

The
TRAIL OF LOVE



W. D. FLATT

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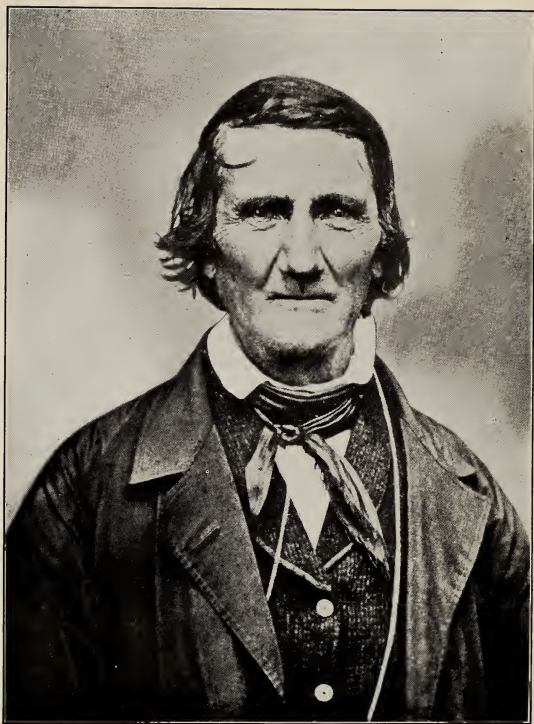
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THE TRAIL OF LOVE



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A TYPICAL CANADIAN PIONEER, GRANDFATHER JACOB CUMMINGS.

The Trail of Love

An Appreciation of Canadian Pioneers
and Pioneer Life

BY

W. D. FLATT

TORONTO

WILLIAM BRIGGS

1916

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IT will be evident from the special nature of this volume that it is not intended to be offered for sale. Its preparation has been a labor of love and has been undertaken with a view to preserving a love and veneration for the sturdily-true things of the pioneer days in Canada rather than with any thought of making it serve the commercial purpose which usually pertains to books.

TO

My Father and Mother

AND THE

Heroes of Their Generation

TO WHOM

GOD GAVE HIS PRECIOUS CROWN OF
LOVE AND DECORATED THEIR LOG
CABINS WITH THE JEWELS OF
CONTENTMENT FOR THEIR
FAITHFULNESS AND
SIMPLICITY

FOREWORD

THE time and place of one's birth have more influence on our own lives and on those of others than most of us imagine. It was my good fortune to be born of parents who hewed their home out of the Canadian wilderness, and to spend my early years among the pioneers of Wentworth and Halton Counties in the Province of Ontario, the simplicity and honesty of whose lives has been steadfastly engraved upon my memory. As a result, it is perhaps only natural that a most persistent call has come to me to record in a way that will be imperishable a few of the virtues of these honest and upright lives.

Were it not for my great love for my father and mother and the men and women of their generation, and did I not believe that a record of some of the events of those noble lives would be an inspiration to the young people of our land, I would not have undertaken the preparation of this volume.

FOREWORD

I lay no claim to any literary talent nor to any ability as a writer. Indeed, if I had such, it is quite possible that this seeming duty would not have been impressed upon me and, with all this, I thoroughly realize that because these men and women who laid the foundations of early Canada were plain, wholesome people, whatever is written concerning them must be inscribed in words of similar character.

Had I not been over many of the forest trails myself, travelling along the various trails which life with its characters presents; had I not many times stumbled and fallen; had I not been picked up by the hand of love and started again on my journey along the trail of love, and had I not been carefully nursed by a devoted mother and a father of the thorough pioneer type, I should perhaps not feel the same impulse to chronicle these incidents; but having accepted the genuine hospitality of the early pioneers, and having been permitted to share in these many blessings, it makes me desire to return this in the only way that seems open to me.

FOREWORD

The business—lumbering—in which the writer engaged in his early manhood presented two distinct sides of life—good and evil. The material in these pages is hot from the soul of experience. Having partaken of the joys along the trail, having likewise encountered dangers that almost caused me to lose my way, my strong desire is to have a heart-to-heart talk with my readers and to point out some of those dangers. If my experience assists any one to follow the trail of love through life's journey and to keep closer to nature and the simple life than would otherwise be the case, my efforts will have been crowned with success.

W. D. F.



CONTENTS

	PAGE
PART I.	
THE CANADIAN PIONEERS	19
PART II.	
THE FORESTS	95
PART III.	
INCIDENTS IN CONNECTION WITH THE LUMBER BUSINESS	125
PART IV.	
THE STORY OF TROUT CREEK FARM	219
PART V.	
OBSERVATIONS ALONG THE TRAIL	253

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
A Typical Canadian Pioneer, Grandfather Jacob	
Cummings	<i>Frontispiece</i>
My Beloved Mother	17
An Old-time Log Cabin	20
Grandmother Flatt	28
Mrs Henry Richardson	36
White Pine Monarchs	44
Grandmother Flatt and Five of Her Daughters	48
Mother and Her Daughters	62
Father and His Brother James	74
Father and Four of His Brothers	78
George Harbottle, Sr.	88
Some of God's Giants	96
An Old Walnut	110
A View in Glenhaven	114
One of God's Winter Pictures	120
A View at Chedoke	120
W. D. and Mrs. Flatt	125
Our First Drive on the Magnetawan	131
Shipping Waney Board Timber to Ontonagon	142
Loading Timber at Ontonagon	148
Waney Board Timber Along the Railways	156
An Old-time Lumber Camp Interior	166
Loading Timber on Lake Superior	176
A Record Load of Logs	180

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

The Walking-Boss at Lunch	182
Driving Logs on the Taquahaman	182
At a Landing on the Taquahaman	184
Driving Timber Over the Falls	187
Timber Decked Along the Railway	192
A Record Load of Waney Board Timber	202
Father and Sons, Partners	216
"Choice Goods," an Imported Shorthorn	222
The Champion Shorthorn, "Cicely"	226
Unloading British Shorthorns at Quebec	226
"Day-Dream Five" and "Morning Dream"	238
The Calf that Cost Three Thousand Dollars	238
"Spicy Marquis," a Toronto Exhibition Champion	246
Mrs. Flatt and Willie	252
In the Gardens of Lakehurst Villa	254
Mrs. Flatt—A Recent Photograph	256
Willie and His Dog "Ben"	256
Members of Hamilton Boards at Lakehurst Villa	258
A British Columbia View	260
Near to Nature's Heart	260
Communing with Nature	260
On the Lawn at Lakehurst Villa	260
A Group of Friends	262
Hamilton Horticultural Society	262



MY BELOVED MOTHER.

PART I

THE one great purpose of Creation, love;
The sole necessity of earth and heaven.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

LOVE is the medicine of all moral evil.
By it the world is to be cured of sin.

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Is not perfect love perfect happiness? Is not love heaven?—*William Ettery Channing.*

YOU will find as you look back upon your life that the moments that stand out above everything else are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of love.—*Henry Drummond.*

MAN'S glory consists very much in his capacity of being God's image—which is love.—*William Ettery Channing.*

IN the heart of Africa, among the great lakes, I have come across black men and women who remembered the only white man they ever saw before, David Livingstone; and as you cross his footsteps in that dark continent, you see men's faces light up as they speak of the kind doctor who passed there years ago. They could not understand him, but they felt the love that beat in that great heart, they knew that it was love—that that life was laying itself down for Africa—although he spoke no word.—*Henry Drummond.*

RICHES take wings, comforts vanish, hope withers away, but love stays with us. Love is God.—*Lew Wallace.*

PART I.

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS.

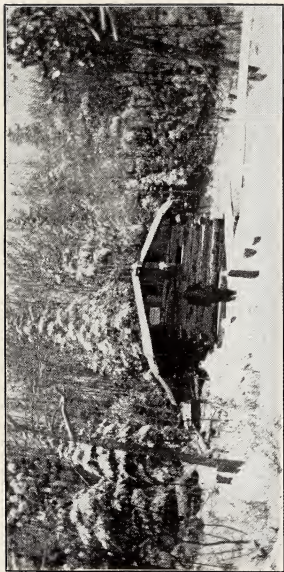
THESE pages contain a heart-to-heart talk around the fireside of real life. If you would enjoy the reading of this book, you must tune your heartstrings to harmonize with the pioneers who by their thrift, sacrifice and devotion laid the foundation for Canada and the Empire.

If you have not been familiar with God's forest kingdom you may have difficulty in fully understanding the trails, the trials and the joys referred to in these pages. If you wish to have your soul in harmony, love is the only chord that will harmonize with the departed spirits of our beloved pioneers. Imagine yourself far in the forest where nature is supreme, listening to the song of the birds, watching the playful moods of the squirrels, inhaling the sweet perfume of the wild flowers. This will help you to understand the joy in God's forest kingdom.

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

When you can hear the trees whispering messages of love, then your heart and soul is in tune. You will see how plainly the stamp of love has been placed upon our hearts and upon all nature. When your mind penetrates deep into the forest you will discover a trail plainly blazed. You will know this trail from all others, and your desire will be to follow it. You have discovered the Trail of Love. Follow it to the little log cabin. There you will find the door open. Step inside.

If you would not grieve the spirit of the departed, lay off your wraps, sit down and enjoy in the little cabin the hospitality that was always extended by the departed. The coals in the old fireplace, that had been guarded and kept alive for so many years, have died out. The hand of love can be seen in the construction of the cabin. The logs are carefully chinked to keep out the cold. The floor has been carefully scrubbed and left very white for your coming. The silence will invite you to enter the inner sanctuary of early pioneer days and talk with the loved ones who have gone on before.



MANY SUCH A CABIN HOUSED THE UTMOST OF LOVE AND
FAMILY DEVOTION.

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

Just to the left of the old fireplace you will see a little shelf. On it are two flint stones, with some lint close by. You will find dry birch bark and shavings in the corner of the old wood-box, and you will notice that the wood-box was left filled. The departed would love to have you kindle the old fire. They will show you how to strike the flint together, how to ignite the spark, and how to arrange the wood on the old fireplace to illuminate the little cabin and to add warmth and cheer. When your soul is warm, you will notice the old chair made so carefully by the hand of love, beautifully cushioned with willow. This was made for the woman of courage. Sit down in it. Presently you will realize that someone is drawing a chair close by. When you look up into the countenance of the one beside you, if he wears the crown of love, victory and contentment, you will realize that the pioneer is beside you, taking his old, accustomed place, where he and his beloved sat the long winter nights, and planned and cheered each other for the coming day's conflict. Your conversation will be interrupted

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

by a number of little tots drawing close around the fireplace. They will not disturb you. Presently a sweet voice will be heard announcing supper. The blessing being asked, you will enjoy the good, wholesome food. Pleasure will come in watching the appetites of the little ones as they partake of delicious bread and milk. Supper over, place another log on the old fireplace and sit down. The few dishes are soon carefully washed and placed away on the old shelf.

The little clock so carefully carried in over the trail strikes eight. The little ones are seen climbing up the ladder to their warmly-prepared beds in the attic, close underneath the old rafters, where the sound of the rain and storm can at times be heard so loud and persistent that they cuddle down and thank God for His protection. The mother can be seen following the little ones, kneeling with them and all repeating:

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

God bless mamma and daddy and everybody, and help
us to be good. Amen.”

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

The mother tucks the little ones in, gives them their good-night kiss and returns. You will notice the old wooden bed hewn from the small trees in the forest in the corner of the little cabin. The quilts will impress you: they are so beautifully made and the stitching so carefully done. You will recognize this as the work of the mother. Now they are carefully folded back, ready for retiring. You excuse yourself for having remained so late, when the mother insists that you remain over night. This was the nature of this beloved mother of the forest. She could not let you leave. You look about the cabin and wonder where you can sleep. You will notice how quietly the mother goes to the other corner of the cabin, opens a large box, takes out some quilts and pillows and returns to the attic. Presently she appears again and points to the old wooden bed in the corner with the comfortable quilts carefully folded back, so often occupied by herself and her pioneer husband. She informs you that when you are ready to retire this will be your bed. Do not protest; it would be of no avail. She retires to the

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

shakedown, close underneath the rafters of the cabin.

You are invited to sit by the old fireplace. The pioneer wishes to have a heart-to-heart talk and tell you of the joys of the simple life. If you will listen carefully your soul will be overflowing with love and your heart will be filled with sunshine and a longing for the same life. He will tell you that he came from the old homeland far across the sea the latter part of the seventeenth century or early in the eighteenth, or perchance was a United Empire Loyalist, preferring to leave all rather than forsake the old flag. You will at once understand that you are conversing with a man with a soul filled with love. He will tell you it was love that persuaded him to build the cabin; that he wished to prepare a place for his wife and little ones which they could call their own; where they could live close to nature; where God was always easily found; where the hand of God could be seen planting out trees, flowers and shrubs and shaping them beautifully. He will tell you how God planted seeds of love in his heart and devel-

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

oped them, so that he could see the beauties of nature, and see His handiwork everywhere. He will explain how God assisted him in selecting a place for the little cabin to harmonize with the surrounding beauties. He will tell you of meeting his beloved and little ones after the cabin was completed. He will tell how God assisted them in over the trail; of packing the blankets, the cookery, the food on his back; then he will tell you of his brave partner, of her courage, devotion and love; how kind the forest had been to her; of the trees whispering messages of love and good cheer all along the trail; how her love illuminated the little cabin; then, when they arrived at the door of the cabin together, to see the joy in the countenance of his helpmate; of kneeling together outside the cabin on a carpet of moss that God had prepared for their coming; of asking for His protection and guidance; of the spirit of joy, thankfulness and victory that ruled within them when they entered the cabin.

The clock strikes nine. You retire for sweet slumber and pleasant dreams of the

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

joys of pioneer life. The pioneer takes the old wooden pail, goes to the spring, gets a fresh pail of water, sets it down in the old place, takes a refreshing drink and retires to the shake-down close underneath the cabin rafters. He has been too modest to tell you of the courage that was required of a pioneer or of the hardships suffered. Their joys and blessings were always considered by them sufficient to offset the hardships.

It is now morning. You have had a refreshing sleep in the old log cabin so carefully constructed by the early pioneer and made comfortable by his helpmate. If you have warmed your soul in front of the fireplace you can thank these valiant sons and daughters for the food, the comfortable bed, and for their sweet lives. And having discovered the trail in your little sojourn at the old cabin, we will now go over to the homeland from which most of these pioneers came, and travel with one of them along life's journey.

It required a man of courage to pull up stakes in the Old Land and leave the home

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

of his boyhood. He had hopes of seeing his loving wife and little ones again, for he was going away to prepare a place for them. If he prospered in the new land he had hopes of seeing his brothers and sisters again, but the aged mother and father were to be parted with and not met here again upon this earth. You can understand how the aged mother clung to her son and sobbed bitterly. You can understand how the father braced himself for the effort. You know why he tried to smile. He wished to help his loving partner so that she would become resigned to the son's departure, and he wished to show the son what courage could do, knowing that he would require this lesson to fortify himself to combat with the difficulties he would have to face in a new land.

The sea voyage in those days, on small sailing ships with limited accommodation, would occupy from sixty to ninety days. The pioneer arrives in Canada, comes to the head of Lake Ontario, decides to locate in Wentworth, or perchance in Halton County. He finds a log post office established in Ham-

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

ilton and writes his first letter home, giving his address to his loved ones, and telling them in glowing and enthusiastic language of the great lakes and rivers of fresh water, of the beauties and vastness of the Canadian forest, describing the place he has selected for their cabin. It is not to be wondered at that he sees the makings of a mighty empire. In his letter he tells his people that this new empire offers great possibilities to the man and woman of courage. He tells his loved one to be of good cheer, to kiss the little ones for him, and to read his letter to mother, father and all to encourage them. He pictures the future of Canada as becoming a great empire that would be a part of the Motherland, since the pioneers would be mostly sons and daughters of the homeland. His vision was correct in stating that this new world would be of great strength to the land of his birth. The letter, carefully sealed, is posted, reaches its destination in three months, and causes great commotion in the little village. It becomes generally known in a few days that a letter, which speaks highly of Canada, has been received



GRANDMOTHER FLATT.

A United Empire Loyalist and a Pioneer.

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

from the pioneer. It is the gossip of the village, and others talk of leaving for this new land of promise. The wife, now knowing her husband's address, immediately starts to write. So many things have happened. Mother, father, brothers and sisters meet at the home, talk it all over, and tell the good wife what to say for them. The mother has the last word, and tells her daughter-in-law not to forget to send her love to her son, and tell him to take good care of himself and to serve God faithfully.

