most part it is turned to no account at all. Colonel Davidson seized on a chance remark at a luncheon table to begin the inauguration of the American invasion. It was a chance meeting with a banker that led to the famous excursion to the prairies which we have already described. But at the back of it all was the man who never left anything to chance, and who, when he acts, always acts strongly.

We hope that it will not be considered an impertinence thus to speak of the personal characteristics of one whose life, we believe, may be encouraging

to other and to younger men. His manner of trusting those whom he employed has, we believe, had a very fine effect upon the men who work with him and under him, and we have heard of a young man saying, " I don't know what it is about the Colonel ; you have only got to see him and then you feel as if you can go out and do things." His love of humour, his boyishness and a certain gentleness which characterises him have made him much beloved in Canada and elsewhere. Perhaps no one more than he would dislike any reference here to his gifts to public enterprise of various sorts. We respect his view of the matter and would merely like to say that in this as in all else Colonel Davidson deals in big figures. As a boy he very nearly lost a job once because of his extravagance in pencils and blotting-paper, and his employer wrote him a characteristic letter in which he says, " Your own future advance depends on frugality."

Colonel Davidson's advance has not depended upon frugality, but on wise extravagance and keen Celtic imagination backed by a gift for hard work.

Our object in giving this sketch of his life—as indeed it is the object of all these sketches, is the desire to show what endeavour may do. Should they have any success in this respect it will not be from any skill of penmanship on our part, but because the men of grit and determination are " making good," as we say in Canada, to-day and to-morrow, and we need not look to our histories of long ago to find out the heroic side of life. The successes which are being made to-day can be repeated by men of pluck and enterprise to-morrow. There is no end to opportunity, and very few things are impossible.

Chapter XI — *Shipping*

ONCE at Saltcoats, in Scotland, a man built a boat of one hundred and ninety tons register, and called her *Jean*. He put his two sons James and Bryce on board of her as captain and mate, and sent her across the Atlantic, and that was the beginning of the Transatlantic Shipping Trade. The founder of the Line was Captain Alexander Allan, and the date of his first voyage was in 1822, when he sailed from Glasgow to Quebec. No doubt the journey was considered a momentous one, and a fairy story might be evolved without much difficulty by merely imagining the old sea captain coming to life again and being taken on a tour of inspection on board one of the steamships now plying between England and America. But when Alexander Allan sailed no doubt he compared his craft very favourably with those that had gone before it. The long history of naval architecture, with its slow development, was still easily traceable in the land to which he was bound. Dug-outs had (no doubt reluctantly) given place to boats with ribs, and these again had been superseded by boats with keels ; specimens of them all were extant, or only just extinct, in Canada. Wherefore we can imagine old Captain Allan sailing up the St. Lawrence with a sense of pomp and circumstance, and with the same delightful appreciation in his own enterprise which animates every step in the history of shipping. He was no

doubt " miles ahead of everyone," and he meant to be miles further ahead of them still !

In 1839 he retired from the active list as Commander, and established an office from which he could manage his rapidly developing business. In the *Montreal Gazette* in 1839 we find him advertising as follows : " For Greenock, the well-known coppered ship, *Canada*, 329 tons register, Bryce Allan, Commander, now loading and will have immediate despatch. For passage only, apply to Captain Allan on board and at the Cross." Already he had a fleet of boats which consisted of the *Canada*, *Favourite*, *Brilliant*, *Blonde*, *Pericles*, *Gypsie*, and others, and on these men and women still living in Canada have sometimes travelled.

But in the construction of wooden boats other countries were forging ahead quicker than England, and she owes her supremacy in the matter of merchantmen to the introduction of steam. In 1830 the *Royal William* was built in Quebec and was the first vessel to cross any ocean except under mast and sail. Almost it seems as though the great engineer, toying with his kettle on the hearth and finding from it lessons which no one else had ever learned, has bequeathed his great discovery of steam power more particularly to those of his own nation than to anyone else in the world. One recognises a curious affinity between it and the men of the island where iron and coal are plentiful, and who are able to use it to its utmost capacity. In their faces one sees a sense of mastery over elemental things : their blackened hands with the oil of engines upon them are widely considered typical about the English nation. For generations an Englishman was a man with a horse ; now he is a man with an engine.

One believes, and it is certainly interesting to believe, that the present generation shows the quickest and the most important developments in shipping that have ever taken place in the history of the world. It is hardly necessary to go into the matter of tonnage, or to quote figures, because within the memory of man not only has sail and mast given place to steam, but steam itself, with its later developments of high pressure and turbines, has so materially altered speed and safety in ocean-going vessels that twenty-five knots an hour is lightly spoken of, and a deck a thousand feet long is not unusual. Some of us may remember ships with a good deal of affection which were considered very up-to-date at the time. The saloon boasted a narrow table around which fixed benches were placed, while above it hung a curious mahogany board not unlike an old-fashioned shoe-stand, from which depended green hock glasses, while upon it were placed the dinner napkins of the passengers, and, if we remember rightly, extra forks and spoons. Opening off the saloon were the cabins lighted by port-holes, which were not infrequently closed during the whole voyage, rendering it impossible to obtain ventilation except through the saloon. Perhaps our ships were not quite as up to date as we thought they were. Certainly a memory from childhood days remains of a ship whose state rooms were lit by means of a single candle in a glass shade placed on the partition wall and made to do duty for two cabins. This candle remained burning till 11 o'clock at night when the steward used to remove it, and after that, as far as recollection serves there was no possibility of obtaining any light whatever until morning came. It emphasised the fact which we have

already alluded to, that artificial light is a modern convenience. We remember reading in a bygone novel of some horrible disturbance taking place at an inn during the night, the terror of the situation being heightened by the fact that there was not a light in the house. A humble box of matches takes a new significance when we think of such situations, and we venture to wonder whether one day prayers against the terror of darkness will be considered obsolete.

Be that as it may, the electric lighted steamship of to-day and its well-ventilated rooms makes the business of going down to the sea in ships and occupying business in great waters a very different matter from what it used to be. The courage which was required for a voyage, and the patience also, are things of the past. No shore seems very distant now, and handkerchiefs are not drenched with tears as they used to be when ships with beloved ones on board of them sailed away. Wrecks are one hundred per cent fewer than they used to be, and even on the pathless ocean no ship can be said to be alone that has on board of her a Marconi installation.

And yet some antique flavour will always belong to shipping, and perhaps more particularly to pilotage than to anything else. We were reminded of this strongly in a large old-fashioned shipping office in Montreal, outside whose windows appeared masts like a forest of trees, and in whose cellars are to be still found chips of old wooden ships of long ago. It was here in a dim wide room which had something of the atmosphere Dickens alone has been able to convey, that we met Jean Baptiste Bonaparte, a tough-haired man with blue eyes and gentle manners, as have all French Canadians. From

him we heard of neap tides and spring tides, and gas buoys for which he showed keen personal affection. Almost we were persuaded as we heard of their several characteristics that, like St. Francis of Assisi who addressed the birds as brothers, there might be some kindredship between gas buoys and a French-Canadian pilot with blue eyes.

When in addition to a power of narrative a sailorman wears rings in his ears and on his hands, and talks in French of the seventeenth century, a very pleasing sense of illusion steals upon his listener. The illusion is deepened by the old-fashioned furnishing of the room—a certain plainness and austerity about it—and withal very commodious. Jean Baptiste is a man who likes space, and has much to say about it. He is one who reads the signs of sea and sky as other men read print, who knows a wet fog not as other men do who complain of drenched garments, but as one who has weathered his way through it with a thousand lives depending upon his nerve and skill.

The sailor is a man who seldom knows he is a hero, or at least not until long afterwards—when he sits with a wooden leg stuck out in front of him and a medal sewn on his coat. We have spoken with North Sea fishermen and have heard tales of venture and heroism so entirely worthy of record that it has sometimes occurred to us to ask why no notice has been taken of such and such deeds of gallantry, until we learned with a wholesome sense of apology that the matter was a very trifling one, not to be mentioned except as a yarn by those concerned. And after that medals seemed very small things, flat and uninteresting.

Jean Baptiste Bonaparte, if he had tales of adventure to tell, was not going to waste time upon

them in the dim wide offices with the forest of masts outside. Deeds of heroism are not to be named in the same breath with a grievance, which is a far more important thing, and Jean Baptiste had not one grievance but twenty.

It must be remembered at the outset that everything at sea is a pilot's own property. It is " my ship," " my anchorage," " my gas buoy, Q. 129." The only things which do not belong to him are shoals and fogs and governments which will not deepen channels !

There is one success always open to everyone, and one position where no one can fail to give satisfaction, and that is as an intent listener to grievances.

We had only to place our chair at a convenient angle and suggest by a movement that Mons. Bonaparte might continue.

" I think you love the St. Lawrence, *hein?* You think it a beautiful beeg river? But I tell you it is not beeg ; it is very small, and of what use is it unless it is made wider and deeper ? "

" There are such things as dredgers," we began.

But even French-Canadian manners were powerless to resist making an interruption.

" I ask Madame," said Jean Baptiste Bonaparte, " how it is possible to respect a dredger if she will only dredge thirty-five feet ? Is it a fine thing, a useful craft, when she will only dredge thirty-five feet ? "

The listener to grievances gave the necessary impetus to a continuation of the conversation by nodding her head in a manner intended to be sagacious.

" Those boats at Sorelli," said Bonaparte, now beginning to gesticulate, " take two and a half years to build, and then they tumble over. What

then ? Do you love such dredgers ? No, Madame cannot love them."

Madame signified that her love of dredgers had received a blow, and her affection had probably been misplaced.

" In the Clyde River they build them in six months and they stand up ; they do not need to be ashamed. But why do they not go to St. Roche till June, and so waste one good month out of seven, when the St. Lawrence is navigable ? Madame cannot guess the reason ? It is because no dredger has long enough spuds to dredge there."

Madame remarked that it was " trop fort."

Madame was doubtless a lady of great discrimination. She knew the way of dredgers, and did not need to be told that spuds ought to be forty-five feet long.

Madame remarked without any overdone eagerness that forty-five feet seemed a very reasonable length for the spud of a dredger.

" *Mon Dieu !*" said Jean Baptiste, throwing out his hands, " what is a man to do in a shallow river on a ship that draws twenty-eight feet of water, and with a few inches between her and the bottom of the St. Lawrence. We are good pilots, we French-Canadians. We know good navigation, but even so ships cannot be laded to their proper depth, and so lighters have to be used at the mouth of the river, which will prove even to foolish people who live all their lives on the shore that this involves lading twice."

Madame sought for the best French adjective at her disposal, and gave vent to it with an emphasis which seemed to prove satisfactory to her listener.

" *Hélas, mon Dieu,*" said the pilot, " there is worse to come. Greedy America steals our river,

and we know why she steals it. The city of Chicago is a villain and takes water from Lake Michigan which it swears is for its drainage canal (such as they call with great boasting the River Calumet), but they also use it for local power companies, Madame, believe me. I do not lie."

Madame, feeling that any adjective after the one so emphatically spoken would be in the nature of an anti-climax, merely bowed.

"*Tiens!* if it will only be considered for a little while how narrow the river is and how impossible to go to the top waters of navigation! Big ships should have appliances for anchoring, stern as well as bows, to prevent them swinging round and hitting something."

"What is the reason?" began Madame.

"The reason, Madame, is 'politeeks.' That is the reason for all that is wrong in Canada."

Madame had heard the story before.

"*Tiens!* A ship cost three million dollars to build, and there is only one foot of water to spare between her and the bottom of the St. Lawrence River! Oh! if they are iron ships it will easily be understood that we scrape along all right, but we cannot do that with steel ships."

Madame nodded.

"I'm not a grumbler, Madame. I know discipline because I learnt it with Captain Smith when I sailed in the little *Skylark*. She was a trim boat, and, oh! yes, I learnt discipline and 'politeeks'; I know politeeks too."

Jean Baptiste Bonaparte shook his head till his long ear-rings swung on his cheeks, and then placed his finger as the fishermen at Boulogne do, at the side of his nose.

"The floating dock at Montreal, where the St.

Mary current runs nine knots an hour—that's another case in point. There is no reason this floating dock should be at Montreal. The spot is *mal choisi* because, as Madame will readily understand, a ship is generally damaged at sea before she reaches the St. Lawrence River, and she is generally damaged forward of her engines and she enters with a list by her head. She has to go all the way up to Montreal for repairs. Why ? ' Politeeks ! ' "

The injured ships go in and they will take perhaps two months to repair. *Voilà !* The ice is then on the river, and they are frozen in and cannot get out again during the whole winter. This may seem sense to Madame, but Jean Baptiste has another way of regarding it !

