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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

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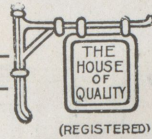
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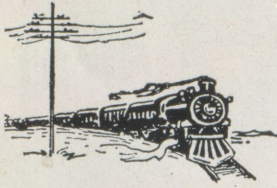
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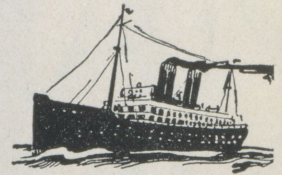
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TORONTO

MONTREAL



THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY



Vol. VI.

MONTREAL, MAY-JUNE, 1921

No. 3-4

Our Chat With You

OWING to the unfortunate engravers' strike in Montreal, we have been forced to consolidate our May and June issues, and as this action will mean the loss of one number to each subscriber we are automatically extending every subscription one month. We regret very much the trouble that has arisen between the employing engravers and their workmen, for we have taken a great deal of pride in the artistic work that the Engraving Department of the Gazette Printing Company has executed for us in the past three years, and we sincerely hope that a satisfactory settlement will be speedily forthcoming.

Our future plans contemplate many interesting articles on topics of timely interest, which will give our readers, we hope, a more comprehensive knowledge of this country.

One of these articles will cover in a general way the fisheries of the Dominion, after which we intend to have a number of articles on different phases of this important national industry. In an early issue, also, we expect to publish an exhaustive article on the waterpowers of Canada, showing their extent and distribution and how best to conservatively develop them. All in all, we hope to greatly improve the magazine in the next few months.

Our doctrine:
To assist in the development of the

great resources of the Dominion of Canada through the dissemination of conservative information relating thereto, and to give entertainment, refraining from discussion of religious, racial, or political questions.

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Contributions in the form of Canadian fiction and illustrated articles devoted to Canadian subjects of the general character published by this

magazine are invited, and will be paid for on acceptance at our regular rates, which we believe are higher than those of any other Canadian publication.

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ALL COMMUNICATIONS should be addressed to the Editor, *The Canadian Illustrated Monthly*, Richelieu Building, Montreal.



There is perhaps no more delightful summer region anywhere than the Thousand Islands, the mystic playground of Hiawatha. Here we have a view of Hart House, one of the myriad show places of the American Venice.

Photograph by S. J. Hayward, Montreal

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Montreal, May-June, 1921

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Canada's Unrivalled Summer Voyage

By Garnault Agassiz

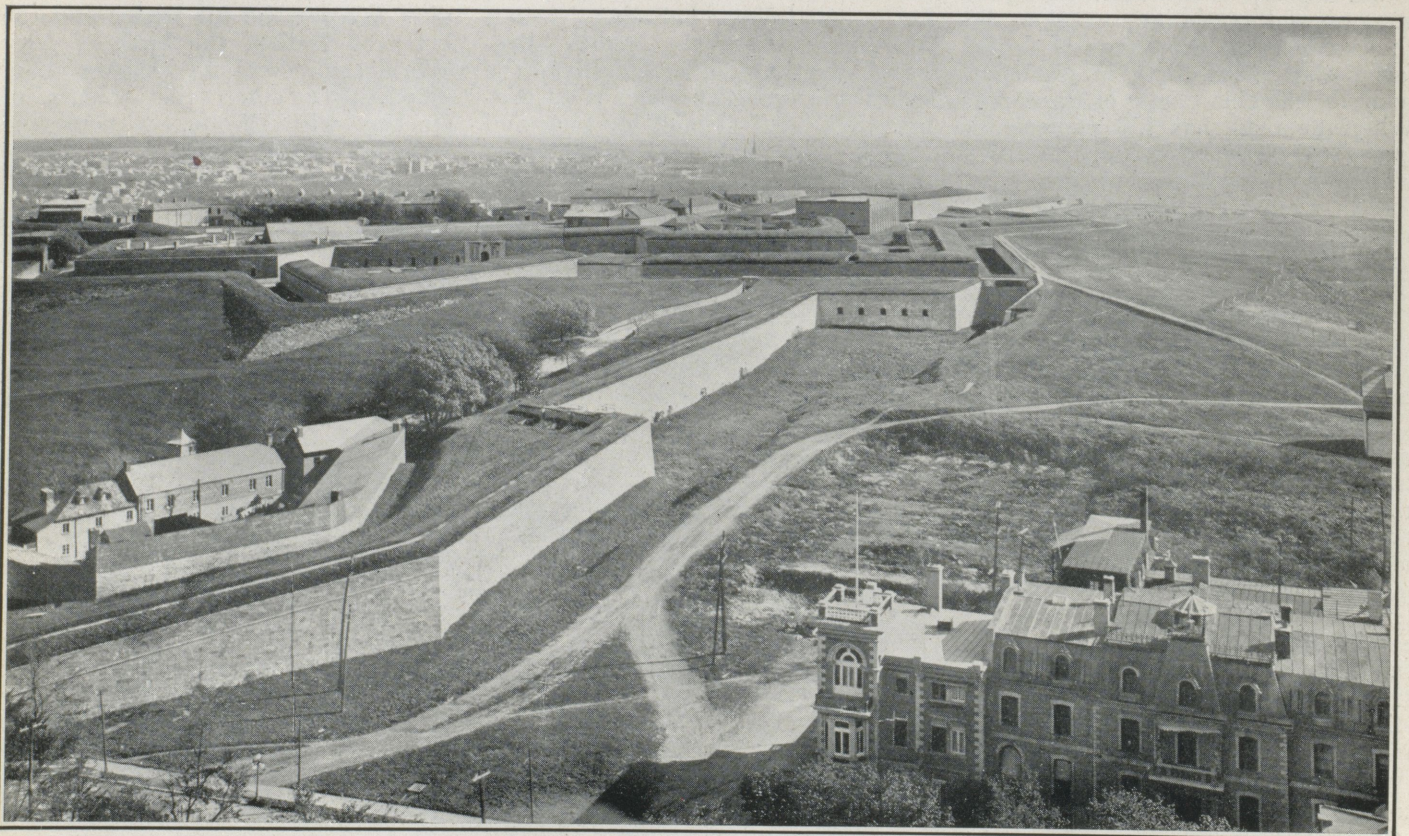
A SUMMER voyage which is each year growing in popularity among the people of our own country and of the Republic to the south of us, is the journey down that most beautiful and historic of all the waterways of North America which stretches from the cataract of Niagara to the far-famed Saguenay.

Embracing in its entirety that most famous of the earth's wonders, Niagara Falls, and the no less majestic Niagara Gorge; Queenston Heights, with their monument to Brock; peaceful Lake Ontario, with Toronto, "Queen City" of Canada, gracing its

northern shores; martial Kingston; the renowned Thousand Islands; the seven rapids of the St. Lawrence, culminating with the Lachine; cosmopolitan Montreal, with her harbor and cathedrals, and her atmosphere redolent of days long gone; ancient Three Rivers, and more ancient Quebec—Quebec, foundation stone of the New

World, with its Plains of Abraham, its towering escarpments, and its monuments to heroes dead; Murray Bay, with its palatial Manoir Richelieu, commanding the river from the heights above; Tadousac, oldest settlement of New France, birthplace of the fur trade, its three-century-old church still standing; and then, the indescribable Saguenay, with its lofty capes and almost fathomless depths—this surely is a voyage without a counterpart.

And the region traversed is one of extraordinary diversity, remarkable contrast.



Photograph by S. J. Hayward, Montreal
A view of Quebec's historic Citadel, once the keystone of British defence in North America



Niagara, the greatest of all the Earth's Natural Wonders

water for the valuable pelts of the North; here the pioneers to wrest from the soil the fruits of a primitive agriculture. Here occurred many of the most terrible of the Indian massacres. Here fell Wolfe and Montcalm, settling forever the destinies of New France. Here were fought some of the most sanguinary battles of the Revolutionary War and of the War of 1812. Here were laid the foundations of the Canada of to-day.

And on this wonderful summer voyage we see all these things as no history can depict them—see them in phantasy, of course, but as realistically almost as though they were but now.

We see Jacques Cartier, mariner of St. Malo, plant his cross on the Gaspé shores, linger a space at Tadoussac, then proceed up the river to Stadacona and Hochelaga, those Algonquin villages that, wiped out by the fierce Iroquois, have grown up in a new civilization as Quebec and Montreal. We see Champlain, the true father of Canada, lay the foundations of Quebec, then follow him in imagination to the Georgian Bay in his fruitless search for a short route to the supposedly fabulously wealthy Indies. We retrace the footsteps of Marquette and LaSalle, Nicolet and Cadillac, and hear the roar of Niagara with Hennepin. We see the fur trader and the betrayed Indian, the birth of New World commerce and its baptism of blood. We climb the heights of Quebec with Wolfe, witness the struggle on the Plains of Abraham, the victor and the vanquished both

An empire in area, it is in great part as primeval as when the pioneer penetrated its unexplored wilds; as when the truculent red man hunted his lawful prey, scalped his enemy, or smoked the pipe of peace.

Yet in sections it is highly developed. Within its confines are to be found deposits of asbestos. Along its streams and bordering its lakes, lie thousands upon thousands of fertile farms that bring forth in profusion many of the chief fruits of the earth. Wherever man has his settlements graze vast herds of cattle. From its waters come millions of fish. Its forests yield an almost incalculable wealth. The pulse of industry throbs in its cities and towns. Its railroads link its magnificent distances and bring its peoples into common communication. Its waterways carry a greater annual commerce than any one of the seven seas.

But with all he has accomplished, man has but conquered the outer fringe of this great empire. Beyond the frontier Nature still reigns supreme. There the trapper still plies his calling undisturbed. There the monarch moose still flaunts his challenge on the air, the deer and the caribou still roam unmolested. There the beaver still builds his house, the salmon, the trout, and the maskinonge still break the peaceful calm of the waters.

For the sportsman is only beginning to hear the call, and the territory is so vast that it will be many, many years before its primeval conditions will have been altered, before its

rugged grandeur will have been despoiled.

In history, too, this region is very rich, veiled with an atmosphere of romance and tradition that is common to no other section. Here came the first explorers and soldiers, here the first messengers of the Word. This was the land of Cartier, Champlain, LeCaron, Joliet, LaSalle, Nicolet, Marquette, Cadillac, Jogues, Bréboeuf, and many other knights of the sword and cross who sought to conquer this heathen land for king and church. Here came the first traders to barter their cheap trinkets and fire-



The Great Gorge Route that leads from Niagara Falls to Lewiston

lying silent in death. We watch the standard of France lowered, the flag of Britain unfurled; witness the wars of brother against brother, then the lasting peace wherein gun and sword are supplanted by plow and loom. We see the steel rails laid, the waters interlinked, the earth made to yield up her treasures—a glorious present evolved from a storied past.

In making this journey in its entirety, we board one of the Canada Steamship Lines' splendid Niagara River steamers at Lewiston, Queenston or Niagara-on-the-Lake, after having first visited, of course, the mighty cataract of Niagara, proceeding from Niagara Falls to Lewiston by either the Great Gorge Route or the New York Central Railroad, or to Queenston by the International Railway or the Michigan Central.

The Niagara Gorge is one of the finest examples of erosion in America. Its almost perpendicular palisades, cut from the solid rock by time, the master sculptor, the stately pines that stand sentinel along its banks, its ever-changing, varicolored waters, its broken rocks, the quaint fishing traps that peep out intermittently along its shores—they must, once seen, forever silhouette themselves on our mental horizon, a picture too realistic to be erased.

The journey down the Gorge soon

ends and we board the "Cayuga," "Corona," or "Chippewa," for the trip down the Niagara River and across Lake Ontario to Toronto.

There are few more delightful two-hour sails than this river and lake voyage to Toronto.

Short as it is, this is one of the most impressive portions of our journey, the banks which, at the start, towered above us, the precipitous escarpments that give to the Niagara Gorge so distinctive a charm, undergo a gradual but swift metamorphosis, until, by the time we reach Lake Ontario, they hardly rise above the waters. Crowning the banks are splendid forests of pine and spruce, with here and there a fruit farm or some other habitation, fitting into the landscape with perfect harmony, while behind us, commanding the surrounding country from the topmost heights, the monument to Brock seems always to frown.

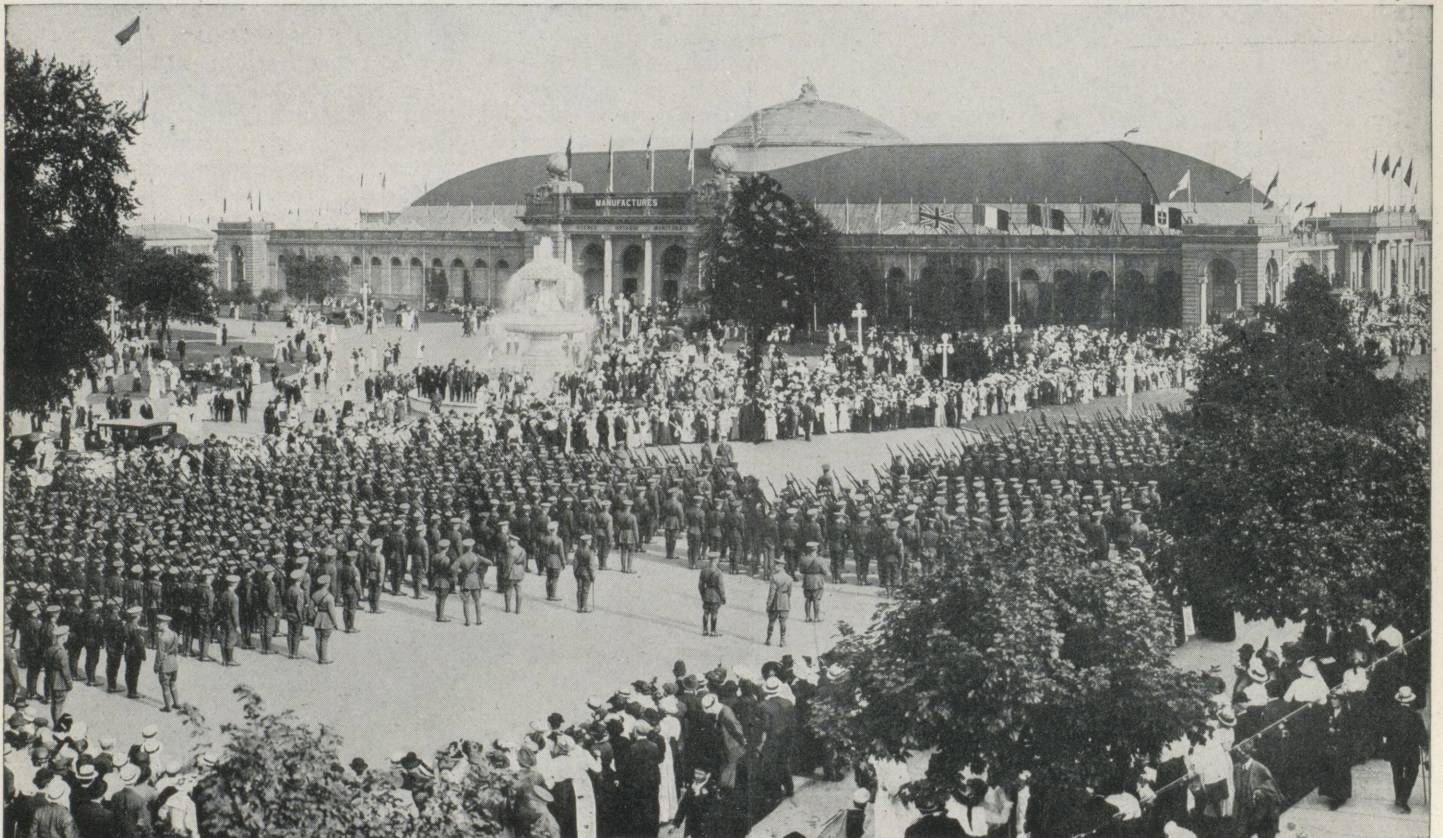
Sailing steadily onward, we cross the most peaceful of the Great Lakes, and almost ere we know it are within sight.

Passing into the harbor, we are afforded a splendid view of the extensive improvements that are being undertaken by the city, at a cost of over \$20,000,000, to provide better terminal facilities, additional protected anchorage, and a comprehensive scheme of esthetic development.

Beautifully situated on the northern shores of Lake Ontario, Toronto has been christened "The Queen City of Canada"—and it well deserves the appellation, for although essentially a manufacturing city, its thousand-odd plants having an approximate output of \$150,000,000, it has been so well planned that the industrial seldom protrudes, and to the visitor the city presents a front of broad, well-paved streets, splendid buildings and well-planned parks.

As the home of the municipally controlled Canadian National Exhibition, which attracts over a million visitors a year, Toronto has a world-wide fame. More than \$2,500,000 have been expended in the permanent buildings that house the various exhibits, and the event has been a mighty factor in the development of the agriculture, not only of the Province of Ontario but of the Dominion as a whole.

Leaving Toronto for Montreal, we board the "Toronto" or "Kingston" and sail across the lake to Rochester, our first stop, an important manufacturing centre of more than 250,000 population, and one of New York State's most beautiful and progressive municipalities. The home of the famous Kodak, Rochester is the world's headquarters for every character of photographic supplies. It is



The Canadian National Exhibition held each summer at Toronto is the most notable annual fair on the continent



The Toronto City Hall and its famous clock

also known as the "Flower City," from the fact that it is the chief seed centre of North America.

We leave Rochester at ten-thirty p.m. and, after a night's sail, arrive at Kingston, one of Canada's three distinctively military towns.

In the dim light of early morning, Kingston, "The Limestone City," with its gray stone ramparts, its grim martello towers, and its sentinelled penitentiary walls, has a somewhat austere appearance, taking one back to the days of Frontenac, when this stronghold at the portals of the Great

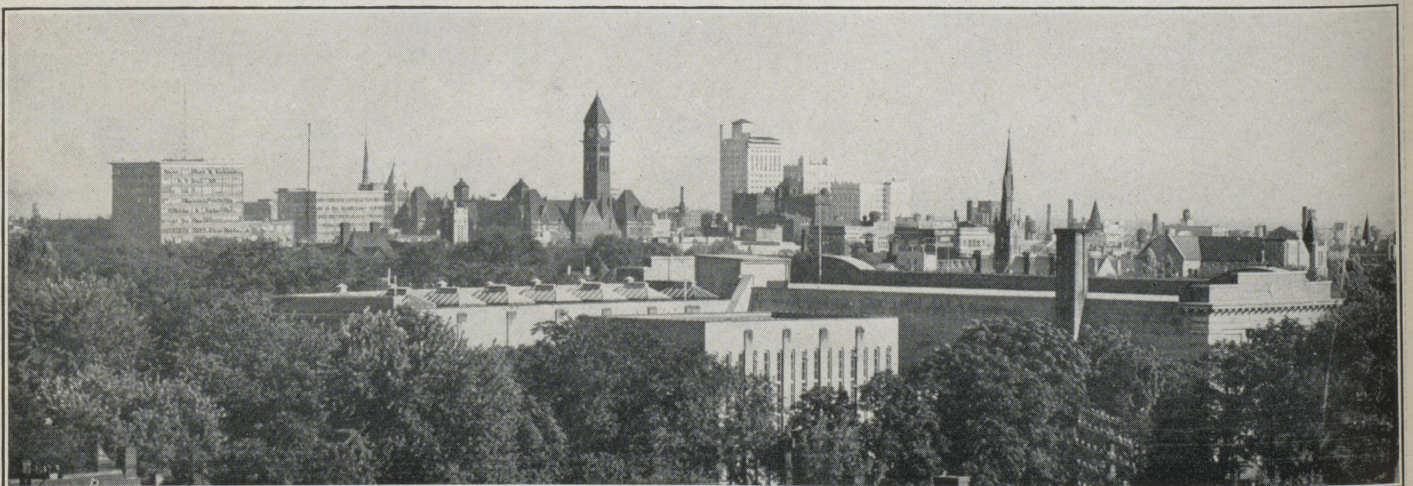
River was so important a factor in the sanguinary struggle between the French pioneer and his implacable Iroquois foe. But on nearer approach this effect is dispelled, for, rising on every hand side by side with these martial relics, are the more inspiring monuments to a century of peace—the college hall, the church, the factory, the home, the wheat elevator, and the dock, the whole hemmed in on every side by the once primeval forest, its giant members enshrouding even the city itself in a mantle of glorious green.

Kingston was founded as a trading station under the name of Cataraqui, the river on which it is situated, about the middle of the Seventeenth Century, and, a few years later, in 1673, Frontenac, one of the greatest soldiers of his time, selected the site for a fort, conferring upon it his own name, and appointing as its commandant the redoubtable explorer, LaSalle. It was at Fort Frontenac that LaSalle constructed the first vessel to navigate the waters of Lake Ontario.

Fort Frontenac was destroyed by the Iroquois in 1693 and its inhabitants massacred. Rebuilt two years later, it underwent many vicissitudes in the struggle between England and France, being in the hands of one or the other according to the fortunes of war. It was ceded to England in 1761, after the final treaty of peace, and the fort itself, which had been completely destroyed in 1758, was rebuilt in 1812 as Fort Henry.

Leaving Kingston behind us, we sail past Fort Henry and enter that part of the St. Lawrence known as the Lake of the Thousand Islands—Manatoana, the Garden of the Great Spirit.

It is no stretch of the imagination to say that few on board are prepared for the magnificent kaleidoscopic view that is thrust so suddenly upon us, as, rounding Wolfe's Island, we enter the very heart of the world's most famous fresh-water archipelago. As far as the eye can reach, island upon island rise from the crystal waters, jewels in a studded bracelet, or fairy oases in a desert of snow. Islands are everywhere. They encompass us round about on every side. They seem to float by us in a never-ending procession. They stretch away to the front of us, and trail far to our stern.



A bird's-eye view of the commercial centre of Toronto, the "Queen City" of Canada

Photograph, courtesy Grand Trunk Railway System

And yet there is no monotony to the landscape. For this is a region of a thousand moods. Nothing seems to be quite the same as that which preceded it. Now, perchance, we sail past the privately owned island of some modern Croesus, terraced in a winding succession of steps with a myriad varicolored flowers, and crowned with a villa that well might be some feudal castle of the Old World; now another, whose varied charm has brought about its pre-emption by the Government; now one on whose wooded shores rises a palatial summer hotel; now, a less pretentious isle, barely large enough to provide the foundation for the bungalow that almost overshadows it; now by ornamental bridge, or by bridge of rock that even the elements have not been able to wear away, and, ever and anon, by some primitive isle that seems to have been overlooked by the iconoclast. Pleasure craft, from noble yacht to humble birch-bark canoe, flit by us on every side, and in the more sequestered places we catch a glimpse of the angler plying his patient calling as though out of touch altogether with the world. And over the whole region there seems to cling a latent charm—a charm that has in it the echo of exquisite music, such as that

which Evangeline left in her wake as she passed down the village street.

It is, too, a region rich in historic interest, redolent of tradition. Before the coming of the white man, this was the summer playground of the Iroquois. Here, says tradition, the mighty Hiawatha met the two dusky Onondagas and counselled the alliance of the Six Nations, and, although Longfellow does not make it so, the Lake of the Thousand Islands well might have been Minnehaha—Minnehaha, "Laughing Water," iridescent in the light of a Canadian summer morn, ever-sparkling, ever-changeable Minnehaha; Minnehaha well named.

Among these islands, also, is the famous Lost Channel, where in 1758 the British under Lord Amherst, on their way from Oswego to Montreal, entered the channel by error and were ambushed by the French and their Huron allies. They emerged victorious, but a small boat, containing coxswain and crew, never found its way out, hence its name.

Then there is Carleton Island, the rendezvous of Thayendanagea, the terrible chief of the Six Nations who fomented the bloody massacres of Cherry Valley, the Cedars and Stony Arabia. It was from this island, also, that the midnight raid on Deerfield, Mass., for the recovery of the Bell

of St. Regis, was made. A fort was erected on the island at the close of the Eighteenth Century, known as Fort Carleton to the French, and Fort Haldimand to the British. In the Revolutionary War, Carleton Island was a popular refuge for the Tories of New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey.

Another famous island is the Devil's Oven, where "Bill" Johnston, the "patriot" or "pirate" of the Thousand Islands, according to the point of view, and his heroic daughter, "Kate" found shelter from their pursuers. Yet another is Lost Lover Island, where the Indian maid, on her fruitless search for her unfaithful lover, was drowned, and still one more, Dark Island, where, in the War of 1812, the frigate "Ensign" was scuttled and sunk with a loss of ninety lives.

Our first stop after leaving Kingston is Clayton, frequently called the "Gateway to the Thousand Islands," and a very popular resort.

We then proceed to Alexandria Bay, passing Frontenac Island, with its beautiful summer homes; Wellesley Island, the site of Thousand Island Park; Peel Dock, where the steamer "Sir Robert Peel" was burned by Johnston in 1838; Fishers' Landing, Jolly Oaks, and St. Lawrence Park.



Alexandria Bay, where are located practically all the large hotels, is the centre of the social activities of the Thousand Island Region
 Photograph by S. J. Hayward, Montreal



Photograph by S. J. Hayward, Montreal
A remarkable view of the Thousand Island Region taken by our Official Photographer, Mr. Hayward, from an aeroplane



Photograph by S. J. Hayward, Montreal
One of the show places of the Thousand Islands is the Boldt Mansion, constructed by the late proprietor of the Waldorf Astoria, New York City. Here is a picturesque corner of the estate

Alexandria Bay is the Saratoga of the Frontier, its shores, and the shores of the innumerable islands that encompass it, being studded with fashionable hotels and beautiful private villas. Here, each year, assemble many of the leaders of the very best society in the United States and Canada and hundreds of prominent people from other lands.

Alexandria Bay is left behind us, and soon the prow of our vessel is once more winding in and out of this wonderful island labyrinth.

The Summerland Group is left behind, then Grenadier Island and, almost before we realize it, the Three Sisters, the last of the archipelago, are far to our stern, and Brockville, a thriving manufacturing town, named after the hero of the War of 1812, is reached.

From Brockville we proceed to Prescott, the burial place of Barbara Heck, one of the founders of Methodism, where we change to the "Rapids Prince" or "Rapids King," especially constructed observation steamers, for the trip to Montreal.

Passing out of Prescott Harbor, we are afforded a fine view of the lighthouse, once the old windmill where, in 1837, a body of "patriots," under Von Schultz, the Polish exile, held out for some days against the Canadian

troops. Von Schultz was subsequently captured and hanged.

A little below, on the American side of the river, we catch a glimpse of the City of Ogdensburg, the site of the Onondaga mission founded by the Sulpicians in 1749, under the name of La Présentation.

Shortly after this the waters that for so long have flowed as peacefully as the gentle brook through the meadow receive a sudden impetus, as though impelled forward by an unseen force, much as the child who has lingered too long among pleasant scenes is hastened homeward by the falling shadows, and in the space of a few moments, so it seems, the river has undergone a complete change—the first of the rapids, the Galops, have been encountered.