At the end of five months the pioneer goes over the trail to the post office, but there is no letter for him. He returns to the little cabin and continues his conflict with the clearing of the forest trees from the land, hoping to have enough cleared by the coming spring to grow garden produce upon, and to have enough ready in the fall to put in one acre of wheat. He works faithfully, late and early, doing all his own work in and out of the cabin. Feeling very lonely, again he strikes the trail, asks in a calm, anxious voice if there is a letter for him. He watches the postmaster go carefully over the letters.

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

The last one is handed to him; then the papers are gone over and he is handed a paper. The handwriting on the outside of both letter and paper is evidence. He is satisfied. He walks outside the little log post office, opens his letter, reads it as if in a dream, reads it again, strikes the trail, and then sits down and reads each word carefully. All's well at home. His soul is cheered. He tackles the forest with greater determination than ever before to make a home for his loved ones. The paper received is read for many weeks beside the old fireplace and then carefully laid away. The letter is replied to, telling how he is getting along. He reports on the remarkable fertility of the Canadian soil, and holds out hope to his wife and little ones that he may have enough land cleared and enough money saved to be in a position to send for them in a year's time.

That year was the longest of his life. How he longed and prayed for his loved ones. At last he writes home informing the good wife that he is ready to receive her and the little ones, and encloses the money to bring them

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

over, having earned enough by extra work and by assisting another pioneer to clear his land. Five months again go by, and he receives no reply. Another month and no reply. At the end of the seventh month he receives the long-looked-for letter advising him of the ship on which his wife and little ones will sail, and giving the date they leave. The days are counted, then the hours. At the end of ten weeks from the time his family was to sail, he goes to the head of Hamilton Bay, just a little to the north of where the G.T.R. station now stands on Stuart Street, at that time a forest. He is looking for the ship with his loved ones. Each day, late and early, he sits upon the shore, watching for some object out on the lake, and praying for their safe arrival. After two weeks of waiting a white sail is seen far out on the lake. The tears trickle down his cheeks. His heart has been brave, but the close approach of his loved ones overwhelms him with joy. The ship draws nearer; large red handkerchiefs are being waved by those on board. Then the waiting pioneers take their great red handkerchiefs

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

and wave them repeatedly, while shout after shout bursts forth. The voices of the women and children can be heard, some singing, some crying, some calling their pioneer kings by name.

The ship has been thrown into the wind. Orders are given to lower the sail. Presently all is happy confusion on board. The children are running about, cheered with the thought of landing and seeing daddy; the women are weeping with joy. By this time the pioneers have been permitted out on the old emigrant dock. They stand there like the mighty pine trees they have associated with during the time of separation. They can recognize some of those forward on the ship. Gradually, as lovers' eyes meet, kisses are thrown in profusion. Then the pioneer will tell you of looking for the baby that he had left in mother's arms, not thinking so long a time has gone by. He sees a little fellow standing beside the mother, hanging closely to her skirts, and sees the two girls and the two boys all grown so that he wonders if they will know him. Later, he will tell you of the meeting on the dock, how his

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

dear wife looked at him from time to time and embraced him. He had not realized that his looks had changed, that he now wore a heavy beard, that his muscles had become much stronger, that he carried more flesh and had become a giant. The oldest boy recognized him by his voice. The other children knew it was daddy when they saw the mother embrace him.

The landing of the heavy boxes of luggage, so carefully packed and strongly roped, was accomplished in short order. The pioneer men had been wrestling with the giants of the forest, and these boxes were like toys to them. Soon the ship was relieved of her cargo of all sorts of boxes, principally filled with blankets, made by the mothers and wives in the old land, and warm clothing for the little ones. While the pioneer had been in Canada getting the log cabin ready, the wife, her relatives and those of her pioneer husband, had been working in the old land getting something ready to adorn the little cabin and to keep them warm. At the same time the pioneer had done his part in learning how to catch the fox, the bear, the otter,

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

the mink and the beaver, and to use the skins for moccasins, caps, vests and mitts.

The captain and crew now come ashore, bringing with them bright-colored little trinkets and beads. The Indians have been waiting patiently upon shore with their furs to exchange for these trinkets. The exchange is quickly made. The captain blows his whistle. He jumps lightly aboard the ship, and orders are given to let loose and hoist sail. Those on the shore wave their farewell to the captain and crew, and offer prayers for their safe return to get another precious cargo of empire builders.

During this time the old Indian chief, a number of his council, and other braves, squaws and papooses can be seen standing on the shore, underneath the shade of a mighty oak, which has received its final touch in the autumn coloring and appears to harmonize with the chief's head-gear of painted feathers, in colors of red, blue, green, purple and gold, also with the colors on the bows and arrows carried by the braves. They watched the newcomers with stolid indifference. They were a part of

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

nature, and took all things as being a part of nature's great and definite plan. Away back in those slumbering brains there must have been some inkling that the happy hunting ground they had enjoyed for so many generations was gradually being taken from them. I do not wonder at the old chief and his faithful squaw giving a sigh. But beyond this they offered no protest. Nature had been very kind for generations to the Indians. They had grown to respect nature, and would not interfere with nature's laws. If she wished to receive the white man, with his wife and little ones, and clasp them to her bosom, as she had done with the red men for generations, they concluded it must be a part of a plan mapped out by the great and generous Provider on High. The Indian, individually, considering that he had lived in the wild, with no education, was considered a marvellous man by the pioneers. He was never known to forget a kindness. It was only when they would get together in numbers that some of the tribes would become dangerous. This would be caused by a leader who had gotten on the wrong trail

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

of life, just as the mighty conflict that is being waged to-day by the British Empire and her allies against the Kaiser and his bloodthirsty military hounds results from similar causes. In this case a leader, the Kaiser, is causing all these rivers of blood, just as one bad Indian started his braves on the warpath and took the lives of the innocent pioneers. The little red papooses looked at the white children and wondered if they would ever become playmates. The young squaw would cast a lingering and not unkindly look at the stalwart young pioneer, and wonder if she could add cheer to the little cabin he had almost completed in the heart of nature. Had she known that this swarthy pioneer had become engaged to a United Empire Loyalist, or had a sweetheart in the old land waiting anxiously to receive a letter bidding her come, then she might have envied this white to-be bride. The young squaw was slender and straight as an arrow. She was a part of nature, and was satisfied to live and let nature take its course in guiding her future destiny.



MRS. HENRY RICHARDSON.
Mrs. Flatt's Mother.

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

When the pioneer had completed his cabin he would tell you of the Indian walking past it without taking a second glance. To him it was a part of nature's plan. He will tell you of a stormy night, of waking up in the morning and finding an Indian snoozing in front of the old fireplace, having opened and closed the door without disturbing him. To the Indian the cabin was a part of nature. He walked inside without asking any questions, just as he had often stepped underneath the branches of some grand old tree for protection from the storm. The freedom which the Indian had enjoyed by living in the forest for so many generations had become a part of him. He could not understand that he should knock at the door and be invited in. This was not as nature had received him. To him there was only one decorum that he must conform to, and that was nature. The Indian's manners harmonized with nature's. He was quiet and calm. In walking into the cabin he felt he was right so long as he did not disturb the occupant, who in turn, if he was to enjoy nature, must conform to nature's laws.

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

Place another log on the old fireplace and keep it burning brightly. The pioneer and his family have started in on the Trail of Love that leads to the little log cabin prepared by the pioneer king for the coming of his queen and little ones. You will notice the pioneer walks ahead, his head erect. Deep down in his soul he acknowledges the leadership of the world's Chief Commander and Guide, the One who guides you with his love, the One who prompted him with his love to blaze the trail that he now is starting in upon with his wife and little ones. The child that was a mere babe when he left the old land is now a little over four years old. She is now upon his shoulders, perched on top of a pack of supplies and blankets that weighs nigh on to two hundred pounds. The boys and girls follow closely with mother, who is carrying a little bundle of socks, stockings and extra clothing to have in the event of the children getting wet along the trail. They are travelling in single file—the trail is only wide enough for one. The pioneer had been over this trail many times. He had removed the fallen timber

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

and the brush and thrown trees across the creeks, building corduroy bridges, so that the going was now made more easy for his loved ones.

All along the trail the birds were singing their sweetest messages of welcome. They would look at the children, sing sweetly, and then fly further along the trail and continue their sweet song as if delighted to see the newcomers. The whole forest appeared to be alive with animal life. The squirrels appeared almost at the beginning of the trail. Baby, as well as the older children, was greatly amused, and asked daddy if these grey squirrels did not look like granny's old cat, and if the big black squirrels were not like Auntie's old black tomcat. One little fellow thought the red squirrels and chipmunks were the kittens. The antics of the squirrels along the trail that day were never forgotten by the children. They would watch a great grey squirrel run to the very top of those monster pines and balance on the top, and another follow him. Just before the second one reached him he would make the grand leap into space, forty

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

feet across to the next tree-top. The squirrels were continuously running up the trees, sitting on the ends of branches and doing all sorts of tricks to amuse the children. The porcupine, which has often saved the lives of men lost in the forest, was also seen along the trail. The pioneer explained to his helpmate and children that the quills on this little animal were his only protection; that the pioneers never killed them because of their helplessness. He also told them of one occasion when he was lost in the forest without food, and how God had led him where there was one of these little animals; how he was dying of hunger, and yet had to turn his head when taking its life. The rabbits were jumping and running in all directions. The pheasant could be heard drumming, and was often seen sitting in the branches of the trees. A wildcat gave a screech which startled the children and mother. One of the boys remarked that this noise sounded like the old tomcat in his village that prowled around every night, daring any other tomcat to step outside. The pioneer had seen and heard all these things, and

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

walked on without taking any notice beyond glancing back to see that all was well. The mother and children were getting weary. He knew this, though he had not heard a murmur from anyone. He informed them that just a little further on there was a clear spring creek that he had often lunched at. Presently the creek was reached. He lifted the baby from his shoulder, kissed her, and told her how good she had been in sitting so quietly. The pack was unbuckled from his shoulders and opened, and the mother and children were given a first lesson in preparing a meal on the trail. The fire was started and the meal soon made ready. Nature smiled on them. They gave thanks to God for the happy reunion and for the food they were to receive. Lunch over, the pioneer is seen getting a pail of water. He pours it on the fire, carefully seeing that it is all out. He understands that God holds him responsible in assisting to keep His great forest kingdom, and in protecting the safety of those who have built their log cabins therein.

All start in along the trail again. The

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

pioneer realized that no time should be lost. One of the little fellows asked daddy how much farther they had to go. The pioneer father looked up at the sun, glanced at the marks on the trail, and told the boy that all of them would have to increase their pace if the cabin was to be reached before darkness overtook them. The faithful wife and little ones did not know what it meant to be out of the cabin in those days at dusk. They learned before they reached the little cabin. Presently two large black bears with their cubs were seen crossing the trail. The pioneers had penetrated far enough into the forest to reach the haunts of the large animals. The wife and children watched the bears as far as they could be seen. The baby wished to know why they could not get one of the cubs and take it with them. The father had learned that if he left the black bear alone they would not molest him. He knew how hard he would fight to protect his little ones, and he admired the trait of the bears to stand by their cubs, even if the barrel of a gun was pushed down their throats. He had no time to explain to the children, know-

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

ing that plenty of opportunity would be given later during the long winter nights.

The great tall trees were now closing out the light of the sun. The party were passing under the monarchs of the forest. Mighty pine trees stood so thick that they were forced to zig-zag their course to get through. The branches were so thick that darkness appeared to be coming on. There seemed to be a friendly rivalry amongst these giants as to which one would reach heaven first, as to which could grow up to be the straightest, the largest and most perfect tree. The little ones, along with mother, looked up at these great trees in amazement and admiration. They had never beheld anything so beautiful, so majestic. The baby was enjoying his ride on daddy's back. The mother, being in the rear, could see that the other children were alarmed in the great forest of pines. When they felt darkness setting in around them, the children would look up at the pines and then realize how small and tiny they were. The mother saw that they were getting tired, and while she was weary of body herself, her heart was filled with love

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

and admiration as she saw her loving husband carry his heavy load without a murmur, but with a smile upon his face. She had loved him in the old land; she now adored him. She was beginning to understand the mighty love her brave pioneer had for her and the little ones in going into this vast forest all alone, building a cabin and blazing a trail. Her soul was filled to overflowing. She beckoned her pioneer husband to stop, walked up beside him, gathered the children close around them and asked them all to kneel with her and dedicate this trail to God and name it the Trail of Love. That prayer went direct on special wire to heaven. God smiled upon them; the sun shone more brightly and radiated its rays of hope and cheer into their very souls.

It had taken our Creator many generations to construct the edifice wherein this dedication took place. It was beautiful in the extreme. It was right in the heart of nature, where God so loves to dwell. The grandeur, the strength of the old pine trees harmonized with the pioneer. The spirit of God was so real in the soul of his loved part-

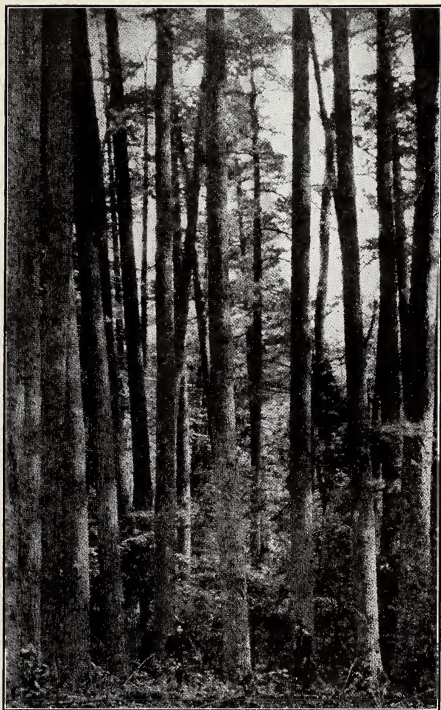


Photo. by Sidney Vernon Streater.

THE WHITE PINE MONARCHS OF THE FOREST.

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

ner that it caused her to give thanks to Him as never before as they knelt in prayer with their faces looking into the green needles of the pines. All the colors of the rainbow had been painted by the hand of nature upon the foliage of the maple, the beech and the birch. The sun cast its rays of purple and gold upon those leaves that had not received their final touch. All was harmony. This was heaven. The wife from that moment became a part of nature. The spirit of God that had taken hold of this pioneer when he entered the forest was now ruling supreme with his partner and little ones. They arose. Love and victory was plainly written upon their brows. They were ready for the trail. Its joys were to be shared alike; its difficulties equally borne.

This was all so beautiful to the pioneer that he had forgotten night was drawing near. His partner now in spirit as well as in life did not know the dangers along the trail at night. They came out of the wooded edifice to the brink of a deep gulch, with a raging torrent of water a hundred feet below. The pioneer had with great difficulty thrown a

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

huge pine across this stream of troubled water. He helped the baby carefully off his shoulders and bid his partner and little ones wait. With a steady, firm step he mounted the old pine, walked across with his pack, and returned, tenderly took two of the children under his arms and crossed, then returned for the other children, one under each arm and the baby on his shoulders in his accustomed place. Then he quickly crossed again for his helpmate. At first his partner was inclined to start across alone, but he persuaded her to take hold of his hand, and they two walked hand in hand and joined the children.

The night is chilly, the fire is burning low, but there is an abundance of wood. Throw it on the old fireplace and light up the little cabin. Are you not aware that night is drawing nigh? Pile on the logs. Keep the cabin warm to cheer the hearts of the wife and little ones and make it easier for the pioneer.

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

The pack is shouldered. A faster pace is now set. The cabin calls so invitingly to the pioneer, and he knows the surrounding dangers. He is most anxious to land there with his loved ones. The trail now extends over a beautiful hardwood ridge. One of the children calls out, "Oh, mother, I see a grey animal." The other children, looking in the same direction, also see at once a strange-looking animal. The mother looks, but sees nothing but trees. The pioneer's teeth are set; an anxious look is upon his brow. He well knew that these brutes were the cowards of the forest. He well knew that they were following at a distance all day long and that it was their custom to close in as darkness drew near. God had always given him courage to face these savage brutes with his faithful axe in hand, but he realized now that he had a wife and little ones to protect. He knew the nature of the attack that these cowards followed. He knew they would not approach from in front; that they were such cowards that they would not choose to attack him, but would select one of the children; that they

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

would charge in great numbers from all sides. Knowing their cowardly nature, he quickened his pace going down the bank of the ridge. The trail now leads into a cedar swamp so dense that had the pioneer not cut it out and prepared it for the coming of his wife and little ones, they could not have gotten through. Presently the howl of a wolf is heard. This is the signal from the leader. He has sounded his bugle for his army of cowards to surround the pioneer and his family.