" If there was a dry dock at Port St. Levis ships could get out with the right pilots every week in the year. Perhaps the Government knows why there is a floating dock at Montreal and not a dry dock at Port St. Levis !

" Some day, when I am dead, a good time will come for the shipping of Canada, because shipping, it will be allowed, must go on and not back. There are eleven miles of racing current between Cap Leverard and Cap St. Jean to Challons. There is no stopping there even in a fog. That, too, will have to be the way of the shipping in Canada ! ' Politeeks ' is crazy, it thinks we can sometimes go backwards and sometimes forwards, but sailors know they have to go on."

Madame, who had not spoken for some time, murmured " hear, hear."

" Perhaps in the future we shall have a harbour at Riviere de Loup, with an ice-breaker between Cape North and Cape Ray which will make navigation possible all the year. Perhaps we shall have a

great railway terminus at Riviere de Loup. The good God knows.

" Meanwhile we have a dry dock at Montreal, and for this we must render thanks to Heaven, *hein?* Is it easy of access at all times, tides, and in all conditions of weather? Is it close to the sea? Is it protected from the gun-fire of the possible enemy? "

Jean Baptiste Bonaparte raised his hands to heaven, and metaphorically Madame did the same thing.

" Montreal itself is situated at least one hundred and eighty miles from easy navigable waters, and this one hundred and eighty miles consists of a narrow channel with many turns, such as Madame might with reason call as twisted as a corkscrew, and with a swift current in it. In thick weather the channel is very nearly impossible, except to experienced pilots."

Jean Baptiste signified by a gesture that he did not require the name of the experienced pilot filled in.

" Does Madame know what a ' not under control ' vessel is? Does she know what such a one would be like with a deep draught, and whether it would be very easy to take her up and dock her at Montreal? Madame may know, ' politeeks ' may know, but not Jean Baptiste.

" Madame has been a patient listener. Probably she is very learned on these subjects, but ' politeeks ' is a damn fool. Do I know tides or do they? I think I know both tides and fogs. Do I know the wash which ships going at twenty knots make, and which carries away all the waters of a channel, or does ' politeeks ' ? He is a great bully, but he is not wise. He loves Canada, but does he love his big fat pocket better? "

Jean Baptiste finished up in a manner very creditable both to himself and to the service to which he belongs.

"Ships are lovers," he said, "although they carry trade. They are a man's love, is it not so?"

Madame acquiesced, and left the old office with the towering masts outside, feeling glad she was born on an island, and glad, too, that there are people who understand ships as they ought to be understood.

There is the Canadian Naval Bill. A nation without ships is like a woman without jewels, or the mother of the Gracchi without her children. There is no prouder possession that a sea-borne country can have than a fleet, and it is as absurd to think of Canada's not having a navy as to think of a high-spirited boy living by the seashore not hoisting a sail and going out with a breeze behind him. Canadians feel very deeply on the matter of a tribute which they were proud to give, it has touched them where they are most sensitive, and that is in their loyalty to the Empire. When a man wishes to play the game, and is not allowed to do so, we feel very deeply for him; when a nation wishes to play the game and is not permitted to do so, the situation becomes even more serious and more deeply touching.

Mercifully it was never a question of money or of meanness amongst Canadians themselves, for Canadians are never mean. Canada is and was perfectly able to afford ships, but at present she is not able to build them, because her dockyards are not large enough. She has immense coasts to defend, and, much more than that—she has the blood of sea-going people in her veins.

There is an old saying, as inaccurate as many old

sayings are, that human nature is human nature all the world over. As a matter of fact probably nothing varies so much as human nature, and races in close proximity to each other show an extraordinary divergence in the matter of national character, and in individual dispositions. In no case do we see this more strongly marked than in the matter of those who fare forth and go out into the world as a matter of course and in a spirit of courage and enterprise, and in those who stay at home.

When a ship leaves England, no matter where she is bound, she leaves, either actually or metaphorically, with flags flying and the band playing. She sails from an open port for all the world to see, and those who are left behind on the docks or on the quay envy those who are outward bound, while on every side one hears the wish sincerely uttered: "I wish it was I! I wish I was going too." The whole spirit of British enterprise lies in this feeling. Now it is not shared as a rule by other nations, and when other nations envy England her expansive powers, they should bear in mind that expansion is not possible through the simple method of staying at home. In France it is very striking to see a ship put out to sea, not from a great port like Marseilles perhaps, as would seem most natural, but from some quiet harbour where, on the shore, friends and relatives stand mourning those who were going, while in pious language they bless the good God who is allowing them to stay at home.

These two points of view must be understood before the Canadian Naval Bill can be understood.

The French are a deeply affectionate, home-loving people, with a touching ideal of family affection. The Britisher, while loving home perhaps as deeply, is by nature and heredity a rover, regard-

ing home as a luxury, or as a sailor regards a snug anchorage in some quiet bay; as a pleasant place to which he can return when he is tired, or when the work of his life is over. He was born on an island, and he pushes forth his boat and goes to sea, just as much as a matter of course as a duckling takes its first swim in a pond. But much more than this the British settler, may we say more particularly the Scottish settler, is a man who has learned to do without. It is an important lesson for everyone; it is an absolutely essential lesson for a successful emigrant to learn. In order to succeed he will probably find that he may have to do without nearly everything that he is accustomed to. Primarily he may have to do without his home and the friends amongst whom he has grown up. English mothers have learned to pack their boys' boxes, and send them off into the unknown, with the best smile they can fake up for the occasion, and English women go with the men and make their homes for them. The affection of French mothers shows itself by keeping her boy at home whenever it is possible to do so—"*A bas la Marine!*" from the *habitants* was the cry of the French mother, who loves to tuck her son up and give him a basin of good soup. And French wives rarely settle in a new country until the conditions of that country are comparatively comfortable.

It seems a small and domestic matter upon which to hang the issue of a country's navy. But it is the explanation of the French-Canadian opposition to the Canadian Naval Bill, and it was through French-Canadian opposition that Canada has no navy.

Mere politics was the secondary objection. Politicians are paid to talk and to fuss, and to talk and to fuss is their usual programme, like the old

Scotsman who was asked why he wanted to become an Elder, and whose reply was "Because then I can set in a front pew and aye propose everything." So the politician seems unable to acquiesce even in those measures which seem most obviously for the public good. Were they to do so their trade, like the trade of the Athenians who sold idols, would be gone. Most people believe that a man has a right to his trade, and so the politician talks on. The Canadian Navy became the Canadian Naval Bill—quite a different thing and without any poetry in it at all, and, instead of hoisted sails and a merry start, the start was not even made amidst grumblings and discontent—it was never made at all. When people begin to talk they generally end in talk, and enough breath has been wasted on the Canadian Naval Bill to fill the sails of a whole fleet if it had been applied in the right direction. As a matter of fact it was wasted in the hot atmosphere of Ottawa and Westminster. And much more than that was wasted. A great opportunity was wasted, which, although it will come again, will never come with quite the same glad spontaneity and generous disinterested feeling that marked it then. We shall have to come to a Canadian Navy by quite dull methods now. At one time there was a real touch of purple in it.

The history of the Bill and the things that led to it need not take very long in the telling. Both political parties in Canada until the year 1909 were so engrossed in making the new country and in developing its resources and its wonderful riches that the need of defending those riches hardly occurred to them. At any rate no public interest was shown in the matter, and it was not until 1909 that the Canadian Parliament met in

pronouncement upon the obligations of the Dominion to enter upon a system of naval defence. During that year a great nation had issued its naval programme, and suspicious attention was aroused by the enormously increased expenditure of Germany on her Navy. The question was asked : is British supremacy at sea to be disputed ? And there went up a great shout from every part of the Empire that this thing was not to be. Australia echoed the shout and dived deep into her big pouch for treasure ; New Zealand made her contribution, and Canada talked about it.

Germany was buckling on her armour, the mother country was threatened, and the country that perhaps loves England best, and whose loyalty can be least doubted of all her children, passed resolutions, which did not cost her a great deal, and dealt in speeches which were not much more expensive.

But there was one party which meant to do its duty, and this laid before the House the imperative need of action, and promised that the Canadian people would be found ready and willing to make any sacrifice that was required to give to the Imperial authorities the most loyal and hearty co-operation in every movement for the maintenance of the integrity and honour of the Empire. " This House," they said, " will greatly approve of any necessary expenditure to promote the speedy organisation of a Canadian Naval Service, in co-operation with, and in close relation to, the Imperial Navy, along the lines suggested by the Admiralty, and in full sympathy with the view that the Naval supremacy of Britain is essential to the security of commerce, the safety of the Empire, and the peace of the world."

A rush of patriotic feeling swept over Canada, and Canadian representatives attended on the Admiralty authorities in England and laid before them a proposal as to what Canada proposed to do.

And there the matter ended. Patriotic enthusiasm failed to reach the point of providing adequate means for the building and maintenance of a fighting unit. Emotionalism had had its say, politicians had had their say. It had done them both no doubt a great deal of good, but it had not increased the strength of the British Navy.

Up to 1912 no less than five amending bills were introduced, but it was not until the autumn of that year that the matter was firmly and decisively taken up by the Canadian Prime Minister, who proceeded to England, together with three of his ministers, in order to construct a scheme on a sound basis in conjunction with the British Admiralty.

Statistics, detail of expenditure and so forth would take up too much space here, but the main arguments of the Imperial Canadian party may be briefly enumerated.

That in view of the expansion of European Naval Powers, the British fleet is required mainly for home defence and cannot, without taxing herself to the very utmost, afford ships to defend her colonies.

That Canada's sea-borne trade is increasing, and that her coasts are therefore in corresponding need of defence.

That she contributes nothing whatsoever towards the maintenance of the Imperial fleet, and that it should be a matter of pride with her as a nation to make some return for the advantages accruing to her through the protection of her commerce and her country by the ships of Great Britain.

As one of their own number said : " The fundamental cause of Canada's rapid development is, in a word, our relation to the Empire." The security which we enjoy from the interference of outside powers gives a permanency and fixity to our internal development, not exceeded by any people in the world. The security which our trade enjoys on the ocean's highway is equal to the security enjoyed by Great Britain. In other words, the security of life and property within Canada, and the security of her trade on every sea are as real, as permanent, and as abiding as if Canada possessed the command of the sea instead of Great Britain.

" No foreign power would any more think of invading or attacking Canada, or even threatening or attacking her trade upon the highways of the seas, than they would threaten or attack Great Britain. This sense of security we have accepted and enjoyed ever since we have been a part of the Empire, without seriously entertaining the thought of participating in, or contributing to its cause."

These arguments were telling, and so charged with sincere and noble sentiment that it is difficult to conceive of a dissentient voice, but Canadian Liberalism, if we may so call it, found something to cavil at, and Canadian Liberals affirmed that they would have nothing to do with the British " Armament Trust," and if ships were to be built for Canada's coast defences they must be built in Canada.

To this the Admiralty sent a succinct reply :

" The suggestion that the proposed battleships could be expeditiously built in Canada cannot be based on full knowledge of the question.

" The battleship of to-day has gradually been evolved from years of experiments and experience. She is a mass of intricate machines, and the armour,

guns, gun mountings, and machinery all require separate and extensive plant of a very costly nature to cope with the constant changes in designs and composition. In addition to this, the actual construction of a battleship, where high tensile and mild steel are largely used, requires the employment of special riveters and steel workers. These men are difficult to obtain in Great Britain, and it is thought that it would be a long time before a sufficient number of efficient workmen of this nature could be obtained in Canada.

" For the manufacture of armour plates large steel furnaces, heavy rolling mills, planing machines, carburising plant, etc., capable of dealing with weights of one hundred and fifty tons at a time, have to be provided, besides which the special treatment to obtain the correct quality of plate requires special experts who have been brought up to nothing else. Such men could not be obtained in Canada.

" For the manufacture of guns, plant consisting of heavy lathes, boring and trepanning machines, wire-winding machines, as well as a heavy forging plant, and oil-tempering baths with heavy cranes, all capable of dealing with weights up to and over one hundred tons are required. The men for this class of work are specially trained, and could not be obtained in Canada. For the manufacture of gun mountings, which involves the use of castings of irregular shape from eighty to one hundred tons and which require special armour treatment, a special armour plate plant is required. The hydraulic and electric machinery for these mountings are all of an intricate and special design, requiring special knowledge, and can only be undertaken by a firm having years of experience of work of this nature.