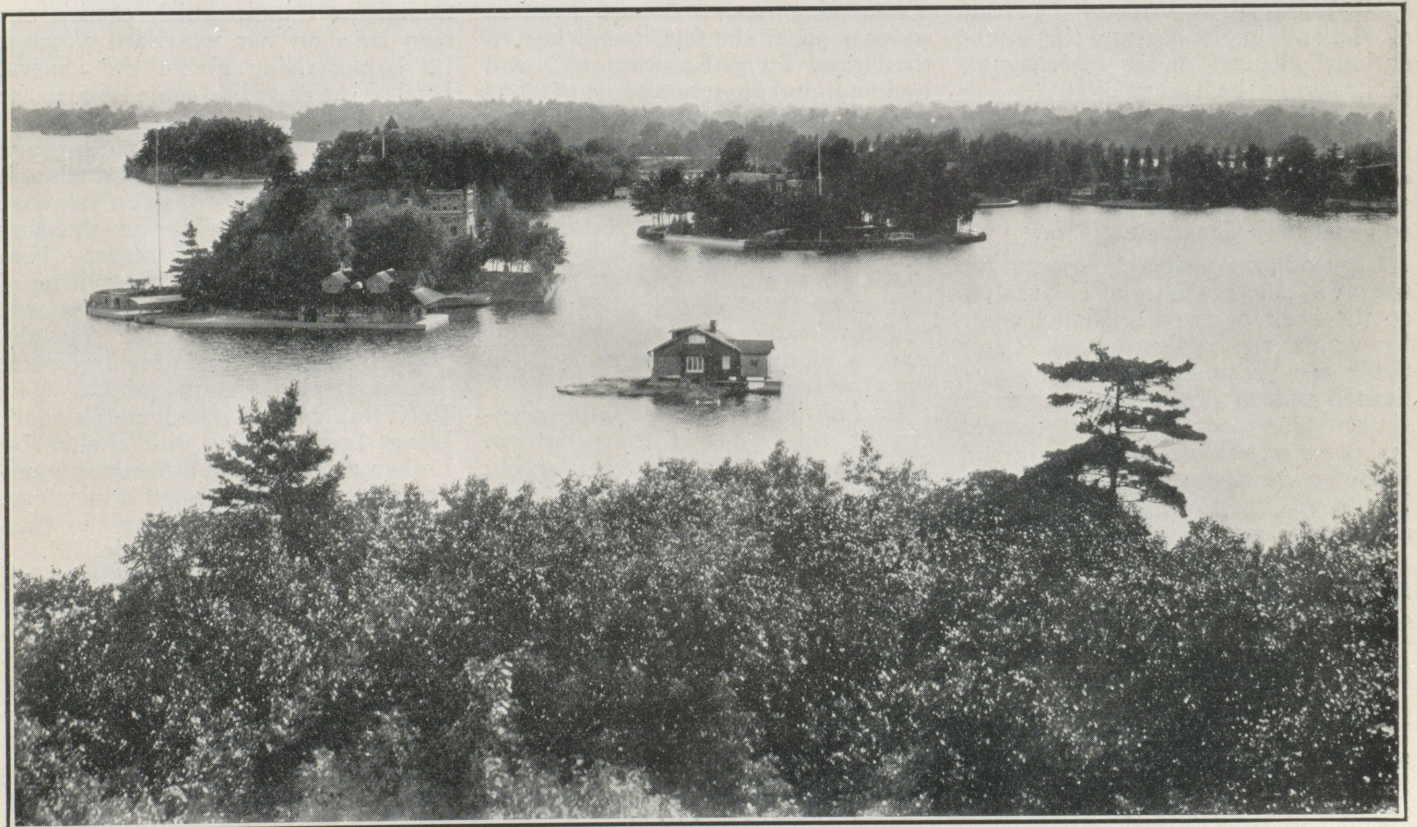
If the voyage through the Lake of the Thousand Islands brought a sense of peaceful content, the journey down these rapids brings a feeling of buoyant exhilaration. For it is as though our boat, by some strange transition, has been suddenly transplanted from calm lake to angry sea, whose billows rise above the rugged rocks, and waves break in mountains of spray. The rocks seem to rise in the very path of our ship, as though to bar our progress, are safely passed and left far behind. The waters lurch for their

prey, and roll back in defeat, until before long, emerging like a conqueror from a field of battle, our ship is riding once more in calm waters.

Leaving the village of Cardinal, with its huge starch mill, to our left, we sail steadily onward, and in about an hour's time pass through the Rapids du Plat, and shortly afterward commence the descent of the rapids of the Long Sault.

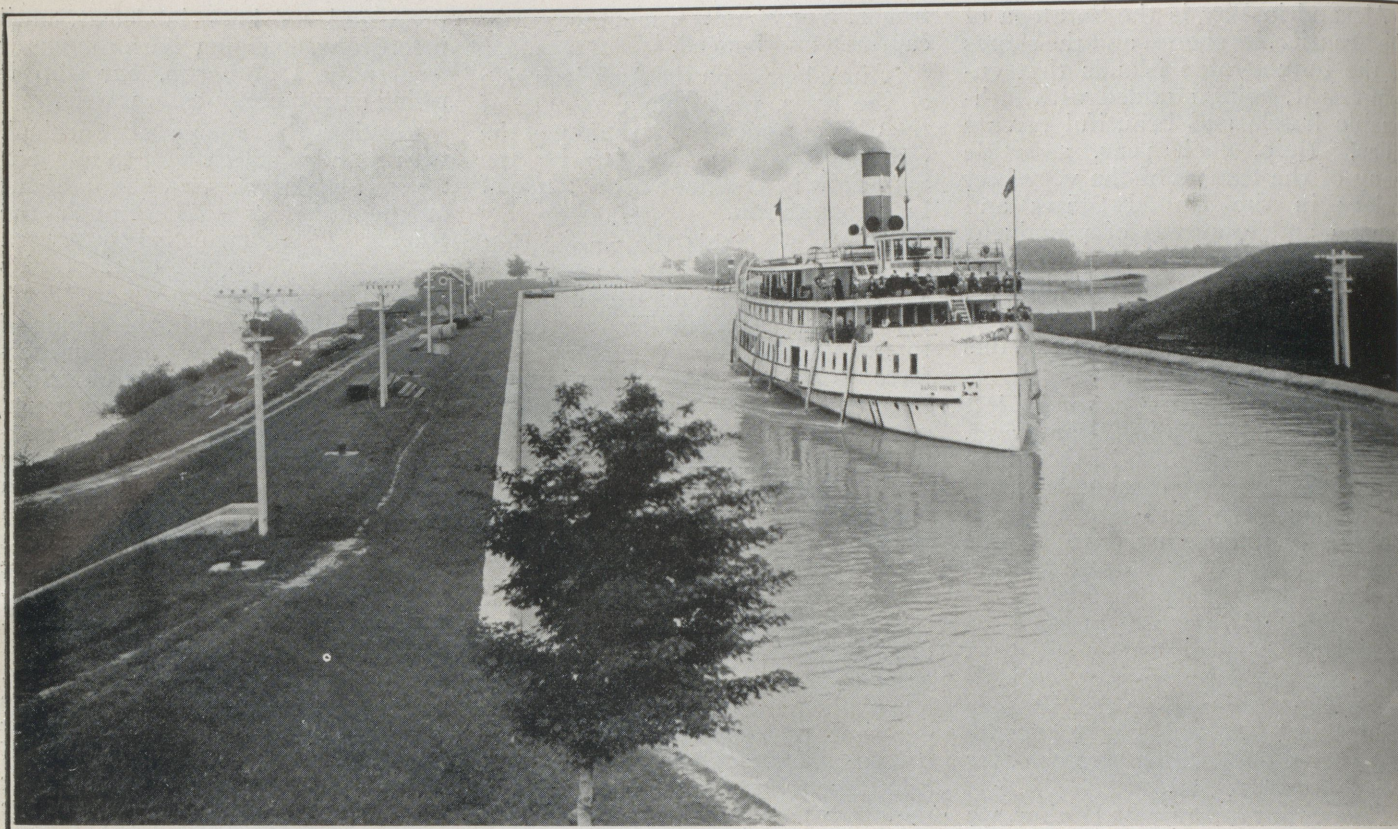
Nine miles in length, the rapids of the Long Sault are the most considerable of all of the graduated waterfalls of the St. Lawrence. Storm-tossed and wild, and traversing an island-studded region of extraordinary beauty, these rapids swirl onward with terrific speed, like an angry monarch who will not be denied, and our boat travels with them, impelled almost entirely by the current, at an approximate speed of twenty miles an hour. And yet, to look upon the waters that face us in a succession of huge waves, for all like the giant combers of some rockbound coast, it would appear that we were progressing in spite of them, that our advance was the victory of contest, the prowess of the superhuman over the natural.

Approaching the foot of the rapids, we pass on the left Sheiks Island and Barnharts Island on the right, and for seven miles we look out upon United



A typical view in the Thousand Islands

Photograph by S. J. Hayward, Montreal



The "Rapids Prince," of the Canada Steamship Lines fleet, passing through the Soulanges Canal on its return trip to Prescott
Photograph by S. J. Hayward, Montreal

States territory from both sides—this peculiar condition having been created through an error of the King of Holland in delineating the international channel in his capacity as arbitrator of the Treaty of 1812.

Having shot the Long Sault, we reach Cornwall, where the international boundary veers to the southward, and the St. Lawrence becomes an essentially Canadian stream.

Cornwall, a growing manufacturing town of 7,500 population, is situated at the head of the Cornwall Canal, by which the rapids of the Long Sault are surmounted. It has unlimited power, promising it a great future as a manufacturing centre. Its most important industry is the manufacture of cotton. It is said to be the smallest town in Canada with a street railway.

Opposite Cornwall is the Indian reservation, St. Regis, in the Province of Quebec.

Leaving Cornwall, we pass Stanley Island, a summer resort, and enjoy a twenty-eight-mile sail on beautiful Lake St. Francis, which affords us a splendid panorama of the surrounding country, embracing the pastoral valley of the St. Lawrence, the foothills of the Laurentians, and the distant Adirondacks. The institution on

the southern shores of the lake is the Convent of St. Anastasius.

Emerging from Lake St. Francis, we pass under the fine steel bridge of the Grand Trunk Railway at Coteau Landing, and shortly afterward commence the descent of the Coteau Rapids. Then we enjoy a few moments of tranquillity, our course running between the wooded banks of the mainland on the north, and the green shores of Grand Isle on the south, but the waters soon grow turbulent once more, and we are rushing headlong down the Cedar Rapids, more beautiful, perhaps, than even the Lachine.

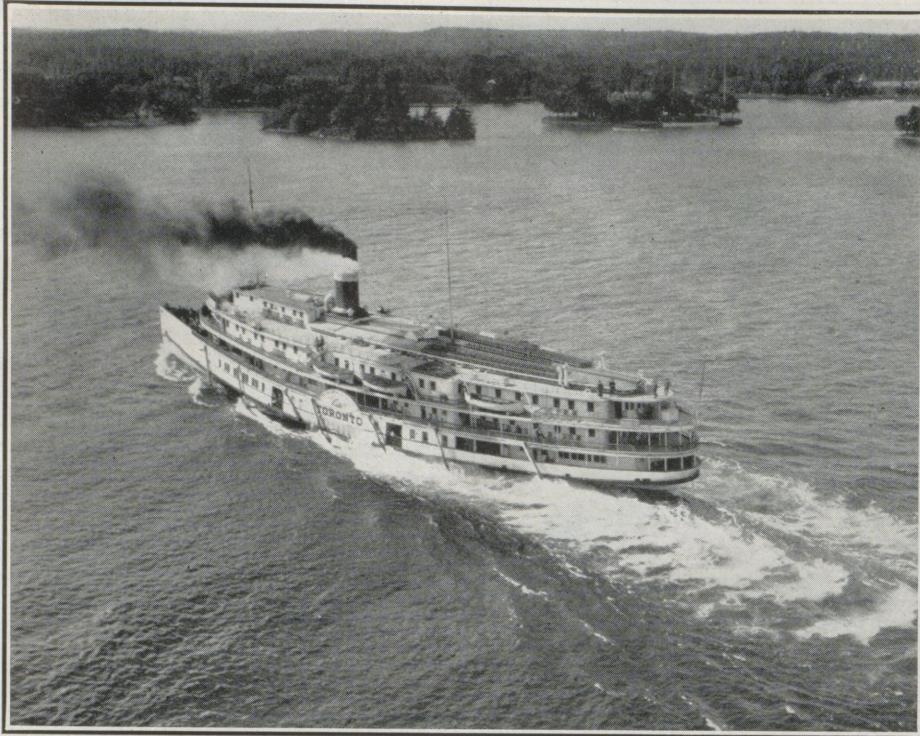
Enchantingly exquisite is the scenery at this stage of our journey. Sparklingly clear, yet extraordinarily translucent, the waters of the Cedars dance with rhythmic whirl and glorious abandon, hurling themselves against and over the rugged rocks, through which our boat is deftly steered, running of her own momentum at a speed of nearly thirty miles an hour—just such a region as the Lake of the Thousand Islands must have been when naught but dusky Onondaga disturbed its pristine silence.

But even here the dominion of man asserts itself, for here and there we see the manifestations of his handiwork—mighty power houses, trans-

mission lines, and peaceful villages, and almost always in view the Soulanges Canal, which carries our own ship on her westward voyage, its banks rising above the general level of the river like some levée in the Mississippi Delta.

Swiftly we slip by the picturesque little village of Cedars, its church spire reflecting back the summer sun, and a few moments later are shooting the Split Rock Rapids, from where we have a good view of the village of St. Timothee, on the old Beauharnois Canal, which, superseded by the Soulanges, is now used only for power. The navigable channel of the Split Rock Rapids is extremely narrow and, being bordered on either side by broken rock, is most difficult to navigate, but we pass through it in safety, and a moment later enter the Cascades, the two being really joined.

After passing through the Cascades, we leave behind, in succession, Melochville, at the foot of the Beauharnois Canal, and the village of Beauharnois itself, its two-steeped church appearing very prominent in such a pastoral landscape, obtaining about this time our first view of Mount Royal, at whose foot rises the chief metropolis of the Dominion of Canada. Here we pass into Lake St. Louis, where the waters of the Ottawa,



Photograph by S. J. Hayward, Montreal

The "Toronto," of the Canada Steamship Lines fleet, wending its way through one of the many winding channels of the Thousand Islands

divided by Ile Perrault, meet those of the St. Lawrence, the murky brown of the former in striking contrast to the turquoise blue of the latter.

The two rivers flow side by side for a space, then the greater stream absorbs the smaller, the deep blue predominates once more, and Lachine comes into view.

Lachine, originally called St. Sulpice, was established on feudal lands presented to LaSalle by the Sulpician Fathers of Ville-Marie (Montreal), its name being changed in a spirit of derision to commemorate the famous explorer's abortive attempt to reach China by way of the St. Lawrence. In 1689 it was captured and destroyed by the Indians, and all of its inhabitants massacred. Before the opening of the Lachine Canal, in 1825, Lachine was a very important point, all merchandise up and down the river being transferred within its gates. Of late, through the development of the hydro-electric possibilities of the rapids, it has become quite an important manufacturing centre, and has regained much of its pristine commercial importance.

Opposite Lachine is Caughnawaga, founded in 1721 as a walled city, and now an Iroquois reservation.

Lachine is reached and passed, and about fifteen minutes later we are descending the famous Lachine Rapids.

Falling fifty-six feet in their course of less than two miles, and possessing the most intricate and winding channel of all of the remarkable series, the ridges of rock rising alternately to left and right, the Lachine Rapids are navigated safely only through the exercise of consummate skill. But this skill is an accepted condition, for nowhere in the world, perhaps, can be found a more skilful navigator

than the pilot of the St. Lawrence.

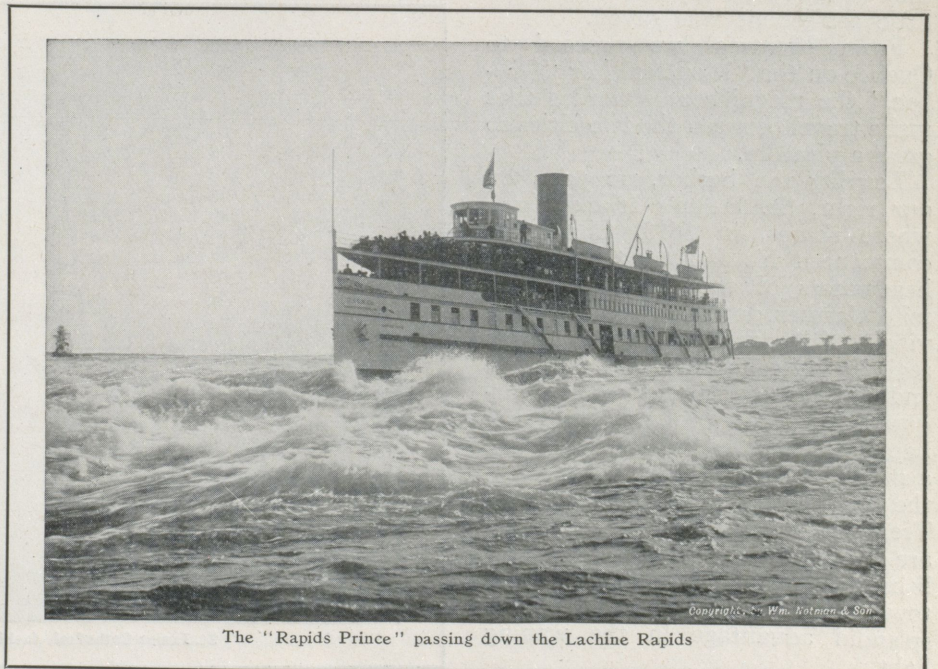
Sailing downward, we experience a delightful sense of exhilaration, occasioned partly by the really perceptible feeling of descent, and to a degree by the appearance of the broken rocks and surging waters.

Passing under the Victoria Jubilee Bridge, the greatest engineering feat of its day, we leave the heavily wooded shores of Nuns' Island behind us and steam into the magnificent harbor of Montreal, the metropolis of Canada, and one of the greatest seaports on the continent.

There have been many cities in America that have grown up in the last century, magnificent tributes to our civilization, but few, indeed, that have undergone such revolutionary changes as the romantic old city of Montreal, which, under two flags, has played so important a rôle in New World history.

Although visited by Jacques Cartier in 1535, Montreal was not founded until more than a century later, when Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, established, on behalf of the Montreal Company, the religious community of Ville-Marie, which its sponsors fondly hoped was destined to become a "Kingdom of God in the New World."

From its foundation, Ville-Marie had a checkered career, its first inhabitants suffering terrible hardships and living in constant dread of the Iroquois. In the very first brush with these dreaded foes, indeed, Maisonneuve himself nearly lost his life. The improvised fort was besieged,



The "Rapids Prince" passing down the Lachine Rapids



Place d'Armes, where Maisonneuve founded Montreal

and, against his advice, his followers insisted on making a sortie against the enemy, relying on superiority of weapons for certain victory. Unaccustomed to Indian warfare, however, and impeded by the deep snow, they sustained heavy losses, and regained the shelter of the palisades with great difficulty. Maisonneuve, as though to challenge the implied suggestion of cowardice at his unwillingness to meet the Indians, remained on the outside until his last follower was safe, and just as he was entering he was attacked by the Indian Chief, whom he slew at a single blow, which disaster so disheartened the besiegers that they withdrew for the season, and the little settlement was saved.

From Montreal we proceed to Quebec on the "Montreal" or "Quebec," the magnificent steamers that make travel between the two cities so great a pleasure.

Leaving the harbor, we pass, on our right, St. Helen's Island, from whose shores, in 1613, Champlain commenced his famous trip to the headwaters of the Ottawa. Seven miles farther down we see the little village of Boucherville, whose church register contains the name of an Indian infant baptized by Pere Marquette in 1668, probably the first baptism celebrated in Canada, while a mile and a half below, on our left, the pretty little church of Pointe-aux-Trembles is passed. Very soon we are abreast of Varennes, whose establishment dates back to 1673, its twin-towered modern church appearing to splendid advantage in the waning light.

The next point of interest is Verchères, easily distinguished by its old French windmill, and the statue to Madeline Lalieuls, and then Sorel, a growing manufacturing centre at the mouth of the Richelieu River.

Leaving Sorel, the river widens into Lake St. Peter, once very shallow and a favored spot for lumbering operations, but now cut with a channel sufficiently deep to accommodate the largest ocean liners that navigate the St. Lawrence.

Three Rivers, the head of tide-water, is reached in the night. This prosperous little city was founded in 1634, and played an important part

in the early history of Canada, and here is located the Canada Steamship Lines Tidewater Shipbuilding Plant.

When we appear on deck in the morning we are nearing Cape Rouge, where Jacques Cartier wintered on his second voyage to Canada, and where, in the following year, Roberval unsuccessfully attempted to form a settlement. Roberval's was the first colonization scheme in Canada, and attracted the first women and children. But, ill-provisioned and unacclimated, the settlers had a terrible winter, and the following summer were only too willing to return to the sunny shores of France.

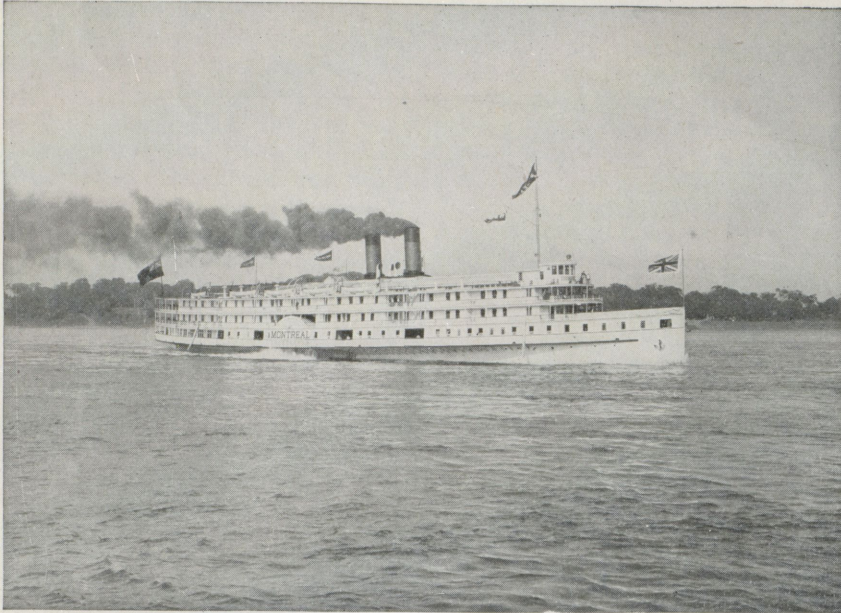
It was from about opposite Cape Rouge that Wolfe and his little army floated down to the cove that now bears the name of the famous British general for the memorable night ascent of the Quebec escarpment, of which we obtain a good view after passing under the Quebec bridge.

Shortly after this, we come abreast of Cape Diamond—the Gibraltar of the New World—and a moment later, in sudden sweep, Quebec itself comes into view—Quebec, cradle of New France, mother of all Canadian cities.

A city unto itself, there is something about Quebec's majestic isolation that makes it seem to stand apart from man, a page from the book of the infinite. What is it about this grim fortress, we ask ourselves, intuitively, that so obsesses us—that makes us feel so small in contrast? Is it the gray stone ramparts, the yawning moats, or the guns that frown so threateningly? Is it beautiful Dufferin Terrace, with its stately Chateau



St. James Cathedral, fashioned after St. Peter's, Rome



The Queen of River Steamers, the S.S. "Montreal"

standing at the portals of this great water highway to the heart of the continent, is the fabric foundation-stone of the wonderful civilization that has been built up in this hemisphere.

But to obtain a true appreciation of the commanding position of this impregnable fortress, we must climb to the heights of the Citadel. It is a labor well rewarded. Below us lie, in striking contradistinction, the Upper and the Lower towns, the one typical of Twentieth Century endeavor, the other reminiscent of days long past; at our feet, the magnificent harbor, with its modern docks and its ships of every flag; across the river, the City of Levis and its fortified heights; to the east, the picturesque St. Charles, pursuing its sinuous course through fertile valley of "ribboned farm;" on the distant horizon, the irregular peaks of the Laurentian ranges encompassing us round about, the Citadel walls and the Plains of Abraham, and, stretching beyond us, a veritable silver sheen, the silent river, helping by its omnipresence to make this a composite picture—a tribute to the complete symphony of Nature.

Frontenac? Is it the venerable halls of Laval, or the many imposing religious edifices; the architectural splendor of its houses of Parliament, or the towering Citadel that commands its topmost heights, or, perchance, the atmosphere of medieval-

ism that clings to it in spite of centuries of progress?

No, it is none of these; they are merely incidental—embellishment, as it were, on a finished canvas. It is the rock itself that is transcendental, overshadowing all else—the rock that,

In Quebec, we live again the past—every turn in the road a footprint to yesterday, every street, almost every



The City of Quebec from the river, showing Canada Steamship Lines docks and upper city

Photograph by S. J. Hayward, Montreal



The Seat of Government for the Province of Quebec

Photograph by S. J. Hayward, Montreal

house, a hallowed memory. There is the spot where Champlain laid the foundations of the city and of New France; the Basilica, consecrated by Mgr. Laval de Montmorency, first bishop of Quebec, whose see embraced all the then-known Canada, itself occupying the site of the ancient church of La Recouvrance, erected to commemorate the evacuation of the city by the English, under Kirke; the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, celebrating the failure of the two British naval expeditions under Phipps and Walker, respectively; the Church of the Franciscans, consecrated to the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, its white-robed nuns ever before the altar; the Anglican Cathedral, built on the site of the chapel and convent of the Récollet Fathers, the first soldiers of the Cross to set foot in Canada; St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, erected in 1759, for the use of the 78th Highlanders, who came to Quebec with Wolfe; St. Roch's, where rests the heart of Archbishop Plessis; St. Patrick's, built for the Irish Roman Catholics in 1833; the Ursuline Convent, within whose sacred chapel the mortal remains of Montcalm await the sounding of the last trumpet—an institution which, since 1639, has been the chief centre of education for the Catholic womanhood of Canada; the

Hotel Dieu, most ancient of Canada's hospitals, founded in the same year by the Duchess d'Aiguillon, a niece to the famous Richelieu; Laval University, established in 1668 as the Quebec Seminary and granted a Royal Charter in 1852; the ancient walls, first built by Frontenac, and renewed through succeeding generations; the Citadel, erected in 1823, at a cost of \$50,000,000, from plans approved by the "Iron Duke;" the post office, constructed on the site of the Old Chien d'Or Building, the inspiration of Kirby's novel—a building, says tradition, later occupied by the Innkeeper, Miles Prentice, whose pretty daughter so captivated Nelson that he might have married her had not his discreet shipmates spirited him away in the night; the St. Louis Gate, first built in 1693; the Cardinal's Palace; the Hotel de Ville, occupying the site of the first Jesuit College, the oldest University in America; the monuments to soldiers and churchmen, friend and foe; the spot where fell the brave Montgomery; the Chateau Frontenac, constructed on the site of old Fort St. Louis; the house of Madame LaPeau, paramour of the Intendant Bigot; the little house on St. Louis Street, said to be the oldest building in Quebec, where Montcalm had his last headquarters, and where were drawn up the articles

of capitulation; the Dufferin Terrace, where Champlain laid the foundations of the city and of New France—and a thousand and one other points of interest that take us back to the dim, distant past.