One mile from the cabin the King of the Forest again quickens his pace, glancing back to see that all his loved ones are close at his heels. You can see him gathering fragments of dry cedar and birch bark, feeling carefully in his pocket to see if his trusted flint is there and the lint, so carefully packed to keep dry. In a moment a howl is heard still closer and in front of them. Another howl follows on the right and still another on the left, then one in the rear. The pioneer, with perspiration dropping from his brow under the burden of his heavy load, calmly drops the babe at his



GRANDMOTHER FLATT AND FIVE OF HER DAUGHTERS.

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

side, lays down his pack, beckons his wife and informs her that a fire must be kindled quickly; that there is a large pack of wolves closing in on them. The flints are struck together quickly; the spark ignites the lint, the lint lights the dry tinder. He grabs his trusted axe, cuts down a dry cedar, and presently a roaring fire is started where it will not spread. The children watch all this as in a dream. Their admiration and confidence in their daddy is unbounded. Howls, increasing in fierceness, are now heard on all sides. The pace of the attacking cowards is now quickened. They are charging with all force. The command from the leader has been given to close in and devour their prey. On they come. The pioneer can now see their tongues hanging out, their wicked eyes gleaming like balls of fire. But they see the fire and slacken their pace. Disappointment is written on their ugly, vicious faces. The sound of the howl is changed. It is the howl of despair. God has defeated them of their prey. The little ones now can discern their fiery eyes and see why the fire was kindled. All kneel around the glow of the

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

camp-fire and lift up their voices in concert to God for his protection and for having given daddy the wisdom and courage to stop and light the fire.

The pack is opened, the provisions are taken out, a little hole is dug in the swamp which soon fills with water good enough to boil for tea. Supper ready, all bow their heads in silence before partaking of the food, and then the pioneer shows his skill in gathering boughs and arranging soft beds close around the fire. The children lie down and soon are having a sweet sleep. The charge that mother and daddy have to look after is too precious for them to sleep. The pioneer cuts a supply of wood to keep the fire burning brightly. He and his loved partner sit by the fire and talk of those at home. The wolves sit watching their prey. The dear wife tells her husband of the message from his mother, and how brave his father has been. His eyes moisten and fill with tears. After a time daylight comes. The children are still sleeping soundly. The wolves can be seen sneaking away stealthily

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

into the forest, despoiled of their meal by God and His noble pioneer.

The pioneer is so close to his cabin that he can smell the smoke, and thanks the One who kept the fire alive in the old fireplace so late into the night. The children are now awake. All look about them. They are satisfied. Mother and daddy are there, and all is contentment. A spirit of thankfulness, unity and love that can never be broken or forgotten has been born on the trail. All join hands and sing "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." The little ones are hungry after their long march and sleep in the open, so breakfast is prepared. The blessing is asked with the old cedars bowing their heads, also acknowledging God's kindness in sending rain and sunshine to them all these years to keep them alive and nourish the baby cedars.

Breakfast over, the pack is again shouldered, and the baby put in his accustomed place. All start out full of hope and thankfulness and determination. They are now passing over the most difficult part of the trail, where the animals are very plentiful.

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

A great crashing is heard just a little to the left and a short distance in front of them. The pioneer halts. He wishes to let the family see a moose. A great monster bull moose presently emerges from the thicket and crosses the trail a few yards in front of them, moving as though pursued by an enemy. The wife and children draw close to the pioneer and look up into his eyes. He is standing there calm, with the usual smile on his face. A beaver meadow is now in sight. They cross the creek on the dam constructed by the beaver colony. They see the beaver house. All these things were full of interest. The mother was astonished at the knowledge these animals exhibited. The swamp was now crossed. The trail led up a hill. When they came to the top of the ridge a great stream of water was before them. This was not so deep, but much wider than any other creeks they had crossed. When the pioneer first came in to build his cabin, he waded through this creek, jumping here and there, clinging to old logs, but wading and swimming most of the distance. He had worked for months in getting a cor-

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

duroy bridge of logs over this wide creek. The going was now easy, and his wife began to see what her pioneer husband had been doing, and to more fully understand why it was necessary for him to come to Canada first. The children enjoyed jumping along the logs.

The trail now led up into a beautiful bush of maple, beech and birch, with a few scattered pines that were over six feet on the stump and reached almost to the sky. The tinting that nature had placed on the foliage of these great trees was so beautiful that the pioneer's wife felt again that she must fall to her knees and thank God for guiding her and her little ones over a trail where He Himself had walked so often. Amidst the mysteries of the beauties of nature she knew now from her soul that they were in the heart of nature. She also thanked God that He had given her a pioneer husband whose soul was big enough to live in the heart of nature, and with courage to build a log cabin therein for his wife and children. There appeared to be a very friendly feeling existing between the maple, beech, birch and

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

the monarchs of the forest, the pines. When nature had placed upon the hardwood trees their best dress of many gorgeous colors, then the old pines looked their best. They would appear to stand up more erect, and the sun, that had given them warmth and life for so many years, would cast its shadows of purple and gold on the old trunks of these magnificent trees to harmonize with the foliage of the hardwood. These grand old trees always bowed when the pioneer was passing. They knew that God had reared them for a purpose. They had lived all their lives where nature was supreme. They had carefully observed nature's ways, and learned that nature has a patient, persistent, definite purpose for all. They realized that the pioneer himself could not cut them down and saw them up to be used in the housing of the people for this new empire; that he would have to use the smaller timber for the building of his log cabin; but they, in turn, would be taken down and be used in building the cities, towns and villages, in the supplying of ships' masts for new boats to be built to

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

carry on the growing trade of this new empire, to aid the old land in ship-building and other important work. They knew the quality of the soil where they grew and had received their nourishment for generations. They understood that when more pioneers came in, the land upon which they grew was intended for the growing of food for the people. Had the hardwood trees not been dressed in their best; had the sun not cast its rays upon the old monarchs, the pines, giving a little touch of coloring here and there to the hardwood foliage, then the heart of nature might have felt that she had not done her best to cheer the pioneer over the trail. Presently they notice the pioneer coming along the familiar trail. They see the little ones, then his wife. They all appear to bow lower than ever before and remain so until the pioneer and his family have passed out of sight.

Just a few feet along the trail can be seen a spring which has the appearance of having been used before. You will notice an old hollow log sunken deeply, and filled with cool, clear water. They all enjoy a refresh-

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

ing drink and remark, "What beautiful, clear, cool water," not knowing that the Creator had given this spring to them in trust for life. This spring was bubbling over, just as God can fill our hearts to overflowing with His love. The pioneer was delighted to see his wife and family enjoy the water that he had thanked God for on many occasions during the past. He loved the old spring, but he could not linger longer. The cabin was close by, only hid from view by the little bluff in front. He wished to take his loved one and their little ones to it. He had planned and worked night and day, overcoming difficulties under which any but a courageous, indomitable, unconquerable man led by God would have quit and acknowledged defeat many times. He was now within a stone's-throw of the goal of his ambition. You could not blame him for calling the children and his courageous wife, the one that had cheered him in his passings over the trail and in the building of the cabin, whose spirit had always been with him in his work. He realized that her heart was in the little cabin during the

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

time she had remained in the old land, and now he longed to step inside the cabin to have his dear one feel that he had prepared a place that they could call their own, as being a gift from God acknowledging his labors, where they could live close to nature, where they could have the wholesome, simple life, and rear a family that was healthy and industrious.

He arrived at the top of the bluff and motioned to the others to be still. He beckoned them to come where he was standing. There, in the clearing, was a magnificent buck deer with two does and their fawns. The deer scented the party and soon were out of sight in the forest. The good wife's eyes were riveted upon the cabin. She had seen little of the deer. She stepped up beside her pioneer husband, took the baby from his back, and all three joined hands over the little path that now led from the spring to the cabin. The other children were following closely, whispering to each other that this was the little log cabin that daddy had built for them; that it belonged to them all and was owned by them. They arrived

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

at the door. The coals are still bright on the old fireplace. The wife is offered the chair prepared for her by her pioneer husband. In presenting it, he impresses upon her that this chair was made by the hand of love for the woman of love and courage. She has earned it by her sacrifice in coming in on the trail, and in waiting so patiently the few years for him. He places it close by the old fireplace and bids her rest a while. He draws up his chair close by and gets the children placed all around the old fireplace; then they all kneel. That prayer went up through the cabin roof into heaven. God looked down upon them and filled their hearts to overflowing with His tender love and courage. They arose, knowing that all was well. A fresh pail of water was got from the spring, and the wife set about preparing a meal, for all were thoroughly hungry. She found venison in the cabin, with potatoes and cabbage that had been grown on their own land. Chairs had been made for all and a table large enough for their family and many more had been built in the centre of the cabin. The pioneer took his

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

place at the head of the table, his courageous wife at the other with the baby to her right, and the rest of the family were left to choose their places. The blessing asked at that, their first meal in the little cabin, was offered up to God for sixty years thereafter by this pioneer.

The meal over, the children were not long in getting outside to run and play. The daddy gave them only one special order that must be obeyed. That was, they must not leave the clearing. They did not fully understand this order, but a few days taught them the importance of obeying it. The pioneer and wife now set about getting the cabin ready for the night. The beds in the attic received first attention. When some of the quilts that she had made so carefully were unpacked, the pioneer greatly admired them. They added cheer and comfort to the little cabin. The children came in long before supper time, all anxious for their meal. When night time arrived, the pioneer was careful in choosing the logs that gave the brightest light for the old fireplace. He piled them up high. The whole cabin

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

was lighted up. He went to the little shelf, got the Bible that was given to him by his mother, read the fourteenth chapter of St. John, knelt and prayed, beseeching God to give them all strength to serve Him faithfully to the end of their days, in return for His goodness and kindness to them. The children are much amused with their beds in the attic. The baby sleeps downstairs with daddy and mother. The good wife awakens her husband in the night and tells him that the wind is blowing very hard. He understands, bids his wife to sleep soundly; that they and their little ones are in God's hands; that He will protect and keep them.

Morning comes. Snow can be seen on the little window casing. It has also crept underneath the cabin door. The pioneer opens the door. A raging snowstorm is on and strikes him full in the face. He has faced these storms many times and loved to be out in them. He well understood what it would have meant to his wife and little ones had the good Lord sent this storm when they were on the trail yesterday. They were not dressed for such a day. God was kind to

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

them in giving a pleasant day and a half and a night to get safely into the little cabin. His heart was very warm. He was a giant in stature, with a face that wore the crown of love, victory and contentment. He got the Bible, held family prayer, talked with the wife and little ones of their present and future plans, and put God first in all things. The old fireplace was warm and bright. His loved partner went about the little cabin doing the duties that he had done for the past years. The children came down from the attic and crowded around the fire. The baby rolled over in bed and looked up at the logs in the ceiling, took a glance at daddy and mother, and saw the little brothers and sisters close by the old fireplace. He wished to be dressed. The mother went to the bed, gave him a good-morning kiss, dressed him, when he bounded out of bed, jumped on daddy's knee and wished to be told many things. Breakfast over, warm clothing that daddy had prepared from the animal skins and that had been brought over by mother, was placed upon the children, and they were

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

allowed to go out with daddy to enjoy their first day of a Canadian winter.

At first they thought it was dreadful, then gradually learned how to snowball each other. All joined in the fun. A sleigh, which had been made the winter before, was brought out. Daddy went into the cabin, insisted that the mother come with them to the hill nearby and enjoy a ride down the hill. The storm was now increasing; the cold was growing more intense. All went into the little cabin happy and contented, piled more logs on the old fireplace, and talked of all the people in the old land. The children told daddy how grandmother and grandfather had hugged and kissed them before they left, and had told them to help daddy and mother in the new land; to always be good, and to look to God for their guidance and strength; of the many sweet messages that they had sent across the sea to their dear daddy and their loving pioneer son. The storm continued. The father read the twenty-third Psalm and prayed fervently. The mother went to the attic, knelt with the children, and repeated with them :



MOTHER AND HER DAUGHTERS.

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

God bless mother, daddy, grandmother, granddaddy,
and all our people across the deep blue
sea. Help us to be good and help others
to be good. Amen.”

She tucked them in carefully, gave them their good-night kiss and returned; taking the baby from daddy's knee, undressed him and knelt with him by the old bed and repeated the “Now I lay me.” With the children all asleep, the father and mother talk late into the night around the old fireplace in their chairs. The fire seems to know that winter has set in; that it has a cheerful duty to perform, and it lights up the old cabin as never before.

The pioneer wife and her husband are now at home. Do not look for any announcement of when she will receive. Call as quickly as you can at the little cabin. Never mind any cards; just walk in. Yes, they are both at home. Introduce yourself and stay. Why, yes, you did not intend to, but you just could not help it after they took hold of your

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

hand. You felt a thrill of love penetrate deep into your heart. It is near dinner time. My, I must not be so rude and stay for dinner with strangers the first time I have met them. Besides, they are not thoroughly settled yet. You make the effort to leave, but the conversation is so genuine and wholesome that you sit by the old fireplace until dinner is announced. Yes, there is a plate on for you, and your chair is at the right hand of the pioneer husband. Now that you have partaken of a boiled dinner, served in pioneer style, I can detect a spark of love in your heart for these dear, genuine people, for nature and the simple life. Guard that spark carefully as if it were your life. Kindle it up carefully until you can pile on the whole logs around the old fireplace in the sacred little log cabin, built by the hand of love by the pioneer for the woman of courage, where they lived the simple life and loved nature. The great glory they were blessed with was brought about by doing without many of the things we have to-day

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

If we of this generation are to give honor to whom honor is due, we must acknowledge the loveable, rugged, lasting qualities of the early pioneers of Canada. These men and women of thrifty, simple habits, with unfaltering faith, laid the foundation for a Canadian Empire. The tender chord which binds the youth of to-day with the fathers, mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, and the greatgrandfathers and greatgrandmothers of the pioneer age should never be broken.

The world to-day is at its height in a demand for the new. In the midst of this mighty rush it is well to stop and consider the foundation of Canada, which was prepared so carefully, so faithfully, so patiently, so reverently, by the pioneers. Are we, the children of these heroes, worthy to stand in their shoes? Are we building safely upon that foundation? The pioneer was like the rising sun, growing more beautiful and distinct as the early hours of the day passed; they illuminated, strengthened and cheered. They were noble representatives of that which always endures.

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

To know them was to love and honor them. They were mild, but inflexible; just, but merciful; great, but simple, and strong in conscience. The stamp of nobility and power had been conferred upon them in their log cabins. When we understand the tremendous advantages of a humble birth; when we realize that the privations of youth are the pillars of strength to mature years, then we shall cease to wonder that out of such obscure surroundings should spring the finest characters that this world has produced. If you would raise heroes it must be done amongst simple surroundings where struggle exists. Those who understand these things and have felt the heart of nature beat will not wonder that the men of the pioneer age who were forced to battle with life's problems developed characters which led them into the highest positions in life.

There was nothing about these men that would dazzle. It was the fibre that impressed you. There was no vanity nor pretense. It has been said, and will bear repeating here, that "Poverty is a hard, but oftentimes a loving nurse." Fortune may deny the luxury

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

of wealth, but she makes generous compensation in that greater love which those men who faced privations so well understood. It is not wealth that counts in the making of the world, but character, and character is best formed amidst surroundings filled with struggle, where no flag of truce is ever held up. Abraham Lincoln once remarked: "Give me the hut that is small enough, the poverty that is deep enough, the love that is great enough, and over all the fear of God, and I will raise from them the best that is in human character."

The barefoot boys of the early pioneer days were what the world would call poor to-day. They, however, rose steadily as the sun, and became luminous and radiant. They made their own careers. The love of justice and fair play was deeply embedded in their natures. These are the qualities that stand the test. These men were possessed of great strength to withstand trial, which was only obtained by years of training under the environment existing in those days. While these men were powerful, it was not their powers which appealed to

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

others, but rather their softer, homelier traits. They were genuine and affectionate. and they held tenaciously to the nobler traits which will always endure. The preservation of their strength lay in the fondness for their early homes and in the struggles which kept their sympathies always warm for others.