" The manufacture of engines, although requiring special treatment, does not present such great difficulties as that of armour, guns and gun mountings. But in starting a new business of this kind it would be difficult at this stage to know what plant machinery to put down, as the possible introduction of internal combustion engines may revolutionise the whole of the engine construction of warships. The above does not include specialities, such as bilge pumps, steering gear, and numbers of other details which have to be sub-contracted for all over the country and only with people on the Admiralty List. The expense of fitting these up, sending them out, and carrying out trials would become very onerous.

" For the building yard itself the installation of heavy cranes and appliances for building a vessel of, say, twenty-seven thousand tons is a very heavy item, and the fitting of the blocks and slips to take this weight would require considerable care in selection of site in regard to nature of soil for the blocks and launching facilities, so that the existing shipyards might not be adapted for this purpose.

" As an example of the cost of a shipyard it may be mentioned that Elswick, in order to cope with increased work, have lately put down a new shipyard which is costing approximately three-quarters of a million pounds. This yard has already been two years in preparation, and will not be ready for laying down a ship for another six months.

" With regard to foreign shipbuilding, Austria-Hungary has largely extended her resources by laying down two large slips at Fiume. This scheme was projected in 1909. It is understood that these slips were put down in 1911, and the first battle-

ship commenced in January, 1912. The Austrian Press states that the contract date for completion is July, 1914, but that it is probable there will be a delay of some months in the realisation of this. In this instance, however, they have other large yards and all the necessary plant in the country. The cost of this undertaking is not known.

"The Japanese have taken twenty years in working up their warship building, and now take over three years to build a battleship, and although anxious to build all ships in their own country they still find it necessary to have some of them built in Great Britain.

"Spain has developed a shipyard in Ferrol and at Cartagena. They have only found it possible to put down second-class battleships of about fifteen thousand tons at Ferrol (the bulk of the material coming from Great Britain), and the yards are being financed and worked by English firms (Armstrongs, Brown, and Vickers).

"Taking the above points into consideration, it is clear that it would be wholly unwise for Canada to attempt to undertake the building of battleships at the present moment. The cost of laying down the plant alone would, at a rough estimate, be approximately fifteen millions, and it could not be ready for four years. Such an outlay could only be justified on the assumption that Canada is to keep up a continuous naval building programme to turn out a succession of ships after the fashion of the largest shipyards in Great Britain and Europe."

But the opposing Liberal Party was thoroughly determined upon its policy, which they voiced in words not very high or heroic, that if Canada could not build ships she would not pay for them. The Canadian Government could not come to

terms with the Admiralty. Mr. Lougheed might point out that the building of such plant as had been suggested would mean that they would have to be kept in continuous employment, and that to be kept in continuous employment would mean the steady and constant building of battleships. "To secure this continuity would mean the artificial creation of public opinion and public sentiment favourable to war, therefore, to increased armament, and its corallary the increase of our land forces. In other words, to make such a series of industries and undertakings financially successful amongst a small poulation of eight million people would mean that Canada would become a veritable war camp, and would be kept in a state of martial ferment from one year's end to another."

Canada was not convinced, and one loves her too well even to suggest that she pretended not to be convinced. No portion of the burden of the naval defence of the Empire has been borne by her, and, with all her proud and independent spirit, she is trusting to the mother country, and to the mother country alone, to defend her shores and her commerce, and is not contributing in any way towards the expenses.

Of course this state of things cannot last; there will be Canadian dreadnoughts floating in blue waters very soon, and Canada's pride will not very long be kept under by politicians and talk. Love of country and love of race are in the ultimate ends far stronger than timidity or weakness or parsimoniousness. Canada must and will launch out into the deep. We wish her filled sails and a merry breeze behind her, and we think that in great waters she will learn some lessons which only the sea can teach.

Chapter XII — *Reciprocity*

IT is a curious psychological fact that the most important happenings are those which soonest look like bygone events. The story of the campaign of 1911 against Reciprocity with the United States of America already reads like a page of ancient history. Yet its final and dramatic conclusion was only reached in 1911. The warfare was sharp while it lasted, but like most warfare it had the effect of drawing very closely together those who fought on the same side, and while Canada proved herself loyal up to the very hilt of her sword to the Empire, Great Britain's love for Canada deepened and crystallised during that anxious time in a very remarkable way. Perhaps some of us hardly knew how deep was the attachment that existed between the Old Country and the New until our suspicions were aroused that a near neighbour of hers wished to do a little purse-snatching in a perfectly legal manner, and then we cried "Paws off!"

The pity of it is that this Reciprocity Campaign, like all matters dealing with finance, must perforce be related through the dry medium of figures. Figures do not in any way exhaust the subject of Reciprocity, nor can they even help to describe the intensity of feeling that prevailed in Canada during the closing months of Sir Wilfred Laurier's ministry. Feeling ran high, and money once more assumed

that curious aspect with which it is so seldom credited, namely, the one which transcends altogether the mere holding of coin. The wealth of Canada had been made by hard work and great sacrifices. Her early struggles were not merely a picturesque beginning to a successful career, but her poverty in the days of her youth had been a grim and horribly real thing. And in her poverty she had appealed for assistance to her rich neighbour, and that assistance had been refused. Canada is proud and does not easily forget, and her neighbour's proposal, howsoever skilfully worded, could not disguise the fact that it was only since her prosperity that any friendly interest had been taken in her. There was a just touch of the schoolboy's "Thank you for nothing" with which Reciprocity was received, while it may be confidently stated that the mother country patted her on the back and admired her spirit!

A brief summary of the commercial relations between the United States and the Dominion is all that can be attempted.

In the early days of confederation foreign trade relations meant almost exclusively relations with the United States of America. The home markets were very small, but Canada held rich treasures in the way of Fishery Rights in her in-shore Atlantic Fisheries within the three-mile limits, while the shore fisheries on the United States eastern coasts were nearly exhausted. This advantage, therefore, she could press hard when it came to making a bargain with the United States. In markets, on the other hand, the smaller nation had more to gain from reciprocal trade than the larger.

In 1854 a Reciprocity Treaty had been concluded which provided for the free interchange of a limited

list of products particularly natural. But this Treaty had not been long in existence before dissatisfaction began to be expressed in the United States. Both countries were tenacious of their rights, but anything like a friendly spirit was practically terminated when Britain and Canada lent their sympathies to the South, and a pressure of internal taxation combined with a rising feeling of Protectionist sentiment led to the abrogation of the Treaty.

Afterwards, and this is what Canada can never forget, efforts were made for its renewal or the negotiation of a new Treaty, but the efforts were made in vain, and what had merely been till now assumed became obtrusively apparent, that America wished to force Canada into a union with herself, and that the only condition under which they would agree to trade with the smaller country was that the same flag should float over both. For near neighbours this might seem a reasonable proposal, but Canada had decided once and for all, and had signified her decision at tremendous sacrifice, to belong to the British Empire and to no other, and to trade as well as to fight under the Union Jack flag and no other. Eastern Canada had been peopled by loyalists, and loyalists they intended to remain. In 1783 they had given up their homes and home ties and the soul which they had learned to love, and had gone out into the wilderness for the sake of an idea. That idea was a passionate loyalty to the mother country and to the King, and the united Empire loyalists proved then what has been proved thousands of times before and since, that, however indifferent men may be towards realities, they will fight to the death for ideas.

This is what is too often forgotten in Canada, and

this is what probably will always prevent any union between them and their American neighbours. Canadians are idealists, and those who study Canada and Canadians have got to reckon with idealism. When it fails we may believe that she has become Americanised, but not until then. Americans are Puritans whose nervous energy has outrun sometimes the fine old faith of their forefathers, and may in its latter end lead to mere cleverness. They have lacked that vision which, because it is unreal and invisible and cannot even be properly interpreted by words, is eternal.

Now Reciprocity meant to Canada, and this cannot be too strongly insisted upon, very much more than her financial life, or her civil life, or any part of her material life ; it meant that part of her which we call her soul. At the risk of being discursive we venture to say that a nation's soul, like a human being's soul, is the only part which is capable of survival. It may not survive. It may, like human souls which philosophers talk about, only be accorded conditional immortality, but one thing is perfectly certain, and that is that no other part of it will survive. It is not capable of survival. Men and women are born and die every day, and nations rise and fall every day. Our hope is that something of them survives, and that after bones are dust, good swords turned to rust, buildings crumbled and decayed, armies swept away, and civilisation itself has perished, there is still some essence, whether of nations or of men, which survives, which is conveniently termed their soul.

Canada's soul had been made at what cost only she knew. Her material prosperity had been equally hardly won, but it had been won, and now her inheritance was being claimed by a nation who,

during her lean and toilsome years and when the wolf of poverty, almost of starvation, had crept near to many a settler's door, had ignored and repudiated her. It required a clearer vision than America was capable of to see further than it could reach. So Canada was allowed to shift for herself, which doubtless made her strong—certainly strong enough to refuse the helping hand held out to her when she was big enough to stand alone.

Figures are altogether inadequate to describe the situation because it was not a matter of figures. Nevertheless the facts of the case are full of interest, and can only be described through this medium.

The Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, negotiated by Lord Elgin, was the direct result of hard times and of commercial necessity. It was advocated, not as a leaning towards annexation, but as the only means of preventing it. Its schedule referred only to natural products which were henceforth moved free of duty in either direction across the frontier, and it was not concerned with articles in manufactured form. It gave to the United States the right of navigation of the St. Lawrence and the canals of Canada, and to British subjects the right of navigation on Lake Michigan. The operation of the Treaty was always difficult, but it continued until the American Civil War broke out and created an enormous demand for the products of Canada. But the termination of the Treaty was due far less to economic than to political reasons.

After 1866 the reciprocal trade relations between the two countries were not renewed, although during Sir John Macdonald's ministry there followed a brief experiment in retaliation in the imposition in 1870 of duties on coal, salt, and bread stuffs, but this never worked with any degree of success and

the experiment was abandoned. Sir John, fighting manfully for Canada, according to his wont, endeavoured to push some advantage by his offer of free fisheries and canals in return for free markets, but the story of those times is not one of exaggerated generosity on the part of America. Canada's claim for compensation after the Fenian riots was not even considered, and the fisheries question was settled in a manner that was unpopular with all parties and was considered unfair to Canada by not a few. All proposals from Canada came to nothing, and the apathy of the United States towards her poorer neighbours in those days can only be compared to the apathy of a rich and prosperous person towards those who still have their own way to make. Besides this there was a curious sense of injustice abroad which made all treatment difficult, and, of course, political factors were not wanting which traded upon the delusion that the Dominion might be starved into renouncing Great Britain and uniting itself with America.

The division between them was purely arbitrary ; the dividing line was not geographically existent. It was another of those unreal things which are so potent in their influence. Mountains are material facts and the equator is an imaginary line, but mountains are annihilated while the equator remains.

It is amazing how the analogy holds good in Canada. The imaginary line which divides her from the south part of the Continent can only be fully understood by considering her geographical position. The distance from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans is over three thousand miles, and every mile is open to the United States. In these days that perhaps seems a matter of small moment,

but it must be remembered that at the time at which we write the great North-West was an undiscovered country, Canada was almost without home markets, and certainly without railways, and the whole of her commerce seemed to depend upon trade going North and South. There were no difficulties in the way either of law or of language, and settlers were coming across the border in thousands, bringing with them American customs and modes of thought. Their influence was tremendous. Reciprocity between the two countries seemed a foregone conclusion, for East and West trade in Canada was unknown, and, as the phrase has it, Canada " had to live."

To her credit be it said that in spite of the enormous influences, geographical, natural, and political, which were brought to bear upon her, she was strong enough and plucky enough to choose her own system of trade and the flag under which she intended to trade.

The Dominion began its fiscal career under the slightly modified tariff of the old Province of Canada, but in 1867 the British North America Provinces were formed into the Dominion of Canada, and in 1871 a Fisheries Treaty was negotiated, and this too was repudiated by the United States as soon as the term limit permitted. Then followed fresh demands for Reciprocity, which were met with curt refusals. In addition the Dingley and Mackinley tariffs were enacted by the United States which raised the average duties on Canadian exports to 50 and 49 per cent respectively, while Canada's average on United States exports was about 29 per cent.

