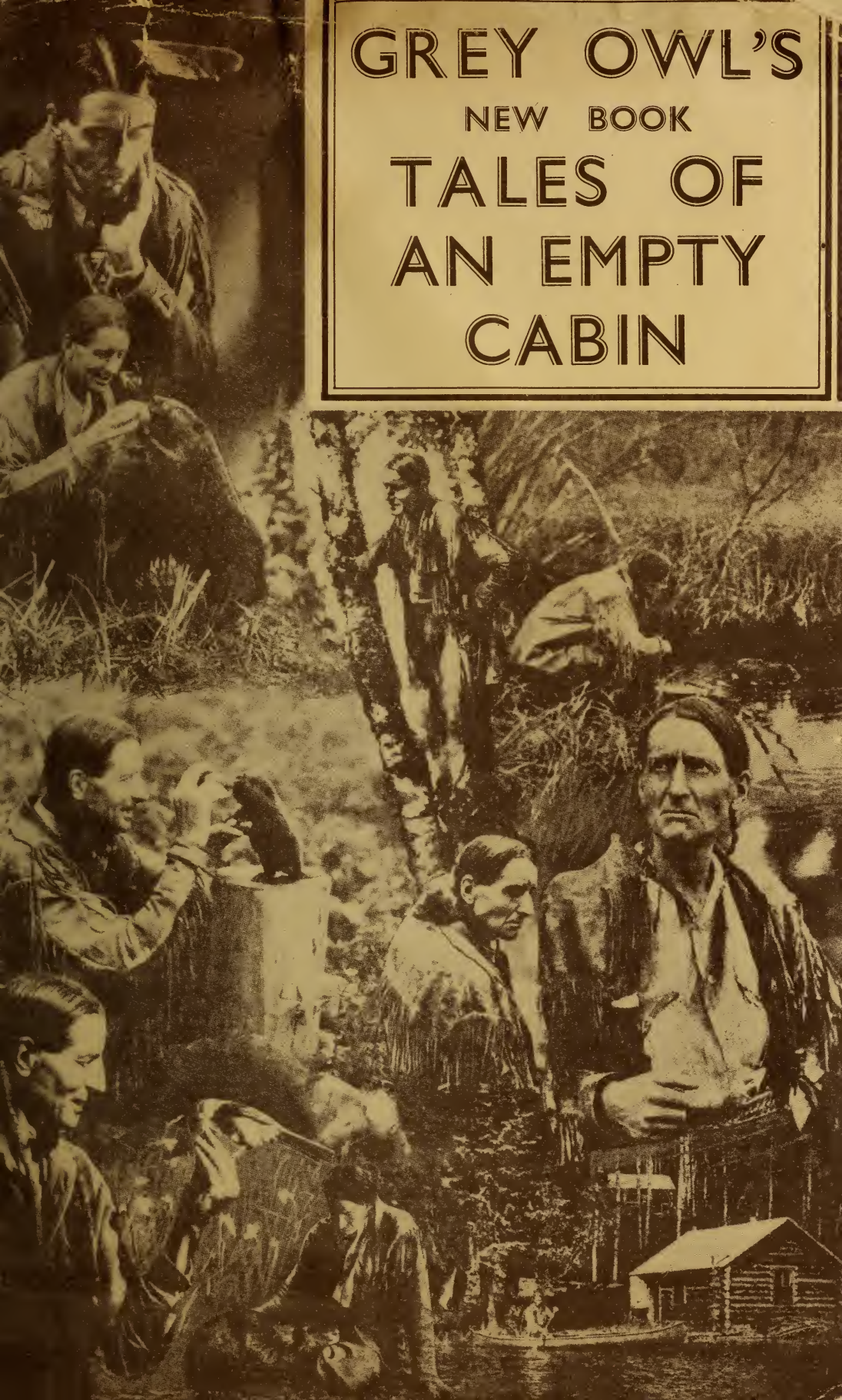


GREY OWL'S

NEW BOOK

TALES OF  
AN EMPTY  
CABIN







## TALES OF AN EMPTY CABIN

WA-SHA-QUON-ASIN—GREY OWL, as he is known in Canada and elsewhere in the world—lives in a log cabin that stands by a peaceful lake one hundred miles from the railway and the nearest settlement of any size. That little log cabin has become famous throughout the world. Many of you who read this brochure will have seen it on the screen. Shaped plainly and simply in the tradition of settlers' cabins since white men left the city to live in the Wilderness, its reflection, you remember, is mirrored all day in the surface of the calm lake. Everywhere, as far as the eye can see, are trees, reaching tall and spare into the sky; the trees of the north, hard-bitten with their age-long fight against a climate where for more than half the year the whole land is locked firmly in the grip of a fierce, tempestuous winter.