Their characters were built upon courage, faith and affection, and these qualities will always be the Masters of Time. It was by labor that their thoughts were made healthy, and also by labor that they were made happy. The greatest asset Canada ever has had was the early settlers. These settlers, their sons and grandsons, daughters and granddaughters, have proven the backbone of Canada's foundation as an Empire. They were thrifty, industrious, God-fearing people. There was no necessity in those days for picture shows. Nature ruled in all her glory. She was a most lavish entertainer, and presented an ever-changing entertainment of enchanting beauty. God was the Giver. He ruled supreme in most of those log cabins. He was in the forest to

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

greet the newcomers and guide them over the trail.

It required strength and courage to be a pioneer, but God was generous to them. Many of them came to Canada and left their wives and little ones in the old land until their cabins were completed. Can you imagine their joy and gladness when the wife and family came to share that little log cabin which had been built by one of the Kings of the Forest? No castle which had been occupied without sacrifice and effort on his part could be as great to the man who had been raised in luxury as that little cabin would be to the man who had built it with his own hands. These log cabin builders were rugged men with indomitable courage and dogged determination. God bless and preserve their memories. They were a power not only in the forest but also in the church. They stood up like the mighty giants of the forests, straight and erect. When they got up in their church pews to tell you of God, you knew that God resided with them in their humble cabins. Many of those cabins far in the forest were dedicated to God's

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

service and were used for that purpose for a number of years. They acknowledged God in all things. It was to obtain a home for themselves and their loved ones that made them sacrifice many personal comforts.

The stillness of the forest produced men who were listeners; men who meditated; men who heard the call of greater things. Volumes have been written of conquerors in war. I take off my hat to the warrior who fights for his country, for freedom and righteousness, but many of the men that volumes have been printed about have fought for conquest. These men should go down in history as home destroyers. The men and women who conquered the forest were home and empire builders, and it was their fondness for home that made them the brave men and women they were.

The pioneer life was a never-ending struggle for men, women, boys and girls. All were engaged in making a home, in clearing the land, building churches, school houses and in founding an Empire. Genuine hospitality existed. There was no formality, no visiting cards, no particular calling days.

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

Those were the days when people visited each other and had heart-to-heart talks; when everyone assisted the other. It was the same at logging bees, the cutting of the wood, the quilting bees, the building of the little log cabin, the raising of the old log barn. All joined in to help one another, and it was all done in an atmosphere of love and good will. Joy seemed to enter into all their work. The minister and his family came and were accommodated at the little cabin. He was always a welcome visitor, and while the pioneers had little to give, the minister could always expect hospitality and generosity.

The woods were always whispering words of love, joy, peace and courage. The pioneers soon realized that they were a part of the forest. They realized that God was always whispering messages of cheer to them. At night the camp-fire was friendly and companionable.

What always impressed me with the older families was to see them all work as a unit to pay for the home. This seemed the one dominating power in keeping all united:

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

love of home and of its ownership. The boys and girls were not lost sight of. Father and mother were the first to instil into their minds the owning of a home. The children assisted father and mother nobly in clearing the land of the old homestead. What a charm this old homestead has for many of us. Then the father and mother always assisted the boys and girls to secure homes of their own when they were grown up. There is no influence so great in character-building as the influence of the home. It moulds and guides all careers. In the humble home where luxury does not exist it is much easier to build an enduring character.

We are going now the pace of the automobile, and are likely to go that pace as long as the gasoline holds out. The pioneer went the pace his own limbs would take him. His veins pulsed with red, invigorating blood, caused by the vigorous work which he was up against from day to day.

It is worth while for us to stop and think which of the two, the pioneer or the man of to-day, is getting the most out of life—the

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

joy-riders of to-day, as we are known, ever chasing something new, or the man of the pioneer age where he ruled as king of the forest, and had for his feast contentment? The reading in those days was the thumb-worn Bible, the Book of books that had stood the test of years.

God made it possible for these pioneers to live in the forest by placing fuel, fish, game and water therein. The water was placed at their command, pure and sparkling. Man has endeavored to duplicate God's beverage, but has utterly failed. Nothing is so satisfying, so healthful and so refreshing as pure water.

Any time you are passing through the country, you may notice some of the old willow trees or some of the locust trees with a spring of water near by. These were the locations of the early pioneers. The willow trees were planted for their utility in making baskets or putting bottoms in chairs. The locust was not a native of this part of Canada, and was planted more particularly for its associations, as many of these pioneers came from places where locust trees

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

existed. This tree also gave a delightful perfume and flowered profusely.

It was only the strong men who could conquer the forest and build their log cabins therein. It took courage to subdue the forest and grow golden grain where the giants formerly grew, and again love was the conqueror; the love of woman and the pride in man to prepare a place for her, a place that they could call their own with a title won by sacrifice and devotion from God's primeval forests. The love was strong and enduring in those early days. Both men and women were willing to sacrifice many comforts for love's sake. They were lured on by the flame of love—love for God, for home, for all the better things of life. If a nation places the name of love upon its banner, and if its people are true to love, they can unfurl their banner and conquer the world for God. God first planted the trees and the flowers and then placed the birds in the forest to add joy to a scene of enchanting beauty.

One of the first pioneers who came into the County of Wentworth became very discouraged, as all things seemed to go against



FATHER AND HIS BROTHER JAMES.

Both born in the log cabin among the pines in
Wentworth County.

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

him, and walked to the mountain edge and was about to end all, when a little bird perched itself close by him on a twig and began to sing. The man listened attentively and concluded it was a message from God to him. He went back to his cabin and became one of the mighty forces for good in the county. He lived to a ripe old age and was blessed with many sons and daughters. Those sons and daughters have all passed over the Divide, but there are still many greatgreatgrandsons and greatgreatgranddaughters of this grand old man residing in the county.

God created and conserved this forest kingdom for the men and women who were worthy of its immensity, of its beauty and grandeur, well knowing that He could produce men and women of character from those who had the heart and the courage to establish their homes therein. If we of to-day would build upon the foundation laid down by those early pioneers, we would have a nation of men and women which could sway the destinies of the world.

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

While father and mother have told me many times the names of the earliest pioneers, I have refrained from using these, but may be pardoned here for making particular reference to my own father and mother. What I have said in respect to the pioneers applies as well to them.

Father passed over the Divide on November 26th, 1913, at the age of eighty-two, and mother went to be with him on July 24th, 1914, at the age of eighty-one. They both lived noble lives, and are now going peacefully down the river of love with God as their Pilot.

It appears to me that the man who succeeded in those days must have had an unflinching faith in God and strong confidence in himself. Father was a man with a definite purpose. He realized that one could build a log cabin in a few days, but that it took a lifetime to build a character. Patiently, persistently and ploddingly, day by day, he built his character. He was the essence of love, charity and decision, one who could concentrate all his forces and relax at will. He was possessed of an

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

impelling sympathy, and the spirit of joy seemed to enter into all his work, whether it was in connection with his own undertakings or with those of others. It may well be said that he bore the grand old name of "gentleman" without excuse, and that his character left an impress upon all with whom he came in contact. He was possessed of a great desire to help others, and took a very deep interest in all things pertaining to the welfare of the community. He had a very warm heart for any and all who were passing through circumstances such as he had had to face in his young days, and he also had a love for the better things of life and the loftier traits of character. No man ever appealed to him for help without being in some way given assistance. He would give his last copper to help a brother who needed aid. He had no early advantages excepting a parentage than which there was no better. He inherited the strong characteristics of his Orkney father and his United Empire Loyalist mother. He achieved greatness of the truest type, having left this world a little better because of living a long, useful life.

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

Father had six brothers and six sisters. Grandfather Flatt died at the age of forty-seven, when father was thirteen years old. He saw the situation and grasped it with determination. With an outfit consisting of a pair of overalls, a shirt and a straw hat made by his mother, he started out to support himself, and, hiring with his uncle, he worked for four years for nine dollars per month. From the age of seventeen to twenty he earned a span of colts. Out of his small wages he saved two hundred dollars and purchased a farm of fifty acres for four thousand dollars, making the first payment with the two hundred dollars saved. The farm was heavily timbered, and in the removal of this timber he laid the foundation of his practical education as a lumberman, an education which made the name of Flatt famous, in later years, on both sides of the Atlantic.

He had no idle hours. Every moment seemed to be of great value to him. Money was not plentiful in those days. On one occasion he walked fourteen miles to borrow seventy-five cents, and a few weeks later



FATHER AND FOUR OF HIS BROTHERS.
All born in the little log cabin.

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

walked the fourteen miles again to pay it back.

With all his busy life, he had time, however, to devote himself to his country and his people, having served in the Councils of both East and West Flamboro for a number of years as councillor and warden. He was a staunch Liberal, and in 1894 successfully contested North Wentworth for the Provincial Legislature. He devoted himself in the House to promoting useful legislation for the people, and was presented with numerous valuable gifts and addresses by the residents of the county as an acknowledgment of his untiring efforts on their behalf. He took a very deep interest in the improvement of highways, and was the leader in doing away with the toll-gate system which existed so largely throughout the country at that time. He joined the Sabbath School and Methodist Church when thirteen years of age, and took a very kindly interest in the boys and girls and Sunday School work in general during his whole life. He was a staunch Methodist until his death.

In the years when he was buying timber

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

heavily through this Province, those who knew him would invariably say to him, "Flatt, my timber is for sale. Give me what you think it is worth." I remember very well one occasion, when starting in the timber business myself, of purchasing a block of pine from a widow who resided in East Flamboro. I gave the widow the price she asked for the timber, and when I told father the price I had paid, knowing the timber very well, he said to me: "Will, you have not paid enough for that timber. Go and give the woman five hundred dollars more." I stated that I had paid the price she asked. I could not see at that time where I was justified in paying anything more. Then father impressed me with one great fact. His answer was this: "Go and give the woman five hundred dollars. She is giving you value for it, and when you purchase any timber in the future, remember this: If you are dealing with anyone who does not know the value of what they are selling, pay them all you can afford to pay, leaving a reasonable margin for your work. On the other hand, if you are dealing with

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

people who know the value and who are inclined to drive a hard deal, then look after yourself.”

He was a striking man amongst men. He not only blazed many trails but cut them out and made it easier going for others. He was a man who loved home and his family, and would drive all night, if necessary, through snow or mud, in order to reach home to be with his wife and family. He employed thousands of men, and his appearance amongst them at any time would always be the means of enthusing them. He was a man himself with great enthusiasm, and would work night and day, if necessary, in order to conclude some important piece of work.

I was the youngest of three boys. As we were brought up on the farm, I presumed it was my father's wish that I should remain there. At eighteen, I remarked to him that I thought I would prefer lumbering to farming. To this he replied, “Who asked you to farm?” I stated nobody that I was aware of, but I thought it was his wish. His reply was: “No, my boy; there are lots of fellows

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

that can run this farm as well as you can. What you want to start at in life is just what you think you can do the best at. If you think you would like to enter into the lumber business, then you should not hesitate." He did this in order that I might realize the responsibility of a choice of life work. In other words, he endeavored to make his boys, as well as all the men who worked for him, think for themselves and act for themselves, knowing that this was the only way to have them develop strong characters.

I often wish that my father had taken the time to put in writing some of his observations during life, since it would have been very interesting reading, and might have been the means of causing young men to try to do better. He always took a very deep interest in the boys and girls. I am sure he could have filled pages that would have been of great value, and would have been able to present many incidents of the early pioneer days and also in connection with the early lumber industry of Canada

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

with much greater force and effect than in the material which I have written.

When father was twenty, he took for his bride a young lady of the district, Rachel Cummings. He was most fortunate in his selection in his partner for life, as mother proved to him a true helpmate in every sense of the word, as well as a most lovable, affectionate mother to her family. Her whole soul seemed to be wrapped up in the family. She was a Christian woman and served God faithfully. One of her great desires appeared to be to have her family join with the church in God's service. She worked as most mothers worked in those days. With the returns from her little garden produce and the profit from a few cows and hens she clothed and fed her family and was in a position many times to assist father in paying for the land as well. Father and mother were permitted to live together to celebrate their sixtieth wedding anniversary. Two years after this happy event, father passed away.

In writing of the pioneers, mention has been made of their great fondness for and of

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

owning their homes. There were thirteen children in Grandfather Flatt's family, and it must be said to their credit that every one of the six boys owned his own home, and the girls also married husbands who provided well for them. In Grandfather Cummings' family there were eleven children, and of these all who grew to manhood and womanhood owned their own homes.

My partner, the late Jacob Flatt, owned the old homestead. At the time of his death it was purchased by my brother, D. C. Our four sisters are all well provided for. These facts are mentioned to show how strongly the instinct to own their homes was instilled in the young in those days. These remarks are not made at all boastingly, since other families of the same pioneer period invariably owned their homes, but is rather an attempt to give honor where it is due, to our parents, the pioneers.

Mother did not forget the members of her family when they grew up and were married. She was always knitting socks and mitts for the boys and looking after little comforts for the girls. In their later years,

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

father and mother's greatest happiness seemed to be derived from visiting their children's families and from trying in little simple ways to bring cheer to their children and grandchildren.

There were many joyous, many sad and also many trying incidents in the forests. Most of these are sacred to the memory of those who passed through them. Many of the difficulties the early pioneers passed through will never be told. They were men and women possessed of a spirit which removed the many mountains in front and on all sides of them. I will mention a few incidents I am thoroughly conversant with, these having been handed down to me by my father and mother and grandparents.

Grandfather Flatt came over with one of his brothers with the Hudson Bay Company, when a youth, from his home in the Orkney Islands. At that time the Hudson Bay Company only brought over picked men, who were employed at one of their North-West forts near Winnipeg. Grandfather was a trusted employee, and on one occasion was sent with a prisoner from the North-West

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

forts to what was then Little York, now Toronto. We always understood he had walked over one thousand miles with this prisoner and landed him safely. After some time he resigned from the employ of the Company. After this separation he never again heard from his brother, since there was no means of corresponding in those days. After leaving the West, Grandfather Flatt came up near Waterdown, built his log cabin in the forest, and married Mary Baker, a United Empire Loyalist, thus uniting two persons as man and wife to whom Canada owes a great debt. He died at the age of forty-seven. Grandmother, however, lived to a ripe old age.

On one occasion, when going out into the woods to look for the cow, grandmother got lost and was out with her collie dog all night. The next morning, about daylight, she heard a rooster crow, and discovered she was only a short distance from another pioneer's home. She had wandered about two miles in the woods. The wild animals at that time were very plentiful, but God protected this pioneer mother. On another

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

occasion, after a small bit of land was cleared, grandmother was out helping gather the wheat. She placed the two babies which had come to bless the home on a blanket in the little clearing, and when she returned found a large rattlesnake coiled up and lying asleep with the babes on the blanket, and here God protected the little babes. The rattlesnakes were very plentiful in the vicinity of their cabin, and grandfather and grandmother often had to fight with them.

The black bears of Canada never were dangerous and seldom would attack a man unless he interfered with their cubs or wounded them. They were great thieves, however. I remember Grandfather Cummings telling me of the difficulty he had in keeping pigs, as the bears would repeatedly come and steal them. Wolves also were plentiful and vicious, and killed the sheep at different times. Grandfather Cummings has told me of one occasion when the wolves chased him as he was coming home on the trail to his cabin. He had killed a deer and was trying to get some of the meat home

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

when night overtook him. He had his trusted collie with him, a dog that had been with him and saved his life many times. In this instance, while he had thrown the meat away and the wolves had stopped to devour it, they again chased him, and the dog tackled the wolves while grandfather tried to reach his cabin. The dog was killed, but grandfather's life was saved. With tears streaming down his cheeks he would tell of the loss of this faithful dog.

In those days there were no Angels of Mercy to assist in caring for the sick, as the nurses we have now-a-days. It was also difficult to get a doctor. The good old grandmothers attended to their home duties, and would tramp often for many miles after night, chased by animals, to be with a sick patient and to minister to their wants. Grandmother Cummings was one of the grand old nurses in the district in which she resided, and would frequently sit up night after night with the sick and then tramp home to do her day's work.

There was very little money in the early pioneer days. One of the early settlers



GEORGE HARBOTTLE, SR.

A Pioneer who worked with his ox-team hauling lumber,
twenty-two hours a day for fifty days.

THE CANADIAN PIONEERS

hauled cordwood to Dundas, a distance of ten miles, and sold it for \$1.25 per load. He received one dollar in trade and the balance in cash. A pioneer of Beverly has told that to secure a few dollars for the necessities of life he would walk to Galt, work there for two weeks and then carry home a bag of flour for twelve miles through the woods on his back. The story is also told that if the cows went out of the clearing in those days they would be chased by wolves. It is even said that all the cows in Beverly were bob-tailed, their tails having been bitten off by the wolves.