On the eve of federation Mr. Galt introduced the tariff which was to endure to all intents and

purposes unaltered till 1879. It is interesting to note that the very words used by him at this critical moment of Canada's commercial history were exactly the same as those so often quoted from Mr. Taft's famous speech of 1911. Canada, Galt declared, had come to the parting of the ways, and she must choose between the American system of High Protection and the English and European system of revenue duties. If the Canadians were to adopt the commercial policy of the United States they should join political force also, but if the two separate entities were to be maintained the fiscal system must be advanced. Those who believed in Canada at the time that the Budget of 1866 was being discussed and who believed in her coming wealth believed also that she would be able to compete on favourable terms in the markets of the world. Those who believed in her in 1911 thought the same thing.

But the wealth of 1911 was a shadowy thing in those days, and the period from 1867 to 1879 is a story of fluctuating periods of prosperity with long, dull, depressed intervals in between, and after twelve years of existence of a tariff never wholly satisfactory, Sir John A. Macdonald and his Conservative associates adopted in 1879 a system of High Protection which still prevails in a more or less modified form. But Reciprocity was still used as a weapon by political parties during a period of some twenty years. In 1870–73 took place one of those curious bursts of prosperity which are difficult to account for, but which are sometimes very far-spreading in their results. In the United States the period which marked the close of the war had been quiet and Canadian industries had hardly moved. This was followed by a burst of

activity which has few parallels in history, and the rate at which business and banking and railways grew forms as interesting a chapter in finance as we can well imagine. In this period of her success Canada was able to forget the depressing effect of the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854. She began to find new markets, and, owing to facilities in transport, Great Britain became a ready buyer of her products. Wealth began to multiply, home consumption increased, and the surplus produce of the country found a ready market. There was a westward rush of emigrants to free lands on the prairies, fluctuations in the premium of gold ended, and machinery was supplying the aching need for workers. Unfortunately, speculative activity was at work too, with the inevitable result that a crash followed, factories were closed by the thousand, workmen were thrown out of work, and it is stated that in 1877 there were five thousand bankruptcies, and in 1878 ten thousand bankruptcies in the United States. The commercial panic was of world-wide extent and it seemed for a time as if the trade of the whole world was paralysed. Canada suffered equally with others. There was no busy exchange of products, shipping industries were at a standstill, lumber found no market where for so long it had earned large profits in the United States, building ceased like everything else, credit was gone and it became a matter for individual consideration whether or not the wolf could be kept from the door.

During this financial crisis the chief menace came from America, who in the time of panic and depression flooded the American market with its surplus goods, with instructions to follow Canadian sellers and to cut any rate offered. And the question

arose once more: Could Canada hold her own? In 1879 she decided that at least she would try to do so. She ceased even to hope for a satisfactory system of Reciprocity and adopted the national policy which aimed at retaliation and a protection of the home markets. Of course it was met on many sides by a storm of disapproval, and the Free Traders pointed out "that no country could at once be protected without the Revenue Duty"—an impossibility, nevertheless, which has become a concrete fact. The effect of the national policy was not only that it preached commercial advantage, but that it was a patriotic measure, and the fiscal struggle was not a war waged on new grounds, and on these grounds it has continued ever since. Britain became once for all Canada's partner, and as such, we believe, she has proved satisfactory to her.

It was during a time of increased prosperity that America began what has been called its policy of "Compliments and Bouquet-throwing." Perhaps had she been less polite Canada might have trusted her more, but countries bringing such gifts as those offered on behalf of Mr. Taft by America, and coming as they did from a country which is not purely altruistic, gave the smaller nation something to think about. The smaller nation looked on both sides of the offer pretty shrewdly, and undoubtedly there was a very large party who believed that the offer would be accepted.

Nineteen hundred and eleven was one of the most anxious years in Canada's history. She was then a nation of eight million people, to whom a nation of ninety million people was offering terms. But at the back of the offer was heard the whisper "Annexation," and at this Canada, very naturally, pricked up her ears. Also she found that all along

the line which exists between her and America, outlets might be pierced through which wealth might very conveniently flow southward. There were railway men ready to tap it at all points. But Canada had built her own railways, and these ran east and west, and not north and south. Also she had learned what at one time would have merely amazed her, that Great Britain was nearer her than some even of her own ports, and that Britain on the whole is a fairly good market with a fairly good credit.

Meetings began to be called and manifestos issued, and the campaign against Reciprocity was begun. A mass meeting, at which over four thousand persons were present, was held in Massie Hall, Toronto, in which the objections to Reciprocity with the United States of America were so clearly stated that they are worth quoting :

" 1. Because in the year 1897 the Parliament of Canada repealed the legislation then existing relating to Reciprocity, and since such repeal neither the people of Canada nor their Parliament have entrusted the Government with any duty or authority to negotiate with respect to any agreement on the subject.

" 2. Because the present unexampled prosperity of Canada is the result of the policy which has been pursued in the development of her trade and of her natural resources. Because this has involved the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars upon railways, canals, on steamships and other means of transportation between east and west and west and east ; and the obligation to incur further great expenditures for the same purpose ; and because further development along the same lines would be seriously checked by the proposed Reciprocity

agreement and the benefits of the expenditures referred to would be to a great extent lost.

"3. Because it is essential to the continued national unity and development of Canada that no trade relations with any country should be agreed to by Canada on any basis which would check the growth and development of trade between the various parts of Canada with each other, or between Canada and the various parts of the Empire; and because the proposed Reciprocity agreement between Canada and the United States of America would seriously check the growth and development of this trade.

"4. Because any present benefit to any section of Canada or to any interests or individuals therein which might accrue from the proposed agreement would be more than off-set by the loss and injury which would accrue to other sections and interests and individuals, and because the result to Canada as a whole would be greatly injurious.

"5. Because as a result of the proposed agreement the freedom of action possessed by Canada with reference to her tariffs and channels of trade would be greatly curtailed, and she would be hampered in developing her own resources in her own way and by her own people.

"6. Because after some years of Reciprocity under the proposed agreement the channels of Canada's trade would have become so changed that a termination of the agreement and a return by the United States to a protective tariff as against Canada would cause a disturbance of trade to an unparalleled extent.

"7. Because to avoid such a disruption Canada would be forced to extend the scope of the agreement so as to include manufactures and other things.

"8. Because the agreement as proposed would weaken the ties which bind Canada to the Empire, and because the unrestricted Reciprocity which would naturally follow would still further weaken those ties and make it more difficult to avert political union with the United States.

"9. Because the disruption in the channels of Canada's trade which was caused by the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 and the subsequent establishment of a protective tariff by the United States gave rise to a decided leaning in many minds towards annexation with the United States, and this at a time when Canada was mainly peopled by native-born Canadians and other British subjects, to whom the prospect of annexation was most unwelcome, and because Canada in a comparatively few years will have millions of new-comers, a large percentage of whom will have come from foreign countries, and because if Canada should then have to choose between disruption of her channels of trade with the United States or political union with them the preservation of Canadian autonomy and Canadian nationality would be enormously more difficult.

"10. Believing as we do that Canadian nationality is now threatened with a more serious blow than any it has heretofore met with, and that all Canadians who place the interests of Canada before those of any party or section or individuals therein, should at this crisis state their views openly and fearlessly, we, who have hitherto supported the Liberal party in Canada, subscribe to this statement."

It was signed by some of the most influential men in Ontario and was highly influential in awakening public opinion.

Many important speeches were delivered both

in Canada and in Great Britain, and the matter became a burning question, promoting very strong feeling on either side.

Sir Edmond Walker was the first man to sign his name to the manifesto, and it is hardly necessary to say that his name carried enormous weight with it. He is a man who, if we may venture on anything so personal, may be said to be one of those who mark the new era in Canada. We shall have occasion to speak of some others—men of scholarly and artistic minds, with whom the strenuous life has never been allowed to quench the love of the beautiful which is inherent in them, and who have been educating themselves in the best way all their lives.

Sir Charles Tupper, one of Canada's first men, speaking at Vancouver, frankly denounced the agreement as the thin end of the wedge. "No man," he said, "has greater respect for the people of the United States than I have, but no man is more suspicious of their aims in regard to Canada."

The late Liberal Minister of the Interior spoke at the largest demonstration ever held in Montreal, and declared that the Reciprocity agreement would be destructive to the national aspiration of every patriotic Canadian.

Mr. Lash, K.C., spoke equally strongly of the annexation peril, and said that an agreement which would open the trade northwards and southwards would practically put an end to trade across the ocean.

Mr. Foster, the eminent Canadian statesman, pointed the moral of certain declarations made by Mr. Taft, and proved conclusively that for Canada "Reciprocity means subjection, reciprocity means

continental free trade, reciprocity means ultimately political absorption."

Mr. Macmaster asked, "What do I think of the Reciprocity agreement? I think it was simply disastrous for this country. It is an absurdity to say that we would have a market with ninety millions of people. And what sort of a market? In almost every article that we produce they have a corresponding, and in most cases a much larger production, so far as any food stuffs are concerned. Their seasons are earlier than ours, and they would supply our markets at high prices before our own productions were ripe, and when they were ripe we could only send them to a stale market in the United States. . . . All the wheat that would go south of the Line would be ground in American mills to the profit of American millers, and would enable the American to get what he now very much requires, the by-products with which to feed his hogs and cattle, and, as Mr. Taft pointed out, would enable the miller to send the Canadian flour, American ground, as American flour to foreign markets, and thus make up the deficiency of ten millions of barrels—the falling off in the exportation of American flour that existed ten years ago. . . . The American supply of food products is running short, her forest wealth is almost exhausted, and they wish to draw upon these two sources of Canada's natural wealth for their own benefit. . . . The grain products of the Canadian North-West would pay tribute to the wheat pits of Chicago, and not a hoof would tread the prairie that would not be pledged to the cattle yards and slaughter houses of the same city. The cattle trade of Canada must be gravely injured. Winnipeg would have to resign her right to being the second largest city in

Canada, and Vancouver would have to bend the knee to Seattle."

Sir William van Horne, in a racy speech in St. Andrews, New Brunswick, said: "I may set out the whole situation thus: our trade is 97 dollars *per capita*, and America's is 33 dollars *per capita*. In other words, the water in our mill ponds stands at 97 and in theirs at 33, and they want us to take away our dam. Shall we not say, 'Not by a —— mill site.'" In more serious vein he said: "I am neither a politician nor a speaker, but I am glad of this opportunity to say a few plain words on Reciprocity, which I regard as the most important and far-reaching question that has come to Canada since Confederation. I am opposed to Reciprocity, because it would destroy our fiscal independence as regards our tariffs, because it would loosen the bonds which bind Canada to the Empire, and ultimately destroy them, because the underlying idea on the part of our American neighbours is our estrangement from the Empire, which would be a long step towards annexation. . . . I am opposed to Reciprocity because we do not need it now, having made our own way to success and prosperity. I see many reasons against it, but I don't see one single, real, and unaltered advantage in it to the country at large. There may be individuals here and there who might possibly be benefited in some way, and perhaps localities; but I doubt if there is a case where the benefits would compensate for the disadvantages sure to follow. Here in the Maritime provinces we hear much about hay and potatoes and apples and codfish, but for all these there are better markets than those of the United States. From my own knowledge I can say that Cuba, the West Indies generally, and Central America and other

Spanish-American countries offer much better markets for these things; and these markets are wide open to us, and it only requires a little attention on the part of the Government to enable us to reach them.

"It is only necessary to secure the establishment of regular steamship connections. There the profits would be counted in dollars rather than in cents, as in the case of the American markets. And it is only now dawning upon some people in New Brunswick that Montreal is a better market for their potatoes than can be found in the United States, and that American potatoes are brought there in the face of the duties in quantities sufficient to govern prices."

Non-politicians, or those who were non-official politicians, joined in the fray. Mr. Rudyard Kipling wrote lines which, while they almost escaped notice in England, were received with the consideration which they deserved in Canada. "I do not understand," he wrote, "how nine million people can enter into such arrangements as are proposed with ninety million strangers on an open frontier of four thousand miles, and at the same time preserve their own national integrity. Why should Canada, when she has made herself what she is, throw the enormous gifts of her inheritance into the hands of others? Whatever the United States may gain, I see nothing for Canada in Reciprocity except a little money which she does not need, and a very long repentance."

The feeling about Reciprocity was as strong in Great Britain as in Canada, and there were those who said that Mr. Asquith's Government had jumped at the American proposals with breathless eagerness, without a thought for the future of

Canadian autonomy, or even for the immediate and pressing interests of British trade, but simply because they appeared to offer hopes of side-tracking Imperial preference and of putting difficulties in the way of Tariff Reform.