Quebec for the tourist is indeed excelled by no other city on the continent.

Any tourist can well afford to spend three or four days in Quebec, and those who can afford to linger there longer will be well repaid.

Just twenty-one miles from Quebec, on the St. Lawrence River, is the world-famous shrine of Ste. Anne de Beauré, which attracts an annual pilgrimage of nearly a quarter million of the faithful.

The original chapel at Ste. Anne de Beauré was built a few years after the founding of Quebec as a votive offering to their patron saint by a party of fishermen, who, overtaken on the river by a violent storm, made a solemn vow that if Ste. Anne would hear their prayers for succor they would erect a sanctuary on the spot they landed. Their prayers were answered, and they made shore safely at a point then known as Petit Cap. Here they erected a primitive wooden chapel that although frequently reconstructed still stands. Until March, 1658, Petit Cap was visited by missionary Jesuit fathers who con-

ducted their services in the chapel of the Breton sailors, but in that year a new church was consecrated. This was the eleventh church building in Canada.

The first miracle attributed to Ste. Anne occurred during the building of the church. A farmer afflicted with chronic rheumatism placed, through devotion, some stones in the foundation of the new structure, and found himself suddenly cured. From that time on many afflicted made novenas in honor of Ste. Anne, and the miracles recorded have been numberless. No one year passes now without some miraculous cure being recorded. One of the interesting sights at Ste. Anne de Beaupré is the pile of crutches and surgical appliances that, discarded by those who have found healing, are piled in the church as tangible evidence of the cures effected.

Among the treasured relics of Ste. Anne is a portion of the wrist bone of Ste. Anne, who was the Mother of the Virgin Mary.

The Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré is reached by electric car from Quebec, which passes, about midway, Montmorency Falls, more than a hundred feet higher than Niagara. At Montmorency Hills is located the famous old Kent House, once the residence of

the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria.

To the one who knew Quebec ten years ago, the city would present some remarkable changes. Not that it has lost any of its quaint characteristics, nor discarded the mantle of medievalism that has signaled it out from among other cities, but that, combining in perfect harmony the new era with the old, she has become a mighty centre of commerce as well as a city of antiquity—a fitting link between the Canada of now and the New France of yesterday.

Our next stage in this wonderful voyage from the heart of the continent to the sea is a journey to the Saguenay and return, a trip that no one visiting Quebec can afford to forego.

Leaving Quebec, we sail past the Island of Orleans, named by Cartier, on account of the infinite number of grapes that grew on its shores, the Isle of Bacchus. Looking over the island to the northern shore of the river we have a fine view of the lofty summit of Mount Ste. Anne, which rises 2,687 feet above the St. Lawrence and at whose base nestles the village of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, which most of us will have already visited.

Passing the extreme end of the

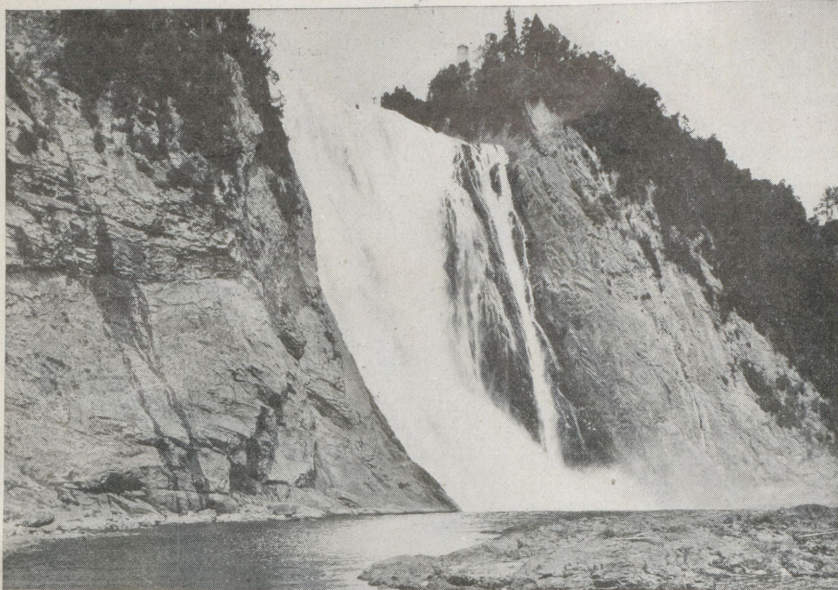
Island of Orleans, we point toward the North Shore. Reaux Island is on our right, and just beyond can be seen Grosse Island, the quarantine station, where, in the summer of 1847, more than 7,000 immigrants died of cholera and fever. In the farther distance Crane's Island can be dimly seen, its rugged shores seeming to form an integral part of the mainland. On Crane's Island, if time has not completely effaced them, are the ruins of the historic Chateau Le Grande, where, in the days of Old Quebec, a jealous wife kept her too handsome husband a prisoner hermit until his death, when she herself returned to France and assumed the veil.

Skirting the North Shore, we are afforded a splendid view of the ruggedness of the scenery of this magnificent river and the mighty Laurentians that fringe the horizon beyond it. Capes Tourmente, Rouge, Gribanne, Maillard and Grande Pointe flit by us in rapid succession, and then, at the foot of a mountain 2,640 feet in height, we catch a glimpse of the picturesque little village of St. François Xavier.

Soon Baie St. Paul, our first port of call, is reached and we are afforded an opportunity to view the Quebec habitant in his native environment. Baie St. Paul, its church steeples conspicu-



Dufferin Terrace and the Chateau Frontenac, on the Heights of Quebec



Montmorency Falls, higher than Niagara

ously predominant, lies in a hollow between two great promontories, at the base of one of which, a mile or so from the village, we dock.

Under steam once more, we proceed to Eboulements, passing Isle Coudres, "the Island of Ravens," especially interesting, geologically, from having been separated from the mainland by volcanic action in the distant long ago. The island was further reduced in 1640 by a terrible earthquake that, according to available historical records, "overturned mountains and made trees to stand on their branches."

Passing Cape St. Joseph, the primitive little hamlet of Notre Dame, and Capes Martin and Goose, with the Eboulements Mountains always in view, we make a short call at St. Irenée, and some twenty minutes later reach Murray Bay, Canada's most exclusive summer resort and a famous rendezvous for fashionables from all over America.

Very different from that at our last two ports is the scene at Murray Bay; different, perhaps, from any scene to be found on this continent. Above us, amid the pines, rises the palatial "Manoir Richelieu;" beyond, to our right, in partial seclusion, the ancient village, typical of French-Canadian rural life; on the dock below us, strangely intermingled, are beautifully gowned women, liveried groom, charming girl in chic riding costume, village maiden in plain homespun, man of fashion, simple habitant, restless thoroughbred, decrepit nag, modern brougham, and ancient calèche.

Murray Bay, just ninety miles from

Quebec, commanding a magnificent view of the River St. Lawrence, at this point fourteen miles in width, in winter time is a quaint old French-Canadian village, differing in no important detail from the hundred and one villages of the picturesque old Province of Quebec, but in the season of summer, when the spinning wheel and the hand loom have been laid aside, it is transformed into a rendezvous of the elect, patronized by the fashionable from all over the continent. Here, ex-President Taft has his summer residence, and on its fine golf course finds complete abandon in

his favorite pastime. Here, also, come many other people of note, their summer villas standing out in strange contrast to the humble homes of the villagers. Murray Bay is indeed the Newport of Canada.

Facing the river, high on a precipitous escarpment, in a natural grove of stately pine and balsam, stands the "Manoir Richelieu," owned and operated by the Canada Steamship Lines, the centre of all activities in the life of the colony—a palatial hotel, magnificently appointed, and, architecturally, fully comparable to the hotels of Atlantic City, Palm Beach, and other famous resorts of Dame Fashion.

Many and varied are the diversions at Murray Bay. First in popular esteem are the picturesque golf links. Then there is the swimming pool, supplied with running salt water from the tidal river below. For the horseman, there are a myriad bridle paths leading into the hidden recesses of the Laurentians; for those who drive, the ancient calèche, the staid brougham and the modern automobile, and miles of splendid roads; for the angler, stream and lake teeming with the speckled beauty and other fish; for the yachtsman, the bay and the river beyond, while for the lover of the indoors there are the "Manoir Richelieu's" ballroom, billiard parlor, sun parlor, smoking room, lounge and recreation hall.

Calèche driving is a particularly popular form of diversion, the calèche being a little trap-like equipage introduced from France by the first settlers, and now seen only in Quebec and the



The Basilica, Ste-Anne de Beaufort

French-Canadian villages within easy distance of that historic city.

Among the interesting drives in the vicinity of Murray Bay are those to Upper Fraser Falls, whose waters drop, in two successive leaps, 290 feet; to Nairn Falls, especially fascinating in August, when the salmon are running; along the coast to Cap a l'Aigle, from where a magnificent view of the river and Pointe a Pic can be obtained, and to distant Grand Lac, which lies in the hidden recesses of the mountains beyond the hamlet of St. Agnes.

Leaving Murray Bay, we pass Cap a l'Aigle, named by Champlain on account of the numerous eagles that built their eyries in its topmost heights, stopping on occasion at the quaint little village that rests at its foot, and then proceed to St. Simeon, in the Bay of Rocks, obtaining a magnificent view of the rugged coast and those splendid promontories, Capes Salmon and Dog. Into the eastern end of this sheltered bay are emptied the waters of the River Noire, which derives its name from the dark lake which is its source. The lakes behind St. Simeon teem with trout, and are becoming more popular with the angler as the years go by.

From St. Simeon, we proceed to the Saguenay and Tadousac, making a wide detour to avoid the shallow waters that cover Larks' Reef.

At its confluence with the St. Lawrence, the Saguenay forms a large oval bay, enclosed by mountains that in their grandeur are comparable to the Highlands of Scotland, but are infinitely more rugged. At first vision, no river is visible, towering cape and precipitous mountain seeming to forbid the further encroachment of the waters. Altogether, we count no less than seven great peaks, each rising higher than his fellow. To our left, on the wide sand beach that separates the river from the mainland proper, we observe a little village, its church redeeming the lonesomeness of the landscape; to our right, at the foot of a great Laurentian giant, the village of Tadousac, its church steeple and the windows of its great hotel reflecting back to us the scintillating rays of the dying sun.

Historically, Tadousac is one of the richest settlements in Canada. Long before Jacques Cartier anchored in its beautiful protected bay it had been a favored rendezvous of the aborigines. How long before Cartier, the first white men had come, no one can say, but tradition claims that the ancient Iberians were here long before the dawn of the Christian era, and that the fierce Vikings also paid it a visit. Following Cartier, came the Basques and Breton fishermen, hunting the whale, once so profitable an industry.

At the opening of the Seventeenth Century, Tadousac had become an important fur-trading station, the Basques having recognized the greater possibilities of the fur business compared with those of whaling, and the Indians, too, being only too willing to find a market for the trophies of the chase.

One year before this, in 1599, Pierre de Chauvin, with Pont-Gravé, Sieur de Monts, as a passenger, landed at Tadousac, and, with the intention of establishing a settlement there, constructed on its shores the first real house erected in Canada, after which he returned to France, leaving sixteen of his companions behind him as the nucleus of the colony to be. Most of these, however, succumbed to lack of nourishment and to exposure, and the balance returned to France convinced of the utter futility of Canadian colonization. Chauvin made two more voyages to Tadousac, then died, and his work was continued by Pont-Gravé, who might never have been remembered to history had he not brought to Canada one who was to loom large in her future destinies—Champlain.

Pont-Gravé and Champlain arrived at Tadousac on May 25, 1603, being greeted by more than a thousand Indians, who swore fealty to the French, and in return were promised



The "Manoir Richieu," one of the chief summer hotels in Canada, has a magnificent situation, commanding the St. Lawrence



Photograph by S. J. Hayward, Montreal
A view of Cap a l'Aigle, near St. Irene

protection from their dreaded foemen, the Iroquois. It was in this year that Champlain ascended the Saguenay to Lake St. John in search of the kingdom of the Saguenay, which, like the Eldorado so vainly sought by DeSoto, turned out to be a mythical creation of the Indian mind, given birth solely for the white man's benefit.

Because of its forbidding aspect, the chief cape at Tadousac was named La Pointe de Touts des Diables, the Point of All the Devils. In 1615, the Récollet Fathers landed there. Their mission constituted the first Christian establishment in Canada.

Tadousac was captured and destroyed by Kirke in 1628, but this sea rover soon evacuated it, and it was rebuilt on more permanent lines. In 1648, the little chapel, still standing, was constructed. It is said to be the oldest place of worship in America. Of course it has undergone frequent alterations, but the main outlines of the building are believed to have been preserved, and the same bell still rings out the Angelus. In the eventide, as the villagers stroll toward the church, just as they did in the days of New France, one might well believe he had been translated into the Canada of two centuries ago.

In 1661, Tadousac was visited by the Iroquois and reduced to ashes, the little chapel of the Jesuit Fathers alone being spared, evidently from Indian superstition.

From Tadousac, in the summer of 1671, went to Hudson's Bay, by way of the Saguenay and Lake St. John, the expedition of reconnoitre under the priest-diplomat, Father Albanel, with the exception of Radisson and Chovart, the first Frenchman to

reach this northern sea, and eight years later Joliet paused here on his voyage to the same region. Here, also, Sir William Phipps, commander of the New England naval expedition sent against Quebec in 1690, lingered for six weeks, and this may have accounted in some measure for his inability to reduce the fortress, for it gave Frontenac ample opportunity to strengthen the none-too-impregnable defences.

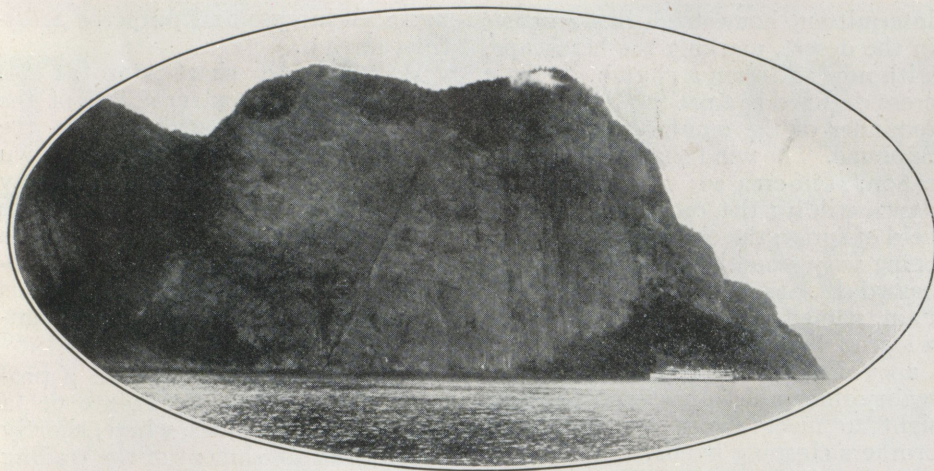
Under the French régime Tadousac, the entrepôt for the fur trade of all Labrador and of a great section of the North, was an important place, and no vessel from or to Europe failed to make it a port of call, but with the advance of civilization and an extension of the fur trade to the Far Northwest, it has been relegated to the position of an inconsequent little hamlet, out of touch with the hum of industry of the outside world, and dependent for its existence on an inextensive agriculture and a summer colony.

There is excellent sea fishing at Tadousac, and in the mountain lakes, a few miles inland, speckled trout and the gamy landlocked salmon are abundant. For the hunter, it is almost a virgin region.

The Hotel Tadousac, owned and operated by the Canada Steamship Lines, is magnificently situated at the junction of the two rivers. A com-



Photograph by S. J. Hayward, Montreal
Tadousac, the oldest settlement in Canada, the site of the Tadousac Hotel, one of Canada's most popular hotels, lies at the confluence of the St. Lawrence and Saguenay



Here is famous Cape Trinity, one of the chief escarpments of the Saguenay. Note how small the Steamer "Saguenay" looks in contrast with this work of nature
 Photograph by S. J. Hayward, Montreal

portable, homelike establishment, with accommodations for three hundred guests, it has its own golf links and all the other requisites of the modern summer hostelry. These links, considered by those who have played them, among the sportiest on the continent, are situated on the outskirts of the village, within five minutes' walking distance of the hotel.

In connection with the hotel, too, is a well-appointed fishing camp, the Company controlling the angling rights to six beautiful lakes a few miles from the village. These lakes have been liberally stocked with trout and land-locked salmon, and provide excellent fishing. The camp and boats are free to guests, and guides are provided at a moderate daily fee.

Many Canadian and American families spend their entire summer at Tadousac, and certainly few other resorts combine so delightfully the requisites of health and recreation.

We leave Tadousac for Chicoutimi shortly after dark, and commence our journey up the Saguenay, in many respects the most wonderful of the world's rivers. Cut through the mountains by glacial action, this awesome river, its waters more than 700 feet in depth, has a solemn grandeur common to no other stream, its banks towering above the dark waters to a height of 1,600 feet, rugged and precipitous, and for the most part cliffs of solid granite.

In the waning light, this cañon through the hills seems to affect one ominously. It were as though a pall had fallen suddenly upon the landscape, enveloping it with a mantle of mourning. Nature's song seems to have been momentarily stayed; the last recollections of a glorious summer day effaced—over everything is the

stillness of night, accentuating even the rhythmic cadence of our engines. The cliffs above loom out of the darkness like the walls of a dungeon from which there can be no escape, and over them dance the shadows of night, spirit wraiths in a supernatural kingdom. It is as if we were entering the winding labyrinth of some subterranean acropolis, the stream itself "the river of death."

But in a little while, when our eyes have become accustomed to the change, and the heavens are ablaze with a million lights, each seeming to convey a message of hope and assurance, the effect is changed, and where but a moment before we saw cliffs dark and foreboding and waters dank like the River of Styx, we see now majestic palisades, gloriously transformed, and a stream of promise, pointing to some paradise beyond.

If the fortune of tide be with us, we arrive at the picturesque village of Chicoutimi in daylight, and are afforded an opportunity to take a stroll through this hospitable little French-Canadian centre, to inspect its magnificent twin-towered cathedral, its public buildings, pulp mills, and schools, admire the beautiful horses of the prosperous farmers from the fertile country beyond, and, from the crown of the hill on which the village is built, obtain a splendid panoramic view of the river, the cape and town of Ste. Anne, on the opposite shore, the distant Laurentians, and the fertile valley between.

Leaving Chicoutimi, we commence the memorable daylight voyage down the Saguenay.



A view of the St. Lawrence from the Village of Tadousac

On our left rise the steep escarpments of granite that run in regular formation from Cape Ste. Anne to Cape St. Francis. Browninged by the action of the elements, they have a ruggedness that accentuates their age. Clinging to their sides, wherever they have been able to obtain a foothold, grow stalwart saplings of silver birch; crowning their topmost heights, fitting diadems to these Laurentian monarchs, grow magnificent forests of spruce, while at their base lie countless rocks, with here and there a huge boulder rising up in the seeming channel of the river itself.

Now we seem to be sailing on some inland sea, the hills coming down to the shores like the broken foothills of the Southern Appalachian range. Outlining the horizon, their peaks a misty blue, are the Laurentians, father of all the mountains; in the nearer distance, a verdant valley of exquisite charm in which we catch an occasional glimpse of the humble home of Jean Baptiste, while around us, peaceful and sparkling, flow the waters that all too soon are to be robbed of their silver, sparkling hue.

Then the cliffs begin to grow precipitous once more, and man's kingdom increasingly confined, only an

intermittent homestead, like an oasis in the desert, marking the landscape, with now and then a church, its little cross outlined against the sky, typical reminder of the omnipresence of the Supreme. The wind sings through the cañon, self-created; the whitecaps dance wildly; the rocks hurl back a field of spray, the channel of the river being very smooth, and soon, having passed St. Fulgence and Point-au-Pain, named from its resemblance to a loaf of bread, we come into sight of Capes East and West, which, in reality three miles apart, seem at first sight to meet across the river like brothers clasping hands.

Rounding Cape West, which runs down into the water, a pronounced peninsula, the last of three similarly shaped ridges, we enter an arm of the river known as Ha! Ha! Bay, so named by some Spanish Basque sailors who, mistaking it for the main channel, became landlocked, and had a good laugh at their own expense.

Ha! Ha! Bay is a beautiful nine-mile stretch of water, with low lying banks and a fertile valley beyond, reminding us of the Valley of the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Three Rivers, and so strikingly in contrast to the Saguenay proper as to

be to all intents and purposes a distinct stream.

We make a short stop at St. Alphonse at the extreme end of the bay, then retrace our course to the main river, and it is from here down that the magnificence of the Saguenay is most defined. We sail past Cape East and the little lighthouse built on the rock at its foot, and are soon hemmed in once more by the precipitous escarpments of this wonderful mountain gorge.

A few miles below we pass a promontory known as La Pointe de la Descente des Femmes, where, shortly after the establishment of the trading post at Tadousac, some Indian women reached the Saguenay in search of succor for their famine-stricken families, hence the name. The little village of Des Femmes lies at the foot of the cape, and almost opposite, on the right, Maple Cove, where a lone habitant operates a little farm, defying, as it were, nature itself, strong in his inherent belief in the right of man to live.

Cape Rouge is next passed, then LaTableau, whose beautifully pictured face bears mute but eloquent testimony to the awful power of the

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The Saguenay has a solemn grandeur, common to no other stream, making one feel how small indeed are man and his works

Photograph by S. J. Hayward, Montreal

The Mystery Of No Man's House

By D. Mace Edginton

I'LL begin with the girl. Her name was Margery—Margery Cheyne, and she was my cousin—as pretty a pink-cheeked English girl as you could wish to see. A happy, out-of-doors girl she was, looking upon me as a good pal, nothing more; and I—I loved her as never woman was loved before. That, however, she didn't know. I didn't know it myself till I came back from India in '99, and found her engaged to a foreign-looking chap called Clinkerd—a handsome beggar enough.

Mrs. Cheyne told me that she and Margery had met him in Rome six months before, and that he had followed them back to England, and taken the only vacant house near. Margery and he had been engaged a couple of weeks when I came home. Of course, I proffered my congratulations, and Margery, thank the Lord, didn't seem to see anything amiss with them. She was as happy as a queen.

"Oh, Joe!" she cried, standing out on the balcony with me, and looking bright-eyed at me in the moonlight. "Oh, Joe dear, I do want you to like him! He's so clever and so handsome, and so awfully brave. Why, he used to hunt gorillas all alone, in the African forests. Think of it!"

We were waiting for Clinkerd, who was coming to dinner. It was the evening of my first day there since my return, so I had not yet seen him. Margery went on:

"He's awfully keen on gorillas and baboons, and all animals like that. He says they're almost human. He keeps some tame ones in cages at No Man's House —"

"Now, what in the name of creation," I interrupted, "possessed him to bury himself in that hole?"

"Oh, you see"—I cursed inwardly at her blush—"he wanted to be quite near us, and No Man's House was the only one to let. Besides, he is used to solitude. Why, once he—"

She broke off to cry: "Ah! here he is!" and in a minute or two he came in—a man of medium height, swarthy, clean-shaven, well-groomed, irreproachable.

Beast speaks to enemy beast in dumb language unmistakable, in actions uncloaked. Man covers his antipathy with the veneer of convention. Piers Clinkerd and I, hating

each other even in that first moment, took each other's hands, amiably discussed County cricket prospects and the weather, presently drank our wine together tête-à-tête, even simulating a sort of comradeship over it. He talked glibly and well of many people and countries and times—so well and withal so modestly, that I fell to rating myself for a jealous fool. When we joined Mrs. Cheyne and Margery he played Margery's violin as a master plays. She listened, star-eyed, and I hated him again. Yet I went homewards with him presently, at Mrs. Cheyne's suggestion, as far as the lake where his boat was moored.

The lake, you must know, lies between the village and No Man's House. One goes to its edge by way of a path through the fields, and comes upon it, sullen and grey and overhung by vegetation, suddenly and with surprise. A dark, damp place it is, with a weird air of mystery, and, what is more to the point, with an ugly enough reputation. Clinkerd, leading the way, twisted an amused face over his shoulder to tell me some of what he called the old wives' tales.

"A rum superstitious lot, these villagers. Antonio's always telling me tales of them. Antonio? Oh, he's my man and a rattling good man, too! Brought him with me from Spain. He's been with me in most countries, and doesn't even jib at No Man's House. It's the extreme test, what?"

"You're a great hunter," I said, more for the sake of saying something than because I wanted to hear more of his doughty deeds. He laughed.

"Oh! Margery's been talking to you. I believe she thinks me a very St. George for valor! Well, I hope she'll never be disappointed—dear little girl."

He was in the boat, and stooping for the oars before I heard the cry. Then, softly and low, it came across the water, rising and swelling and

dying away, a moaning snarl unutterably sad. It was a hair-raising sound, but even as it died away, I, who have heard the cry of the gorilla in the African forests, knew from whence it came.

"I'd forgotten your menagerie over there for the moment," I said to Clinkerd.

As I have said, he had stepped into the boat. I was standing on the bank above him, and after a moment he looked up at me.

I knew then that he was a maniac.

It sounds a pretty sweeping thing to say, doesn't it? I can only say it as it shot red-hot into my knowledge down there by the moonlit water on that quiet spring night. If you have had to deal with mania, you will know that creeping look of unutterable obsession of the looker-on at some strange and savage land. Such a look was in the eyes of Margery's lover for one long moment before he spoke again. Then it snapped out. He smiled.

"Oh! You mean my baboons? Aren't they kicking up a holy row? Come and see them if you'd care to, any time. Pot-luck and Antonio, you know. He refused to allow any of the ladies from your village to cross the threshold, so he rules my menage single-handed. He's a confirmed woman-hater, Antonio."

He pushed off from the bank, and out on to the moonlit water as he spoke.

"Good night, Hutton!"

I muttered a reply, and watched him go away. He went slowly, drifting out from the shadowed bank into the moonlight, with hardly a splash of oars. Once he turned, and seeing me still upon the bank, called out a cheery word. He was out in the centre of the lake, a clear-cut black thing upon the silver sheet, when the sad gorilla cry came wailing over the water again. One voice it was at first, swelled after a muttering moment with other sounds. A weird enough chorus they made, to break the silence of an English night, but to my unimaginative mind it held as yet no prescience of evil.

Then, even as I turned away, I saw and heard a horrid thing.