Boys and girls, young men and young women, if you are finding fault with your position in life to-day, stop and count your comforts and blessings, and then thank God for the lives of the pioneers of Canada, that through their sacrifices and courage you are permitted to live in a new Empire, full of promise. God never planned that you should partake of the good things of life without struggle and sacrifice. The example set by the early pioneers should be followed out faithfully. Your mind and muscle should

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

be engaged in making this world just a little better. This will give you joy, peace, and genuine happiness.

THE NEW COUNTRY

[These verses, characteristic of the period, were written by a resident of Halton County about eighty years ago.]

THIS wilderness was our abode
Full forty years ago,
And when good meat we wish to eat
We shot the buck or doe.
For fish we use the hook and line;
We pounded corn to make it fine;
On Johnny-cake our ladies dine,
In this new country.

Our paths were through the wandering woods,
Where oft the savage trod;
They were not wide, nor scarce a guide,
But all the ones we had.
Our houses, they were logs of wood,
Rolled up in squares, and corked with mud,
If the bark was tight the roof was good,
In this new country.

With axes good we chopped our wood,
For well we all knew how;
We cleared our lands with hardy hands,
To fit it for the plough.
We sowed our lands with rye and wheat,
For strangers and ourselves to eat;
From the maple trees we drew our sweet,
In this new country.

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

We lived in social harmony,
We drank the sparkling stream;
No priest nor lawyer, doctor there
Was scarcely to be seen.
Our health it needed no repair;
No pious man forgot his prayer;
And who could fee a lawyer there,
In this new country?

Of deer skins we made moccasins,
To wear upon our feet;
And checkered shirts we thought no harm,
Good company to keep.
If we a visit wished to pay
On a winter's night or a winter's day,
The oxen drew our ladies' sleigh,
In this new country.

The little thorns grew apples on,
When mandrakes were all gone;
The sour grape we used to take,
When frosty nights came on.
For wintergreens our girls would stray,
For butternuts boys climbed the trees,
And the fir tree we used to see,
In this new country.

PART II

A LOVE SYMPHONY.

ALONG the garden ways just now
I heard the flowers speak;
The white rose told me of your brow,
The red rose of your cheek;
The lily of your bended head,
The bindweed of your hair;
Each look'd its loveliest and said
You were more fair.

I went into the wood anon,
And heard the wild birds sing,
How sweet you were; they warbled on,
Piped, thrill'd the self-same thing.
Thrush, blackbird, linnet, without pause,
The burden did repeat,
And still began again because
You were more sweet.

And then I went down to the sea,
And heard it murmuring, too,
Part of an ancient mystery,
All made of me and you:
How many a thousand years ago,
I loved, and you were sweet—
Longer I could not stay, and so
I fled back to your feet.

—*Arthur O'Shaughnessy.*

PART II.

THE FORESTS.

THE forests in Wentworth and Halton Counties presented to the pioneer a beauty, a grandeur, a solitude and a mystery all so impressive that the solemnity created must have been a factor in developing the manhood of the pioneer period into devout, God-fearing men of indomitable courage. Right from the shores of Lake Ontario these counties were wooded with a primeval forest of trees that was inspiring in the extreme. The pine, the monarch of the forest, predominated with oak, hickory, maple, beech, birch, ash, elm, chestnut, hemlock, basswood, cedar, spruce, cherry and butternut. The Creator was many generations in growing this wonderful forest crop. The grandeur and strength of the oak and pine trees harmonized with the pioneers. These log cabin builders and nation founders, who hewed their homes out of the wilderness and made

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

their own destinies, developed characters through conflict with this great forest world that were invincible. Wilderness in front of them, wilderness back of them, wilderness on all sides—their cabins were surrounded by a forest wilderness towering a hundred feet above them. This vast forest extended from the southern boundary of Canada to Hudson Bay on the north, from the Atlantic on the east to the Pacific on the west, with the exception of the territory occupied by our mighty prairie empire lying between Winnipeg and the foot of the Canadian Rockies, which was created to feed the vast herds of buffalo that roamed the western plains in those days. This bountiful forest crop lasted for over two hundred years in Canada, and we have yet a great forest area that would be perpetual if fires could be prevented and proper regulations were put in force regarding the cutting of the timber.

There was no waste land when the pioneer arrived upon the scene in Canada. The Creator had used even the rock crevices in producing a forest crop. Many of the giants



Photo. by Sidney Vernon Streater.

THE CHILD REARED AMONG GOD'S GIANTS WILL NEVER
LOSE A LOVE FOR THE FOREST HOME.

THE FORESTS

of the forest grew in the most difficult places. The meadows were utilized by the beaver for their homes and by the moose and deer for food.

Every tree that grew in the vast Canadian virgin forest had claims upon the pioneers of Wentworth and Halton Counties, as well as those of the remainder of Canada where these mighty forests grew. The ship that brought the pioneers to this new Empire was constructed from timber taken out of the forests. The dock upon which the pioneer and his loved ones landed was taken from the forest. The forest furnished the fire to cook his food upon the trail, the fire that kept his camp aglow and protected him from the animals. The material required to build bridges, to corduroy the swamps, to build churches, schools and post offices, was furnished by these forests in plenty. When the pioneer arrived at the end of the trail, he found splendid young trees of pine, spruce, cedar and tamarack, all willing to give up their lives to build a cabin for himself and his loved ones. He found trees in abundance to supply his fireplace gener-

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

ously with heat, to give warmth and cheer during the cold winter nights. The maple, oak, hickory and ash supplied material for his first sleigh, his wagon, the yoke and bows for his oxen, for his plough, for his harrow, for his hayrack, his axe handles. Everything appeared to be placed at his command. The sale of the surplus timber built the new house, helped to purchase the adjoining two hundred acres for the eldest boy, built the fences. Thousands of benefits could be mentioned. Did ever such a crop grow out of the earth before? Will such a bountiful crop ever grow again—a crop that financed Canada for many years? No one could be privileged to see or know of this great and mighty forest crop without getting down upon his knees and thanking our Creator for His generosity. We must admire His great patience in planting and maturing so wonderful a harvest. God must have loved pioneers or He could not have been so generous. The forests have had a lot to do with the making of this Empire of Canada.

Our Creator worked for many generations in producing the Canadian forests, in send-

THE FORESTS

ing rain and sunshine to mature these forest trees. Do you not think that it gives Him great happiness to send rain and sunshine to mature the trees we plant out, and also to help to preserve what small amount of forest we have left? If the boys of Canada will learn how kind the forests were to their forefathers, they will not destroy the little trees, as they so frequently do to-day.

Try them for your companions, boys, and see how they will love to converse with you. If they are to talk with you, sit down quietly underneath their branches on a warm summer's day, and try to think how they came to grow, how old they are, what good they do, and you will soon have them planting seeds down in your heart that will grow beautiful forests of thoughts and deeds which God will mature in your soul.

The trees that grew in the heart of nature welcomed the pioneer and his family because they had lived and grown up with nature and understood that this was a part of the whole plan mapped out by the Creator in the beginning of the world. It was natural to suppose that some of the grand old trees

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

and many of the young trees that were full of life and vigor would wish to be spared by the pioneer's axe. They understood their life was not long; that presently the lumbermen would come through and clear all before them, removing all the mature trees. If they were to be spared, it was only possible by the decision of the pioneer to retain them, only removing what seemed necessary at the time to enable him to have enough land to produce food for the family and a little to sell to purchase the necessities of life. These old trees were aware that if the pioneer lived as nature had intended, and was true to the simple life, he would get great happiness and contentment. It seemed only natural that these grand old trees, which were a part of nature and had helped so many years to make nature beautiful, which God had nourished so carefully until they were giants, beautifully moulded and as straight as arrows, should wail and sigh at times in the thought of having to be removed. They had a perfect right to expect mercy at the hands of the pioneer, so long as they did not interfere with the clearing of

THE FORESTS

sufficient land. The old walnut, butternut, beechnut and chestnut trees were sad because they had performed a worthy duty for many years, that of providing food for the ever-increasing families of squirrels. This was a big responsibility. They had gotten a good deal of pleasure in watching these little animals gather the nuts up carefully for the winter's food, even climbing the trees and going out on the tips of the long branches. The little squirrels appeared so full of joy and so frolicsome, that the time had passed quickly. Many of these trees did not realize that they were over three hundred years old. The nut-bearing trees also realized that the pioneers and their families would gather many of the nuts the squirrels had gotten, and they could not see very well how they themselves could be spared. The old walnut knew that he was also valuable for furniture, and that there were no forests of walnut trees, but only a tree here and there. He was surprised when the first pioneer cut him down and split him up into rails. He knew this was a mistake, and was done through lack of knowledge. To his

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

surprise, the little squirrels ran along the fence and played over portions of his body the same as before. When he had served his usefulness in the old snake fence, he was taken to the new home, where he was cut up and placed on the fireplace. With all his age, he threw a ray of light and heat in the large, spacious room. The splendid old pine that stood just at the edge of the clearing knew he would be spared if the pioneer would only cut a notch in his body, so that he could produce pitch to make gum for the children and tar to be used when the oxen had sore feet, or to tie up the fingers of the men injured in logging. He also wondered if the pioneer knew that he had supplied the squirrels for many years with their spring and fall medicine in great cones that always grew on his branches. This old pine had lived for many years. His head towered above the others. He could see what was taking place in the world, and was aware that he would probably be required for a ship mast. He had grown straight and was sound as a bell to the heart. He enjoyed a high location above the mountain in Went-

THE FORESTS

worth County, which permitted him to look out over Lake Ontario. He saw that ships were increasing; that more people were coming, and knew that if he was saved some lumberman would pay a lot of money for him some day. The pioneer stepped up beside the old tree, looked up along the trunk to see which side to chop the notch on, so that he would fall that way. That pine saved his life by being straight. The pioneer cut a small notch, as the tree wished, and concluded to leave him for a favorable wind; then walked away and cut other trees down.

A few days afterward the children noticed the cut in the pine filled with something very sticky. They gathered it, called it pitch, and got mother to boil it. To their surprise, they had a supply of gum.

Later on the old tree's predictions came true, since in a few years he was in a ship, standing up as of yore and braving the storms, not above the mountain on the land, but on the water. He saved the ship on many occasions by giving proper balance and being sound. The storms could not

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

smash him nor the rigging he was entrusted with. This old pine had heard the pioneer talking a lot about the old land, the homeland, about the people and the beauties of the homeland, about the great ocean of salt water. He was perfectly satisfied to remain where he was and where he had grown from a little baby pine. He had not been the pioneer pine, although he was over two hundred years old. He could remember his greatgrandfather, and from his talk had gathered that there were many generations before him. This grand pine could not console himself to seeing his body chopped down, cut up, and put on the log pile to be burned. He had hopes of being spared for at least one hundred years, or in any event put into service.

An old oak stood close by this pine tree. The two were not related in any way, but had always been good friends and neighborly, although at times the oak would complain of the pine growing so high that he shut out the morning sun from him. The pine had reasons to find fault with the way the old oak was spreading its branches,

THE FORESTS

occupying so much of the earth and keeping the snow and ice around his roots much later in the spring than formerly. The pine knew that the old oak had also heard the pioneers talking of the homeland, and wondered if he knew anything about the water. He opened up his heart, and told the old oak about the beauties of Lake Ontario, of which he had such a commanding view, and of seeing the ships on the lake, and of noting a pine tree in the centre of the ship with the bark and sap taken off. The old oak had lived longer than the pine. He could remember the greatgreatgrandfather of his friend, the pine, and understood from the pioneers that salt water waves were huge things. He knew that the pine had grown too quickly to be suitable for the keel or the hull of a ship. He felt in his heart that if the pine was to be saved for a mast, he should be spared to construct the ship where great strength was required, as he had been patient in his development, and had given great attention to the fibre that was built up in his growth. The bark which covered his body might not be as attractive and per-

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

fect as the bark on the pine, but if the bark were taken from both the pine and himself, he felt confident that the pioneer would at once detect the difference in their fibre. This old oak knew that when the pioneer would swing his axe against his body, he would find characteristics very different from those of any tree that he had previously felled.

At this stage, the pioneer came along with an axe as sharp as a razor blade. He looked at the oak, and decided which way to fell it. The axe flashed in the air, the blade cut through the bark and struck something like steel. The pioneer felt a shock run through his hands like an electric current. He carefully shaved away the bark, examined the nature of the wood, examined his axe, and found the edge not so keen. Having a big day's work ahead, and wishing to keep a sharp axe, he reluctantly left the old oak, and tackled the softer woods.

A number of years have passed. The pioneer had the wisdom to keep some of his best trees, and was rewarded. A man drives up to the pioneer's cabin, bids him the time

THE FORESTS

of day, enquires how many dollars he wants for the pine and oak trees upon his place. The pioneer looks at the man and wonders what he wants them for, and presently says, "Mister, I do not know what they are worth. Give me what you think is right." The new-comer jumps from his sleigh, ties his horse, covers him up well in the old log barn, throws off his coat, and is in the woods so quickly that the pioneer wonders what is all the rush. The pioneer retires into the cabin to acquaint his helpmate of what is taking place. Presently the man appears at the cabin door and walks in. The good wife offers him a chair close by the fireplace. He thanks her and stands with hat in hand. He tells the pioneer that his oak and pine is worth five thousand dollars. The wife leans over to see if she understood. The husband glances at his wife to see if they have both understood. They do not understand. They say nothing, however, thinking that the man will repeat the offer, so that they will be sure. In a moment the lumberman said, "Well, is the timber mine for five thousand dollars cash before I put an axe into it?"

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

All this is like a dream to the pioneer husband and his good wife. They had no idea their timber was worth so much. The lumberman is told he can have the timber. One hundred dollars is paid, and a receipt taken. The next day four thousand nine hundred dollars is paid. Gangs of men are soon on the scene with axes for cutting down trees, broad axes for hewing, and chalk lines for lining the timber. The man who purchased the timber steps up to the old pine with the notch in it, looks up its sides carefully, and orders the crew where to put in the notch, and then two men with a great crosscut saw start in at the back of the old tree. It is almost sawed off. The old tree stands as straight as of yore, without a quiver. The sawyer on the left calls out, "All off here." The man on the right calls back, "One inch from the notch"; then shouts, "All off." The old tree stands. A large iron wedge is ordered inserted into the saw-cut, and blow after blow is rained with a great beetle on the head of the wedge. Finally the old tree shakes, bows his head, and goes down gracefully, acknowledging that he has served his

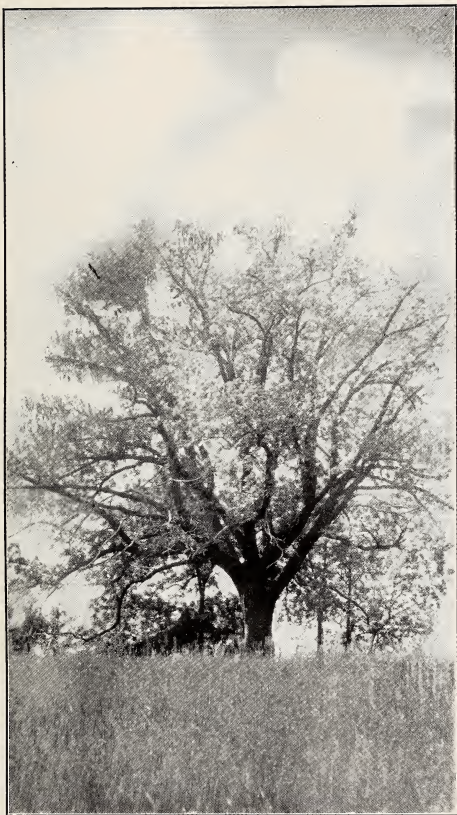
THE FORESTS

time as a tree. The lumberman grabs the tapeline, orders the liner to hold one end, measures off one hundred and ten feet, and instructs the men with the saw to cut it off there, and remarks, "There will be a good sixteen-foot saw-log." In the top, the bark and sap is quickly removed. The old pine is dressed for a ship mast.