In his speech on the subject in the House of Commons he alluded to the disastrous political imposture of Imperial preference, and his attitude towards Canada at this crisis shows a singular lack of sympathy or of interest.

But the matter was not to be decided by Parliament in any drastic or high-handed manner. It was, as a matter of fact, to be decided in every home in Canada. Feeling might run high in speeches and at meetings. Mr. Beauchamp Clark might publicly declare the intention of the United States to annex the Dominion, and say that England's consent would not be withheld when the annexation took place, while he offered her the prospect of "One flag, the stars and stripes, from Central America to the North Pole."

But the people of Canada were thinking over things in a quiet way—particularly on the farms. It was the farmers to whom the most specious advantages were offered by the supporters of Reciprocity. And arguments were not wanted to show that in many ways it would have been to their advantage to vote for the Liberal party. It was told them that under the present conditions of trade they had very real grievances which would be removed, and some important and very tempting figures were used. For example, wheat, it was stated, was dutiable in the United States at twenty-five cents a bushel, and in Canada at twelve cents a bushel. In both countries wheat was made free, therefore the reduction in Canada would be twelve

cents a bushel, while the United States reduction would be twenty-five cents a bushel. The duty on the Canadian wheat going into the States would be nothing, while barley, which was a large crop in Ontario some years ago, was now made free, and Canada's reduction was fifteen cents per bushel, while the United States reduction was thirty cents per bushel. And so on through a long list of figures.

The reply was that the removal of the American duty could not bring to the Canadian producer any advantage at all equal in amount to the duty itself. The range of prices for the American and Canadian grain crops was very nearly the same, and the removal of the duty amounted to little more than a name, while the removal of the duty on Western grain showed other consequences, because the difference of a cent or two might prevent the crop coming into the hands of the Canadian miller, and send them southwards across the line. Both milling and transportation would thus be seriously affected.

In the midst of these arguments and counter-arguments the Canadian farmer sat still and said very little. As a matter of fact, no one knew how he would vote. Meanwhile the grievance mongers were busy, as they are ever ready to be, alighting like bluebottle flies on every sore they can find, and spreading a pestilential infection wherever they go. And in the midst of it all the Canadian farmers, shrewd Scotsmen many of them, kept cool heads, and when the moment for action came entered a decisive " nay " and went back to their farms again.

The farmers, perhaps, had but little part in the general scenes of excitement and enthusiasm in the towns. Montreal and Ontario were in an uproar, citizens were shaking hands with each other, suppers were given to pledge toasts and drink

healths, and old stories were recalled of the undaunted Fifty, who had safeguarded Canada in the old days, while descendants of the united Empire loyalists spoke of the days of their fathers and gloried in the fine old English, Scottish, and Irish names which belonged to them. Only those who were present can at all realise the full measure of the burst of enthusiasm that rang from shore to shore in Canada. Her identity had been threatened, her loyalty had been doubted. But Canada had decided that no price could be put on these things, and that they were not for sale.

The overthrow of the Government was emphatic and complete. Canada declined the Taft-Fielding agreement. If they should lose by their decision, well, then let them lose ! Like an Eastern king of old they chose wisdom and found it well, and their choice, it was believed, would be justified by generations of experience. . . .

Careful people went so far as to say that in the end the decision might be regretted. Careful people always exist, and are generally wrong. There is a saying that if you face a bogey or a bully both will fly—but the bully and the bogey, if such they may be called, did not upon this occasion fly. They came back two years later and offered to the little nation for its own convenience, and because it had to have it, the very gifts for which they had tried to strike so hard a bargain !

Chapter XIII — *The Royal North-West Mounted Police*

IT is very characteristic of men, and bodies of men, who are doing their duty in a simple, straightforward manner, to feel a real sense of distaste towards having their deeds magnified or extolled. To use a common phrase, they cannot bear a " fuss " being made over them.

The Royal North-West Mounted Police are men of this pattern, and perhaps no treatment would suit them less than to make them subject-matter for a printed page.

Already their story has been told so ably by Mr. Haydon that to attempt to add anything to it seems a task as daring as it is unnecessary. Our only excuse for touching on it here is because the subject is a very inviting one, and because without some reference to the Royal North-West Mounted Police a book on Canada would hardly have fulfilled its purpose. There is also some fresh matter published year by year which was not available at the time when *Riders of the Plains* was written.

Mr. Haydon begins by quoting the report of Colonel Robertson-Ross, who was dispatched by the Canadian Government in the summer of 1872 to make a reconnaissance of the North-West Provinces and Indian territories of the Dominions :

" When at Edmonton and the Rocky Mountain House," he states, " I was informed that a party of American smugglers and traders had established

a trading post at the junction of the Bow and the Belly rivers, about thirty miles due east from the Porcupine Hills, and about sixty miles on the Dominion side of the boundary line. This trading post they have named Fort Hamilton, after a mercantile firm of Fort Benton, Montana, U.S.A., from whom it is said they obtain supplies. It is believed that they number about twenty well-armed men, under the command of a man called John Healy, a notorious character. Here, it appears, they have for some time carried on an extensive trade with the Blackfeet Indians, supplying them with rifles, revolvers, goods of various kinds, whisky and other ardent spirits, in direct opposition to the laws both of the United States and the Dominion of Canada, and without paying any customs duties for the goods introduced into the latter country.

" The demoralisation of the Indians, the danger to the white inhabitants, and injury resulting to the country from the traffic are very great. It is stated upon good authority that during the year 1871 eighty-eight of the Blackfeet Indians were murdered in drunken brawls among themselves, produced by whisky and other spirits supplied to them by those traders. At Fort Edmonton during the past summer whisky was openly sold to the Blackfeet and other Indians trading at the Fort by some smugglers from the United States, who derive large profits therefrom, and on these traders being remonstrated with by the gentlemen in charge of the Hudson's Bay Post, they coolly replied that they knew very well that what they were doing was contrary to the laws of both countries, but as there was no force to prevent them they would do just as they pleased.

"It appears that of late years no attempt has been made to assert the supremacy of the law, and the most serious crimes have been allowed to pass unpunished. Hardly a year has gone by without several murders and other crimes of the most grave nature having been committed. During the present year, about three weeks before my arrival at Edmonton, a man, by name Charles Gaudin, a French-speaking half-breed, cruelly murdered his wife at no great distance from the gate of the Hudson Bay Company's Post. I was informed that the criminal might have been arrested, but there was no power to act. This same man had previously most wantonly and cruelly mutilated an old Indian woman, by severing the sinews of her arm so as to incapacitate her for work.

"At Edmonton there is a notorious murderer, a Cree Indian called Ta-ha-kooch, who has committed several murders, and who should have been apprehended long ago. This man is to be seen openly walking about the Post. Many instances of a similar kind can be adduced, and as a natural result there is a widespread feeling of apprehension. The gentleman in charge of the Hudson Bay Company Post at Fort Pitt, as well as others elsewhere, assured me that of late the Indians have been overbearing in manner, and threatening at times. Indeed, the white men dwelling in the Saskatchewan are at this moment living by sufferance, as it were, entirely at the mercy of the Indians. They dare not venture to introduce cattle or stock into the country, or to cultivate the ground to any extent, for fear of Indian spoliation.

"I would urge," said the Adjutant-General, "if it be the intention of the Government to retain any military force on duty in Manitoba, that one

hundred men of the Provisional Battalion be supplied with horses and equipped as Mounted Riflemen, that an addition of one officer and twenty-five gunners from the School of Gunnery at Kingston be made to the Artillery detachment, and the Artillery supplied with four of the Horse Artillery guns recently obtained from England. Thus the force would form a small but effective Field Brigade, and its military power be increased. With regard to the necessity for maintaining any military force at Fort Garry, no doubt whatever exists in my mind as to the propriety of doing so, in view of the presence of many bands of Indians, considering the primitive state of society in the Province, the strong political party feeling which exists, and the fact that on both sides of the International Boundary Line restless and reckless characters among both white men and Indians abound.

" It is undoubtedly very desirable to maintain a certain number of police constables in the Province under the civil power, some of whom should be mounted, but I feel satisfied that the great security for the preservation of good order, and the peace of the North-West territories, under the changing state of affairs, will for some years be found to lie in the existence and presence of a disciplined military body, under its own military rules, in addition to, but distinct from, any civil force which it may be thought proper to establish. Whatever feeling may be entertained toward policemen, animosity is rarely, if ever, felt towards disciplined soldiers wearing Her Majesty's uniform in any portion of the British Empire. In the event of serious disturbance a police force, acting alone and unsupported by a disciplined military body, would probably be overpowered in a Province of mixed

races, where every man is armed, while to maintain a military without any civil force is not desirable."

Colonel Robertson-Ross's conclusions led him to suggest that no time should be lost in establishing a chain of military posts from Manitoba to the Rocky Mountains. The appointment of a Stipendiary Magistrate for the Saskatchewan, who should reside at Edmonton and act as Indian Commissioner was also, he urged, a matter of the first importance. "The individual to fill this post should be one, if possible, already known to the Indians, and one in whom they have confidence. No Indian Commissioner should proceed unaccompanied by a military force. A large force is not required, but the presence of a certain force, I believe, will be found to be indispensable for the security of the country, to prevent bloodshed and preserve peace."

Upon this scene of disorder and lawlessness, indicated by the Report, rode the Mounted Police, red-coated as became the Queen's soldiers, and with no less a determination than to put things right wherever they found them wrong, and to do justice, if necessary at the point of the sword, amongst a people who had much to learn in this matter. Stories of American Indians have filled the imaginations of boys and girls for many a long year, and round their deeds of daring has been woven many a tale of romance. Their fine physique, their vigour and their daring justify this, and no more thrilling stories of adventure have ever been told than those by Mr. Ballantyne, who himself, we believe, was a Hudson Bay clerk.

The very words "Cree," "Blackfeet," "Bloods," "Sioux," "Assiniboines," suggest lives of adven-

ture on the lonely trail like nothing else can suggest them, while the names of chiefs are equally stirring to the imagination. We doubt if any boy or girl could fail to be enthralled by tales of Braves called "Owl-Child," "Many-tailed-Feathers-round-his-neck," "Black-Evil," "All-and-a-half," "Medicine-pipe-stem," "Good-Young-Man," or even "Big-Belly." But there was another side to this brave and adventurous life, perhaps even more lurid, but certainly not so picturesque. The Indians were trappers, but they were also traders, and for years they had been content to trade their valuable pelts in exchange for cheap pocket-handkerchiefs and glass beads. Now, however, a more attractive exchange was being offered them in the form of whisky, or fire-water as they called it. To this indulgence the Indians succumbed with surprising readiness, and to fire-water some of the bravest tribes owed their complete degradation, their loss of physical strength, and in many cases the mild form of insanity that prevailed amongst them. Once tasted, our fire-water became a craving amongst them, and no skins were too valuable to give in exchange for it, while cunning or force would be used to obtain it when it was not bartered. It was useless to make laws for the suppression of the liquor traffic, because laws could not be enforced, and the trade was far too lucrative to be readily abandoned. A fine race was rapidly deteriorating; the old hardihood and courage of the Indians was going, and besides this, a bitter spirit of discontent was growing up amongst them, and small wonder that it should be so, for not only were American traders bringing fire-water amongst them, but the buffalo, which was the Indian's chief form of trade, was rapidly being exterminated

by them. It is amazing to think that there are people still living who can remember herds of these beasts, twenty-five miles in extent, and the plains covered with them, literally by the million. To-day there is a miserably small number of them penned in an enclosure at Banff, in the Rocky Mountains, and two or three more, also penned and enclosed, at Winnipeg, and these are the only remains of the animals to which at one time Canada practically belonged, and which furnished the Indian with all that he required in the way of food and clothing. The ruthless destruction of these animals seems to have been almost childish in its wantonness, and in many cases a misused sense of sport led to ridiculous bets as to how many of these creatures could be killed within a certain given time.

With the destruction of the buffaloes the Indians might almost have ceased to exist, and they doubtless owed their survival to the formation of the North-West Mounted Police. In 1862 occurred the terrible massacre of the whites at Minnesota, but this no doubt was the retaliation for years of ill-usage and ill-treatment on the part of the " Long Knives," as the Americans were called. A feeling of hatred sprang up between the two races, which it required all the tact and all the firmness possible on behalf of Canadians to allay. Their messages from the White Mother were explicit, perfectly just, and quite unalterable, and the Indians, to a man, learned to trust them, and to trust the police who administered the laws.