From the boat on the lake I could have sworn gorilla cry answered gorilla cry. Clinkerd, lazing, drifting,

paddling, suddenly bent to the oars, and sent the boat flying through the water towards the other bank. A moment, and the shadows swallowed him. And with his going a silence fell and stayed.

Piers Clinkerd came the next day, and the next, and the next, and so on through weeks of white spring sunshine, always playing the lover well—the normal, earnest, devoted lover. When I look back on that time I marvel at my own inaction; yet one cannot accuse a man of madness merely on the ground of a fleeting glance. Dislike him I did, distrust him I might, but he was Margery's accepted lover, and nothing, save the will of Margery herself, could alter that. I did not believe, I do not believe now, that she could ever have loved him; but I know that he held her fast in the coils of the fascination that was undoubtedly his. And, watch as I might, I could detect no deviation from the normal. Sometimes I called him a jolly good fellow, and myself a fool. Fifty times a day, I said that Margery should never marry him, and as many times I swore at myself for a miserable old woman, and all the time—I *knew*.

And then suddenly, all unawares. I met the look upon his face again. I forget what we had been discussing. Some trivial thing. Anyway, Margery's will crossed his, and I heard her voice break and stop in the middle of a sentence, and saw him looking at her as he had looked at me by the Little Blue Lake. Something more than madness was in his eyes. It was the mark of the beast, lustful, unholy, written all across his face, for one snapping second. It had passed, leaving no trace, almost before Margery's words had died away, and he said: "Yes, dear?" in his languid, musical voice, and in a moment she went on talking rather falteringly and timidly. I had never known Margery timid before.

After that I watched him as I would a savage dog.

About a couple of weeks after this he asked me laughingly to go across to No Man's House and see the menagerie. The wedding-day was creeping relentlessly near, and Margery was occupied with frocks and frills, so we went alone, and punted and paddled ourselves across the shallow lake. He was a brilliant talker, and—strange combination—a good listener. Heaven knows I tried to put away my suspicions that afternoon, for presently he spoke of Margery as a man should speak of a woman, as I would have had him

speaking of her; and then he went back to the talk of other people and countries, and of the everlasting call of the African forest to the soul of the hunter. I, too, have heard it, and I know.

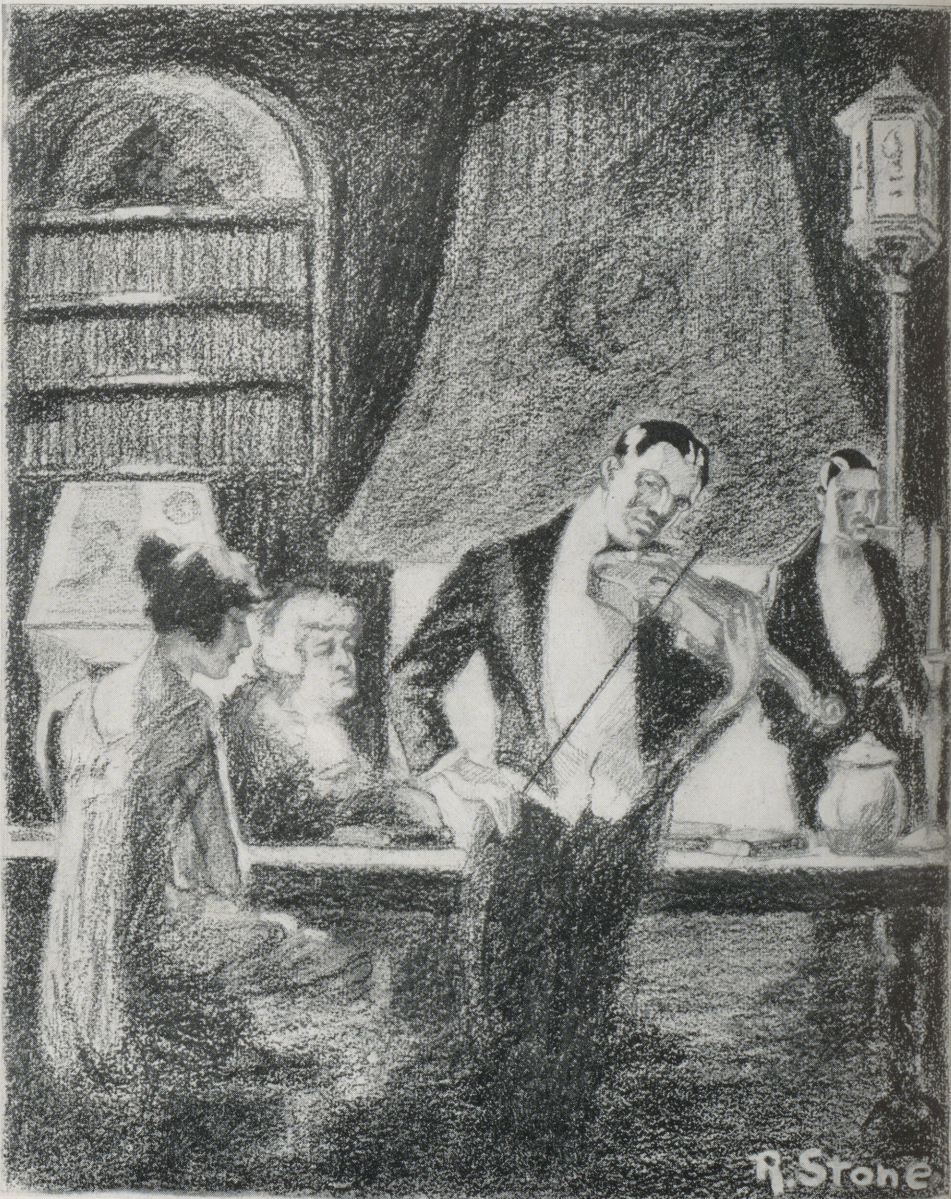
In the courtyard of No Man's House they were—six cages, padlocked and patterned alike, and in each of them a big man-gorilla, long-armed and evil, with gloomy eyes that ever followed Clinkerd's progress from cage to cage. He told me the story of each one's capture with graphic detail, taking up the thread of the story he had told me on the way, but while in the boat his face had been a normal face, now, as he spoke, his lip was twisted like an angry dog's. Pleasantly he talked, eagerly he offered me his hospitality, with his eyes a maniac's eyes, and a lifted lip.

No phantasy of the moonlight was this, no creation of disordered fancy.

Time and again my eyes sought his face, and always it was the face of a beast, and all the time his voice went on, the cultured, clear voice of sanity. My own brain was reeling as I rowed back across the sullen lake in the soft May sunshine, and saw him turn away from the water's edge, and heard the sad gorilla cry that I knew would come. There is only one answer to such things.

Margery told me that night that the wedding day was fixed. I went to Mrs. Cheyne then. Heaven knows what I said. I know it sounded lame and incredible to the verge of imbecility. I believe she thought I had been drinking. She was by turns coldly incredulous, indignant, furious.

"You are making yourself very



"When we joined Mrs. Cheyne and Margery he played Margery's violin as a master plays!"

ridiculous, Joe!" she said at last. "The truth is, you have taken a most unfounded dislike to Piers, and are determined to prevent Margery from marrying him."

"By God!" I answered her, "she shall not marry him!"

Mrs. Cheyne said then, sailing towards the door:

"If you were not my only brother's only son, I should order you out of the house!" And holding the door open for her to pass, I replied:

"Then I should be compelled to disregard your orders."

Two evenings later, Miles Briscott was our guest at dinner. An M.D. and an eminent man in his way was Briscott, a brain specialist with twenty years of practice behind him. I had had the good fortune to do him a service once, and now he came gladly to do one for me. He came down from town ostensibly for a local race meeting, and spent a long evening with Clinkerd and myself and another fellow whom Mrs. Cheyne asked in to make up a man's four for bridge and at the end of it he said to me:

"What maggot have you got in your brain, old fellow? The chap's as sane—apparently—as you or I. I say, 'apparently,' because it's impossible to tell these things without a medical examination. And that's a thing no apparently sane man can be forced to submit to."

"I grant you," I said quietly enough, "that to all appearances Clinkerd is as normal as you or I; but aren't there phases of madness when the patient is sane on every point but one, and on that one he's a raving-maniac?"

He nodded.

"Common enough. Merely an aggravated form of crankiness. We're all madmen more or less, on some point or other. What special weakness do you attribute to our friend?"

"He's spent years among the baboons!" I jerked out.

He looked at me sharply.

"Well?"

"Oh hell! How do I know?"—I

was well-nigh frantic, thinking of Margery. "I'm no scientist as you are; I haven't got any theory of these things. But if ever a man can merge into a beast that man does. Man alive! Don't tell me it can't be so! *I've seen it!* I've seen it looking out of his eyes while his tongue's been talking of the theatres and the weather and the tittle-tattle of every day. I tell you, Briscott—"



"Thus did Piers Clinkerd and I look our last into each other's eyes"

He looked at me queerly, as if he thought it was I, not Clinkerd, who was the man deranged.

"Look here, Briscott," I said shortly, "I ask you, am I an imaginative man?"

"You weren't," said Briscott; "but India plays the very deuce with a man sometimes. Frankly, my dear old fellow, I think you're letting your imagination play about a little. If I were you, I should steer clear of things here for a while. Apparently, you aren't over popular with our hostess just at present, and as for your little cousin and her fiancé, they'll be all the happier without you. Pack your

traps, and come back to town with me."

He left me fuming, impotent.

It was the evening before the wedding-day.

Clinkerd had been across in the morning, but left before lunch, pleading a business engagement in town, so Margery and I and Briscott, who had come down for the wedding, lazed through the hot afternoon together. Somehow, we did not say much to each other, only sat under the trees in the garden pretending to read, looking up now and then and meeting each other's eyes, and then smiling and saying some inane thing as people will in such a case. Presently some boys and girls, friends of Margery's, strayed in to tea, and we drank it under the trees, with never a hint of foreknowledge, thank God, of what should be before the day was past.

Their talk was all of the wedding, and it jarred. I left them soon, and went away to smoke in the solitude down by the Little Blue Lake. Somehow, my steps turned there subconsciously, and I went down to the water's edge, and looked across at the corner of No Man's House peeping through the trees, and listened for the gorilla cry, hoping and praying for the Lord alone knows what. Nothing stirred, however, in the silence, save when a water rat squeaked its way through the shallow

water, or the pigeons cooed in the trees about that evil place. And so, as the sun set, I went back to Margery, and found her alone, waiting for me, in a low black frock, bare-necked to the soft air of the summer night.

"Come out after dinner," she whispered as Mrs. Cheyne came out: "I want to talk to you."

And after dinner we went out.

The half moon was rising among myriad stars in a deep blue sky. The air was hot and wonderfully still, with a stillness that hung like a curtain from the heaven to the earth. A lover's night. There was a sweet

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THE WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL UNREST MUST END

THROUGHOUT the world there is an increasing evidence of a return to normal conditions. In most of the countries of Europe, rationing has been discontinued and most of the war-time restrictions and embargoes removed. The only factor, indeed, which militates against a new era of world prosperity is the industrial unrest which the period of readjustment has helped to accentuate. In Great Britain, for instance, conditions to-day would be infinitely better were it not for the protracted miners' strike, and its consequent effect on the entire industrial fabric, while in almost every other land the inability of employer and employee to meet on a common ground of understanding is seriously retarding prosperity. We, in Canada, are not so badly affected in this regard, but we, too, have industrial disputes whose speedy settlement would materially benefit the country. As we have so often stated, capital and labor can have no quarrel, for their success is co-dependent.



CANADA'S GREATEST NEED, A PROGRESSIVE IMMIGRATION POLICY

OF the many economic problems now confronting Canada the most important and most complex is the formulation of a progressive immigration policy. Canada, profiting by the experience of the United States, is determined that her national life shall not be polluted by a stream of unrestricted immigration, emanating in part from the cesspools of the Old World, for she realizes only too well that many of the indigent and illiterate emigrants from the industrial centres of Europe have no appreciation

of Canadian institutions or ideals, and seek our shores only in the hope of bettering their material condition.

Thus, fundamentally, it is essential that the utmost caution be exercised in differentiating between the worthy and the unworthy would-be citizen, but Canada cannot lose sight of the fact that her future prosperity will be largely predicated on population.

How, then, can this problem be intelligently solved? A literary test is all very well in its way, but we must not forget that the elements responsible for so much of the present industrial unrest of Europe are those who have had the opportunity to acquire knowledge. Nor, on the other hand, is the mere possession of a few hundred dollars sufficient guarantee that the emigrant is deserving, for the acquisition of temporary wealth is an inherent prerogative to the denizens of the underworld.

So, it would seem that the question will have to be approached from an entirely neutral angle. In the opinion of the writer, Canada might inaugurate with profit some system of voluntary agricultural service, wherein a physically capable emigrant, male or female, who could not meet the literary and financial exactions, would be permitted to enlist in a government-controlled agricultural organization for, say, two or three years, during which time the immigrant's wages, beyond the amount essential to provide clothes and other necessary creature-comforts, would be placed in escrow in the post office savings banks of the country. At the end of his probation period, the emigrant would be free to follow his own ambitions. What would be the result? Many of the newcomers, no doubt, would hurry to the cities, but many others would take up land of their own or remain with their employers, and of those who gravitated to the cities it is only reasonable to suppose that many would soon return to the land, for it is inconceivable that men and women reared in the congested slums of the Old World would be able to reaccustom themselves to those conditions after having spent three years in the Canadian outdoors.

To many, no doubt, an idea of this character will savor of feudalism, but it must be remembered that these immigrants would enter this service of their own free will and would receive the prevailing Canadian wage, and why should there be any difference between the soldier who joins the military forces of the country and lives within the restrictions he voluntarily accepts and the volunteer in an agricultural army organized along the same general lines of government beneficence?

Fruit Growing In Ontario

NO section of Canada has been better endowed by Nature for the growing of such small fruits as peaches, plums, grapes, strawberries, raspberries, and apples, as that splendidly endowed region of Ontario, the Niagara Peninsula, known as the "Garden of Canada," which to-day is producing approximately ten million dollars' worth of fruit a year.

The Niagara Fruit Belt stretches from the Niagara River to St. Catharines, a distance of forty miles, and varies in width from ten miles at the lower end, the average width being approximately six miles. It embraces an area of 240 square miles, of which approximately 100 square miles are now under cultivation, meaning that the industry can be more than doubled. The chief fruit centres are Queenston, Niagara-on-the-Lake, St. Catharines, Jordan, Vineland, Beamsville, Grimsby, Winona, and Stony Creek.

The fruit industry of the Niagara Peninsula saw its genesis some forty years ago, when Mr. E. D. Smith and Mr. C. P. Carpenter, still two of the most prominent fruit growers in the district, commenced to buy fruit from their neighbors and ship it to the retail dealers of Toronto, Hamilton, and other places. Commenced in a fragmentary way, the business has grown in importance each year, until to-day packing houses, equipped with the most modern fruit handling

By C. Lintern Sibley



Photograph, courtesy Exhibits & Publicity Bureau, Department of Trade & Commerce
A typical plum orchard in the vicinity of St. Catharines

machinery, and connected by private sidings to the main lines of railroad, are distributed at strategical points throughout the belt.

Of the annual fruit crop of this district, peaches constitute about 25 per cent, grapes 25 per cent, plums and pears 25 per cent, the remaining 25 per cent being made up of small fruits such as cherries, quinces, strawberries, and raspberries.

Grapes, especially since the intro-

duction of Prohibition in the United States, where prices have become so high that practically half the crop is being sold in that country, are being grown on an annually larger scale, and it is anticipated that the fruit will outrank the peach in popularity in a very short time.

While the Niagara Peninsula is the chief intensified fruit region of Ontario, the entire southern portion of the province is a larger producer, especially of apples, the fame of Ontario's "Northern Spy," for example, having become world-wide.

The Province of Ontario produces 60 per cent of the apples and cherries, 69 per cent of the plums, 84 per cent of the pears, 92 per cent of the peaches, and 98 per cent of the grapes grown in Canada, the value of her fruit crops being estimated at \$20,100,000 a year.

Natural conditions to a very large extent explain this pre-eminence of the Province of Ontario in fruit growing. Canada has an infinite variety of soils and climate. Some are especially suitable for the raising of wheat, some for dairying, and some for fruit growing. Ontario happens to have an exceptionally favorable combination in the southern portion of the province, in the what is known as the Niagara Peninsula. Here the land is generally of clay loam, or sandy loam, with rich soil that is good in natural drainage. Being adjacent to the Great Lakes, the district has abundance of rain. At the same time, the average amount of bright sunshine is about 1,920 hours



Photograph, courtesy Exhibits & Publicity Bureau, Department of Trade & Commerce
A general view of the Hamilton, Ont., Market



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Photograph, courtesy Exhibits & Publicity Bureau, Department of Trade & Commerce
Canning fruit in a typical Grimsby packing house



Photograph, courtesy Exhibits & Publicity Bureau, Department of Trade & Commerce
Fruit gatherers returning from their day's labor



British & Colonial Press Photograph
The apple exhibit at the recent Toronto show of the Ontario Horticultural Society reflected eloquently the importance of this industry to the Province

out of a possible 4,457 hours for the year.

The fruit belt extends from east to west for a distance of over 400 miles, and from north to south for from 50 to 150 miles, constituting an area of 20,000 to 60,000 square miles. This great area has by no means reached its fullest development. Only a portion of it is subjected to that intensive cultivation which so abundantly rewards the fruit growers in certain portions of it. The fruit area, however, is being extended every year, and as Canada develops, there is no doubt that the whole of this great region will become a garden of the greatest scale.

In the more southerly portion, great attention is given to the growing of grapes and peaches, which flourish abundantly in vineyards and orchards extending for miles. The peaches grow to a great size and are regarded as superior to any others on the market. Samples of Niagara peaches exhibited at the Crystal Palace in London were admitted to be the finest that ever entered any British port. Housewives all over Eastern and Central Canada look forward to the harvesting of the Ontario peach crop every year in order to supply themselves with preserved peaches for the winter. A visit to this district during the time when the crop is being harvested is a delightful experience, for the whole atmosphere seems to be laden with the fragrance of the fruit.

Throughout this district there are many beautiful homes, from the pretty cottage with shady trees and a garden, to the handsome brick house with ornamental trees, extensive lawns, and

picturesque flower beds. An authority on this district says of it: "We have the land, the sunshine, and the rain; we have everything. We only need more men, some enthusiastic fruit-growers to take advantage of these favorable conditions to make Ontario grow so that she will continue to be the guiding star of this great Dominion."

The principal crop of fruit in Ontario is that of apples. Just as the

Province of Quebec produces to perfection the celebrated apple known as La Fameuse, so Ontario grows one which takes precedence of all others. It is known as the Northern Spy, and is considered to give Ontario the first place for quality in apples.

The following table shows the proportions of the various fruit crops in Ontario together with the average values every year, the values being the f.o.b. values to the farmer:

Apples.....	\$12,500,000
Peaches.....	1,000,000
Grapes.....	1,000,000
Pears.....	1,000,000
Plums.....	800,000
Cherries.....	300,000
Small Fruits.....	3,500,000

Total.....\$20,100,000

The province has about 70,000 acres of orchards; some 25,000 acres of small fruits, about 10,000 acres of vineland, and about 125,000 acres devoted to intensive market gardens. The average annual yield of apples in the province is about 12,000,000 bushels and of grapes about 15,000 tons.

Of the apples, next to the Northern Spy the principal kinds that are grown are Snow, King, Golden Russet, Greening, and Wealthy. Pears, like apples and peaches, grow to perfection in the province, and especially those splendid varieties known as the Bartlett, Anjou, and Duchess. The plum,



Photograph, courtesy Exhibits and Publicity Bureau, Department of Trade and Commerce
Cherries grown in the Niagara Fruit Belt

the quince, the cherry, the strawberry, the raspberry, and practically all kinds of berries flourish exceedingly. Of the peaches produced, the best varieties are the Yellow St. John, Crawford, Alberta, and New Prolific.

For the apples and pears produced in the province, a great market in the past has been in the British Isles. Of course, during the war and subsequent to it, this market was to a large extent cut off, and the difficulties with which the growers had to contend were further complicated by the fact that it was hard to get packing cases and baskets. Both these drawbacks, however, are of a temporary nature, and no doubt in the future overseas markets will be even more strongly cultivated than heretofore. Meanwhile, for all the fruits of Southern Ontario there is a rapidly increasing demand in Montreal and Quebec Province generally, in the great industrial com-

munities in the North of Ontario, and in the North West provinces. The latter provinces, though excellent for the production of grain, are too low in temperature to grow successfully such fruits as peaches, grapes, apples, pears, plums and cherries, and must therefore look elsewhere for their supplies. Thus, Ontario has untold opportunities for the sale of her fruits in Western Canada, as the country develops and the population increases. Already, hundreds of cars of tender fruits are sent annually to the Prairie Provinces.

In addition to a large export of fresh fruits, a great and growing business is being done in the canning of fruits. Already over seventy canning factories, located at suitable transportation centres, are engaged in putting up fruits and vegetables in tin and glass. Great quantities of fruit are thus prepared, especially in the orchard sections, for sale throughout the Dom-

inion and for export to Great Britain and other parts of the world. In fact, so great is the demand at times for fruit for canning purposes, that it is no unusual thing for the fruit grower to sell his entire crop before it is ready to handle.

The fruit growers of Southern Ontario are coming more and more to recognize the value of co-operative action in the marketing of their fruits and the handling of their products generally. As this work becomes more general and as the marketing of the products becomes more scientific and centralized, the industry will no doubt very greatly expand. At present, there are over fifty co-operative societies educating the fruit growers in the care of their gardens and orchards and in the grading and packing of their products. The Provincial Government has a Fruit Branch to further the interests of the fruit growers by



Photograph, courtesy Exhibits & Publicity Bureau, Department of Trade & Commerce
Farmerettes gathering cherries in the Niagara Fruit District



Photograph, courtesy Exhibits & Publicity Bureau, Department of Trade & Commerce
Placing fruit in the pre-cooling plant



Grapes thrive in the Niagara peninsula of Ontario

Photograph, courtesy Grand Trunk Railway System

conducting demonstrations and experiments of all kinds and carrying on a system of nurseries and orchards. Since 1914, five apple orchards of 200 to 250 trees each have been operated by the Fruit Branch in different parts of the province to try out various methods of pruning, spraying, cultivation and crop handling.

Some twelve years ago, a horticultural experimenting station was started at Vineland, in the heart of the Niagara Peninsula, as a centre for all experimental work for fruits and vegetables. The planting of orchards was begun in 1908, and plant breeding work was started some time later. At present, there are about 150 acres under cultivation. These include orchards, vineyards and small fruit plantations, containing all the leading and new varieties and thousands of seedlings from both natural and artificial breeding. Many valuable experi-

ments are under way, and as the orchards are now coming into bearing, the visitor will find much to interest him at all times.

The development of the experimental station includes a grain house, packing house, general office building, cold storage, canning plant, and a central heating system. Several acres are watered by the Skinner Irrigation System, while a pumping plant at the lake supplies water to all the farm buildings. Six scientifically trained men are employed on the staff.

During the war, the Provincial Government's Fruit Branch was active in supplying fresh and canned fruits to the Canadian Hospitals in England and France as well as to the Dominion. One hundred thousand boxes of apples and twenty-eight thousand cases of jams and canned fruits were disposed of in this way. All the fruits sent overseas, including one car to Siberia, were

gifts from the Province of Ontario to the soldiers. The expenditure in 1918 on this work was \$156,194.

The most important single item in connection with fruit growing, and especially in connection with the cost, is that of labor. Fruit growing is of course very seasonal. There is apt to be a great rush at certain seasons and a falling off in the work at other seasons. The real problem, therefore, is to distribute the labor on a fruit farm as uniformly as possible over the season, or better still over the whole year. This is being done to an increasing extent, especially as regards the harvesting of the fruits, by selecting varieties which ripen in succession from early to late. Some of the most successful fruit growers produce a general line of fruits, including apples, pears, plums, cherries, strawberries, raspberries, cranberries, and goose-

Continued on page 65



Photograph, courtesy Exhibits & Publicity Bureau, Department of Trade & Commerce
Near St. Catharines, Ont., there are literally miles of peach orchards



Notes From the Canadian Capital

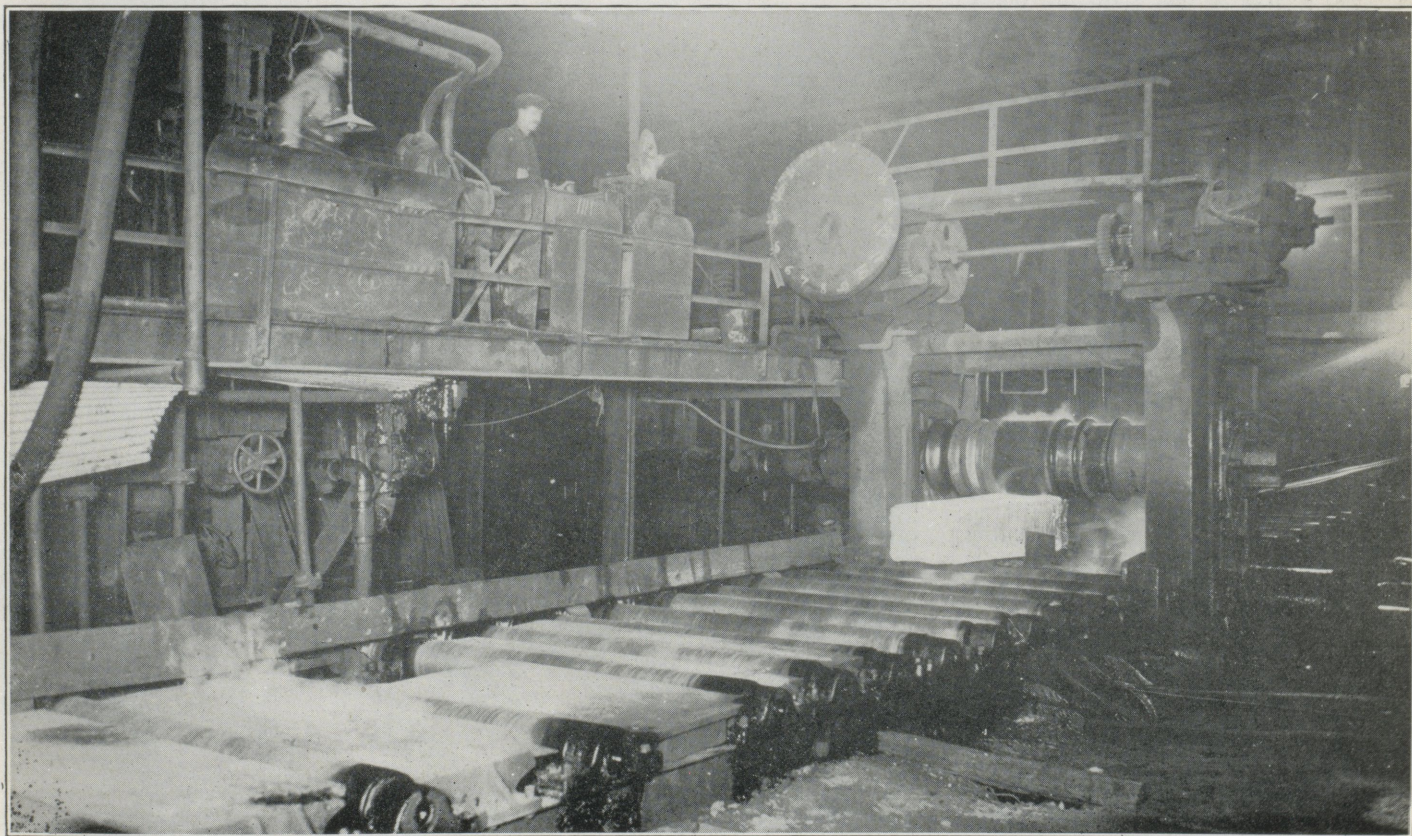
By Charles Bishop

THE parliamentary session recently ended does not rank high in the volume of its legislative achievements. What was done came within the category of things considered to be essential, but, beyond that, little was attempted. The Government did not go as far as, in the first instance, was its indicated intention. Tariff revision had been promised, and not only was an extensive, nation-wide inquiry conducted with that end in view, but, in the speech from the Throne, this revision was foreshadowed as the outstanding feature of the session. Governments, like individuals, change their minds, however, and in the last analyses, after weighing the pros and cons, it was

deemed inexpedient and inopportune to attempt, at this time, a work fraught with such far-reaching results. Nor is it certain when it will be done. It may be next session, or, perhaps, only when a new Parliament shall have been elected. When so much mist is over the political horizon and so many qualifying conditions and contingencies prevail, it is difficult, alike, to predict what may happen, or when. We are going along quietly, tackling natural problems as they arise, but following, generally, that cautious and conservative policy which is not out of place when the

process of reconstruction and re-establishment after the war is so far from finished.