The old oak could be heard to sigh when his lifelong friend fell. The oak knew that the pine was to be given his desire and put to a greater use. Yet with it all a sad feeling came over him, and he realized that his turn would possibly come next. He could not complain, since he had been spared many more years than the pine, and had felt of recent years that he, too, could be of greater service. He sees this fine type of a lumberman walking toward him. He had watched the men in cutting down the pine, and has a kindly feeling towards the lumberman, believing in his heart that he is now to be rewarded for all these years of careful growth. He had noticed that the lumberman gave orders to the men to be careful and to save the lives of the baby

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

oaks. This pleased him as he had also been careful in growing the finest quality of acorns to produce these little trees. The lumberman glanced up the great body of this old oak. He made a remark to the man with the chalk line that the tree did not understand, then pointing to an open space, the lumberman directed the liner where to fell this old oak that had been nourished by God for over three hundred years. An open space was selected, since his great branches would carry all before him when he fell. The notch was made, and the great cross-cut saw soon singing merrily. The cutting-down took more time than the pine had done. The men thought the old tree was cut from the stump, but a few fibres hung on, as if determined to stand up straight and keep the oak standing. The wedge was inserted and, finally, the old oak bowed his head and went down calmly as if he wished to respect the earth for the many years it had dealt so kindly with him. The rough bark was removed, the chalk line thrown on, and the men took the slabs from his sides, then turned him down and squared



A WALNUT TREE PLANTED ON THE NORTH SHORE OF
HAMILTON BAY BY CHAS. H. KING IN 1803.

THE FORESTS

his other two sides. There he lay, a perfect piece of square timber. This grand old tree, along with his friend, the pine, was drawn over what is known now as the Guelph Road and delivered to Hamilton Bay. They were both put in the same ship. The old pine stood up like a gentleman in the centre of the ship. The oak was whip-sawed and used in the hull of that ship. The new ship, sailing gracefully, with the flag of Canada unfurled on the top mast, crossed the Atlantic many times. She always landed her precious cargo of living souls. She called at most of the ports in the world, and made one trip around the world. The service these trees were now performing was a delightful one. The ship only remained in port long enough to be loaded. This gave the old oak and the pine an opportunity to see the Homeland, that these dear pioneers talked so much about.

These trees had the honour of being placed in the ship that carried many of these pioneers back home for Christmas, after having spent many years in Canada. They heard them say on their return that the

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

homeland was a dear old place, but that mother and father had passed away, and now they never could reside any place but in dear young Canada again. These trees were given their wish of being together in the new life, in the greater service, as they had hoped for. God did not produce and nourish these magnificent trees for nothing. They were given a greater service after they were cut down, as was done with the pioneers. The souls in our beloved pioneers longed for service, and God granted their wish. He recognized their work in the building up of His Kingdom in the new Canadian Empire.

There were many other kinds of trees. All of them had their uses and were placed here by the Creator for a purpose. To live amongst them was to know that they had life.

When the pioneers came to Wentworth and Halton Counties there was no market for these magnificent trees, and they were cut down in great winroes during the winter to be burned in the spring. The fire would devour all the branches and some of

THE FORESTS

the smaller trees, but these great monsters would still remain with blackened trunks. They were then cut up into log lengths and placed in great piles to be burned later. As the country was gradually being cleared and more settlers came in, villages were built up here and there. The Government also was undertaking public works which created a small market. Small water mills were first constructed upon the creeks emptying into Lake Ontario.

Hamilton gave a market for a considerable portion of the lumber cut in these counties. Six dollars per thousand was the ruling price for clear lumber delivered in Hamilton at that time. This gave no value for the timber, but gave a small wage and furnished cash, which was sorely needed in the early pioneer days.

One pioneer in Halton County hauled lumber from Kilbride to Hamilton, a thirty-two mile return trip, for two dollars per day for himself and team of oxen. He would leave home at midnight and return again about ten o'clock the next night, being twenty-two hours on the road. He fed his

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

oxen along the road, and also ate his cold lunch on his sleigh. For fifty days he continued this work one winter, and received one hundred dollars for the work of himself and oxen.

In the early days the lumber mills would cut from one hundred thousand to three hundred thousand feet in one year. As the industry grew, mills were built in Canada that cut one million two hundred thousand feet in one day.

The forests of Wentworth and Halton Counties have almost disappeared. Cities, towns and villages now hold sway, surrounded by vineyards, great orchards producing luscious fruits such as peaches, pears, apples, plums, raspberries, cherries and strawberries, interwoven with fields of golden grain. Cattle, horses and sheep graze peacefully upon the meadows where the wild animals formerly roamed at will.

These counties were famed in the lumber era for the quality of timber that grew upon the land. Since the removal of the timber this selfsame district has well earned the title of "The Garden of Canada," and of



A VIEW IN GLENHAVEN.

THE FORESTS

producing the finest qualities of fruits to be found on the North American Continent. Dotted over this beautiful portion of Canada can be seen many commodious homes along with comfortable outbuildings where the livestock is housed during the winter.

A great transformation has taken place in the country, and this was only made possible by the work of our beloved pioneers. When sitting around our firesides it is our duty to tell the boys and girls of their love, courage, sacrifice, thrift, and devotion. Let each boy plant a tree, not forgetting that trees love to grow in difficult places. Without trees, the earth would be dreary and lonely.

The maple had been doing her best to attract attention. Never had nature dressed her more beautifully than on the occasion when the pioneers came in over the trail. She knew that her many colors had pleased the Red Men for many generations. She feared her dress of rainbow colours might not appeal to the pioneers. She wished to make friends and have her leaf chosen for Canada's emblem, knowing that this would

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

give her distinction and honour in the hearts of this new Empire.

She knew how hard the Creator had striven in shaping her leaf, so delicate, so true, the carving so perfectly done. She knew how careful God had been in selecting the material for her leaf, so that He could paint a beautiful picture that would glorify Him, a picture that would paint His Love on the minds of the new people who were to build up His Kingdom in the new Empire. She was most anxious to please God, since He had been so kind to her. When nature was first created, the maple grew amongst the other trees. The Creator saw that the larger trees were keeping the sun from her for she was not so tall. So He removed most of the maple trees, along with other trees of her height, and placed them upon the ridges, only leaving enough maples to add beauty and give contrast with the green colors of the pine needles, the spruce and hemlock. All this had been so carefully done that it was natural the maple leaf should wish to do her best for the coming of the pioneers. She had started in with her

THE FORESTS

Autumn painting rather early in the season, wishing to have ample time to complete the picture for the first pioneer and his family. Nature being close to Heaven, she wished to furnish a delightful avenue for the stranger to travel upon along the trail, knowing that she would be doing her part in assisting the pioneer safely to the Trail of Love which led to the little, humble log cabin and thence to Heaven.

The pioneers were seen coming up the Lake, thence across the Bay. Nature had worked all night previous. The picture was complete, excepting that a little shading was required here and there. It was natural that the hand of God could be plainly seen, placing a delicate touch upon our maple leaf. The sun appeared to rise earlier on this all-important morning. The paint was a little wet on the canvas. The drying process was completed. The sun then shone in all its glory, casting its rays of love, putting on a little more shading here and there, casting a little more light on the lower leaves. All was perfection, perfected by the hand of God through the maple leaf.

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

Nature won the hearts of these God-loving empire builders. The picture could not have been completed without the maple leaf, which was established as the right and proper emblem for the new Empire. Just at that moment a little breeze was sent from Heaven. The other tree tops appeared to bow gracefully to the rights of the maple leaf. The old maple bowed her head to God for having painted her leaf so beautifully. Her leaves fluttered with joy for having been given the honor of glorifying their Creator, and in being used in painting His love in the hearts of the new empire builders.

The body of the maple tree now had to establish its right to live in the heart of the pioneer. The old maple knew that the axe of the pioneer was inclined to sweep all before it. If the wood from his body could be tested in the little cabin some cold winter night, then he knew his power to warm the cabin would be the means of this kindly pioneer in reserving him for his fireplace. The greatest confidence he had, and on which he staked his life, was that of having the queen of the little log cabin learn that in his

THE FORESTS

body was a syrup from which could be produced maple sugar, by a boiling-down process; that he had enough sap in his soul to supply the maple leaf with life and give it the colors of the rainbow, and he wished to be generous for God's goodness to him and to supply the table of the pioneer with syrup and sugar.

One day, in the latter part of March, the pioneer needed a wedge to assist him in splitting rails for the new fence. He stepped up to the maple close by, cut a notch, then another about one foot above and split out a piece of wood large enough for this wedge. The sap flowed freely from this wound and filled the notch to overflowing. There was frost that night and it froze hard. In looking for the cow the following morning, one of the barefoot boys saw this ice in the notch of the old maple. Boys like ice. He got it, tasted it and the taste at once appealed to him. It was sweet. That settled it with the boy. He took that cake of ice to the house and got mother to let him put it on the stove. The boy's attention was drawn to other things and the ice was left in the

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

little dish for an hour or more. On his return he found that all the ice had disappeared, but in the bottom of the dish was something of a golden color that looked good. He let it cool, then took it to mother, let her taste it, and gave the baby some. He tasted it and kept some for daddy. All had just a taste. This was enough to impel further operations. The maple trees were tapped to get more sap and their lives were saved. Thus the boy's little find was the means of providing the pioneer's table for many years with maple syrup on griddle cakes, with sugar that was genuine, and besides gave many a happy taffy pull.

The body of the old maple tree had proven its usefulness. The maple leaf had also done its bit nobly in assisting God to plant His love, a love divine, deep in the hearts of our worthy pioneers. The painting nature had carefully completed that autumn morning presented a Garden of Eden in a wilderness world. Springs of pure sparkling water bubbling over with joy were also to be found in abundance.



ONE OF GOD'S WINTER PICTURES WHICH NO HUMAN ARTIST
CAN APPROACH.



WINTER SUPREME—A VIEW AT CHEDOKE, NEAR HAMILTON.

THE FORESTS

To these new-comers it was like the promised land, and it was not to be wondered at that those noble pioneers were generous during their life time, when God had set such an example in generosity. Have you ever examined the maple leaf to see how intricate, how delicate the weaving; how soft the material, how shapely and true are the veins and lines, how beautifully the tinting is done with love plainly stamped on every leaf?

The maple leaf affords a most interesting study in palmistry. The hand of a queen could not be more perfect than Canada's emblem. Our sweet little songsters, the birds, love to build their nests amidst the maple leaves to rear their young.

Dear reader, take time to pick up the maple leaf in the Autumn. Sit down and examine it patiently and reverently, take it to your home, place it in your Bible, and in the old family Bible also, if you have one, where you can see the finger marks of our beloved pioneers. It will awaken happy days in the souls of those empire builders. God will acknowledge your kind and

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

thoughtful deed and plant deep down in
your soul a lasting love for the maple leaf,
our emblem dear, and for all nature.

PART III

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the briar?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white,—O so soft,—O so sweet is she.

—*Ben Jonson.*

FOR flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass so fresh and sweet,
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear and see,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.

For blue of stream and blue of sky,
For pleasant shade of branches high,
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blooming trees,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*



W. D. AND MRS. FLATT.

PART III.

INCIDENTS IN CONNECTION WITH THE LUMBER BUSINESS.

[These incidents, covering some of my experiences in the lumber business, are dedicated to my devoted wife, who has always been my companion, in person or in spirit, on all difficult trails, and who has cheerfully overlooked many of my shortcomings.]

As a boy it gave me great joy to be able to assist my father and mother in paying for the old homestead. I realized when a boy that I could never repay them for their great kindness to me, but there comes a time when one must take up the trail so well blazed by one's parents and continue it on.

The trail is rendered less lonely and easier of passage by the sympathy of a partner in life. When I was twenty-one I met a young lady. I had met others before, but love has a choice, and love was given its way. This young woman had been brought up in God's open acres. Her life had been moulded by parents of simple, thrifty habits. She was

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

the kind of girl you could depend upon going with you to the end of the trail and always assisting you to carry the pack without any murmur under any adverse circumstances. She had not been spoiled by being given too much, and was willing to start in an humble home.

After our marriage, we went away into what was then a wilderness, and moved into a little cabin that had cost three hundred dollars, and which had been prepared for the bride's coming. There was no paint on the inside nor on the outside of that cabin. It was illuminated by love. The rag carpet the bride brought gave out a warmth and a cheer. The quilts she had made furnished splendid comfort; the pillows invited sweet slumber. I had now a loved partner to support and care for, and in return received assistance from her. Now life took on a new meaning. The horizon broadened, the light had been turned on, but we entered on a struggle—not for the love of dollars, but to help others; for success that meant home comforts and a more commodious residence. I was not anxious to live in luxury, but

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

rather to repay the girl bride for the sacrifices that she had so willingly made in her early married life. Sacrifice is one of the most plainly blazed trails to God and success. The young bride who has her home located in the wilderness becomes queen of the forest. While the men engaged in the lumber camps have many strong vices, they have also strong virtues, and always behave as true gentlemen in the presence of ladies.

While I was spending my days and nights in Michigan, my dear, loving wife was having a lonely time in Canada, patiently watching and waiting, with tears in her eyes, for my return. During the nine years of our Michigan lumber operations I visited her as often as the work would permit. Her presence was always with me and always beckoned me on.

God was generous in our sacrifice and prospered us, which permitted us later to build a residence we named "Lakehurst Villa." This is a life monument to my beloved wife, whose cheer has helped me over many rough places along the trail.

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

Believing that they may be of benefit to the young man starting out in the business world, and also that experiences in what is now almost an unknown industry should be at least interesting, I shall attempt to record some of the most pertinent incidents which arose during our connection with the lumber and timber business.

Looking at the matter nowadays, one would say that I was considerable of a boy, though I was really eighteen at the time, when my brother, the late Jacob Flatt, and myself formed a partnership with a view to commencing lumber operations on a somewhat extensive scale. My partner was kind enough to loan me one thousand dollars; and this, peculiarly enough, constituted my share in the new firm. Father would have given me what financial assistance I needed if it had been possible, but just at that time he was making strenuous efforts to pay for a considerable purchase of timber recently made, and any help from that quarter was consequently out of the question. Later on he gave us every assistance that a father could give his sons.

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

The period mentioned will be well within the memory of a good many of my readers who will recall that at that time the older portion of the Province of Ontario was no longer a forest. The greater quantity of the timber in the more closely-settled sections had been cut, but there were numerous small blocks of standing timber scattered here and there, and at first we confined our efforts to purchasing these small blocks and to manufacturing the timber into waney board pine for export to the British market. We supplied also a considerable number of ships' masts, which were sent by rail to Halifax and St. John; and in addition to this, a section of our cut was turned into lumber here.

The business men of to-day will be surprised when it is known that our capital at that time only totalled about five thousand dollars. However, we entered into the work ourselves, using the axe in the woods, driving our own teams, and doing everything we could to keep the expenses small. Very frequently we rose at three or four in the morning and worked until late at night. One of

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

the features which added very materially was the earlier schooling we had received from father, who, as is well known, was one of the pioneer lumbermen of the district. My brother, too, was an excellent partner, a man of sane judgment, and a good companion. In those days there was no difficulty in securing all the labor needed in our camps, most of this help being sons and grandsons of the early pioneers, who had learned at least the first elements of the business through assisting in the clearing of the forest. They were reliable men, who kept their promises and worked faithfully.

A little later we purchased a timber limit in Muskoka, and here our strenuous experiences really began. We were forced to draw the supplies for our camps at least sixty miles, through twenty of which we had to cut our own roads, and a good deal of this twenty we had to corduroy. We purchased the pine on a quarter-township for twelve thousand dollars. The quality of the timber was not so good and not as large as that which we were familiar with in our earlier operations. We found, too, that our operat-



OUR FIRST DRIVE ON THE MAGNETAWAN.

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

ing expenses were exceedingly high, so much so that after seven years on this limit at the head of the Magnetawan we found that we had barely held our own. One of the difficult features was the experiences in connection with the drives, which began, of course, as soon as the ice went out in the spring. In favorable years we would succeed in landing our timber in the fall at Byng Inlet, in Georgian Bay. Other years our logs and timber were hung up in the river. When we began operations in this district there were no railways. The year before we left the limit the Northern Railway was built through to North Bay, running within a short distance of our camps; and a little later the Ottawa to Parry Sound Railway was constructed through the heart of the township. Had these methods of transportation been available earlier, our operations would have, naturally, been much simplified. However, it was necessary for someone to do the pioneer work in this section, and if we gained nothing else we surely benefited by a munificent fund of experience and, during it all, the fascinations of the

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

lumber business got hold of us in a remarkable way. It was a business that required struggle at all times, struggle with the physical features of the country itself, struggle with the elements which seemed to present ever-changing conditions. These features surely developed men of mighty constitutions and of nerve and resolution, such men as we to-day seldom see or meet.