And you know, if you have seen the films of Beaver Lodge, that the cabin is shared by Grey Owl with two famous characters: Jelly Roll, who is queen of the Beaver People, and Rawhide, her silent, hard-working and devoted consort. There are many other beaver there now, the progeny of these two parents. And there are other animals who share in the life of the place: the bull moose, the young deer, a whiskey-jack, a muskrat, and others too numerous to mention. Sometimes now in summer visitors come to Beaver Lodge. The journey can be made, when the lakes are open, by a combination of canoe and motor car, with the emphasis mostly on the canoe. But for the greater part of the year Grey Owl is there alone with his many furred and feathered friends. The deepest quiet wraps Beaver Lodge, a quiet broken only by the call

of animal to animal, the chattering of the beaver, the shrill and happy cries of the other animals who dwell at peace in this new paradise.

Last year Grey Owl went to England, leaving his beaver under Anahareo's care, wrapped in their winter sleep. He went most unwillingly. The cities of the United Kingdom, in their gloomy and wet winter, were no place for a man who has never worn anything except buckskin, and whose refusal to give up wearing his moccasins when he joined the army created the sort of minor crisis that disciplined sergeant-majors produced even in the war. The story of that tour still remains to be written. For his publishers who arranged it, and for the booksellers who shared in making it known, it was a triumphant progress. But Grey Owl returned to his cabin unspoiled by his contact with the outside world, leaving behind him thousands of people who felt better for having made contact with him.



GREY OWL IN HIS CABIN

The next book that he was to write, *Tales of an Empty Cabin*, was one that had been in Grey Owl's mind all through that winter. He did, in fact, write a part of it while he was there. When in close contact with the British people who showed such appreciation for him, his mind often travelled back to the quiet cabin beside the lake, and to earlier scenes than that, when he was just a starving Indian devoting himself, unknown to anyone, to a great ideal.

He remembered often the House of McGinnis, where, as he tells in *Pilgrims of the Wild*, he had sat before the fire and told Anahareo tales of long ago; stories of his own youth, of the heroism and endurance of their Indian people who are vanishing so swiftly and tragically from the



world. When he got back to Canada he had one driving purpose within him : to sum up all his loyalties and to pay tribute to all that he loved, in the pages of this book. That purpose is expressed in the preface to the book, a little of which we quote here, for no transcription of it can equal the vividness of Grey Owl's own words.

“ Evenings I gaze upon the glory of the Sunset and wait to watch the rising of the moon ; or see an eagle, high above me, flying far, and ponder on the fact that they, the sun and moon, and the eagle are free to follow their natural course, as they pass me on their way to unknown destinations. In Winter I stand out upon my snow-bound lake, by whose shores my beaver sleep in snug security, and feel with exultation the fury of the blizzard, revel in the harsh embrace of Keewaydin, the North West Wind, the Travelling Wind of the Indians, as it sweeps down from that great lone Land I never more may see, passing on to regions I cannot ever go to any more. And at times there comes a little stirring, a flutter of rebellion ; but this must be, and is, quickly quenched. I must be true and ever faithful to my Beaver People.

None the less there often comes a lingering regret for the scenes of earlier days ; the wild rapids down which we howled and whooped our way triumphantly, or climbed with strain and sweat and toil, beating the fierce white water at its own game ; the pleasant camping grounds, the merry company of good canoemen gathered on the shore beside a lake or river ; the savage battling of snow-storms ; and the snug Winter cabins now standing discarded, stark and empty in the lonely solitudes, scattered at random over a thousand miles of Wilderness. Some of them, these simple erections of logs that once were homes, have been engulfed, swept out of existence by the intruding flood of settlement, and where once was peace and the immaculacy of untamed territories, only too often there now is squalor, and meanness, and destruction. On the site of one of them a town has grown, so swiftly moves the conquering march of Civilization.