The budget, the railway situation, the discussion on the coming conference of Imperial Premiers, the West Indian preferential tariff and the essential work of voting supply for the public service—these stand out most prominently in the subject matter of this year's parliamentary deliberations. With regard to the budget, it failed, as stated, to provide for any revision of the tariff, the essential argument invoked being that tariff action here should be in the light of what, as a matter of permanent rather than emergent policy, is done at Washington. Since the bud-



Rolling a 3½-ton ingot at the Nova Scotia Steel Company plant of the British Empire Steel Corporation, New Glasgow, N.S.



Photograph by Wm. Notman & Son, Montreal
The Peter Redpath Museum, McGill University, Montreal

get speech, the Young Emergency Tariff bill has been passed by the United States Congress, and there is no disposition here to minimize its effects. The practical result is in cutting off the importation into the United States of the principal Canadian agricultural products. During the last fiscal year they were exported to the States to the value of over \$168,000,000. Canada's adverse balance of trade with the neighboring Republic last year reached the total of \$295,000,000, while the "unseen" adverse balance, due to the redemption of maturing securities and payment of interest due by Canada in the States, added another \$180,000,000. If the Young bill is to shut us out from a market which has produced 168 millions per year, the three items mentioned would make up a total adverse balance of 650 millions. One of the influences which have operated is the adversity of exchange and the difficulty of financing foreign sales. Formerly it was profitable business for the American exporter to incorporate Canadian produce with the produce of her own country, but recent developments in international finance have transferred such transactions to the adverse side of the ledger.

The situation is one that will call for close observation as to how it works out. From the Canadian viewpoint, there can be little question that anything which operates to cut

off profitable markets must react, temporarily at least, in an injurious way, and this is especially the case in view of the financial conditions of Europe, where purchasing is so largely on the basis of credit. It is too early to say what Canada will do about it. Whatever is done will not be on the lines of retaliation. Official opinion

in Parliament does not subscribe to the theory that any tariff war should be inaugurated. Instead, there is every disposition to concede to the United States the fullest freedom in determining their fiscal policy, having regard to their own domestic interests, but the same rule will apply as well to Canada. When there is tariff revision here it will be with a full knowledge and appreciation of the effects of the latest American protective policy, but our action will be predicated upon domestic conditions and needs rather than as a retort to what has been done across the border. It is scarcely conceivable, however, that, when the United States is putting up new bars, Canada will lower hers. The pronounced tendency may be to elevate, rather than to pull down the tariff structure. That the tariff must be tackled is conceded, the only question being when. Political considerations and the rather uncertain atmosphere that prevails play so large a part that no one is in a position to say whether it will be done at the next session or, in fact, whether there will be another session at all before the popular consultation in a general election.

While this year's budget is somewhat of a void as regards the tariff question, it treats efficiently with the problem of revenue. Its provision for the meeting of financial ends has commended itself to the business community. The Business Profits Tax has been done away with, and with it



Sun drying fish at Digby, Nova Scotia



Interior view of the main banking chamber of the head office of Molsons Bank, Montreal, Que.

there has disappeared what was regarded by many as a serious hamper upon business industry and initiative. The remnant of the luxury taxes, likewise, has gone. In their place is the Sales Tax, extended both in percentage and in the scope of its operation. The provisions against dumping, the figuring into the cost of imports of appreciated exchange, and the limitations placed upon the depreciation of foreign currencies, for purposes of customs valuation, are measures which, designedly or otherwise, will have the effect of somewhat increasing the protection of the Canadian manufacturer even though the primary object was the raising of additional revenue. At this time plenty of it is needed.

Few previous budgets have compared with this year's in respect to

their simplicity and conciseness. Parliamentary criticism was directed, not so much at what was as at what was not done. Failure to revise the tariff and, as was claimed, to provide "relief for the consuming masses" were outstanding in the attack launched by both wings of opposition. To the onlooker in Parliament, both the amendment to the budget and the approving observations that accompanied it had the ring of a keynote for a general election, which is always one of the potential evolutions of the present parliamentary situation.

The Prime Minister is off to Great Britain in attendance at the Conference of Imperial Premiers, while the stimulated interest manifested in and outside of Parliament on these Imperial conclave is a very significant thing. A few years ago the departure

of a Canadian Premier for the metropolis and his reception there had a certain social and political interest because it brought a degree of kudos alike to the country and to its spokesman. There was but little general interest and much less concern over what went on in the actual conference. The idea of Parliament being consulted was not dreamed of. The last few years, however, have seen a quiet, constitutional development, placing in a more effulgent light the diplomatic delegation we now send to the council board of the Empire. Mr. Meighen has not gone overseas without Parliament being seized of and given the opportunity to discuss the agenda of the Conference, and without a clear-cut intimation of what he is expected to do. We are not to be "let in" for any new commitments or responsibilities, nor for any financial obligations apart from those already assumed. The Canadian view of the Conference is that it is purely consultative, with no binding effect to any conclusions which may be arrived at. Next year, or later on, there will be a constitutional conference, designed to define more clearly the mutual relations of each integral part of the Empire, and this one is supposed to pave the way but not to go further. Meanwhile various influences are at work. There is the round table school of statesmanship which would favor a centralized type of Imperial policy; there is the conservative school who think that conditions as they have prevailed heretofore, in whatever light they were viewed, should be quite satisfactory for the future; and, finally, there is that newer opinion, impressive in its growth, that the war has worked wonders in the evolution of our constitutional status, and that, remaining in the Empire, Canada must, rightfully, be classed as a freely autonomous nation, absolutely mistress in her own house. The predominant sense of Parliament coincides with this last mentioned view. What should be done to give effect to and whether or not the constitution needs to be re-written are matters to be determined, not at the present conference but one convened for that special purpose. At all events, the growth of recognition of this newer status, within the last few years, is striking in its degree and the prominence accorded. The Naval question is not to come up officially. It is properly considered to be a theme for a full conference rather than for one confined to Premiers alone. Such a course is made the more desirable by the fact that naval authorities, in the

light of the war, are not yet of one opinion as to the most modern form of naval armament, while domestic financial conditions suggest no outlays that cannot be classed as urgent. One thing the Conference will have to determine is the Anglo-Japanese alliance expiring next month and calling either for renewal or discontinuance. To have fixed opinion in advance, as to what is to be done, robs any conference of its vital object, because the basic theory of such gatherings is that conclusions be reached only after a mutual exchange of views. With limitations, however, on the influx of Japanese to the Pacific coast and upon the property rights of the voluminous colony there already, it is believed that Canada will fully subscribe to the principle of the alliance between two world powers whose continued co-operation in peace may well be as effective as their united effort in war. It is a hopeful sign that our imperial delegations of the present day and the subjects they go to discuss attract such a widespread and critical interest, whereas, some years ago, they were looked upon as a more or less of a midsummer jaunt to the London "season," with an endless round of festival occasions, but with no compelling attraction in the usually inconclusive conferences themselves.

The investigation held during the

session by a parliamentary committee into the affairs of the Canadian National Railway System was somewhat of the character of a trip into a jungle. There was a wilderness of fact and figures and considerable publicity and an occasional display of acrimony, but the solution wasn't brought much nearer. Few imagined that a parliamentary committee, composed of laymen, would, despite their undoubted good faith and attention, accomplish very much in delving into a peculiarly technical subject. Mr. Hanna puts his finger on the crux of it when he says in effect, "all that the National Railways need is business." The same elementary truth might be applied to any struggling enterprise. How to get business is not the function of a parliamentary committee. That is a matter that belongs to the directorate and subordinate management, and, in turn, it is contingent upon business conditions and the physical capacity of the transportation system to handle what is offering. The Grand Trunk imbroglio, which at one time was menacing, has had a happy issue and that company is coming into the National system. The Government lines are being unified and co-ordinated, new blood is being infused in the direction, and, presumably, many reforms will be initiated. It is a final experiment. Past experience in State

ownership will have been revised, however, if the system work out to a successful conclusion and obviate those staggering deficits which, in the last few years, have been pyramided to the point of peril in national credit. There are some who view the prospect with optimism, but the pessimists prevail. If the latter forecast prove true, then, as Mr. Meighen has indicated, some other plan must be followed—perhaps embodying the proposals of the eminent authority, Lord Shaughnessy, or, again, the creation of some new corporation of private interests to take over the embarrassed utilities. The experiment will be watched with an abounding interest, but, taking into account the political influences that are inescapable from a system that has to be discussed and financed by Parliament, the heavy burden of fixed charges and the present and prospective commercial conditions, the outlook for the roads under government ownership is not of that roseate promise which its advocates would desire. Everybody knows that the Government and Parliament were never enamoured of a State-owned system but, rather, accepted it as a supposed exit from an impasse. If last year's showing is any criterion, we are still deep in the wilderness. The new

Continued on page 66



A typical Western Ontario dairy herd

British & Colonial Press Photograph



ON LAKE AND STREAM IN CANADA



The Brown Trout In Canada

IT is not a commonly known fact among the anglers in Canada that the brown trout (*Salmo fario*) has been introduced into the Canadian waters, and that where it has been planted it apparently seems to thrive and do well; indeed, that to say the brown trout will some day populate the northern streams and waters in abundance is well within the range of possibility. Notable plantings of brown trout have been made in Ontario, the greatest success seeming to be in the streams in the vicinity of Simcoe. In a report on the brown trout in that region, a fishery warden states: "The planting of this fish in the brooks of this district has been most successful. These fish appear to be fitted for streams where the waters become too warm for brook trout." That, probably, is one of the relieving

*The Brown Trout (Salmo fario)
In Its Canadian Habitat; Some
Relieving Facts About It;
Its Life, Habits And Other
Interesting Data*

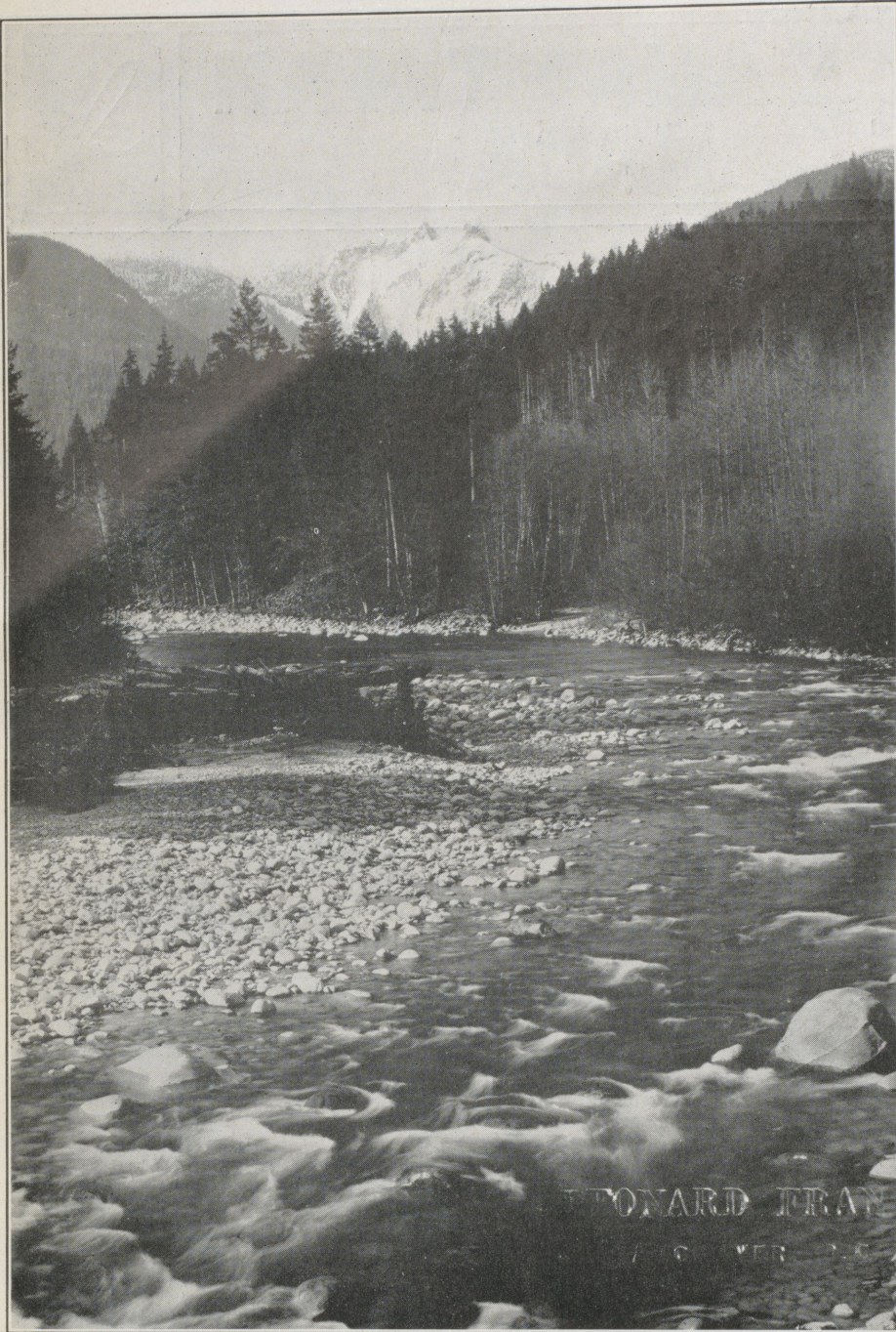
By Robert Page Lincoln

lights in the make-up of this fish; it can flourish and do well in waters that the charr (or speckled brook trout) will not and cannot bear. The brook trout is a cold-water fish, truly a fish of the fountains; without cold or cool water it cannot hold its own. The axe of the destructive lumberman has changed things all in all, for with deforestation has come the elimination of the foliage that formed a canopy over the wood streams, keep-

ing the waters cool and preventing them from evaporating. But, in the march of time, man has disturbed the balance of nature; the brook trout streams (many of them, at least) now stand out in the sunlight and the brook trout disappear, probably seeking some new water or keeping themselves in the very deepest holes along that course. That there are now streams that once teemed with brook trout is well known, but now they are but a ghost of their former selves. In such streams the brown trout could be inserted with every degree of success, and good fishing would soon result, for the brown trout adds to itself a pound a year until it is five years old, when the gain in weight is not so rapid. Nevertheless, I consider it a most unwise move to plant brown trout in waters that are still suited



"Those Titan capes, Trinity and Eternity, lift their massive brows to receive the baptism of the upper glory"



A British Columbia trout stream

for brook trout, or where brook trout, in such streams, still obtain in well-rounded abundance. That the brown trout, if short on food, will contrive to destroy the young brook trout fingerlings, there is every reason to believe from observations made covering many years in many waters as the brown trout applies to this continent.

The brown trout is not a native of North America. It is a European fish, and is well known in Germany and in the British Isles. Late in the Fall of 1882, an eminent German fish culturist by the name of von Behr sent a supply of eggs of this fish to the

United States Government; these were hatched and planted in various streams in 1883. The fish soon obtained a foothold so to speak, and thereafter the United States Fish Commission was busy propagating it and releasing it in new waters far and wide. Then stories began to come in that the brown trout was a destroyer of fish life, and that it was speedily killing out the native brook trout. It was called a "brown monster," a "cannibal possessed of an insatiable appetite," and even was stated to be a fish without any of the pronounced characteristics of a true game fish; that compared

with the native brook trout it was a very poor understudy. That a brown trout of some size can devour brook trout in numbers there is no gain-saying. Some years ago, William C. Harris tells of seeing a brown trout, caught on a New York stream, weighing five pounds, cut open, in the stomach of which were found three brook trout, one weighing a pound, another three-quarters of a pound, and the third one, three ounces. From this and many other investigations, it can be looked upon as a fact that the brown trout, especially when it adds to itself in weight, will take whatever comes its way, for its appetite is never blunted. The brown trout is piscivorous by nature, which is to say it kills the young of other fish; it has sharp teeth placed in the roof of its mouth which more surely than ever places it in the salmon family, being a salmon-trout and not a charr, as is the brook trout. But in spite of the fact that the brown trout is possessed of sharp teeth where the brook trout has none that can outright be called teeth, the fact must not be lost track of that the fish *does* live and subsist on finny life, such as it may destroy, but also picks up insect fare. On the other hand, anglers have come to believe that the brook trout entirely makes a living on insects, where they are often found full of minnows; indeed, there are times when a large shiner minnow is the best lure one can use when fishing deep for them in lakes, especially where they run large in weight.

Do not for a moment undervalue the brown trout in importance, for it is a trout that is surely as famous, if not more so, than our brook trout. The brown trout is in England the trout pre-eminent; a fish that has enjoyed a flattering prominence throughout numbers of volumes devoted to angling in the British Isles, and in behalf of which is conducted angling talk in the periodicals annually amounting to hundreds upon thousands of words. Were all that has been written about the brown trout in England gathered up in bound form it would make a twenty-five foot row of books. It is this trout that has called forth and brought into being the famous dry-fly system of angling; it is about it that Halford, Dewar, Grey, and a host of others have built a reputation that will never tarnish. To say that the brown trout is the most famed trout in all this world is to advance a truth that can hardly be discounted or discredited. Though the brown trout be dubbed "a professional fish eater," it should not be lost track

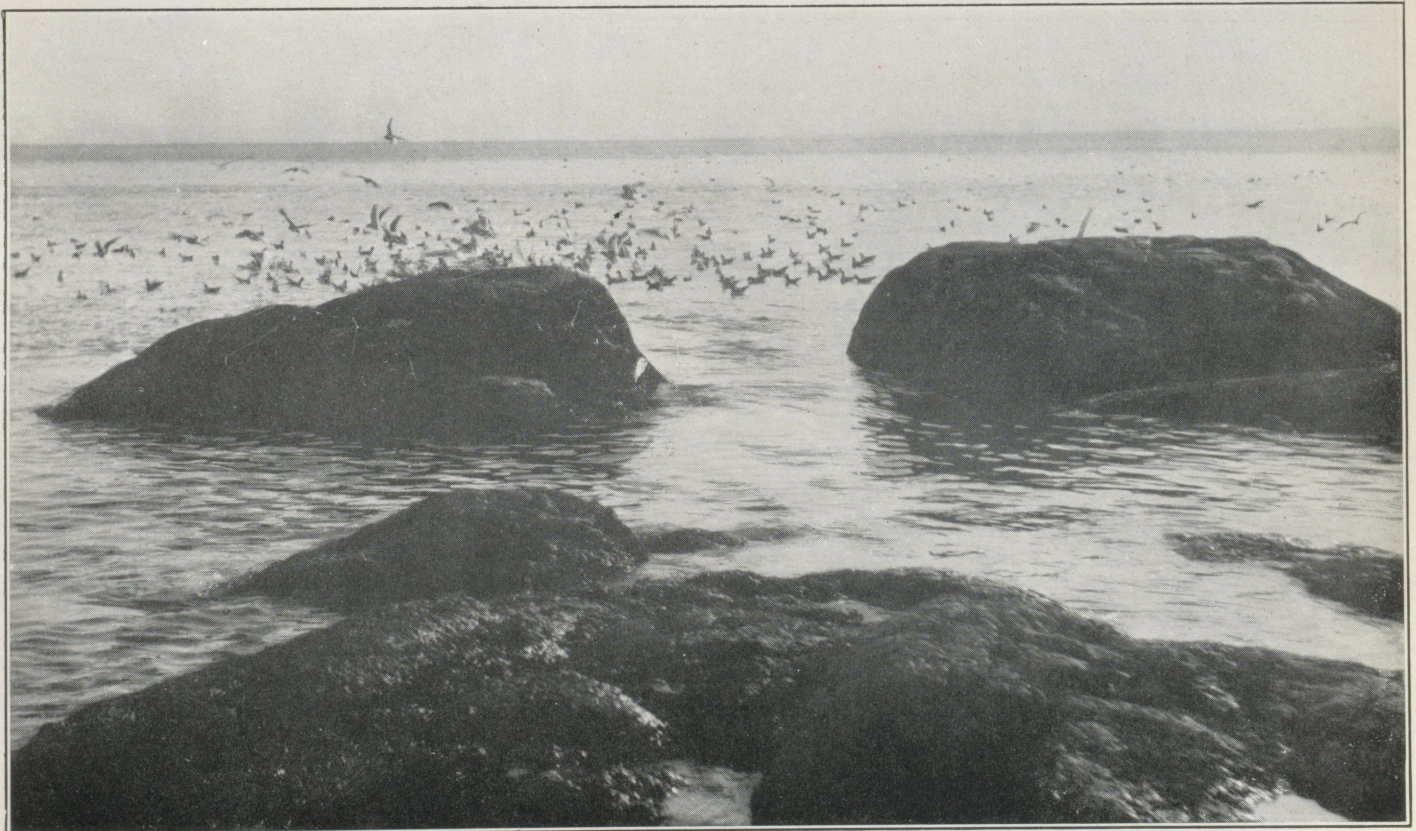
of that its taste for succulent insects is surely not far removed from that of the brook trout. On the English streams, its wariness has come to be such that only the craftiest flies, tied in direct imitation of the *Ephemera* that the trout feed upon, have been able to contrive captures. If there ever comes to be such a thing that the brown trout will take the place of our native brook trout, it will come with a recommendation, credentials and volumes of praise to its credit that would set to rest the mind of any doubter. But, in spite of this reputation, to introduce it into Canadian streams still containing abundant evidence of brook trout numbers is assuredly not the correct thing. But in depleted waters, in screened-in ponds and lakes, I can in absolute faith add my recommendation to this fish.

In Ireland, the brown trout is said to be found attaining a weight of thirty pounds, and in England, in the lakes and reservoirs, twenty-pound specimens are by no matter of means rare; indeed, sometimes quite frequent. An English writer states that when the brown trout become as large as this, they become dense sluggards, absolutely refusing the fly and hardly ever leaving the bottom. Such fish, he states, will degenerate into cannibals, and have to be netted out. In

Wisconsin and in Michigan, the brown trout is more or less common, and I have there caught them side by side with the rainbow trout and the brook trout. I have never caught a brown trout in these northern streams of any great weight, although I understand they obtain. O. Warren Smith, an angling writer of Wisconsin, states that: "Six and eight-pound brown trout are quite common, and we have record of much heavier fish being taken. I believe in years to come fifteen and twenty-pound fish will be taken." In isolated cases this may be true, but I doubt if it will ever happen on any American stream. Probably in lake waters the brown trout may attain to this weight. Northern waters would or will produce such large specimens, though generally in American streams the farther south you go maturity in the brown trout is reached at probably near a foot length and at a weight of a half-pound. Although this may seem surprising, it is, nevertheless, true. The variations from the high point of weight the brown trout attain to in northern waters and more southern waters is, therefore, great. In waters well stocked with minnow life, the brown trout grows and adds to itself a pound a year; but it should be remembered that this increase in growth keeps pace with an insatiable

appetite, and that this appetite often leads to anything from a cold, dispassionate assassination of the charrs down to outright cannibalism (devouring its own kind), which must not be lost sight of.