It would be merely borrowing from an excellent book, and one which we recommend to our readers, to give anything like a full account of the difficulties that followed, and the growing work that confronted this newly raised body of men. They might set

out to be policemen, but it very soon became apparent that they had also to be doctors, judges, river patrols, and relief officers, besides inspectors of immigrants and general referees to the large number of lawless strangers who were beginning to come into the country. The tale of their doings during the rush into the Yukon is a tale of strenuous work, undertaken in very difficult circumstances, but always with so much success that we venture to think there was hardly a well-established claim made against them of incivility or backwardness in giving help. It had been a difficult enough matter to convince American-Indians that they must not lift cattle; it was probably a far more difficult matter to convince gold-diggers that they must take a sufficiency of food with them into an unknown and frozen land. Perhaps the highest testimony that was ever paid to the work of the North-West Police in these trying circumstances was the case of an American, who said: "Where the North-West Police are you pack your revolver."

It was not, however, only in the Yukon and in the wildest parts on an only half-discovered country that the police did their excellent work. It is not so very long ago that there was a strong pallisade round the Hudson Bay Stores in Calgary, while in many districts it was impossible to go unarmed by day or by night. Added to this, lynch law was not unknown, and had to be suppressed. To put the matter briefly, the civilisation and the safety of half a continent depended upon the police.

Their work was not easily done. It involved sacrifice, and a life during many months of the year of daily personal discomfort, and expeditions into the unknown, with dangers and hardships attendant on them such as are only casually, and almost by

chance, alluded to in some of the diaries and the reports of the men engaged in them.

The story of how Inspector Fitzgerald and his little body of men met their death is one of the most tragic in all the records of the North-West Police. All the more moving because, in the diary kept by Inspector Fitzgerald to record the daily events of that ill-fated journey, there is no appeal for sympathy, nor even any natural outbreak of despair. The third last entry in his diary contains the optimistic words : " I think we will make it all right." And this when they had only three or four dogs left, one hundred miles to go, and the temperature was twenty-six below zero.

The facts are these : On December 21st, Inspector Fitzgerald, accompanied by two corporals and a guide named Carter, set out on a patrol from Fort MacPherson to Dawson. They took with them a certain amount of provisions, but rather less than usual, as it was expected to be a quick trip, and the party were confident of encountering Indians on the route. From the first everything seems to have been against the expedition. Heavy snow fell, and the going became extremely slow and difficult. The temperature varied from zero to sixty-four below. What the travellers must have suffered from exposure in such intense cold it is difficult for Europeans to realise. Then Carter became uncertain about the trail. For days the expedition wandered, first in one direction, and then in another ; three or four times they had to turn back upon the trail, and every effort failed to bring them to the Hart-Wind Divide, where they would have met Indians and where they would have been able to procure a fresh guide and increased provisions.

On Wednesday, January 18th, the stock of food

was finally exhausted, and the first dog killed and eaten. From that time on until the end dog flesh was the only sustenance of the little band. The men got weaker and weaker, and sickness, consequent upon the unnatural food, set in ; their skins began to peel, and their lips were swollen and split ; for want of proper food the intense cold became agonising. And yet the party struggled on, even at the very last hoping that it would be " all right," and that they would strike the right trail.

On March 21st, the search party, sent to discover traces of the lost expedition, came upon the emaciated bodies of two men, lying side by side in the desolation of the country which had conquered them. They were Constables Kinney and Taylor. Taylor had blown his head off, and the report has it that he was probably insane through hardship, but there would be found very few people to condemn the taking of a life existing under such appalling conditions. Near by was a kettle containing moose skin, which the unfortunate men must have endeavoured to masticate as food.

Fitzgerald and Carter had managed to struggle on for another ten miles or so, but here they succumbed, worn out, exhausted by misery, privation, and suffering that we can neither imagine nor describe. Their bodies lay extended in the snow, mere wretched skeletons of humanity, but skeletons that had been the frame work of the best and noblest flesh and blood that Great Britain contributes to the making of her Empire.

Inspector Fitzgerald's diary was found under the bodies of Constables Kinney and Taylor. No one who reads it can doubt that it was simply written as an official police report, and yet its very simplicity lends such force to it that we feel that

nothing else can so vividly convey a picture of the scene through which he passed, and the daily life on the trail :—

Twenty-one below. Wednesday, December 21.—Strong N. wind, with heavy mist and light snow. Left Fort McPherson at 7.45 a.m. Nooned 2 spells up river and camped in Indian cabin 15 miles up river. Going very heavy in some places. 15 miles.

Seventeen below. Thursday, December 22.—Strong S. wind, with heavy mist. Left camp at 8 a.m. Nooned one hour and camped below portage at 3 p.m. Going fair. 18 miles.

Seven below. Friday, December 23.—Slight N.E. wind, with heavy mist. Left camp at 8.30 a.m. Nooned one hour and camped at south end of 7 mile portage. Snowing last night, making heavy going. 17 miles.

Seventeen below. Saturday, December 24.—Fine, with strong S.E. wind. Left camp at 8 a.m. Nooned one hour above Colin's cabin and camped for night in old Indian camp at 3.15 p.m. Heavy snow during night, making heavy going. 16 miles.

Thirty below. Sunday, December 25.—Light N.W. wind, with heavy mist. Left camp at 8 a.m. and arrived at the mouth of Trail Creek at 10.15 a.m. and loaded up the cache of fish and left at 11.45 a.m. and camped about eight miles up Trail Creek in old camp at 2.15 p.m. Going heavy on Peel River, good going on Trail Creek. 16 miles.

Twenty-four below. Monday, December 26.—Strong S.E. wind, with heavy mist. Left camp at 7.30 a.m. Nooned one hour and camped at Indian encampment at 1.45 p.m. 20 miles up Trail Creek. Going very good. 18 miles.

Thirty-nine below. Tuesday, December 27.—

Fine, with strong S.E. wind. Left Indian camp at 7.30 a.m. and travelled up Trail Creek for 5 miles and then went up small creek, due south, for 7 miles and camped for night at 2 p.m. Sent Constable Kinney and Indian ahead to break trail for to-morrow. Hired Indian and dog team to help us across 80 mile portage, paying him $3 a day. Going very bad all day, had to break through three feet of snow and only made about 12 miles. 12 miles. Climbed 800 feet.

Forty-three below. Wednesday, December 28.—Fine. Very cold and very misty in hills. Left camp at 8 a.m. and travelled up ravine until 1 p.m. Nooned one hour and camped on the upper end of Caribou Born Mountain at 2.30 p.m. Indians followed our trail and caught us up at 10 a.m. and all camped together. Very deep snow and very steep climb, and only made about 12 miles. Climbed 1000 feet from camp until 1 p.m. At the head of the mountain the climb from Trail Creek is 1000 feet. 12 miles.

Thirty-four below. Thursday, December 29.—Fine. Clear and cold in valley, very misty in hills. Left camp at 8 a.m. and travelled down 1½ miles to head of small creek and followed it to Caribou River, and camped at start of portage on Caribou River. Snow very deep, dogs very tired. 14 miles.

Fifty-one below. Friday, December 30.—Fine, with light S. wind. Left camp at 8.15 a.m. and travelled until 2.30 p.m. and only made about 9 miles. Snow on the portage very deep, and some very steep hills ; found it very cold on account of going so slow. 9 miles.

Forty below. Saturday, December 31.—Fine, with strong S. wind. Saw the sun to-day. Left camp at 7.30 a.m., nooned one hour and camped at

3 p.m. 4 miles down Mountain Creek. Going very heavy on the portage and Mountain Creek. 16 miles.

Thirty-seven below. Sunday, January 1, 1911.—Heavy snow storm all day. Left camp at 8.45 a.m., made one drive and camped in small cabin 4 miles above mouth of Mountain Creek at 2 p.m. Going very heavy, over 3 feet of snow. Paid off Indian, 5 days coming and 3 days to return. 11 miles.

Thirty-five below. Monday, January 2.—Heavy snow storm during night and all day. Left camp at 7.30; had to cut our way through the bush twice, owing to driftwood being piled up in the river; nooned one hour, and camped on the Peel River, 5 miles above Mountain Creek at 2.15 p.m. Going very heavy, owing to deep snow. 10 miles.

Forty-six below. Tuesday, January 3.—Light snow all day. Left camp at 7.30 a.m., nooned one hour, and camped at Waugh's old tent, 2 miles up Wind River at 3.30 p.m. Mouth of Wind River ¾ of a mile above lower end of Peel River canyon. Going very heavy; dogs played out. 12 miles.

Forty-seven below. Wednesday, January 4.—Strong S.E. wind with snow. Left camp at 8.30 a.m., nooned 1 hour and camped at 2.30 p.m. Going very heavy; over 3 feet of snow most of the way. 10 miles.

Sixty-five below. Thursday, January 5.—Fine, with slight head wind. Left camp at 8 a.m., but only went about 6 miles, when we had to go in the bush and make camp at noon, owing to the intense cold; some slight frost-bites among the party. Going heavy, but a slight improvement in the last few days. 6 miles.

. . . . . .

Thirty-seven below. Thursday, January 12.—Fine, with slight head wind. A nice day. Left camp at 8 a.m., and stopped 3 hours at noon, and sent Carter to look for portage but he could not find it. At 3 p.m. found that the river was getting very small ; camped and sent Carter on ahead, and came to the conclusion that we were too far up. 12 miles.

Twelve below. Friday, January 13.—Snowing, with light fair wind. Left camp at 7.30 a.m., came back down the river 5 miles, and went up small creek 4 miles, which Carter thought was Forrest Creek, but found it was not, and came down 2 miles farther and camped at 1.30 p.m., and sent Carter out to look for creek. 15 miles.

Twenty-three below. Saturday, January 14.—Very strong gale all day, head wind, could not leave camp.

Thirty-nine below. Sunday, January 15.—Very misty, with slight head wind. Left camp at 7.30 a.m., and followed up east branch of Little Wind River, and camped at 3.15 p.m. at what is supposed to be the mouth of Forrest Creek. Going very good ; a little heavy snow at the start ; the rest of the way mostly ice. 16 miles.

Forty-three below. Monday, January 16.—Fine, with very strong S.W. wind. Left camp at 7.45 a.m. and travelled up creek for 6 miles, and found that it was not Forrest Creek and had to return to mouth again and camp. Sent Carter out in afternoon, but he had no success. 12 miles.

Twenty-three below. Tuesday, January 17.—Fine in a.m., with strong S.W. wind which turned to a gale in the evening. Did not break camp, sent Carter and Kinney off at 7.15 a.m. to follow a river going south by a little east ; they returned at 3.30

p.m., and reported that it ran right up in the mountains, and Carter said it was not the right river. I left at 8 a.m. and followed a river running south, but could not see any cutting on it. Carter is completely lost and does not know one river from another.

We have now only 10 pounds of flour and 8 pounds of bacon and some dried fish. My last hope is gone, and the only thing I can do is to return and kill some of the dogs to feed others and ourselves, unless we can meet some Indians.

We have now been a week looking for a river to take us over the divide, but there are dozens of rivers, and I am at a loss. I should not have taken Carter's word that he knew the way from Little Wind River.

Thirteen below. Wednesday, January 18.—Very strong S. gale last night and this morning, moderated in afternoon. Left camp on the return to Peel River, at 7.45 a.m., nooned one hour and camped at 3 p.m. 20 miles below. Killed the first dog to-night for dog feed ; hardly any of the dogs would eat him, and had to give them a little dried fish. Our food consisted of a small piece of bannock and dried fish. Good going on our back trail. 20 miles.

Twenty-eight below. Thursday, January 19.—Very misty, with slight S.W. wind. Left camp at 7.30 a.m., nooned one hour and camped about 29 miles above the mouth of Little Wind River. Most of the river was overflowed, and we were at times ankle deep in water. Killed another dog to-night. 21 miles.

Twenty-one below. Friday, January 20.—Very strong S.W. gale all day. Could not leave camp, it was all we could do to keep the tent standing. Ate

the last of the flour and bacon to-day. All we have now is some dried fish and tea.

Zero. Saturday, January 21.—Strong gale until noon, moderated in p.m. Left camp at 7.45 a.m., nooned one hour and camped about 12 miles above the mouth of Little Wind River. Nearly all clear ice, making the going slow. Killed another dog to-night. 20 miles.