After our experiences in Muskoka, it occurred to us that there were larger opportunities for carrying on operations on a somewhat different basis, and we decided to try the experiment of shipping our timber to Quebec. How well I recall my first visit to the old city, and the good advice my father gave me as we drove to the station previous to my departure. My visit was made in the fall, since it was customary at that time to contract for spring and summer delivery at that season. I had drawn up a little memorandum of contract, such as I thought we could well cover, and while I did not know any of the timber merchants in the city, concluded to go direct to the office of one of the best known firms. After

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

a little time I was ushered into the office of the senior partner, and after some little conversation handed him the memorandum of contract. He seemed considerably surprised at the quantity of timber we offered, and expressed this with a query as to whether we were prepared to carry out its provisions. After my assurance that the quantity was not beyond our capabilities, he objected again to the price. I told him frankly that I had quite expected him to speak in that way, but that the price I had given was the only one we cared to submit, that I intended to secure orders at that price or not to sell at all. My methods evidently impressed him favorably, for his reply was: "Flatt, I like new blood, and I like the way you put it, but I would like you to give me an hour to think the matter over." Naturally I was very much pleased, and returning at the end of the hour, I was informed that the company was prepared to sign the contract. Then, having disposed of half a million dollars' worth of timber, which was to be Canadian rock elm and birch, Ohio oak and Michigan waney board

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

pine, all of certain quality and averages, I left the old city rather jubilantly for home. At this time my brother was working in a camp a short distance from Lake Erie. I wired him to meet me at Simcoe, so that he might see the contract. It may be judged what a considerable undertaking I had signed up for when it is known that he was somewhat alarmed, though after giving the matter due consideration he agreed that we were equal to the occasion, and undertook to do his part in delivering the requisite quantity of timber.

Most business men have noted how the unexpected crops up and has to be met in large business transactions. Before leaving for Quebec I had gone to the bank in Hamilton which had previously carried our account and asked for a line of credit, but was told by the manager that they were not in a position at that time to give us any credit. Knowing the principles on which our business had been carried I did not hesitate a moment in drawing out what cash we had in the bank then and there, and walking over to another bank, introducing

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

myself to the manager, and explaining what my brother and I had been doing and what we contemplated, telling him that in order to carry on the operations we had in view we would require a credit of from fifty to seventy-five thousand dollars. I have never forgotten, nor never shall, how very willingly he granted my request. Later, when I went away to Michigan for the winter's work, he gave me a letter guaranteeing our cheques up to seventy-five thousand dollars. While it was very gratifying to receive this kind treatment, I attributed it all to the good name and business reputation which my father had established and so carefully protected during his years in the industry. Perhaps it is worth while noting, at the same time, that while I do not suppose the manager or the bank ever spent much time in worrying over the money they had loaned us, it did worry my brother and myself many times, and we worked incessantly, and tried in every way possible to meet our obligations.

Having outlined our work for the season, the next step was to carry it forward. From

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

Simcoe my brother drove me over to Waterford, and from there I travelled to Defiance, Ohio, where I made inquiries as to the standing of the timber contractors of that town. Inside of twenty-four hours I had purchased all the square oak timber I had contracted for, and arranged for it to be gotten out early in the winter and to be shipped to Toledo in the spring. From there it was to be loaded on boats, taken to Garden Island, near Kingston, and from there rafted to Quebec.

From Ohio I went to the northern peninsula of Michigan, where, after travelling for two days and nights, I decided to stop at a little lumber town called Chassel, consisting of a sawmill, railway station, boarding-house, a few small frame houses, and two saloons. I put on my cruising outfit, and with my pack on my back started into the forest. This was a homestead country which the government had thrown open to settlers. They were required to build a cabin and to clear an acre of land. I found the cabins, however, to be located where there was very little timber, and soon real-

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

ized that the land was being homesteaded for the pine and not with a view to permanent occupation. The standing pine on these homesteads brought from three to seventeen thousand dollars, and in consequence conditions were somewhat exciting at this time. Often three or four men were contesting for the same homestead, and varied stories are told as to what happened to some of them. The money was easily gotten and, as is usually the case under similar circumstances, was very rapidly disposed of. I cannot recall a single homesteader I knew who saved his money.

During my day's travel I had seen a homesteader's cabin quite close to the trail I had followed, but purposely kept away from it and cruised over the homestead, estimating the pine it contained. Toward evening I met a man on the trail, asked him if there was any lumbering in the district, and was informed that there was a lumber camp five or six miles away on the Otter River. With a view to seeing some of the timber which had been cut and judging its quality, I decided to try to reach this camp to spend

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

the night, and started in the direction given me, following the trail as best I could. Not running across any signs of the camp, I concluded after a while that it was better to turn around on the trail. In a few moments the unearthly shriek of a lynx came from a tree over my head. I took my revolver from my belt and fired, but apparently missed, since the lynx followed me all the way back to the homesteader's cabin. While the lynx was quite prevalent, and I became quite familiar with them afterward and found they were not very dangerous, I never cared to have them close to me since the inhuman noise they made was rather trying on one's nerves.

I did not arrive at the cabin until after midnight, but after waking up the homesteader, he very cordially invited me inside, as was the custom in the woods in those days. He was an Irishman of the right kind, something which we know is very good in its way. When I asked him what the pine was worth on his homestead, he replied, "About six thousand dollars." Rather curiously I asked again whether, if someone

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

came and offered him five thousand dollars, would he be inclined to take it? As a result the deal was closed. I paid him a hundred dollars on account, and arranged for him to meet me in the county town the following Thursday in order that matters regarding detail and the payment of the rest of the money might be settled up.

The following day I cruised over two other homesteads, and concluded that with these I would have sufficient timber to commence operations. Before leaving home I had sent one of our foremen to the district east of Ottawa for timber makers. I knew that we could get suitable men in Michigan for logging, but as no quantity of waney board timber had been made up there, it seemed we would have to bring our timber makers in from Canada. Consequently, when I had secured the timber, I wired the foreman to come along with his men. Just a few hours after sending the telegram I happened to be standing on a street corner in the little town, when I incidentally overheard a conversation to the effect that a man named Flatt had wired to Canada for

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

men, and that they would all be arrested when they arrived. This was news to me, since I was not aware of any enactment which would prevent us bringing in our men. This, too, is a sample of the frequent crises we had to meet in our operations. Under these circumstances, I took the next train to a mining town further west, and after interviewing the lawyer as to the situation, was naturally rather astounded when he informed me that there was a fine of one thousand dollars per man for labor brought in in this way. Returning to Chassel, I sent another telegram, "Do not come with men. Can get all we want in Ohio," and then taking the next train east, I got off at Marquette, met the foreman and the men and acquainted them with the trouble that seemed likely to occur. Rather peculiarly, no action was taken, since the operator told the people at Chassel that we were getting our men from Ohio. Later we did have considerable difficulty, since our camps were frequently visited by secret service men and some of our men were arrested and deported. I have always been of the opinion

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

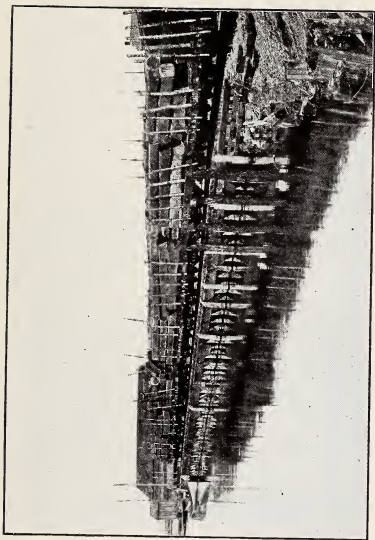
that there should have been no restrictions on taking skilled labor into the United States to carry on our operations. After we had been in Michigan a year or two, however, very little difficulty was experienced, since Canadian timber-makers knew that work was there for them and came up every year in large numbers.

After getting operations started in this district, I got in touch with the manager of the Sturgeon River Lumber Company. This firm had built a large mill, but up to that time had not purchased any large quantity of timber. I proposed to the manager that they sell us, at a specified price, the waney board pine suitable for export from their timber. I was in my woodsman's garb at the time, and when the manager looked me over he laughed in my face. Saying nothing, I went to the boarding-house, gave the cook a dollar, and requested him to have my breakfast ready the next morning at three o'clock. It happened that the manager of the lumber company also boarded at the same place, and when I went to get my breakfast the next morning he was sitting

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

at his place. He noted that he was thinking the matter over, and that if I gave him a few days to think it over the company might sign a contract. I replied that I would not give him a few minutes. In consequence, he took me immediately into his room, where I drew up a contract for a large quantity of waney board timber and gave him a cheque for three thousand dollars on account. It is worth noting that our business relations with this company while we were in Michigan were of the pleasantest possible character, and this is all the more remarkable since the lumbermen of the upper peninsula were not by any means pleased that a Canadian concern should come into that district and export the timber to Great Britain.

Having purchased our timber and gotten men to work in Ohio, as well as beginning operations in Michigan, all this being accomplished inside of thirty days, I returned home and gave my partner the opportunity of going to Ohio, with headquarters in Toledo, or to Northern Michigan. His choice took him to Ohio. Since our operations at



THE FIRST WANNEY BOARD TIMBER SHIPPED TO ONTONAGON.

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

that time covered sections of the Province of Ontario, as well as these camps in Michigan and Ohio, they necessitated our absence from home a greater part of the time.

The operations that winter turned out quite successfully, and we readily succeeded in getting together the amount of timber contracted for. This timber, by the way, particularly the Ohio oak and Michigan pine, created quite a sensation when it began to arrive in Quebec the following spring, and the mark "F. & F.," inscribed on the four sides made a name for itself which lasted so long as we were in business.

This probably had a good deal to do with the fact that we could sell our timber in Quebec any year, when others frequently could not. Two other factors also probably contributed. One, that before we bought any stumpage we assured ourselves that the quality was right; another, that, paying the highest rate of wages, we demanded that all our timber be manufactured perfectly and that it should be suitable for its special market. Many years the Quebec market was bad. This struck rather hard other firms

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

who could not dispose of their timber, and were forced to carry it over another year. It was the usual thing to be in Quebec in the spring about the time the first timber was being measured off. The morning I arrived that year I was considerably surprised on picking up the morning paper to see that the largest timber merchants of the city were reported to be in financial difficulties. I knew quite well that the article referred to the firm who had purchased our timber, and since we were in great need of money, and I knew that we had shipped about ninety thousand dollars' worth of our product, this news was naturally somewhat disconcerting. After breakfast I called at the office of the company, and being shown into the senior member's room, was immediately asked, "I suppose you have heard the news?" I told him I had seen something in the morning paper, but that I gave no credence to it. He informed me then that if the banks insisted on them meeting certain obligations the only course open to them would be to make an assignment. Even before this timber had been very low

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

in Quebec, since a drop had occurred in Great Britain during the winter. After the announcement it was only natural that everyone wanted to sell, and there were no buyers. I was asked if I would take the firm's note, to which I replied that I would not, and while we required money very badly we would not force them, but would give them all the time possible. This seemed rather cheering news to the firm, and the statement was made that if other people would be as reasonable as we were there would be no need for the impending assignment. During our conversation I told the head of the firm that I had learned that a very wealthy firm in Liverpool had great confidence in his company, and that I felt that if the Liverpool people knew of their difficulties they would probably lend assistance. Immediately he reached for a blank and wrote a cable, reading, "Can I draw on your firm for one hundred thousand pounds?" The answer, received the same day, was, "Yes, two hundred thousand, if required," and immediately gives evidence of the spirit which prevailed amongst the

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

best of the timber merchants in those days. Any firm having the general confidence of their competitors could always count on receiving assistance, if not from the banks, then from other firms in the same business. It has always been one of the pleasantest recollections of my business career to know that my suggestion was the means of obviating their failure.

Quebec is still a beautiful city, and presents a good deal of interest from an historic standpoint, but since it has lost its status as a centre of the timber trade it has lost its charm for me. For a considerable number of years, when this business was at its height, one could often count as many as seven hundred sailing ships loading timber at one time. With the disappearance of the business naturally the old firms have disappeared, and now the heavy timber trade is a thing of the past. I well recall some of the striking characteristics of the senior member of the firm with which we did most of our business. He was a most generous man, and often entertained great numbers of guests at his beautiful residence.

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

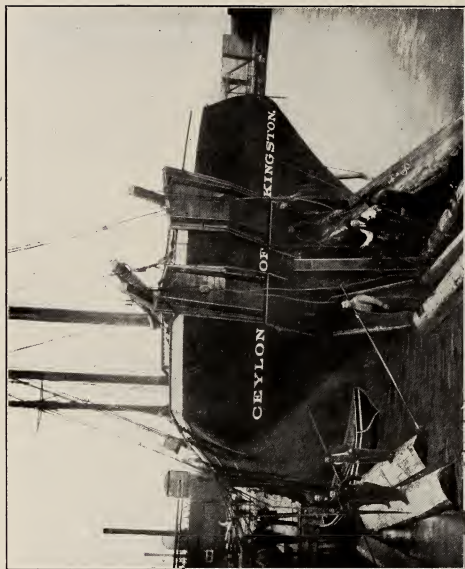
I have been told that a number of the dinner parties he gave cost from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars each. This man was later thrown from his horse and killed, and peculiarly enough left one simple request, namely, that he be buried in a plain pine coffin. The junior member was a genial gentleman, but rather more reserved. He died on his way to South Africa by steamer, and was buried at sea.

While we were able to dispose of our timber without difficulty when we shipped it to Quebec, there were years when profits did not seem adequate to the time, energy and capital we had invested in the industry. We always succeeded, however, in clearing ourselves, and usually had a little to the good, which cannot by any means be said of a good many other firms which operated at the same time. I attribute our success, if it may be termed such, to the fact that the quality of our timber was just a little better than the average which was shipped to Quebec. We gave every detail most careful attention, and always considered our word as good as our bond.

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

The second year of our operations in the United States our camps were located on the Otter, Sturgeon and Silver Rivers, where the quality of pine was in every way suitable for the Quebec trade. These rivers, however, were rather more suited to driving sawlogs than for the running of long waney board timber. During the winter we took in about one thousand men and over one hundred teams, and the cutting operations went forward without any great difficulty. The drives, however, were rather trying experiences. The timber had to be driven down the rivers into what was known as Sturgeon Lake, from there loaded into boats, taken to Garden Island, and from there rafted to Quebec.

On the Otter we had as foreman an Irishman named Kelly, a rather remarkable man, who never thought much about himself, but only in the interests of the concern he was working for. Kelly, however, was also fair to the men. In those days a foreman would be discharged just as quickly for underpaying his men as he would be for overpaying them. Wages in the woods ran from ten to



LOADING TIMBER AT ONTONAGON, MICHIGAN.

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

fifty-five dollars per month, and a man got what he was worth and no more. Merit was the only thing that counted in these days, and a man could sell his labor for all it was worth.

We ran into particular difficulty on the Otter River and Bruno Creek, where the continual freezing at night and the thawing during the day caused the water to get away from us, and we were forced to build dams. One who has never had the opportunity of seeing the flood gate in a dam being opened and the mighty rush of water on a jam of logs, has missed a most inspiring sight. On our drive in the Otter River a jam formed about half way between the spot where our logs were banked and the river mouth. We closed the dam down, gathered a fourteen-foot head of water, thus forming a reservoir behind the dam, and also put three heavy charges of dynamite into the log jam, with the idea of firing the dynamite when the water struck the jam. Kelly, who had been indefatigable in all this work, undertook to fire these charges. When two had been exploded, and the water was exerting full

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

force on the jam, Kelly could not resist the temptation to get out on the logs with his pevee, and when the third explosion occurred, splitting large logs in two, it threw him high into the air, and we supposed that he was smashed to pieces. At the same time the jam started with a rush and Kelly disappeared in the midst of it. A little later, however, Kelly's head appeared down-stream, and he was pulled ashore without a trace of injury. Another time Kelly got in a jam of logs on the Bruno Creek, where we supposed he would be ground to pieces, but again he got out uninjured. Happenings of this nature quite often occurred in lumber operations. Indeed, it did seem sometimes that the Almighty had a hand in protecting the men when they went about their work with this reckless, willing spirit.

We succeeded in getting our Otter River drive into Sturgeon Lake, but since our dam on Bruno Creek was not put in strong enough to stand the necessary pressure, and was carried away, our timber was left here until the following spring.