Having received a number of letters from Canadian clubs and organizations anent the desirability of introducing brown trout into ponds and lakes in the North, not to mention rivers and small streams, it will, of course, be necessary to add some light to the matter. I have already mentioned the case of the stream, in that its introduction in such would be all right if brook trout did not obtain in due numbers. *In the case of small lakes and ponds whose inlet and outlet may be screened, the brown trout as an introduction can hardly be equalled.* That such lakes do obtain in the North that have few fish species in them we note to be true. In such waters the brown trout will thrive, and if the lakes in question are stocked with various forms of minnow life, such as chubs and shiners, various crustacea, and insect life, the project will be found an entire success from start to finish and provide fishing that will surely be of the best. And to prevent any possible overflow into stream waters, the screening of the entrances to the lake will prevent this. In the reservoirs and lakes in



Oak Bay is one of the many charming attractions of Victoria, British Columbia

British & Colonial Press Photograph

England, the brown trout is reared in great numbers, and provides excellent fishing. We can, therefore, do no better than to observe the matter as it presents itself in the British Isles, especially as regards the stocked lake and pond, or reservoir, as the case may be. Writes Ernest Phillips, a well-known angling writer of England:

"There are three species of trout available for turning down into new waters, and it may be expected that I shall say something of their respective merits. The three are: brown trout, Loch Levens, and rainbows. In my mind, I have not the faintest hesitation in recommending that brown trout are a long way the best fish for enclosed waters like reservoirs or lakes. Loch Levens come second, and rainbows a bad third. The brown trout is a native of these islands. He is the best of all our sporting fish, the most widely distributed, and he thrives in any fresh water, be it stream or lake. In Scotland and some parts of the North of England he is known as the yellow trout, to distinguish him from the white trout which is the local name for the sea trout. It used

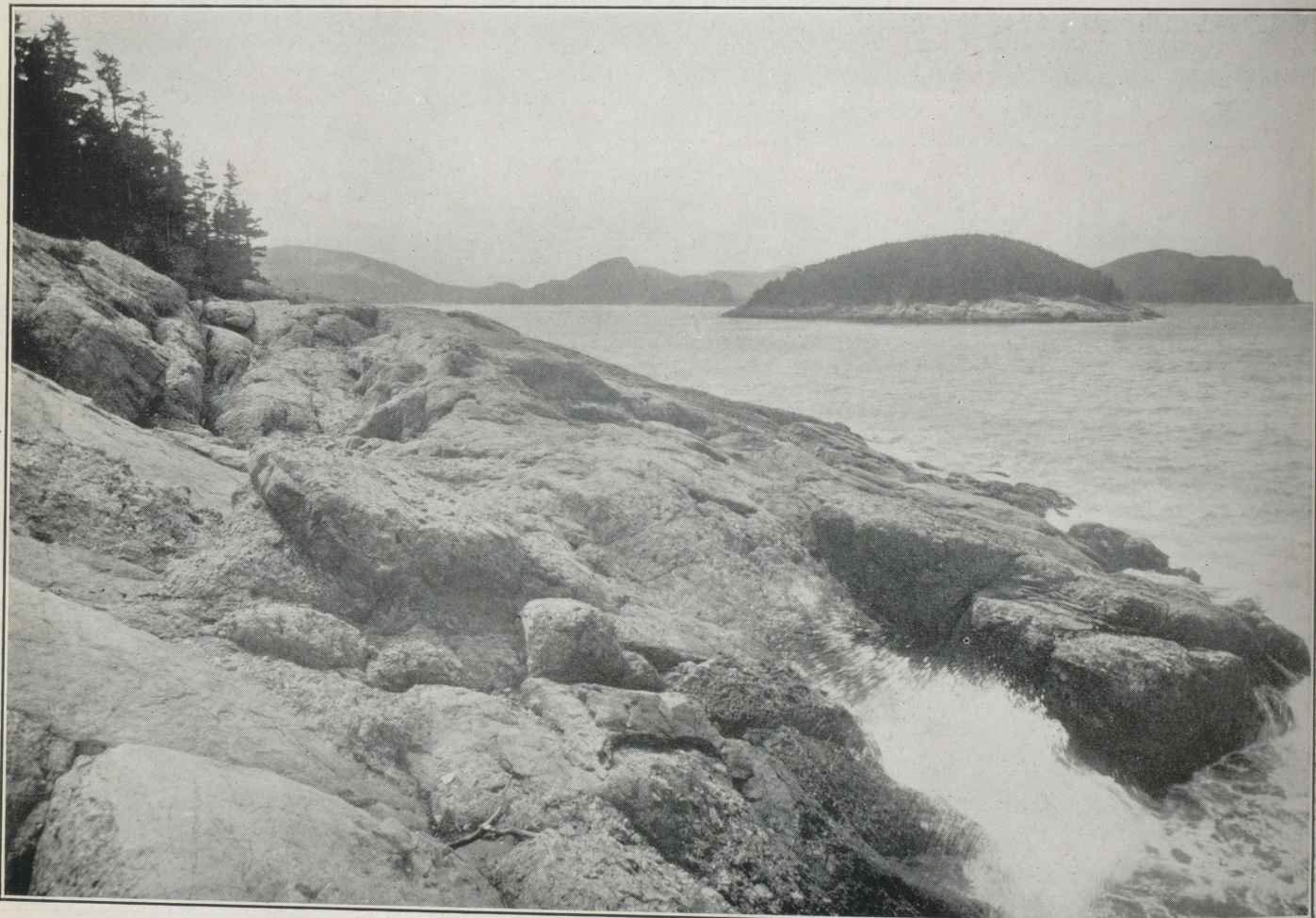
to be argued that there were many species of these trout, but it seems tolerably clear that there is only one—and that is the brown trout of England and Wales, the yellow trout of Scotland. Loch Leven and other varieties, peculiar to certain districts, are the result of different surroundings, different food and other circumstances which may not only affect the habits of the fish, but will produce a change in coloration. The brown trout, the most characteristic form, is a beautiful fish, full of spirit, a good riser to the fly, and rapidly attains a great weight. In some respects, or in all events in some waters, the Loch Leven is a more beautiful fish, and when he is hooked, it may be agreed that he shows better sport—having a liking for gymnastics more highly developed than you will note in the case of his browner brother. Many people place the Loch Leven on a higher plane as a sport provider than the brown trout."

I do not at the moment have any data at hand to give as to whether Loch Leven trout are here propagated. As a rule, I believe the main specie

(the brown trout) and its sub-specie the Loch Leven (*Salmo-fario-levenensis*) are considered one and the same fish—on this continent at least. When introduced in lake and pond waters, the fish not only soon gives the angler an opportunity to "get at it," but the fish, instead of staying to the bottom of the lake, comes to the surface, around the shores, and may be cast for with the fly, much as any trout fishing is gone about. Later in the Summer, it may be deep-fished for with minnows, so that there is hardly a time in the Summer that good sport may not be had for it, and, at the same time, being sure of more than enough to go around.

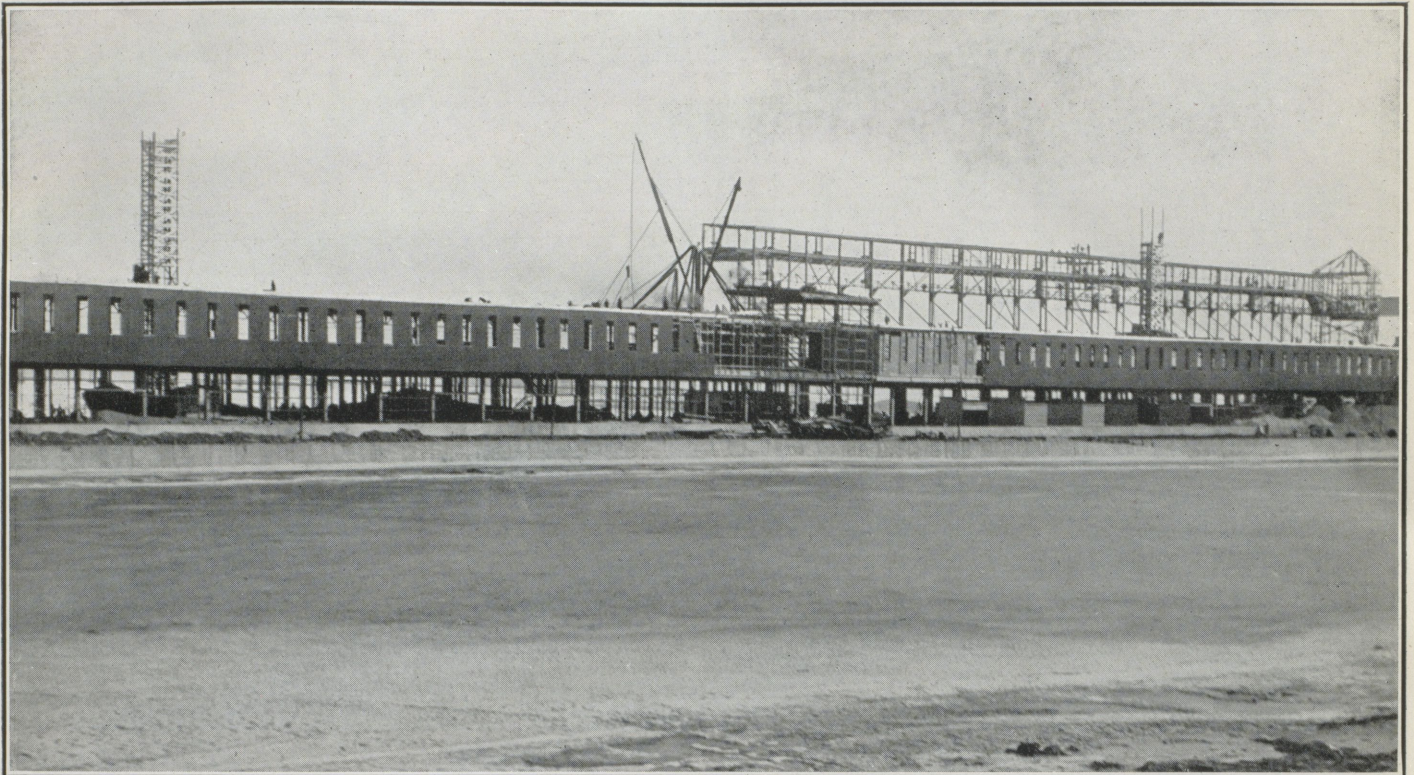
The fact that the brown trout, through being planted in Canadian streams and increasing to a certain extent, will and are being caught by anglers who write me stating that they have caught a stray specimen of the brook trout having large scales and the carmine spots of a brook trout but covered over all with black, round spots. This is, of course, the brown trout; hence, a description of it is

Continued on page 68



Photograph by W. H. Robinson, Official Photographer, Canadian National Railways
A typical view of the South Shore Region of the Lower St. Lawrence

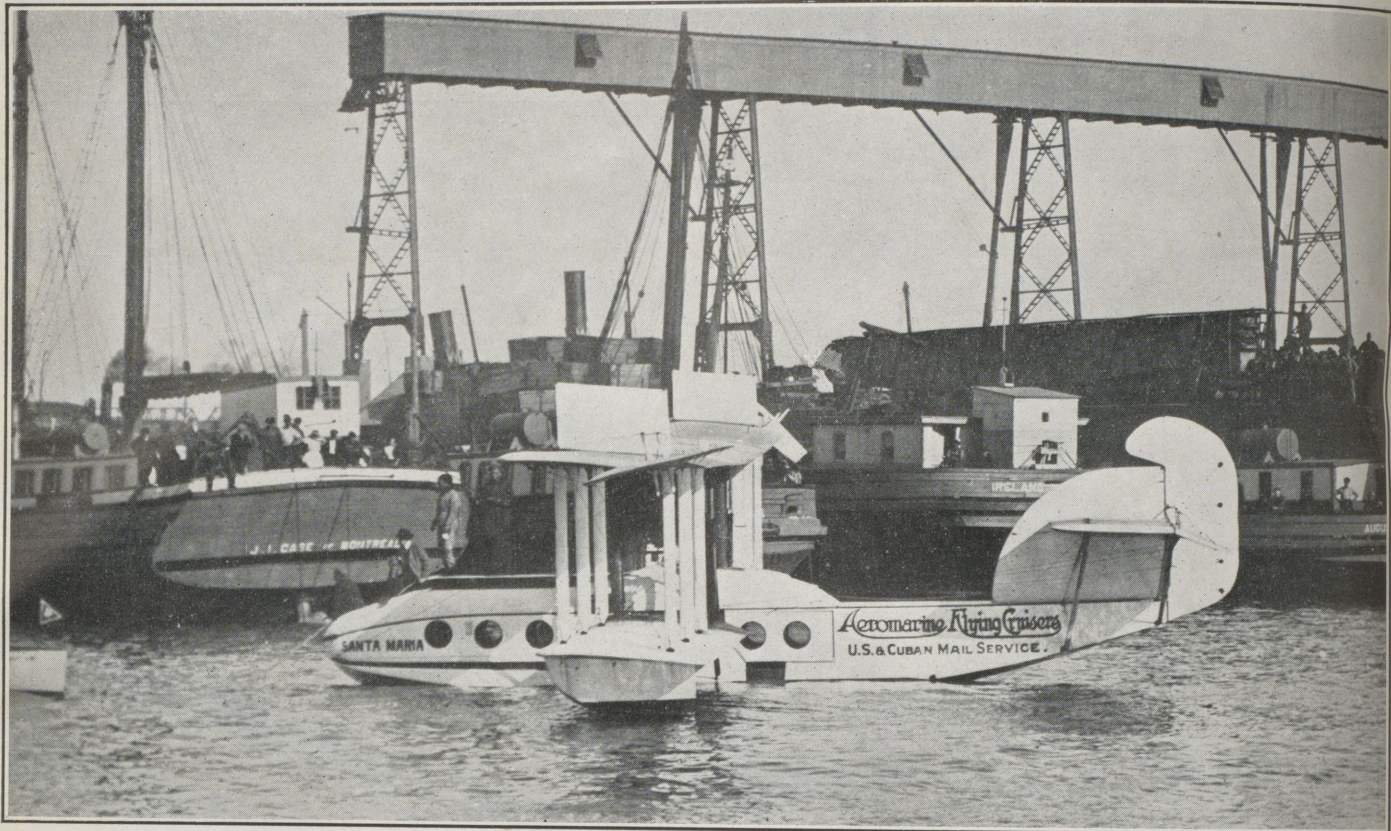
Canada Through the Camera



British & Colonial Press Photograph
Hon. C. C. Ballantyne, accompanied by a delegation of members of the Senate and House of Commons, recently formally opened three new steel sheds on Victoria Pier, in the Port of Montreal



British & Colonial Press Photograph
Sir Arthur Currie, Principal of McGill University, addressing the 1921 Graduating Class after its President had planted the class tree on the University Campus. This is the twenty-seventh successive class that has perpetuated its memory to Old McGill in this fitting manner



The "Santa Maria," which recently flew from New York to Detroit with seven passengers, photographed in Montreal Harbour. *British & Colonial Press Photograph*
 Howard E. Coffin, former Chairman of the United States Aircraft Board, New York, City



Sir Henry Drayton, Minister of Finance, his father and brother-in-law, photographed in front of the Toronto City Hall in company with Mayor Church *British & Colonial Press Photograph*



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Here is the recently constituted Wheat Board which will hold sittings in various cities throughout the West to discuss the Wheat situation. From left to right are: Mr. Lincoln Goldie, Guelph; Mr. W. G. Staples, Winnipeg; Judge Hyndman, Calgary; Mr. J. N. Haslem, Regina *British & Colonial Press Photograph*



Capt. Michael Doyle, of the S.S. "Venusia," being presented with the Montreal Harbour Commissioners' gold-headed walking stick, an honor accorded annually to the first ocean skipper arriving in the port. The presentation was made by Mr. W. G. Ross, the Chairman. From left to right are: W. F. Cowie, Chief Engineer; Capt. Bourassa, Harbour Master; Brigadier-General Labelle; Capt. Organ; Capt. Doyle; M. P. Fennell, Jr., Secretary; W. G. Ross; Farquhar Robertson; Colonel W. I. Gear; Capt. Gillies, and Capt. Capper *British & Colonial Press Photograph*



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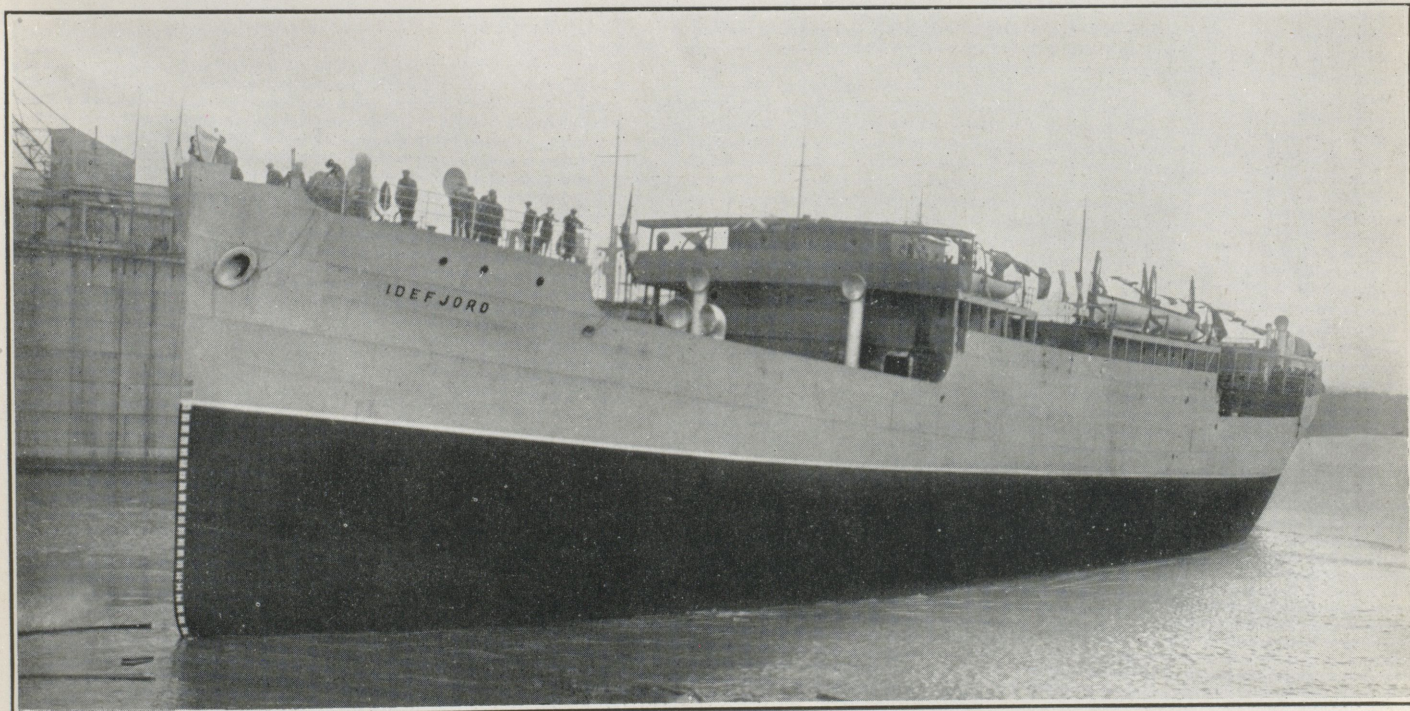


"FOG and snow are the deadliest enemies of the navigator, with ice, shoals, sunken rocks and other perils of the sea comparatively innocuous in comparison," says a writer in *The Syren and Shipping*, one of Great Britain's chief periodicals devoted to maritime affairs. "Given clear weather, the mariner can proceed on his lawful occasions, if not always without anxiety, at any rate with none of that nerve-devastating uncertainty which is produced when a fog closes down or a heavy snow-storm deprives those on the bridge of the ability to see whither they are steering. Human invention, as exemplified in the submarine signalling apparatus and directional wireless, has done much to minimize the dangers attendant upon fogs, but ultimately the safety of the ship and her complement depends upon the watchfulness and aural alertness of those in

charge of her. Could fog or its power for evil be eliminated, the lot of the navigator would be shorn of the greater part of its worries, and the annual loss-roll of men and ships would be materially reduced. Few sailors, we warrant, would agree with the naval captain who, entering the Channel and running into a dense fog, exclaimed to his navigating officer: 'Ha! this is what I call something like; none of your cursed eternal blue skies here; a fellow can see his breath now!'

"Only an earnest seeker after trouble could take up so frivolous an attitude towards fog. Our thoughts have been turned to this subject by the perusal of an interesting monograph which has been prepared by Mr. H. Keeton, of the Marine Division of the Meteorological Office. In this he discusses the causation of Atlantic fogs and the reasons for

their prevalence in certain areas, and the basis upon which they are classified. Fogs, from their very nature, are not easily definable, and what one sailor will call a mist another will merely describe as hazy weather. Efforts have been made to lay down some rules for the guidance of navigators, and the International Commission on Weather has drawn up a scale which places fog in 10 categories, as follows: dense fog, objects not visible at 50 yds.; thick fog, objects not visible at one cable; fog, not visible at two cables; moderate fog, not visible at half a mile; thin fog or mist, not visible at a mile; hazy, not visible at two miles; horizon not visible from 40 ft., or objects not visible at four miles; horizon only just visible, or objects not visible at seven miles; horizon well defined; and fog in patches.



The S.S. "Idefjord," built for Norwegian interests at the plant of Canadian Vickers, Limited, was successfully launched recently by Mrs. Magnus Swenson, wife of the President of the Norwegian American Line Agency, New York

British & Colonial Press Photograph

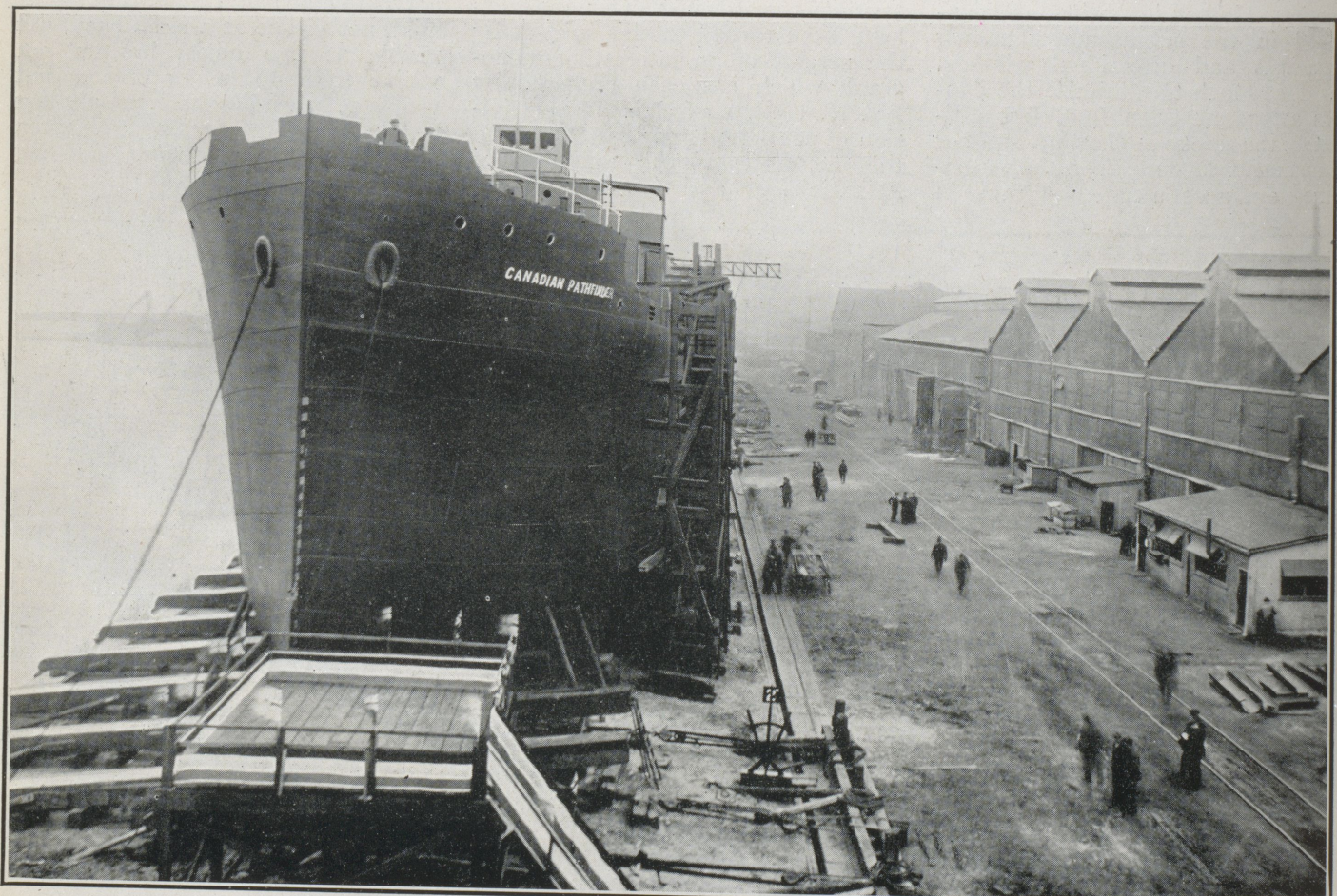
"The late Mr. William Allingham, in his book *Marine Meteorology*, says that 'apparently if the condensed aqueous vapor is of about the same density as the air and hangs low, it is called fog. If the density be slightly in excess of the air, thus causing a persistently fine rain, then we have mist. Haze, on the other hand, is an especially dry fog.' Mr. Keeton, on his part, holds that the only distinction between fog and mist is one of degree of obscurity. The two terms, he adds, are often applied indiscriminately, and it must be borne in mind that the customs of experienced observers with regard to the classification of fog and mist are not necessarily identical. This being so, it is obvious that the International Commission on Weather have done well to draw up the scale referred to, and it is equally obvious that the general adoption of this scale by navigators is very desirable in the interests of shipping. A big book might be written on the subject of fogs in their relation to navigation.

"What, for instance, constitutes moderate speed when such atmospheric conditions obtain? Article 16

of the Regulations for the Prevention of Collisions at Sea lays it down that every vessel shall, in a fog, mist, falling snow or heavy rain storms, go at a 'moderate speed, having careful regard to the existing circumstances and conditions.' No one, we imagine, could seriously contend that this is a satisfactory solution of what is admittedly a very difficult problem. It has, however, provided much material sustenance for the lawyers, and will assuredly continue to do so until human nature is purged of its liability to err and becomes a mathematical quantity. A long list of legal decisions has shown that 'moderate speed' depends entirely upon the conditions which are prevailing at a given time—the size and power of the vessel, the locality in which she is, etc. Thus it has been held by the Privy Council that an ocean steamer proceeding at 7 knots in a fog 200 miles to the eastward of Sandy Hook is travelling at too high a speed; while 4 knots has been held too fast for a steamship in a fog so dense that another vessel could not be seen 70 yards off. Marsden, in his *Collisions at Sea*, says that from the English decisions it

appears that the rate must be regulated by the thickness of the fog and the probability of falling in with other ships, rather than by the supposed distance at which a horn or bell would be audible.

"This brings us to another important factor bearing upon fogs, namely, the range of sound—a very uncertain quantity. As is well known, large areas of silence are frequently to be encountered in foggy weather. The Board of Trade, indeed, warn mariners not to assume that their vessel is a considerable distance from another merely because the sound of her siren is very faint; nor, *per contra*, that she is close at hand because her sound signal is plainly heard. The same applies, of course, to fog-signals from lighthouses and lightships. Investigations have proved that while a whistle has been plainly audible at 20 miles distant, it could not then be heard at all at two miles. As to the causation of sea fogs, Mr. Keeton points out that as a rule this is due to the passage of warm, moist air over relatively cold water; and that the most favorable season for their development from this cause is the



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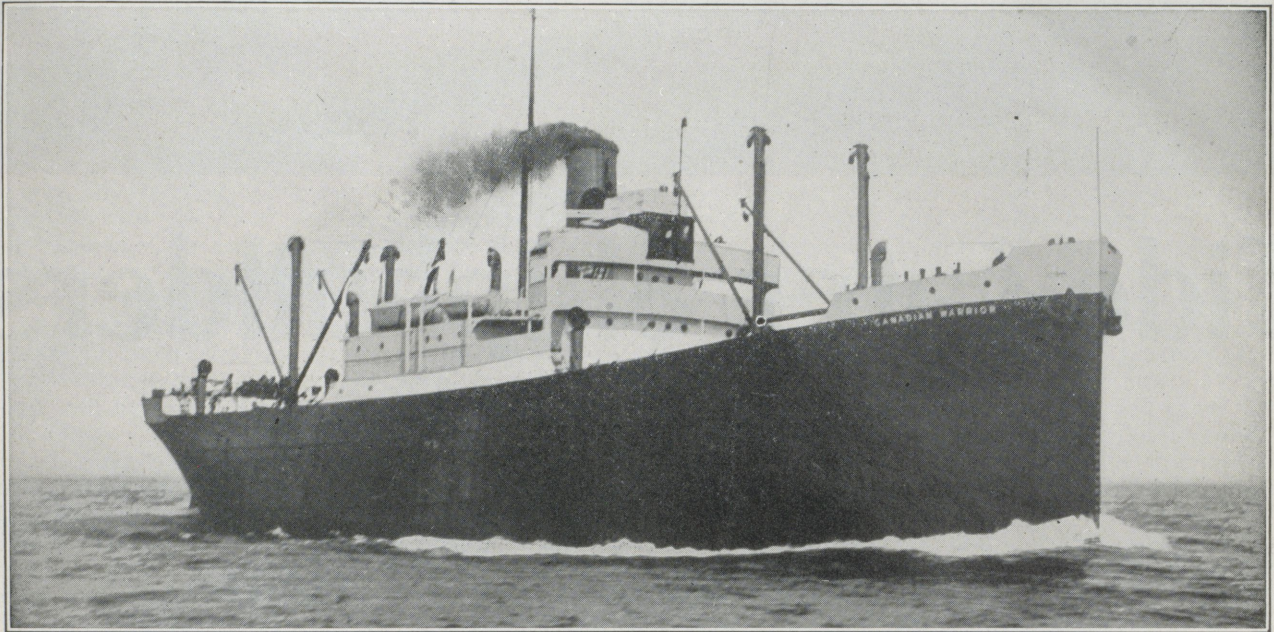
Photograph by W. H. Robinson, Official Photographer, Canadian National Railways

The Collingwood Shipbuilding Co.