Fifty below in a.m. Sunday, January 22.—64 in p.m. Very misty, with slight S.W. wind. Left camp at 7.45 a.m., nooned one hour, and camped 5 miles down Big Wind River, 4 p.m. Going very heavy, our old trail filled up and had trouble with water. Carter's fingers badly frozen. 17 miles.

Sixty-four below. Monday, January 23.—Misty, with strong head wind. Stayed over in camp as it was too cold to travel.

Fifty-six below. Tuesday, January 24.—Strong S. wind, with very heavy mist. Left camp at 7.30, went 6 miles and found the river open right across. Constable Taylor got in up to his waist, and Carter in up to his hips, and we had to go into camp at 11 a.m. Cold intense with all the open water. Killed another dog, and all hands made a good meal on dog meat. 6 miles.

Fifty-three below. Wednesday, January 25.—Left camp at 7.30 to look for place to cross open water, and did not start with dogs until 9.15. Nooned 3 miles above Mount Deception and camped at 3.30 p.m. 20 miles above mouth. Going fairly good. Had our old trail part of the way. Killed another dog to-night. Our food is now dog meat and tea. 18 miles.

Twenty-one below. Thursday, January 26.—Snowing, with very heavy mist. Left camp at 7.30 a.m., lost some hours getting around open water,

and nooned one hour, and camped at 3.30 p.m. Going very heavy in deep snow, and all hands and dogs getting weak. 8 miles.

Thirteen below. Friday, January 27.—Heavy snowstorm, with heavy mist. Left camp at 7.30 a.m., nooned one hour, and camped at Waugh's tent at 2 p.m. Searched tent and cache for food, but found none. Going very heavy. Killed another dog. We have now only 9 dogs; the rest are gone for feed. 11 miles.

Forty-five below. Saturday, January 28.—Strong south wind with mist. Left camp at 7.45 a.m., nooned one hour 3 miles below Peel River canyon, and camped at one of our old camps at 3.15 p.m. Taylor sick last night and all day. Going very heavy; very little sign of our old trail. 12 miles.

Twenty below. Sunday, January 29.—Snowing, with light N.E. wind. Left camp at 7.30 a.m., nooned one hour, and camped in cabin at 1.30 p.m. 5 miles up Mountain Creek. Killed another dog to-night. Men and dogs very weak. Cached one sled and wrapper and 7 single dog harness here. 10 miles.

Fifty-one below. Monday, January 30.—Fine, with light W. wind. Left camp at 7.45 a.m., nooned one hour and camped at 3.15 p.m. at foot of big hill on Mountain Creek. Going very heavy; old trail all filled in. All hands feeling sick, supposed to be from eating dog's liver. 14 miles.

Forty-five below. Tuesday, January 31.—Sixty-two below in p.m. Fine, with slight S.W. wind. Left camp at 7.15 a.m., had to double up for the first 1½ miles; nooned one hour and camped at 4.15 p.m. 4 miles from Caribou River. Going heavy; travelled part of the time on our old trail, but it was filled in. Skin peeling off our faces and

parts of the body, and lips all swollen and split. I suppose this is caused by feeding on dog meat. Everybody feeling the cold very much for want of proper food. 17 miles.

Fifty-one below in a.m. Wednesday, February 1. —Two below in p.m. Fine, with strong S.W. wind. Left camp at 7.30 a.m., nooned one hour, and camped at 4 p.m. on the river where we start round Caribou Born Mountain. Followed our old trail, but found it very heavy. Killed another dog to-night; this makes 8 dogs we have killed, and we have eaten most of them, and fed what dried fish we had to the dogs. 16 miles.

Seven above in a.m. Thursday, February 2.— Twenty-three below in p.m. Fine in a.m., very misty on mountain in p.m. Left camp at 7 a.m.; nooned one hour, and had to camp on the mountain at 3.30 p.m., as we got astray in the mist. Going heavy in Creek; very good on the mountain. 10 miles.

Twenty-six below. Friday, February 3.—Misty in a.m., clear in p.m. Strong N.E. wind. Left camp at 7.45, crossed the mountain by 1.30 p.m., and camped on Trail Creek at the mouth of the small creek. Killed another dog to-night, and had to feed some of it to the dogs as we have no dried fish. Men and dogs very thin and weak and cannot travel far. We have travelled about 200 miles on dog meat, and have still about 100 miles to go, but I think we will make it all right, but will have only three or four dogs left. 14 miles.

Fifty-two below. Saturday, February 4.—Fine, with strong S.E. wind. Left camp at 7.15 a.m.; nooned one hour and camped at 3 p.m. 8 miles down Trail Creek. Going very heavy, and everybody suffered very much with the cold. 8 miles.

Fifty-eight below. Sunday, February 5.—Fine, with strong S.E. wind. Left camp at 7.15 a.m.; nooned one hour, and camped about 8 miles further down. Just after noon I broke through the ice and had to make fire; found one foot slightly frozen. Killed another dog to-night; have only 5 dogs now, and can only go a few miles a day; everybody breaking out on the body and skin peeling off. 8 miles.

. . . . . .

This was Inspector Fitzgerald's last entry. His will was found in his pocket. Writing with a piece of charred wood, he had left everything he possessed to his "dearly-loved mother." Then he had written simply, "God bless all," and so died.

As well as the difficulties and dangers of patrols, the nervous and risky work of searching for criminals, and the arduous nature of their ordinary police duty, the North-West Police have over and over again to play the part of the Good Samaritan to those unfortunates who have tried to win success in the new country and have failed. For months together immigrants are provided with food and shelter and care. Sometimes, on a patrol, when food is of such vital importance, constables will deplete their own stock of provisions to feed a hungry man they meet on the roadside. They will go many miles in the bitterest days of a bitter winter to rescue destitute families from starvation, and no case is too desperate for them to attempt to relieve. Now and again a constable has even worse to do than merely to rescue immigrants under difficulties.

A trapper was frozen to death fifty-five miles distant from Prairie Creek, and a constable at that

station was detailed to go and bring the frozen corpse for burial. The journey was long and weary in the cold, for speed under the circumstances was impossible. The body was frozen into an awkward position and had to be repacked several times a day, and though Constable Thorne had a pack outfit and a man with him, the gruesome undertaking must have taxed his nerves and powers of endurance to the utmost. On another occasion Corporal Handcock journeyed sixty-five miles from his station in order to bear the corpse of one more unfortunate trapper to Prince Albert, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles in another direction. Such tasks must be horrible and unnerving in the extreme, and yet the reports show no instances of grumbling or discontent or mutiny.

The treatment of the insane is another of the heavy tasks of the North-West Police. There is a fine story of one member of the police force who had to carry a distance of thirteen hundred miles across the snow, a missionary who had become insane, and whom it was necessary to bring down to a lunatic asylum. The journey of the one solitary man in a dog-sleigh with an uncontrolled lunatic, and with no shelter for either of them, in mid-winter, reads more like a tale of ancient heroism than one which concerns, even remotely, present day conditions. Cases of insanity are of great frequency on the prairie, and are induced, it is believed, by the excessive loneliness which prevails there, and the hard life. There are a considerable number every year for the North-West Police to treat with, and this, no doubt, is one of the saddest parts of their work.

Of crime there is of course a considerable amount,

but not so much as might be expected from the isolated position of many of the settlers' dwellings, combined with the fact that "toughs" from all parts of the world are to be found in Canada. The report of 1911 has the story of a murder which taxed the Force to the utmost :

"The murdered man himself wrapped up his business in impenetrable mystery. He was known to have a large sum of money—how much no one knew, but it consisted of a large roll of bills. He was scrupulously honest in his dealings and was well liked by his neighbours, who, however, knew very little about him. He was the personification of eccentricity. He would not entrust his money to a bank, and no one knew where he kept it. I was able to find only one man who ever saw him with a roll of bills in his hand, and that on one occasion in the Dunbow Industrial School where he was making some small payment to the accountant. He was known to have at least one sister in England, but, after weeks of correspondence with English authorities, I failed to find her. He himself led his neighbours to believe that he was in process of selling his ranch and its belongings to a young Scotsman, and when he disappeared without having gone to bid his old-time neighbours good-bye, they thought it strange and unneighbourly, but put the omission down to eccentricity, and nothing was ever said to the police about it.

"His real name was A. J. Tucker Peach, but he was generally known as 'Old Tucker,' and comparatively few people knew that his name was Peach at all. The postmaster at Gladys and John Fisk were two of the few.

"On June 29, 1910, the headless trunk of a man was found in the Bow River, where it had been

washed by the current against a fallen tree. Part of the body which was out of the water was very much discoloured, and the whole of it was decomposed. A shirt and undershirt were on it, but these gave no clue to his identity. No one was known to be missing and Dr. Nyblett, Coroner of Macleod, who was called to the spot, issued his order for burial. The remains were buried on the river bank by two settlers.

"In the month of November following a skull was found under the fallen tree previously mentioned, and near it, half buried in the sand and frozen stiff were a blanket, a cowhide and a piece of rope. The skull had a small clean hole in the centre of the forehead; a few iron-grey hairs attached to it; a piece of cotton batting in one of the ears; and a slight dent, apparently the mark of an injury received many years previously during lifetime, which extended both ways across the forehead from the centre; some few teeth were also missing.

"A few of the settlers in that neighbourhood, on being shown the skull, said from the first that it 'looked like Old Tucker.'

"One settler remembered that some twenty-five years previously 'Old Tucker' had been kicked in the forehead by a horse, and he had bound up his head for him. Another recalled that 'Old Tucker' always wore cotton batting in one or both ears. A third judged from the shape of the skull and the iron-grey hairs that it was 'Old Tucker's' cranium that was presented to him.

"The skull was sent for examination to Dr. Revell, Provincial Bacteriologist, at Edmonton, an inquest was called for November 29, at Okotoks, and the previously buried body was exhumed.

" In the interim we searched high and low for Tucker Peach, of whose disappearance we now learned for the first time.

" A young man was then living on his ranch as caretaker for the young Scotsman who was said to have bought it, Thomas Mitchell Robertson. The latter young man was working as a brakesman on the C.P.R. between Medicine Hat and Calgary.

" Robertson had left word with the postmaster at Gladys to forward any mail matter for Tucker Peach to his Calgary address. On being served with a summons to attend the inquest at Okotoks, Robertson told us that he had bought the Peach ranch of one hundred and sixty acres for $26 per acre—half down, half payable in twelve months. He told us also that Peach went first to Carstair and from there to England, whence he had written about his money. We had Robertson interviewed at various times and places, and on each occasion he told a somewhat different story from what he had previously told. We investigated each story as we received it, to find that it was founded on fiction, but we never said a word to let him think we regarded him with suspicion.

" On the day before the inquest Robertson left Calgary for the south, having stolen $90 from a fellow-boarder, but instead of leaving the train at Okotoks he went on to Macleod, where he spent the afternoon in dissipation at a house of ill-fame. Towards evening he became the worse for liquor and said that he had stolen $75,000 in Alaska, that the police were after him, and that he wanted to catch the Spokane flier that night. The woman of the house communicated with the officer commanding the Mounted Police, and Robertson was taken into custody. The summons to the inquest

was found on him, the Coroner was appealed to, and he issued a warrant under which Robertson was conducted to Okotoks next day.

"The first witnesses called established the identity of the dead man to the satisfaction of the jury, and Dr. Revell, who had made a masterly examination of the skull, showed clearly the course which the bullet must have taken after entering the forehead to find an exit at the inner corner of the left eye. Dr. Revell repeated his story to two other juries, who unreservedly accepted his able exposition.

"In the afternoon Robertson underwent a lengthy examination and his story then differed from any of his previous stories. He swore that he had bought two quarter sections from Tucker Peach, being three hundred and twenty acres at $26 per acre, which price included twenty-one horses on the place. The purchase money to the extent of $5000 had come to him by bank draft from Scotland to the Bank of Montreal at Calgary, where he cashed it for notes and gold. He did not remember the respective amounts of each, and so the silly story went on until at last he was informed that Bank of Montreal officials could, and would be called to contradict his statements in detail, and he was then asked by Inspector Duffus if he had any explanation to offer as to the conflict of evidence between himself and them. His reply was, 'Well, I guess this isn't the place to say it. I do not wish to say anything further.'