Those of later years lie back in remoter fastnesses where, mercifully, the tentacles of a greedy Commerce may never crush them while yet one log remains upon another ; where no clatter of alien tongues can ever outrage the solemn hush by which they are invested, as they stand there patiently and peacefully through all the slow passage of the years, and wait.

In each there is a story, or many stories, of its few visitors who drifted in and drifted out again, to pass on and never more be seen ; of the creatures who dwelt nearby and some that lived within it, or of the river, lake or pond by which it stood ; of the wild, mysterious country by which it lay surrounded ; or perchance the legends of those who dwelt among those ancient forests in the Long Ago.

Hunger there was, and feasting ; anxiety and laughter, triumph and despair and high adventure, each one had seen them all. Red-brown in the Summer, gay with bright green moss for chinking, a resplendent glittering snow mound in the Winter, each one had stood strong and

ANAHAREO





PROFESSOR COCKERELL READING 'ALPHA OF THE PLOUGH' TO  
GREY OWL, ANAHAREO AND MRS. COCKERELL

staunch, robust against the power of the North. And, in a way, each had seemed to live and to have a personality all its own, which was augmented with each new story or event. And some of these I will try now to record, as once I told them to Anahareo, when she and I sat before the open stove door in the House of McGinnis, during that unforgettable Winter that now seems to be so very far away.

And as I write my pen seems filled, not with ink, but with the sighing of the night wind in these forests, the gurgling of sunny watercourses; with the crash and roar of rapids, the hiss of whirling snowstorms, the crackle and the glow of open fires. And from it there sometimes flows, in strange accented rhythm, the half-forgotten folk-lore of a nearly vanished race.

I will try with it, this pen of mine, to bring to you something of the spirit of Romance, something of the grandeur and the beauty, a little of the Soul of this untamed and untamable Northland. And though, maybe, I reach a little beyond my stature and these efforts fall far short of their high intention, even so, you who read may find perhaps some passing interest in these stories of the people of a great Frontier, and in other tales of those more humble creatures that, though possessed of a consciousness more limited than that which man is gifted with, are fulfilling very adequately the purpose for which they were created, and are doing the best they can with what they have to do it with—a line of conduct that constitutes the main ingredient of success in any walk of life."

Everything that Grey Owl writes, as the world now knows, has appeal to children as well as to adults. There are stories in this book (to take one example only, of two Indian boys fighting their way with great courage and endurance, after the death of their father, back over miles of unbroken trail to report to the Company) that will delight and inspire the child's mind. There are new stories of the Beaver, and a classic of animal love about a new character in Grey Owl's books, the Bull Moose. And there is one passage, called *The Tree*, which is a masterpiece of dramatic evocation, recalling in the life of a majestic pine the history and the glamour of a noble land.



There is more than we can describe in this brief little brochure, for the book is 350 pages long, with many illustrations beautifully reproduced in gravure.

*Tales of an Empty Cabin* will be published in November at \$3.00, simultaneously with a new cheap edition of *Pilgrims of the Wild*, fully illustrated, at \$2.00. There is a limited edition of 250 copies, printed on hand-made paper, each of which is numbered and signed by Grey Owl. The first general edition is being limited to 10,000 copies, all of which we anticipate will be sold by publication date. To ensure that you get at least one of these we suggest that you fill out the form at the foot of this brochure and send it without delay to your bookseller.

Christmas is coming on, and for that festival there can be no more lovely and acceptable gift than this new book by Grey Owl, for everywhere in the world he has his devoted and appreciative audience, and there is not a heart, whether that of man, woman or child, which will not leap in gladness if *Tales of an Empty Cabin* is theirs as a Christmas present.

To My Bookseller, or  
The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited,  
70 Bond Street, Toronto 2.

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ cop. of Grey Owl: TALES OF AN  
EMPTY CABIN, for which I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_, or charge to my  
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