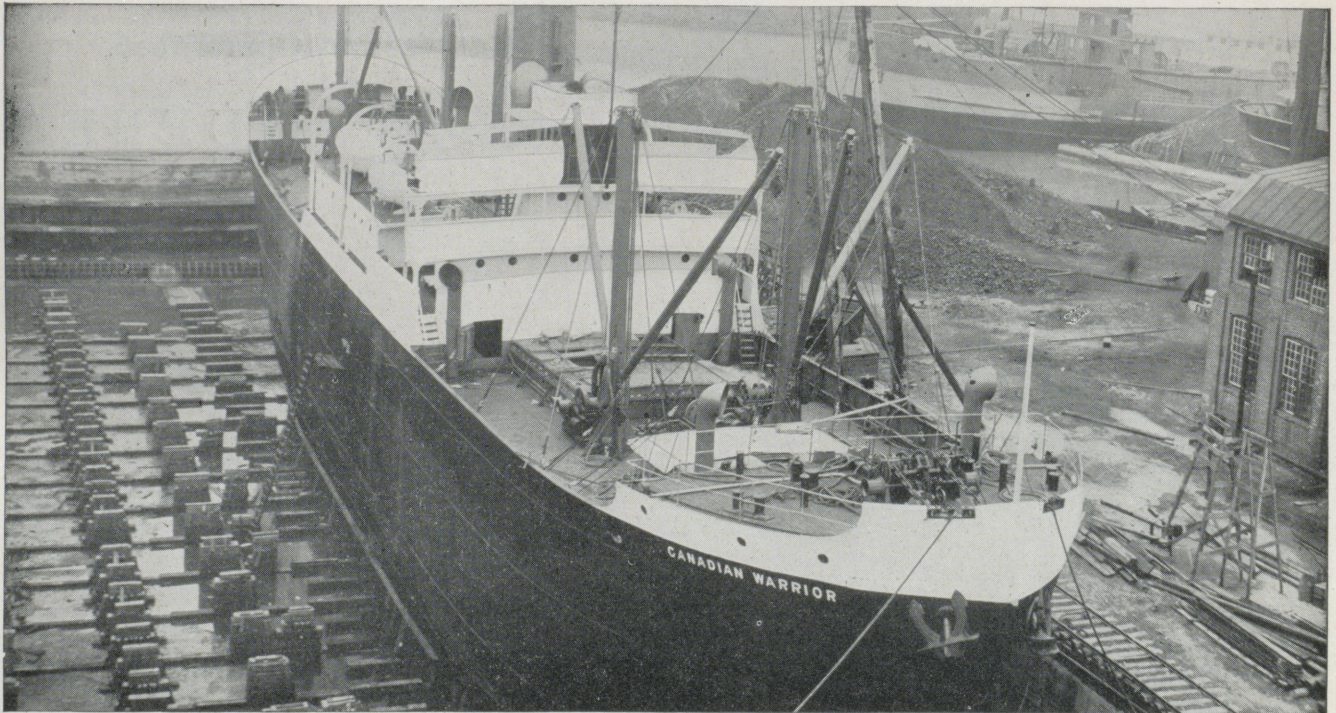
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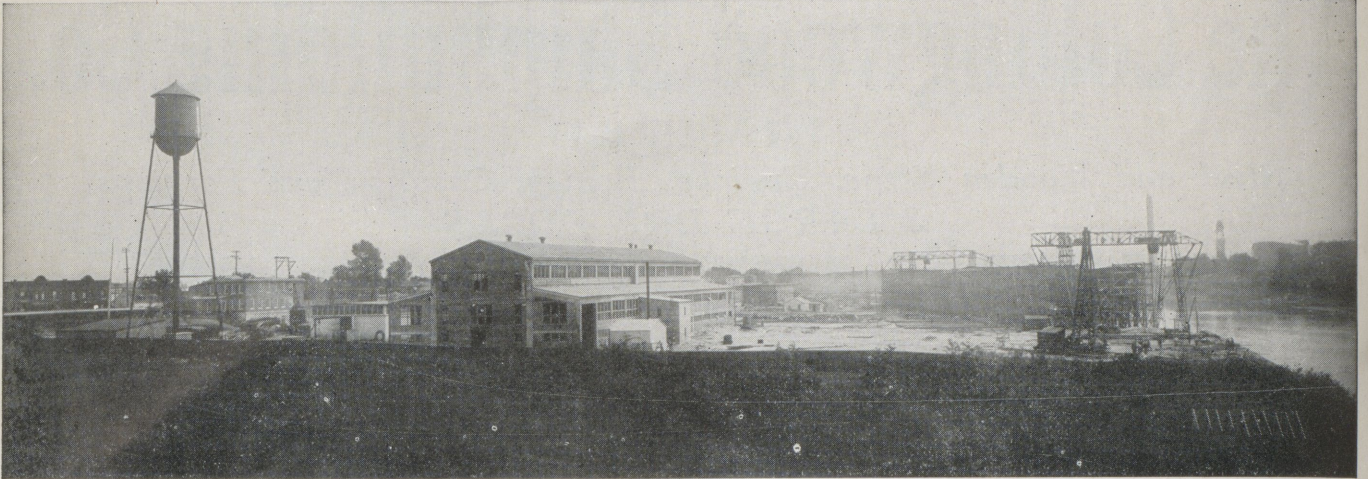


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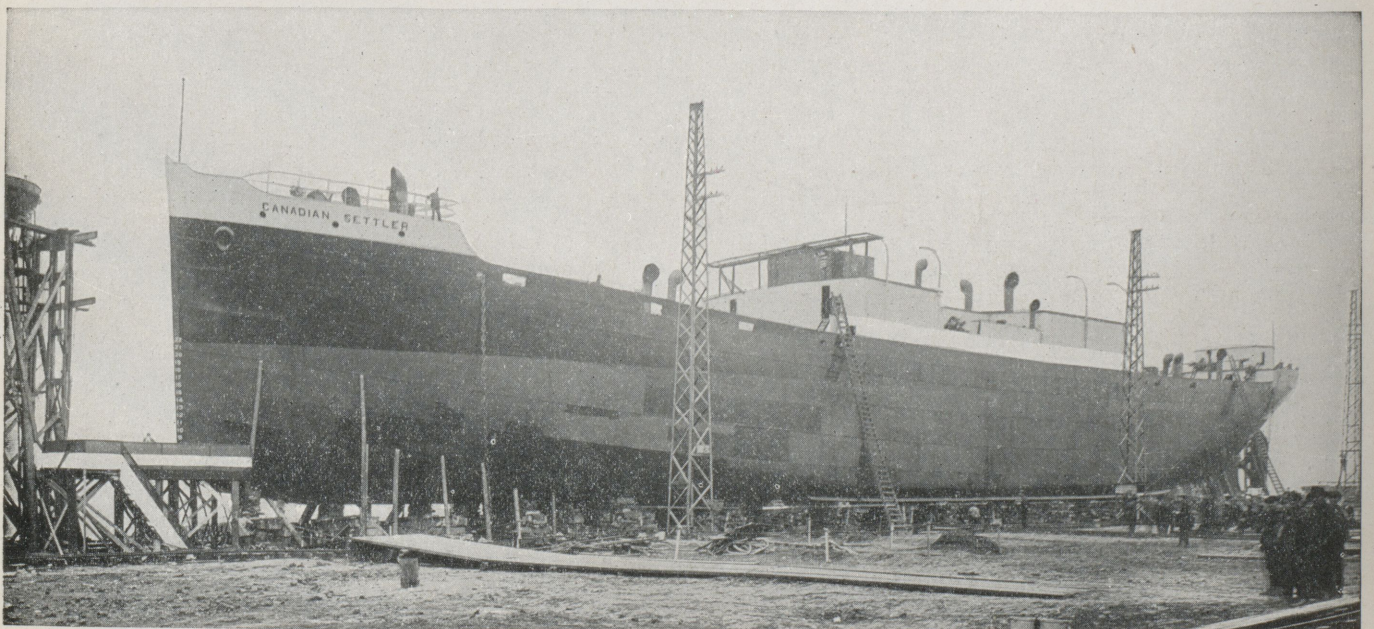
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spring and early summer, when the temperature of the sea is usually lower than that of the air.

"The marked prevalence of fogs over the Grand Banks during the spring and summer is, he says, also explained by the fact that the centres of low-pressure systems traversing the United States and the Western Atlantic take a more northerly track at this season. The warm, moisture-laden winds of the eastern semi-circles of these depressions are thereby drawn over the cold Arctic current, with the result that condensation takes place and fog is formed. Less frequently fog is due to cold air passing over warm water, the meeting of the Labrador current and the Gulf Stream being a favorable ground for the development of such fogs. They may also be formed during calms, which permit the accumulation of air cooled by radiation to below the dew-point; that is, the temperature at which the water vapor in the air commences to condense. Fogs formed in this way, though sometimes very dense, do not extend as a rule more than 50 ft. above the sea surface; but they may last for several days. It is often the case that fogs are met with in localities where the conditions would not of themselves produce fog, the explanation of

this phenomenon being that they have drifted on the wind.

"Discussing the subject of coastal fogs, Mr. Keeton says that their formation in the spring and summer is mainly due to the causes which operate over the open ocean. There are, however, other causes which produce conditions favorable for the formation of coastal fogs, as, for instance, the mixing of warm and cold surface currents; the cold under-currents being forced to the surface in passing over shoals or approaching a coast; while warm, moist winds from the sea impinging on cliffs or mountain sides close to the coast are deflected upwards and mix with the colder air above. Autumn and winter fogs, on the other hand, are mainly land fogs which have spread seaward, the conditions for their formation being distinct from those which produce sea fogs.

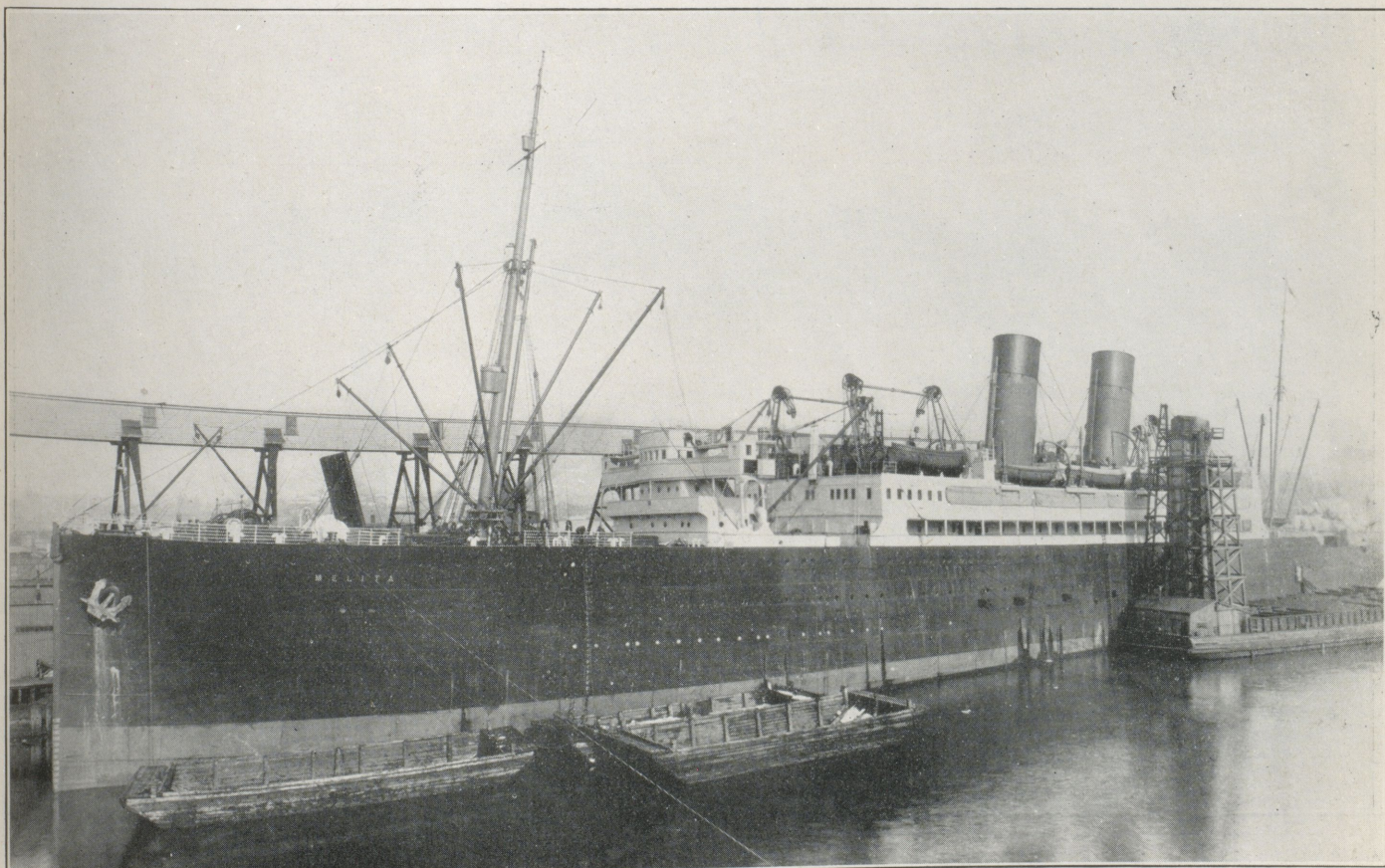
"According to Sir Napier Shaw, 'sea fogs are summer fogs, and land fogs, winter fogs,' and coastal regions come in for a share of both kinds. As regards the British Isles, the prevalence of fog on the eastern coasts, enclosed seas or narrow straits is greater in the winter months, while on the exposed western coasts the early summer is the most notable season of fogs. The belief held by

some sailors that fog affects the accuracy of the compass does not find any support in scientific circles; in fact, it has been summarily dismissed as a fairy tale. Nevertheless, several cases have come before the Admiralty Court wherein witnesses have strongly maintained its truth. We have said that fogs are not easily definable, but we recall one old sailing-ship captain who had no difficulty in giving a definition. 'Fog, my son,' he used to say to his apprentices, 'is the very devil!'"

□ □ □

"Now and again a champion of the sailing vessel comes forward despite the fact that the steamship, which so nearly crowded it from the seas, seems to be losing ground in turn to the motor ship," says *The Nautical Gazette*, New York. "There are still marine experts who declare that of the three sources of power—fuel, water and wind—the greatest is wind. 'Within a short time,' says one of them, 'emigrants and other travellers who cannot spend a fortune for an ocean ticket will be carried in sailing vessels as in the old packet ships of the fifties.'

"The statement is that of C. O. Liljegren, a yacht designer who has presented to the Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders in Scotland his



The S.S. "Melita," of the Canadian Pacific Ocean Services, photographed at a St. John, New Brunswick, dock

conception of the special type of sailing vessel which is to re-establish the one-time supremacy of wind in the field of marine propulsion.

"The type of vessel with which he proposes to turn back the hands of time is a motor clipper of improved design of hull and revised sail plan, embodying in her construction those features of the modern yacht which give stability, weatherliness and good average speed. As calms are too expensive a luxury in view of the high costs and the high wages prevailing at the present day, he declares that some sort of auxiliary motor is a necessity for the modern sailing vessel. By that statement he comes at once into open conflict with many owners of sailing vessels who have experimented with auxiliary motors.

"The hull of the vessel which Mr. Liljegren has designed would follow the lines which have been evolved in the development of the modern steamship. The most radical points of change which he would embody are

those of a flat bottom with a full midship section, and a cruiser stern. In urging the flat-bottom feature, Mr. Liljegren declares that the nearer a vessel approaches a rectangular body in shape, the less will be its wetted surface and hull surface per cubic foot of displacement, as compared with any other geometrical form of section. That is the reason, he maintains, why merchant vessels are now given an almost rectangular midship section and are progressing steadily further away from the early round-bottom style.

"The owner who has experimented with auxiliary motors expresses his opinion vigorously, as a rule, and financial aspects of his experiences give weight to what he has to say. The 'Percy R. Pyne,' for example, set out on her maiden voyage to South Africa with sail overhead and an auxiliary motor behind. Vibration played havoc with her, and on her return she went promptly into drydock at the Tietjen and Lang yard, to emerge reconditioned and minus her auxiliary motor,

at an enormous cost to her owners. The 'David Cohen' underwent a similar operation at a cost of approximately \$40,000, while it cost the owners of the 'Snetind' nearly \$100,000 to remove the auxiliary motor and make the necessary alterations.

"In theory, the experienced owner will declare, the addition of an auxiliary motor lessens the sailing vessel's handicap of slowness without proportionately increasing costs, but in practice the result is far different. Installing a motor in a wooden vessel at once trebles insurance rates, as the extreme fire hazard puts the vessel into the highest marine insurance class. Engine room and bunkers, or tanks, reduce cargo space by 600 or 800 tons. Wages, which for a sailing vessel include those of only two high priced men, grow with the addition of an engineer, and perhaps three assistant engineers, an oiler on each watch, a donkeyman, a larger galley crew, and more hands all around. Repair costs rise.



British & Colonial Press Photograph
The S.S. "Topdalsfjord," built for Norwegian interests by Canadian Vickers Limited, was successfully launched by Mrs. G. M. Bosworth, wife of the Chairman of the Canadian Pacific Ocean Services, who returned recently from The Orient. The vessel is here seen taking the water

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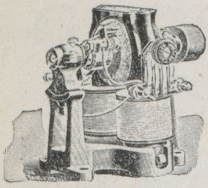
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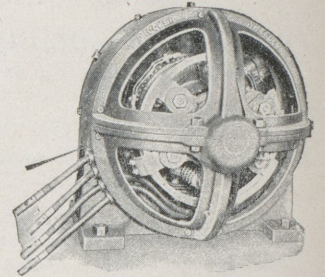
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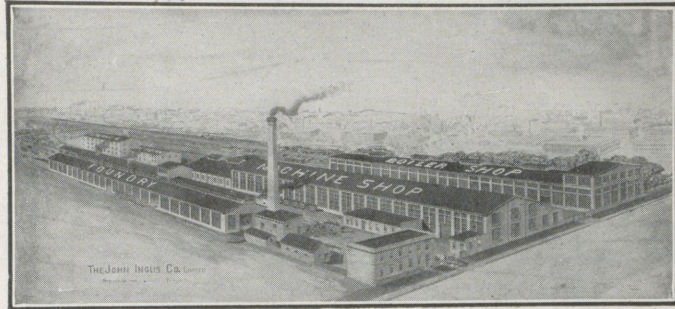
"The auxiliary type of vessel is neither fish nor fowl, in the opinion of veteran sailing vessel companies. The company whose sailing fleet is probably the largest in the world has not a ship of the auxiliary type among its 65 sailing vessels. Its officials believe that the sailing trade routes have been established and developed virtually to the fullest possible extent. There will always be a distinct field for the sailing vessel, however, as for example the coal trade to the light draft harbors of the West Indies. The artificial stimulation of the war has already practically disappeared.

"Another feature of Mr. Liljegren's projected sailing ship upon which he places great emphasis is her cruiser stern. The ordinary sailing stern, he declares, is merely the cruiser stern lifted high out of water, where it can do no good whatever. It is simply a survival of the old 'castelles' that were necessary for the defense of early fighting ships. 'It may be,' he contends, 'that the cruiser stern may not take so kindly to the eye accustomed to the old stern, but nowadays a ship must be built for service and not for looks.'

"The artificial stability which in yachts is secured by a deep lead keel must be obtained by some other means, as in the modern merchant vessel every pound of weight must be reserved for passengers and cargo. As a substitute, he has evolved a method of using water as a shifting ballast by means of a simple, automatic appliance. To check leeway he suggests two centre-boards, one forward and the other aft.

"Mr. Liljegren regards it as a grave mistake to fit twin screws to sailing vessels, especially square-rigged ships, for which even single screws are of doubtful value. He holds that no motor in the world can drive a square-rigged ship against a strong headwind. The use of twin screws is especially inadvisable because of the heavy drag by the shafts, bossings and screws.

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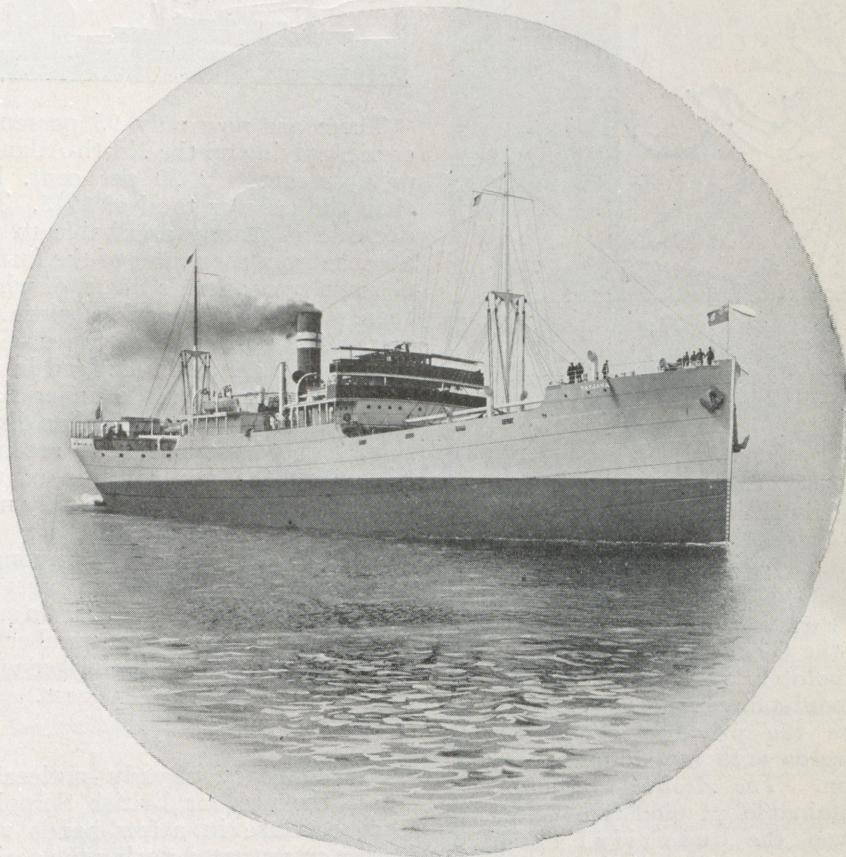
"In brief, the proposed motor clipper is a sailing vessel with a full midship section and a cruiser stern, schooner rigged with double gaff sails, with centreboards and shifting ballast, and employing some kind of auxiliary propulsive machinery.

"Builders and operators of sailing vessels in general do not share Mr. Liljegren's optimistic vision of the future of sail power. Most of them decline to consider the future of the sailing vessel with auxiliary power. They have experimented with the auxiliary motor and regard it as a failure. Discarding the auxiliary principle they at once come into conflict with Mr. Liljegren on several points of construction—notably the cruiser stern, which, without motive power, would be much inferior to the transom stern because of the lift of the latter in a following sea.

"In modern commerce the element of time in transportation weighs strongly even with shippers of perishable cargoes. Under present conditions of international exchange, the advantage of prompt delivery handicaps the sailing vessel. One company finds that its sailers make the run from New York to the River Plate in anywhere from 55 to 145 days, whereas its steamers average 26 days on the same route. Another company has found that its sailing vessels from North Atlantic ports to Santos, Brazil, are obliged to take a route twice as long as that adopted by its steamships.

"Whether or not Mr. Liljegren's sailing vessel is the type which will revive sail-power, many authorities hold that modern data should make it possible not only to design ships immeasurably superior to the old sailing vessels, but also to run them at sea in a more efficient manner. Theories of propulsion by wind, it is pointed out, were developed before the present high state of advancement had been attained both in aeronautics and hydraulics. Meteorology, too, has made great strides in modern times. Countries which are obliged to depend upon external sources for their fuel should still find great usefulness for the sailing vessel, they hold, especially in the transporting of perishable cargoes.

"Meanwhile, no company seems to be laying plans to capture the Atlantic sailing passenger trade which Mr. Liljegren sees in the future."



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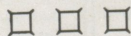
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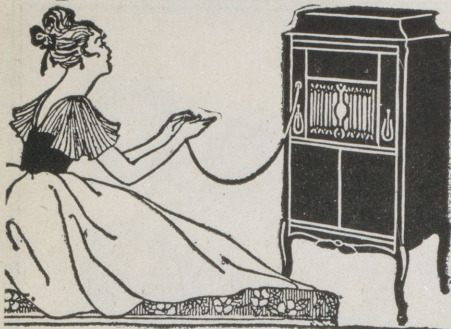
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There are now only 95 passenger carriers plying on the North-Atlantic, or approximately 20 per cent. less than the pre-war total of 1913. The decrease is mainly ascribable to the absence from the routes of the former German transatlantic liners, of which there were 49 in operation before the war. Although some of the ex-German vessels are again engaged in the Atlantic passenger trade under British, American, French or Italian direction, many have not been reconditioned by the governments of the respective nations by which they now are held.

In 1907, as many as 177 passenger vessels were plying between ports on opposite sides of the Atlantic. In subsequent years, the total number of vessels thus employed diminished with the introduction of larger liners.