"Inspector Duffus who was watching the case for the Mounted Police . . . saw that the psychological moment had arrived — obtained the Coroner's permission to speak to the witness—asked Robertson if he had anything he would like to say

to him privately, and on an affirmative gesture took him to another part of the house. There, in the presence of witnesses, having given the witness the full caution laid down in the Criminal Code, he wrote down Robertson's confession and asked him to sign it, which he did. The confession briefly set forth that, on the morning of King Edward's funeral, Robertson and one John Fisk had murdered Tucker Peach in his own shack ; that they had wrapped the body in the dead man's blanket and cowhide, and, with his own horses and wagon, had driven it into the middle of the Bow River, and there dumped it into the stream.

" It was after ten o'clock that evening before I heard and digested the reports made by Inspector Duffus, and there was no time to lose. John Fisk had recently left the Gladys district and gone to Carbon, to the north-east of Calgary, where he had bought a livery stable. We had a detachment at Carbon, but for some reason or other the wires were down and we could not communicate with them quickly enough.

" Soon after midnight on November 29, therefore, the most powerful motor that I could hire in Calgary, containing two non-commissioned officers, crept quietly out of the city on its seventy-five mile run to Carbon.

" The men had positive orders to wait for the opening up of the stable in the morning, and to take Fisk while he was engaged in his daily routine, for he was well known to be a desperate man. The arrest was effected without difficulty, and the motor discharged its three passengers into Calgary Barracks by 1 p.m. of November 30. Five dollars per hour for thirteen hours paid the motorman's account.

" Now that the two perpetrators of the murder were secured, there was obviously only one course to pursue to convict both men, namely, to use Robertson's evidence against Fisk, and Robertson's confession against himself.

" Robertson never weakened in the stand he had taken. It was such a relief to him to have disburdened his guilty conscience that he became cheerful, and was not only willing but anxious to give us every assistance in his power.

" Inspector Duffus, having been the recipient of his first confidence, was the only person allowed to talk to him, and any conversations were reduced to writing, and taken in the presence of the Provost, for my information.

" After I had heard by wire from Sergt. Tucker at Irricana that Fisk was in custody on November 30, Inspector Duffus had an interview with Robertson, and the following is what he said. I give it *in extenso* in order to show how completely a man of weak mind may be dominated by a stronger will.

" *Thomas Mitchell Robertson states as follows :*

" The latter end of January, 1910, I was working down at Bob Begg's at the corner of the Bow and High rivers. One day—I don't remember the day or month—I think it was February last, Jack Fisk drove down with a team and box sleigh to Begg's place.

" Mrs. Begg, the two children and I were the only ones there ; he sold her a washing-machine and a couple of patent fasteners for horse collars he had with him ; this was the first time I met Jack Fisk.

" About two or three weeks after this Old Man Tucker came down to the river at Mrs. Begg's for water ; he said that Jack Fisk's pigs disturbed the

water on the top of the hill and he couldn't drink it ; he took a barrel of water with him with a team and wagon he had with him.

" I rode the range for Begg for about a month, looking after his cattle, and one day I rode over to Begg's gate at the north-east corner of his place, where I met Jack Fisk chasing his milk cows into Begg's place. I had some conversation with him about some horses ; it was then that he told me that Old Man Tucker was getting after him about some horses he (Tucker) had lost ; he said Tucker was going to have him run in for stealing them. He said, ' I'm scared the old man will get me into trouble,' and as he (Tucker) had no friends and relations and no one to take care of him, he thought it would be a good thing to get him out of the way. I said, ' If you have got his horses the old man is right and you should get into trouble.' He then said to me, ' If you will help me get Peach out of the way you can have his land and I will take the horses as I want 'em.' I didn't say anything to this as I was scared. He then threatened me and said, ' If you say anything about this I will put a shot in you.' I said nothing to nobody and rode home to Begg's, and he went on rolling his Fall wheat. I used to meet him nearly every morning after this when I was riding ; he would ask me what I thought of it, and if I said anything to anyone. We discussed the thing on and off for about two months, until the last Saturday in April, 1900. I think it was Saturday when I came to Calgary about my job on the C.P.R. I stayed at the King Edward while at Calgary. Begg was in town and stopped at the Dominion, I think. The two of us went home on Monday—this would be the beginning of May.

" That afternoon the team I was working got up in a bunch and got away from me. Mrs. Begg sent me on top to look for them. While I was up on the hill I met Fisk, when he began talking about getting rid of old Peach, and said then if I helped I could have the land and he would take the horses ; he was to take them at any time he wanted them. I then agreed to help him.

" Two weeks after this I went into Calgary and started working on the C.P.R. as brakesman. I made a couple of trips and went out to Fisk's place the following Wednesday. Before going out to Fisk's I hired a rig from Frank Pashak, who runs a store at De Winton. I told Pashak that I was going to drive to Tucker Peach's. When I got to Fisk's place he sent me to Tucker's shack about three or four hundred yards away. This was Thursday afternoon. I helped to clean his grain that afternoon and talked to him about selling his place and horses ; he made out a memorandum on a sheet of paper, which is now at Medicine Hat in my box ; the memorandum showed what he wanted for horses, land, etc. I went back to Fisk's that night and slept there. Fisk and I agreed that night that we would kill Tucker Peach the next morning ; he was to fire the first shot and I was to fire the second.

" He wanted me to fire the first one, but I wouldn't.

" The next morning, Friday, the day of King Edward's funeral, about six o'clock, Fisk and I went to Peach's shack and tried to look in the window. We couldn't see anything as it was covered over with a tent. I knocked at his door, and the old man called ' Who is there ? ' I said I was there, telling him my name. He opened the door ; he

had his drawers and shirt on ; he sat down on his bed, which was on the floor, and started to put on his trousers. Fisk then fired a shot at Peach with a revolver ; blood started to trickle down his face ; at the same time he fell back. Fisk handed the revolver to me and told me to do the same. I took the revolver, pointed it at Peach, and fired. I don't know whether I hit him or not, I was so excited, but I guess I did. Peach never spoke ; he was dead after the shots. We both came out of the shack and looked around to see if anyone was there. There was no one in sight. We then hitched up Tucker's team and drove up to the door, rolled the body in some blankets, and drove it down to the Bow River at Tucker's lower place. We drove into the river along the west fence or west side of his property, and dumped the body into it. The blankets and cow robe which we rolled him into were tied around him. The river at this point runs east.

" From what I heard the body was found about a quarter of a mile from where we dumped it.

" After this I came into town, but stayed at the Dunbow School Saturday night. I told some of them there that I had bought the place. The team I took in were Peach's. I sold them to the Alberta barn for $200 and put the money in the savings bank of Montreal. I was to give Fisk any money that he needed. I gave him two payments, one of $50 and one of $30, the amounts shown in my pass book in Medicine Hat.

" I went back to the ranch in about two weeks. I saw Earny Adams there, and he told me that Fisk had been looking after his horses, and that four two-year-old horses were missing. Adams told me he thought Fisk had stolen them. I didn't say anything. Shortly after this the body was

found. Fisk, I think, was living on his place, but shortly after this left for Carbon. Shortly before the body was found I brought one of Peach's horses to town and traded it for one belonging to Mr. Gilmore, the plumber, of 827, 5th Avenue, West. I sold the horse I got from him to a grocer, who has a store east of the post office, for $18; the grocer is just east of the Queen's Hotel. I gave him a bill of sale. I sold a stud about two weeks ago. My cousin sold it for me. My cousin is E. Davis, and is looking after the place for me; he knows nothing about this affair.

"Fisk threw the revolver we shot Peach with into the middle of the river. When I speak of Tucker I mean Tucker Peach.

(Sgd.) THOMAS M. ROBERTSON.
(Sgd.) ARTHUR W. DUFFUS, Insp."

The men who would do the Queen's business so well in Canada were not backward in coming forward to do her work in South Africa at the outbreak of the Boer War. To the first Canadian contingent which sailed in October, 1899, the Police were not called upon to contribute any officers or men, but some months later a second contingent was asked for, and the recruiting for this cause was placed in the hands of the Mounted Police.

And thus came into being the 2nd (afterwards called the 1st) Battalion Canadian Mounted Rifles. The original contingent, raised in Eastern Canada, became known as the Royal Canadian Dragoons, in order to connect them with the permanent calvary which bear that name. In addition to the 1st C.M.R. the Police also supplied men to Strath-

cona's Horse, the 2nd C.M.R., the South African Constabulary, and the 5th C.M.R. It is a great pity that in so doing the N.W.M.P. lost their identity as a Force while in South Africa. Two hundred and ninety officers and men in all thus went to the front, and were merged with other volunteers in the different Canadian contingents. No other permanent corps in the Dominion could boast of such a representation, and this fact alone speaks volumes for the splendid spirit which animated the members of the Force. "With but few exceptions," says the Commissioner, "all ranks were willing to volunteer. It was not a question of who would go, but who must stay at home."

It was not our good fortune to be anywhere near the Canadian Contingent during the fighting in South Africa. But we remember well arriving at Paardeberg not long after Lord Roberts's famous march from Kimberley to Bloemfontein. The track of a great army is rather a curious thing to witness. Here is the field telegraph still standing, and there the deep marks of the wheels of gun carriages in the sand, and everywhere are carcases of horses strewn in the way. Vultures fly low over the fields, or hop heavily across the sun-baked earth. Here and there are farm-houses, whose names have since become famous in history: "Poplar's Grove," "Driefontein." Their walls are riddled with bullets, and in the garden, perhaps, shells are raked together into piles. In some quiet corner are the graves of those who have fallen, covered with heaps of stones.

At one place some poor farmers had come back, and were full of tales of fighting—tales which will never appear in newspapers or in records of the war,

and which form very striking telling. This is not the place for them ; the story has been told over and over again, and does not want recapitulating here. But at Paardeberg we were struck by the scene so closely connected with the Canadian Contingent that we touch upon it without apology, only asking for uncovered heads for a moment.

At Paardeberg there is a river which has eaten its way downwards until its banks are like great cliffs of hardened mud. On these banks, and by the shore, trees grow which hang out great branches of tasselled green, which trail lazily in the running water. On the height above the mud cliffs wrecked wagons, dead horses, scattered ammunition, are still here. An Australian sergeant took us round the place. Here on these steep cliff sides were the dug-outs where the Boers lived ; here are little notebooks, odds and ends such as pocket knives and pieces of clothing still lying about, and everywhere, strewing the ground, are scattered bullets and shells.

Yes, it was a tough job, the sergeant says, to turn the Boers out of this. That valley was filled with lyddite smoke for days together, and the firing never ceased. It went over their heads of course—to fire into that valley meant like firing over gulls' nests from the side of a rock, so the place had to be taken not by shells, but by bayonets and at close quarters.

We went past different spots where this regiment had done splendidly, or the " old —th " had behaved well.

There was a chance for everyone that day, the sergeant says, and not many of them missed it.

The air was alive with the singing of birds that day at Paardeberg, and a number of them were flying over the trenches.

" The sappers were digging these every night and all night long—there are some of their spades lying about still. This trench here is the last one of all ; it was after this they made the final rush. There was no cover to be had after the last trench was left, but all the boys seemed in a hurry to come out into the open.

" That group of thorn-bushes there is where so many of the Canadians fell." Between the last trench and the enemy's lines there was a little group of Wachteinbitte thorns, covered with great white needles, and underneath them were some uneven mounds.

" They dashed across the open to the thorn bushes—even thorn bushes can look like a bit of cover sometimes, and they got their wind again then. And some of them fell."

This is all part of the story of the Royal North-West Mounted Police.

. . . . . .

Here Miss Macnaughtan had to leave her book—and the other chapters planned were never written —for like the brave Canadians of whom she had just been writing, when the call for volunteers came, in August, 1914, she left her work and all her interests, offering her services with an eager willingness. As her niece writes in the biographical sketch attached to Miss Macnaughtan's war diaries, " She was on fire with patriotism and a burning wish to help her country." Every other consideration was put on one side, and the writing which was the joy of her life was neglected to give personal, active help to the wounded and suffering. She ended by giving her life, a sacrifice brought about by her war service in Russia. " The

seeds of her illness," writes her niece, "had probably been sown some years before, during a shooting trip in Kashmir, and the hard work and strain of the first year of the war had weakened her powers of resistance. But it was Russia that killed her." The last entry in Miss Macnaughtan's diary, written by her feeble hand in far-distant Tehran, rings down the curtain of her life. She was filled with a sense of weakness and wrote pathetically that she would like to have quitted the feast of life when all was gay and amusing. "But now so many of the guests have left and the fires are going out and I am tired."

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