□ □ □

■ The tendency already noticeable before the war for British Shipping to concentrate in a few hands was further accentuated during the period of hostilities. At the present time, half a dozen great concerns control eight million gross tons of shipping or approximately one-half of Britain's total tonnage engaged in foreign trade. The first of these giant combines is the P. & O., headed by Lord Inchcape, which includes the following companies:

Company	No. of Ships	Gross Tons
British India Line.....	186	974,108
P. & O. Company.....	64	565,415
Federal Line.....	15	145,669
New Zealand Shipping Co.....	18	167,571
Hain Steamship Com., Ltd.....	49	230,746
Orient Line.....	8	94,812
Gen'l Steamship Nav. Co.....	38	40,000
Total.....	378	2,218,321

Next in importance is the Royal Mail group, headed by Sir Owen Philipps, which possesses the following tonnage:

Company	No. of Ships	Gross Tons
Royal Mail Stm. Pkt. Co.....	58	388,808
Elder, Dempster & Co.....	98	431,537
Union Castle Line.....	53	388,802
Lampart & Holt.....	57	361,021
Pac. Steam Nav. Co.....	43	262,025
H. & W. Nelson.....	12	79,058
Total.....	321	1,911,251

Third place is held by the White Star group, controlled by the International Mercantile Marine Company, as next set forth:

Company	No. of Ships	Gross Tons
White Star Line.....	25	354,353
Leyland Line.....	37	229,700
Shaw, Savill & Albion Co.....	21	203,274
Atlantic Transport Line.....	19	188,724
Dominion Lines.....	8	68,883
Aberdeen Line.....	7	79,000
International Nav. Co.....	5	83,252
Total.....	122	1,207,186

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The Cunard Line and its subsidiaries, comprising the following lines and tonnage, comes next:

Company	No. of Ships	Gross Tons
Cunard Line.....	34	427,493
Com'wealth & Dom. Line.....	29	224,066
Brocklebank Line.....	29	202,529
Anchor Line.....	19	165,712
Donaldson Line.....	22	138,478
Total.....	133	1,158,278

Fifth and sixth rank are held respectively by the Ellerman lines, with 215 ships of 953,335 gross tons and the Furness-Withy combination with 185 vessels of 866,272 gross tons.

About 13,000 vessels, aggregating 5,000,000 tons, entered the ports of the Baltic Provinces of the former Russian Empire yearly before the war, and of these about 5,200 vessels, aggregating 3,600,000 tons, were engaged in foreign trade. The coastwise trade between the different Baltic ports was extensive, accounting for about 58 per cent. of the ships entered and about 28 per cent. of the total tonnage.

The Baltic Sea coast line of the Baltic Provinces is 700 miles long and there are many good harbors. The coastwise traffic represented an exchange of local products as well as the distribution of foreign goods to the smaller ports. It supplemented to an important extent the region's inadequate railroad facilities.

The participation of the various nations in the foreign trade of the Baltic Provinces was as follows: Russia, 18 per cent.; Scandinavian countries (Sweden, Norway, Denmark), about 39 per cent.; Germany, 24 per cent.; United Kingdom, 17 per cent.; Belgium and the Netherlands, 2 per cent.; and Finland, 1½ per cent. Only two United States vessels—one steamer in 1912 and one sailing vessel in 1913, both calling at the port of Riga only—were engaged in this trade in the last two pre-war years.

In 1912 the merchant marine of the Baltic Provinces was composed of 281 vessels (269 steamships and 12 motor boats), with a total capacity of 236,830 tons. Two-thirds of this tonnage belonged to seven important companies.

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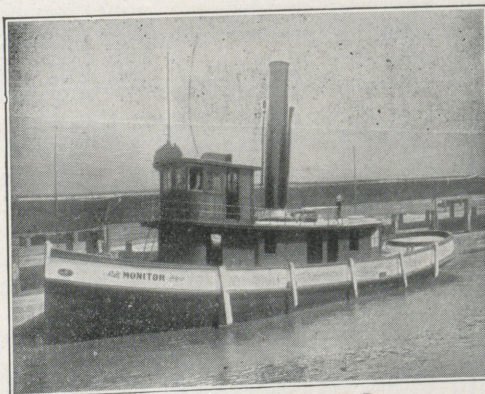
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Continued from page 22

terrible cataclysm of rock and ice that changed the surface of the earth in the distant past, and soon we are sailing over the waters of Trinity Bay—Trinity Bay, with its guardian, Cape Diamond, ever standing sentinel.

And then, with sudden sweep, those mightiest of all the Titan promontories that tower above the dark waters of this majestic stream, Capes Trinity and Eternity, come into view, rising like giant obelisks to a height of nearly two thousand feet, Cape Eternity in one solid mass, Cape Trinity in three distinct elevations, the lowest graced by a huge statue of the Virgin, which for nearly thirty years has looked down with seeming compassion on the waters below, impervious to the elements—a thank-offering from a devout Catholic who attributed his return to health an answer to his supplications to the Virgin.

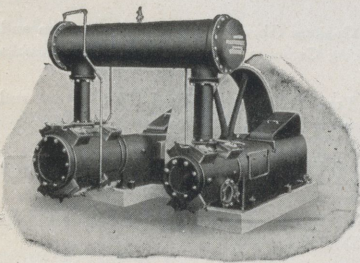
From Cape East to Cape Trinity our boat travels between cliffs that tower above us to an average height of more than a thousand feet, making us and our craft seem like microbic organisms in some spectral picture.

How sublime, indeed, is the scene, how magnificent in contradistinction to man and his works. If our first impression of this mysterious river was inspiring, our present, now that the morning sun has risen up all powerful over the kingdom of the night, is infinitely more so. The towering cliffs cast their shadows over the waters which flow beneath us black as the ebony of some tropic land. Glancing on the cliffs themselves, we seem to make out weird figures, like the stalagmites and stalactites of some fantastic cavern such as a Jules Verne might conjure to our mind. Above us, in a deep blue sky, the summer sun reflects his rays in a glorious iridescence, tinting the landscape with a varicolored mantle of light and giving even the rocks of granite an appearance less austere.

After passing Capes Trinity and Eternity, we sail across the Bay of St. John, leave the Island of St. John to our left, pass the Little Saguenay, and then catch a glimpse of the Ste. Marguerite, famous the world over as the salmon stream of the most exclusive angling club on the continent.

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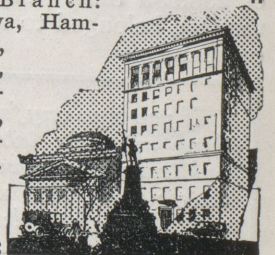
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Proceeding downward we pass, in succession, Pointe Crepe, St. Etienne Bay, Grosse-Roche, Anse-a-Jack, the Passe Piere Islands, and the Boule Rock, a cape of solid granite 600 feet in height, Anse-la-Barque, where the cliffs begin to lose their great height, and before long we are once more at Tadousac.

We spend another delightful hour in this historic village, making a casual inspection of the Government hatchery, and then, on our way back to the dock, stop for a moment to admire the magnificent silver beauties — those kings of the fish family, the salmon — as they disport themselves in the peaceful waters of the "pool" with an abandon that suggests entire obliviousness to their state of temporary internment as the prisoners of man.

Under way once more, we are skirting again the rugged shores of Canada's "Father of Waters," and before long we have reached Murray Bay again, when we are on foot, and have left behind us the dark, deep, mysterious river that, although it did not fulfil the wild dreams of the early pioneers as the short road to the mythical Kingdom of Cathay, to us, at least, will constitute a beautiful highway to the Kingdom of Yesterday, that we will frequently retrace with pleasant memory and no weariness of footstep.

★ ★

The Mystery Of No Man's House

Continued from page 25

scent of roses in the garden and about the gate as we went through. I, who have but an ordinary man's eye for detail, remember every owl-cry that complained across the silence, every bat that swooped across our path into the night. When Margery spoke, her whispering voice seemed a very loud thing.

"Joe!" she said. "Dear Joe!" — and put an arm through mine. Her face was flushed, and her eyes were unnaturally bright, and her hand was never quiet upon my sleeve. I think now that the vague prescience of imminent evil must have been upon her, too, so far was she from the placid Margery of every day. Perhaps it was the reflex of my own black mood. Perhaps it was only the natural excitement of the girl just opening the door into another world. Anyway, it sent a

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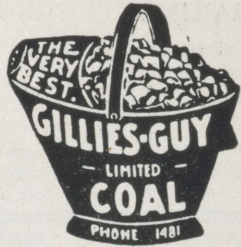
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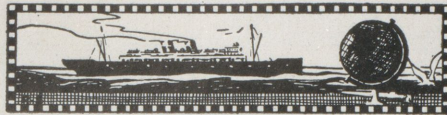
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tremor to her voice, and, like a fool, I could not answer her.

"Joe,"—I could see her face looking up at me, gleaming white—"I—I've got no one to talk to but you."

"If I may listen, little girl—"

"You mayn't do anything else." I knew that she was struggling to speak naturally. "I'm a horrid chatterbox. Such a silly little chatterbox, Joe, that I'm sometimes afraid of marrying a clever man! Afraid—"

She checked herself upon the word and we went in silence through the orchard, and saw the path that leads to the Little Blue Lake, stretching before us like a white ribbon under the moon. Presently she said:

"I'm in an absurd mood, to-night. Have patience with me, Joe, dear. I'm not going indoors for hours and hours. You're going to row me on the lake."

"Boom-boom."

Very faintly it came and died away, rose again, and fell once more to silence, and on the silence something that sounded half human snarled and was still; and at that I shot an arm out from behind her, and held the orchard-gate.

"Darling, don't go on!"

She looked round at me daringly.

"Who's afraid?"

"Margery—"

I could not tell her what I feared— for her.

"What, Joe! A soldier, too!"

Her head, thrown back, was almost against my shoulder. Her hand was stretched out to unlatch the orchard gate. So for a moment her eyes mocked mine in the dead silence. Then something stirred again in the courtyard beyond.

Faint sound it was at first, but close upon it came the stamping pad of heavy feet. Over their thud a voice screamed out a sound that was half the cry of a man, and half the snarl of a beast. And then—

Then it was as if the fiends of hell broke loose in that space we could not see.

I have heard the roar of the gorilla in the thicknesses of his native home. I have listened to his cry as he wanders near the black man's camp in the rubber forests of the Congo. I have hunted him and shot him, and feared him, I think, no more than most men do, yet now a very sickness of horror grips me when I hear his name. For Margery, suddenly erect and tense, had wrenched open the gate and

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sprung through it before I could put out a hand to stay her going.

There is between courtyard and orchard a narrow belt of trees. Like a winged thing she went through it, silent and swift, drawn as by a magnet to the open space beyond. As swiftly I was after her—had caught her—held her—drawn her back on the very threshold of that awful scene.

The men-monkeys, seven in all, were holding high revel under the moon.

They were all about the big courtyard, leaping and barking, and striking their breasts in the pride of their strength. Six of them, giants all, capered and roared in the white moonlight, but the seventh, in the shadow, was the only one who snarled.

It crouched in the farthest corner, this beast, by the cages, and picked at the open door of one in a blind, aimless way. Once it snarled, and twice, and at the third time it turned its face—and it was the man we had come to see.

A moment passed, and another, and another. Then Margery drew herself erect, with a little shuddering sigh. My arm was around her, holding her, and she did not flinch or tremble or fail, but I saw that she saw, knew that she knew.

"Come away!" I said in her ear, but she did not stir. I did not dare to look at her face, but I knew she was still looking across at that shadowed corner, and, turning, I picked her up in my arms as one would take a little child. And even as we turned, the horror grew.

That which we had called Piers Clinkerd got to its feet—got to its feet and sniffed the air; and straightway all those tongues of hell were silent, and every dogface turned toward the orchard path. And because there is a limit to that which men and women may bear, I felt Margery grow limp against my shoulder as I turned and leapt down the path like a man possessed.

I heard pandemonium awake behind me; heard the beasts chatter, and come leaping through the trees. Snarl upon snarl, bark upon bark, shivered the air as I raced towards the orchard gate, and through it, and on towards the haven of the lake. Swift were those beasts, and mad with long imprisonment. If the gate had not slammed and latched behind me, they would have been on me before I reached the bank. As it was, it

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checked them for a moment, and I heard their baffled cry arise, awful with menace, before they blundered over it, and came on again. They were, perhaps, twenty yards behind me—not more—when I gained the bank and raced down it with a prayer upon my lips.

I had flung Margery into the boat, torn it free of its moorings, pushed off with frantic strength before my pursuers charged down to the water's edge. Silently they came now, racing together, six bull-headed man-gorillas, with lips drawn back over fangs that glinted under the moon and leading them, running and leaping, as they ran and leapt, was he who was made in the form of a man.

Pause came at the water's edge, and a great roar went up. Then, while yet I drove through shallow water, the leader leapt from the bank and waded in, and after him one by one the great beasts came, splashing and gibbering, and heading straight towards the boat.

With all my strength I drove onward, but they came after. Watching my chance, I lifted a boat-hook, and brought it down on the skull of the nearest—a great lean brute. The blow must have half-stunned him, for he clung to the hook with his great hands, and stared at me with stupid eyes. The game seemed nearly played then, for struggle as I might, he would not let go, and the others were splashing nearer, swarming all round the boat. But even as I rose, lifting an oar to fight that awful battle out alone, I heard a human cry, and turning, saw Briscott racing down the far bank under the moon.

Once his rifle spoke, and the beast holding the boat-hook let go, and I saw its face mowing up at me for a second as it went down. Twice, and another, leaping high, fell back with a roar of agony. A third time, and the bullet spluttered harmlessly in the lake, and a human hand crept over the side of the boat, and a human face looked up at me from the water.

Thus did Piers Clinker and I look our last into each other's eyes.

And as we looked, straight out of his face snapped the beast, and into his eyes swept wondering sanity again. He had torn the boat-hook from my hand next moment, and had leapt back among those howling beasts.

"Save her!" He called to me in his normal voice. "Good-bye!"

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He lifted his weapon and fought them off—fought them off from the boat before they fell upon him, and he went down beneath the water.

I was in the middle of the lake by then, rowing as for my life towards the other bank. I heard Briscott's voice shouting, and it sounded like all the harps of heaven; heard bullet after bullet sing across the water; answered his frantic questions somehow, anyhow; lifted Margery from the boat, carried her home and laid her down, and then, man though I am, went myself down, down, down into oblivion.

* * * * *

Such is the story of that red June night.

Margery (now my wife) and I do not speak of it. We have never spoken of it since the hour when, after three days' delirium, she woke, clear-eyed, and said:

"I remember! I shall always remember! But we'll put it behind us, and go right on, won't we, Joe? Perhaps I shall out-distance it by-and-by."

I dare to think that she has done so now.

Scientists say that it could not have been. I am no scientist. I only know it was.

We will leave it at that.

★ ★

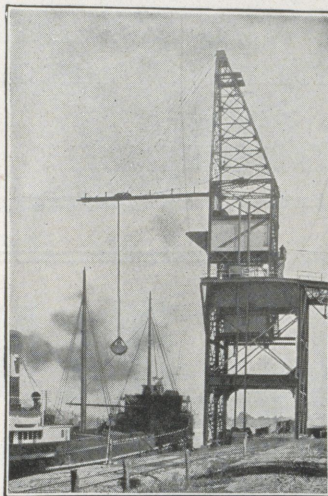
Fruit Growing in Ontario

Continued from page 32

berries; as well as peaches and grapes in those parts of Southern Ontario which are specially suitable for the latter. This provides a succession of work throughout the season. It reduces the risk of loss from failure of any one particular crop and allows the employment of labor for a long period. In many cases where winter apples are being handled, the situation is further alleviated by doing the grading and packing in the fruit house in the winter time.

It is estimated that the capital invested in fruit growing in Southern Ontario is \$75,000,000. But this by no means exhausts the possibilities in the industry, as the industry is still in comparative infancy. The fruit area is of vast extent, including immense unplanted stretches suitable for apples

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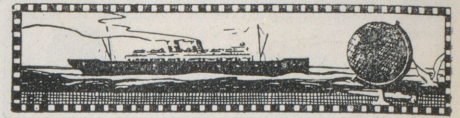
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and other fruits. The best apple lands ready for planting can be bought at from \$40 to \$100 per acre. The lands in the peach and cherry district are from \$150 to \$300 an acre. In specially favored locations, the price of course is higher, running up from \$1,000 to \$1,200 per acre. The best grape lands in the same district run from \$250 an acre, with special favored locations much higher. As a rule, the lighter types of soils are used for peaches and cherries, raspberries and strawberries. The heavier soils produce the other small fruits, as well as the grape, pear and plum. In the newer districts, along Lake Erie, light or peach soils may be purchased from \$150 to \$200 per acre and heavier soil from \$40 to \$100 per acre.

Naturally, the war very considerably disorganized the fruit industry in Southern Ontario, for it upset the natural markets of the fruit growers and practically cut them off from overseas markets. There was also a great dearth of labor and many difficulties connected with transportation. The ground thus lost has been recovered, however, and the fruit industry is now once again well organized and prosperous.

★ ★

Notes from the Canadian Capital

Continued from page 36

direction and methods may help out, but the course has not been illumined much by the well-intentioned activities of the parliamentary committee. One effect was to smooth the passage of railway estimates.

The Pensions Committee, once again, has been busy with the soldier problem, and, while the general nature of previous provisions could not easily be improved upon, a number of adjustments which have been made will very considerably better the pension system and, in some small degree, extend its operation.

An enquiry into the Civil Service administration resulted from a demand of many members for a return to, at least, the suburbs of the old patronage system, and, while there is no intention of going as far as that, the authority already possessed of making certain exceptions from the operation of the Act is to be more

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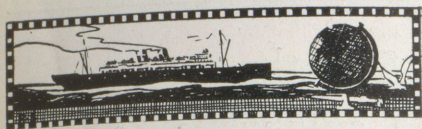
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extensively invoked in the future than in the past. The parliamentary committee enquiring into the merits of electoral reform known as Proportional Representation was unable to conclude that the country is quite ripe as yet for this system, one of whose handicaps lies in the fact that it is not generally nor very easily understood. A proposed plebiscite on the question would incidentally furnish an opportunity for a campaign of education as to just what the subject is in the broad sense, and also in the more restricted application known as the alternative vote.

It was the shortest regular session for many years, but, at that, did a lot of work, and though the volume of enactments was below normal, it was nevertheless considerable. About three months and a half sufficed this year, and it might well suffice any year for the deliberations of Parliament. Probably it would but for the political plays inseparable from the parliamentary system, and especially from the growing custom of making, or rather, reading, into the record long speeches, not for the elevation of the House or even to provide copy for the newspapers, but, primarily, to have printed from Hansard to send home in thousands of copies. It gives evidence that the country member is alive and well and on the job, and not merely a mute follower of some political party.

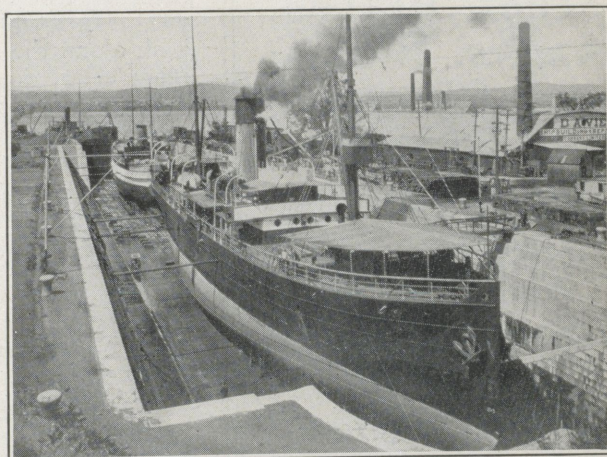
To discuss the purely political effects and strategies and advantages gained by this party or that would be to trespass on a partisan area avoided in these columns. It may be said, however, that they all seemed satisfied so far as human contentment is possible in these somewhat perverse and unsettled days. The government party is perfectly sure that Mr. Meighen's leadership has brought with it stimulus and consolidation and strength both in the House and country. The Liberals profess to find more "punch," a greater aggressiveness than ever before, and a developing instinct of leadership in Mackenzie King, while the Agrarian unit see their ranks gradually swollen and think that in the House, while handicapped by the comparative limitations of a third party, they did well. They congratulated Mr. Crerar and themselves on his budget speech. But it is not saying anything politically partisan to observe the obvious fact that the conditions are enveloped in many

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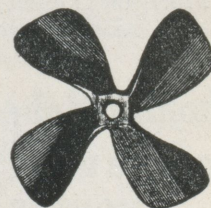
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contingencies and uncertainties, and that it would be better could some of the obscurities be removed. All parties in Parliament are strong on hopes but not particularly pronounced in certainty whether they are standing on a treacherous bog or on solid ground so far as concerns their relative degree of popular approval.

★ ★

The Brown Trout In Canada

Continued from page 40

necessary to set the matter at rest. The rainbow trout also having been caught in Canadian waters, where it has been planted, is also mistaken for some new species of trout. The brown trout can readily be told from the rainbow trout, the latter having a well-defined ribbon streak of reddish-pink along the lateral line, or, to be more clear, down the centre of the sides. This is often one-half inch or more wide and extending often from the gills to near the tail. Neither the brown trout nor the brook trout have this tell-tale reddish streak, so it alone can be used as a distinguishing mark. Likewise, although the brown trout and the brook trout have carmine spots on their sides, the rainbow trout has absolutely none of these. So much for the rainbow trout.

But by reason of the red spots on its sides, the brown trout may be mistaken for a brook trout. To distinguish the one from the other, therefore, (1) the brook trout has nothing in its mouth that can be called teeth; the brown trout, especially in one or two pounds or more weight, have sharp teeth. Merely by running your finger along the roof of its mouth will, therefore, tell you which is which. And (2) the brook trout can always be told by the so-called worm-track reticulations arrayed on its olive-green back and on its dorsal or back fin. The brown trout has none of these so-called worm tracks or reticulations, being utterly devoid of them. On another count, the brook trout may, at a glimpse, be told from any of the other trouts by (3) the fact that its scales are so minute that only by means of a lens can it be told that it has scales at all and not just a pure skin that is scaleless. The brown trout, on the other hand, shows up scales easily discernible, far more so

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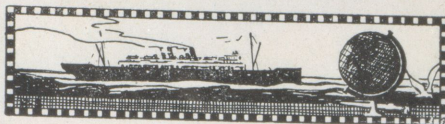
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in fact than on the rainbow trout. Naturally, of course, on a small brown trout the scales will be smaller and on a large specimen larger. In some specimens of the brown trout taken from rivers, I have noted them as having large scales. As a rule, the brown trout is brownish-green as to back, with (on its sides) a well-marked lateral line. Very few of the red or vermilion spots occur above the lateral line, and twice as many often on the brown trout as on the brook trout. The brown trout is well covered with black spots on the body above the lateral line, *the brook trout having no black spots whatsoever anywhere on its body.* The belly of the brown trout is silvery white, and in the rounded curve directly above the belly the color is yellowish, tinted occasionally with green, getting darker as it reaches the lateral line. There are five or six black spots on the gill covers and toward the top of the head. There are noted on the back fin (as different from the worm-track on the back fin of the brook trout) at least three rows of black spots evenly set; and on the adipose or fatty fin there are three red spots. There are no spottings whatever on the tail, which is uniformly greenish in cast, edging on brownish. The tail is more or less square cut.

It is an angling proposition that the angling element would like to know just where the brown trout ranks, and it is, of course, significant that those trout taken from Northern waters that are cold and spring-fed far excel those taken in the streams of New York State, or even in waters more southern still. As one writer states: "Undoubtedly in warmer and more sluggish waters the brown trout loses spirit and dash, for that, I think, is the general thing, but where the streams are so rapid and cold, as in the North, and the brown trout not overly large (from one to two pounds, say), there is a dash and go about the fish's method of fighting that the brook trout, in the same environment, the same stream, did not possess." And, following the same trend of thought, Samuel Camp holds that "as a purely sporting proposition, the brown trout is a decided success; in other words, he puts up a good fight. There are marked differences, however, in the way a brown trout conducts himself when taking the fly, and, thereafter, and the behavior of the native brook trout. Especially notable

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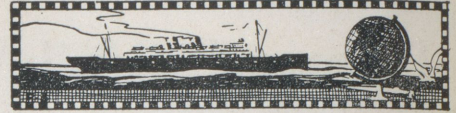
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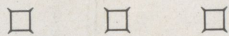
is the fact that often the brown trout will leap on a slack line." Now, the acme of gaminess in any game fish is the fact that it will leap on a slack line, that is to say without keeping the line taut, in which case many game fish will leap. There are, so far as my investigations have carried me, but two other fish that will consistently do this outside of the brown trout, *namely*, the rainbow trout and the small-mouthed bass. I have caught many brown trout, and while *all* do not leap on a slack line, in the majority of instances they do. But here the matter rests, not with browns taken in waters south of the Northern States but in those States and in Canada.

"There is no question in my mind," writes O. Warren Smith, detailing his experiences with the brown trout in the Wisconsin and Michigan streams, "but that the introduced fish, the salmon trouts (brown and rainbow) are, in all game points, the peer of the native brook trout. I have never witnessed a brook trout of his own free will leap from the water on a slack line. On the other hand, hook a salmon trout, brown or rainbow, and almost the first thing the fish does is to leap free from the water. Not only once does the fish do this but two, three and even more times. The salmon trout (brown or rainbow) is a resourceful gymnast, fond of swift water and quick to take advantage of the opportunities it offers."

Probably it will be with reluctance that the brown trout will be accepted by the Canadian angling fraternity, cleaving, as it does, with a whole-hearted and withal utterly commendable fervor to the native brook trout. But as time rolls on, and the brook trout retreats before the devastating hand of man, the brown trout will take its place, and in future generations it will come to be lauded and fished for with just as much enthusiasm as is done in England and in the United States. The fact remains that it has made its advent in Canada. It *will* survive, for it is hard to rout out, and with such a superabundance of small fish-life as it has to feed on in the Northern streams, it will wax fat and prosper. But, as I have stated, it is unwise to stock streams still bearing vast numbers of the brook trout. Where streams have been depleted, where *fontinalis* has vanished, there it is to be welcomed as Charles Bradford, of angling fame, stated

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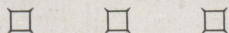
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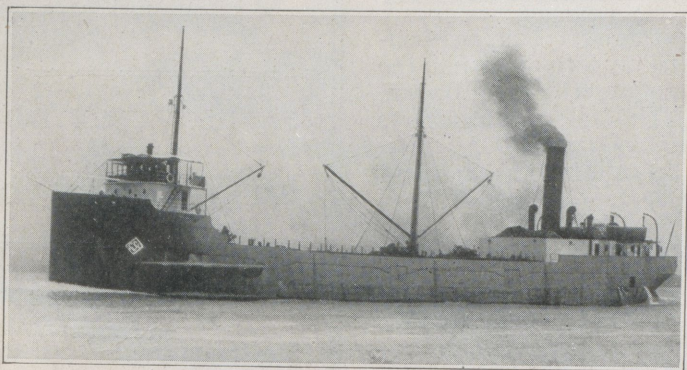
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