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

After a time I found that our business was growing to such an extent that I could no longer look after it to the best advantage. Of course we had a foreman in every camp, a man who was able to handle almost any situation that came immediately to his hand, but we found that our operations demanded continual supervisory care of a general nature, and to attend to all matters of this kind in our camps was almost beyond us. In those days the foreman had to be somewhat of an unique individual, able to handle anyone who came into the camp, particularly if he expected to command the respect of the lumber jacks. The lumber jack was a man of no mean ability. Most of them prided themselves on working for the camps which could turn out the greatest quantity of timber, could haul the largest loads, could skid the most logs and drive the most difficult rivers. While they were powerful men, their work kept them exceedingly active and supple, and they particularly loved a fight. When my partner and I first started in this business we were able to hire a gang of men in the fall, and could keep them till spring,

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

till the year's operations were completed. As the years went by it became impossible to do this, particularly in Michigan. We found that from year to year the men seemed to become more restless, and it was only by strenuous effort and by putting the best type of foreman in our camps that we were able to keep operations proceeding.

About this time I had been told that there was some very good timber at a place named Bruce's Crossing, in the district through which the Duluth and South Shore Railway was being built, and I decided to look it over. One of the incidents which occurred will give some idea of the conditions which surrounded the industry in this district at the time. I landed at Bruce's Crossing about midnight, and jumped off the flat car in which I was having a comparatively comfortable ride. Two men walking along the track propounded rather sharply the question as to what I was doing there. I told them I had gotten off the construction train, that I presumed there was some place to stay, that while I had not brought my cruising outfit with me I was making a prelim-

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

inary journey through the district. The men turned out to be homesteaders, who informed me that I might stay with them in their cabin, about two miles away in the woods. Naturally I very thankfully accepted the invitation. Arriving at the cabin, I found they had no beds, though they offered me a share of their two blankets, and insisted that I sleep in the centre. This was a situation I scarcely enjoyed, since both of them had revolvers and dirk knives in their belts. I told them that I was accustomed to sleeping alone, and that if I was crowded I would not have much rest. However, they insisted, and on lying down between them I requested that they take off their knives and leave them on the other side of the cabin, telling them at the same time that I had no fear of their guns. Taking my revolver from my pocket, I lay down between them, with my hand on the trigger. I found out afterward that these men were all right. They were homesteaders, and since there were a great many men who came into the country with a view to "jumping" the other men's claim and trying to secure the title from the orig-

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

inal settler, they were naturally suspicious of me. The feeling of the district may be illustrated by the happening of the next day, which was Sunday. I started out to look around, and was invited to take a walk with my two friends. In doing so I noticed that they were armed, as all the men in the district were at that time. In a short time we came upon a small cabin belonging to a man who was known as a "jumper," and who was away at the time. My companions set fire to the cabin and burned it with all its meagre contents.

When visiting one of the camps in the district I met a young man of about my own age, who was working for twenty-six dollars a month, and who seemed to take a notion to me. He attracted me also, since he seemed to stand out above the rest of the crew and gave evidence of possessing some traits rather unusual to the ordinary lumberman. Naturally I remembered him, and a month or two later, when I wanted a walking boss, he was engaged, and within two years was receiving a salary of three thousand dollars. He had ability, energy, and

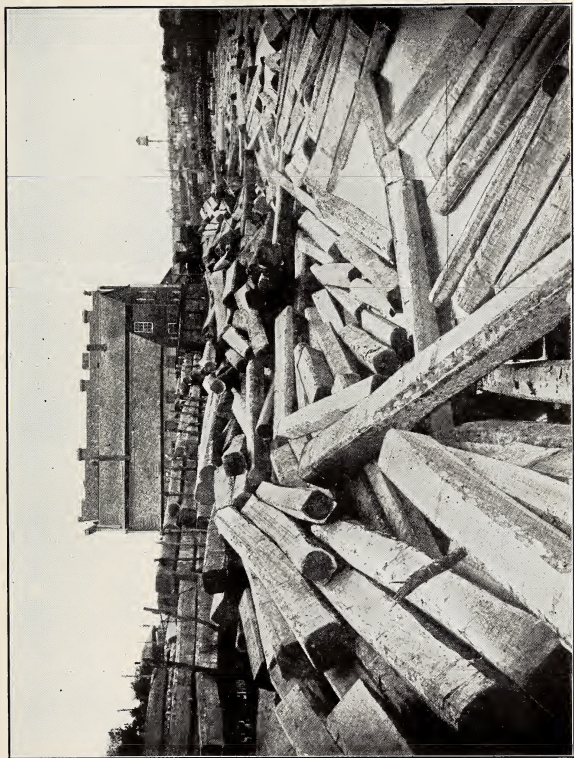
THE LUMBER BUSINESS

most other qualities that were needed by a successful boss. For instance, he would lie awake at night thinking out some new idea, and would often waken me in the middle of the night to tell me about something he had thought of. His home was in Wisconsin, where a widowed mother and a sister were living, and I was much impressed with the regularity with which he sent remittances home to both of them. With his other good qualities he had a big heart, as indeed most of the men who work in the woods have. The material increase in his salary was a somewhat conclusive proof that his services were fairly appreciated.

We established our head office for Michigan at Sydney, a lumber town at the junction of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul and Duluth and South Shore Railway, which consisted of eleven saloons, a post office, a small store, a boarding-house and railway station, two or three residences, and our office. Lumber camps were around the town in every direction, and in consequence the saloons were never closed, even on Sundays. Our office was on one side of the railway,

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

which rather peculiarly was called "Canada," because we were Canadians. The other side was dubbed "United States" by the lumber boys. As might be expected, when there were often from one to two thousand men in town carousing, there was more or less shooting going on. Sunday was the big day, and men were always going from one side of the town to the other to clean up the other crews. On Monday morning the blood-stains and other after-effects of these fracas always reminded me of pig-killing days on the farm at home. This was in the period of the United States' rapid development. Money seemed to be coming from everywhere, and the first aim on the part of the great majority of the men seemed to be to get rid of their share of it as quickly as possible. The whiskey served out in the saloon was of such a nature that about two drinks would set them frothing at the mouth, while three would be a certain "knock-out." At this last stage the men were put through a treatment known as being "rolled," meaning that whatever valuables they had were taken by the saloon-keepers and their confederates.



SHIPPING WANEY BOARD TIMBER ALONG THE RAILWAYS TO THE WATER.

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

Our office was in the middle of the town, next to one of the saloons, and we had a bedroom in the rear, in which I very often slept, but out of respect for the lumbermen I feel it worth while noting that these men were not thieves. Scarcely a night passed when I was in the office at Sydney but a hammering would come at the door, and if this were not replied to the door would be broken in. Nearly every man would tell me that he had been "rolled," and wanted a little money to leave town with. Very often, if I did give them money, they would go back, get another drink, and get into further trouble. Just two or three feet from the wall of our office in the saloon was an old piano, and to play this the saloon-keeper had hired an old tramp. His performance was called playing, but it was anything but that. He was hired, I think, principally because of his strength and from the fact that he could pound that old piano hard. The lumber boys in general were usually much pleased with anything of this kind, and would not have listened for a moment to Paderewski or any professional musician.

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

Occasionally a preacher drifted into Sydney, usually coming in on a Saturday night, and after a time we had a hall built in which such occasional services were held. After the lumber boys got fairly well filled up with whiskey they would usually suggest going to hear the preacher. Many and many a time have I sat in the little hall and listened to the arguments going back and forth. About the time the preacher got nicely started on his sermon some lumber jack would take exception to his statements, and it was really surprising to hear the arguments many of them could adduce. While these arguments sometimes became rather rough, the preacher always commanded a good deal of respect, and one thing, at least, showed that the hearts of the men were in the right place. When the collection plate was handed around all that the boys had in their pockets would be placed on it. Many of them who were "broke" would often try to borrow from the fellow next them in order to give something.

Sydney finally became so boisterous that some of the better people running camps in

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

the district clubbed together and hired a constable, also building a little log jail. The first prisoner was incarcerated one winter evening when there was considerable frost in the ground, and the constable thought there was no danger of his digging out. He was gone, however, in the morning, having dug a passage through the frosty earth with his hands during the night. Jim, the constable, was rather a notable man. I have seen him take two strong men, hold them off at arm's length, and pound their heads together like rocks. There was another feature to admire about most of the lumber boys, that they would not take an unfair advantage of you. Their fighting was always done from the front, and you always knew when they were coming after you.

We kept our Sydney office open steadily, maintaining our main office in Hamilton, until the end of our operations in this district, when we made a present of the little office to the walking boss, the young man previously mentioned. He is now, by the way, one of the most successful business men in Michigan. About this time I realized that

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

if we were to get a fair share of the homestead timber in the district we should have to hire a land-looker, known as a cruiser or timber estimator. The M—— Company, who were operating in the district, had thirteen cruising outfits in the woods estimating timber. These men handed in their estimates to the general office, and the company bought wherever they thought the timber was reasonable in price. I was fortunate indeed in running across a halfbreed named John St. Arnauld, and a more honorable, capable man for this work never put a pack on his back. There were many different companies purchasing timber in the upper Michigan peninsula at the time, and in consequence men frequently remained in the little lumber towns and endeavored to get hold of these estimators, offering them large sums to make known their estimates. Many a cruiser was offered thousands of dollars, and frequently this was accepted, to give either their employer or the purchaser a deceptive estimate. While I had the utmost confidence in John, I always made a habit of looking over the timber we held options

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

on, and it was in this way that I got to know him so well. He could pace fifty or sixty miles in the forest, throw his pack off his back, and be within a few feet of the corner or quarter-post in the section of land you wished to look over. This came natural for him, since he had lived his whole life in the woods. I never knew him to be out of sorts and he always had a pleasant smile. I could walk further in a day with him than with any man I ever cruised with. I have seen him late in the fall, soaked to the skin, tramping through swamps, fording small rivers, and still with his pleasant smile. We often made forty miles a day with our packs on our backs. While John only weighed one hundred and forty pounds, he was all muscle and nerve. The last cruise I had with him was on the Huron River, in a most difficult section, and while his pack weighed one hundred and ten pounds, he carried it all day without a murmur. I carried only seventy pounds, but was quite content to lie down and rest when darkness overtook us. John knew the habits of all the wild animals, and was a most interesting man to talk to. He

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

could tell you just what the weather was going to be next day by looking at the sky, or could tell you just how many beavers were in the colony by looking at their houses. He used to say that a lazy or crippled beaver would never be found in any colony. On investigation I found this to be correct. Beavers would only keep those around them who kept at work. John was also an excellent cook. While he never had very much to cook, still he could prepare about as many dishes with pork, flour and baking soda as anyone I ever knew. He never appeared to grow tired, and it seemed to me when I left Michigan that he would *always* live. But his day came, as it comes to all. When I heard of his death from our former walking boss, I advised him that I would like to see a monument erected, to which he replied that he would very much like to join me in the project. We therefore put up an appropriate stone in the woods, and in thinking over an inscription for it, I concluded the following was suitable, and was something which would have pleased him :

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

“John St. Arnauld was loved most by those who knew him best.

His calling was that of a land-looker, in which he had few equals, if any.

With a smile on his face, he carried his pack to the end of the trail.

Just down by the river bank, the Master beckoned him to pitch his tent on the opposite shore; there to rest underneath the shade of the trees.”

It has been sometimes claimed that familiarity breeds contempt. This certainly does not apply in the forest. If one is associated with the right type of man one learns to like him very much. As the years passed I grew to love John St. Arnauld for his real worth as a man, as I also did many other men in our employ.

Having purchased a quantity of timber on the Duluth and South Shore Railway and increased our complement of men, we set about cutting this timber. We had no great difficulty in this section and were treated as any other shippers. On the C— M—, however, things were very different. The M— Company had large mills at Ontonagon, and had undertaken to purchase all the timber in this district. They had not

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

only gotten most of the timber, but had also gotten control of the railway men who had the management of this division, and in consequence we were unable to secure sidings or to get even a railway rate on this road for the first year. When we ascertained that both the superintendent of the division and the freight agent were making everything just as difficult for us as seemed possible, I concluded there was only one thing to do, to go to the head of the system in Chicago. After laying the correspondence we had had from the sub-office before him and explaining our situation, he asked me to return to Sydney and wait there for further information. In a day or two I received a telegram asking me to meet two men at the station at Sydney. He had discharged the former district freight agent and also the superintendent, and had appointed these two new officials. They came to our office and asked what we wanted. I told them how our timber was located along the line, asked for six railway sidings, two trains of thirty-four cars per day, and agreed to pay for the engines if we did not keep them in use, and

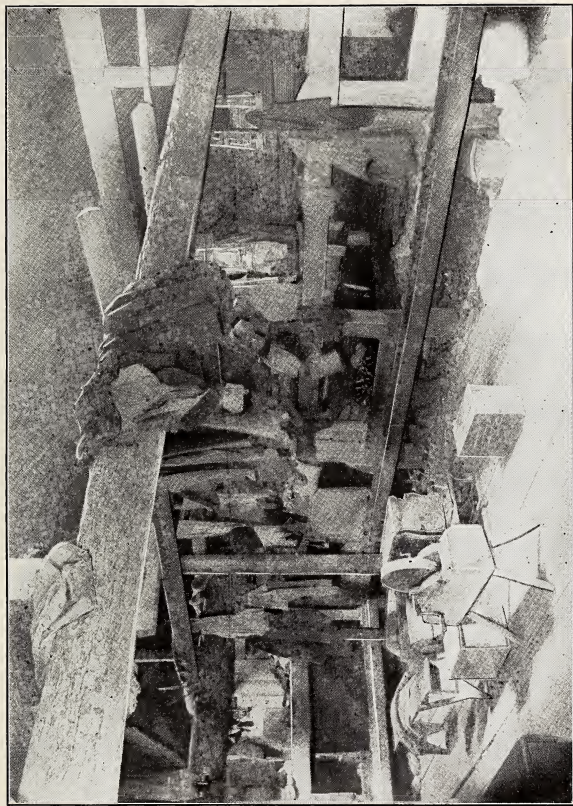
THE LUMBER BUSINESS

to load the thirty-four cars every day. It may be imagined that it was necessary to operate our camps night and day, particularly when weather conditions were against us, but we never failed to keep the complement of cars filled during the years we operated in this section. During this year our main camp on the railway included about two hundred and fifty men and fifty teams, and we had altogether on our pay roll considerably over two thousand men and two hundred teams. To give an idea of the amount of work such operations involved, it is only necessary to state that in this year, and for a number of years following, we took pine from an average of twenty thousand acres per season, landed in Quebec an average of about half a million cubic feet of waney board pine, and took out over thirteen million feet of logs, about ten million of which were loaded on cars and shipped at least three hundred and fifty miles. These operations necessitated cutting each year about four hundred miles of roads. It was customary in the spring to ship the timber that had been taken out along the

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

railways to the water-front, where it could be loaded into vessels and finally rafted to Quebec.

The following winter we undertook even greater things. We had thirteen large camps scattered along the rivers and railways from Newberry as far west as Ashland, Wisconsin. That year and the following were winters of notable deep snows in Michigan, and language cannot describe the conditions. The first year it began to snow on the 21st of October and continued almost without cessation for sixty days, until almost everything was buried in snow. We had the greatest difficulty in carrying on our operations, and were only able to do so by doubling up at all of our camps, using twice the usual number of men and teams. When spring came, however, we had not a log nor a piece of timber left on the skidways. One of our camps that seems especially worthy of mention was located at Shingleton. This was located in a block of timber covering over seven thousand acres, owned by the R—— Company, of Quebec. This firm had been pioneer lumbermen in



THE PICTURESQUE INTERIOR OF AN OLD-TIME LUMBER CAMP.

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

Northern Michigan, but had not been particularly successful, and while they were immensely wealthy, decided to sell their pine rather than carry on any further lumbering operations. Their representative at Marquette, Michigan, was a shrewd Irishman named Jimmy. He approached me one day and offered me seven thousand acres of timber. Naturally I went out to look the timber over, and was accompanied by the company's land-looker, W——, a man who seemed to take life very easy. I could see in a moment, after getting into the forest with him, he knew very little of the quantity of pine that was on the company's property. However, after looking over section one with him, I asked him to show me on the map what other sections of their property contained pine. He did this very promptly, and I found out afterward that he knew very little about it. Next day I cruised over the section on which he said there was no pine, and found some of the best timber that we ever cut in Michigan. I naturally concluded then that he was of no further use to me, and made my plans to leave the district.

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

He tried to persuade me to go to Marquette to meet Jimmy, and I told him I did not wish to, as I did not care to purchase at the price the option called for. However, I made it a point to be in Marquette on the day on which the option was to expire, and took lunch at the same hotel where I knew Jimmy boarded. After lunch he invited me over to his office, and asked why I did not stay off and report regarding the pine, and on being asked to make an offer for the pine, I refused, telling him that if he cared to set a reasonable price on the pine I would consider the matter. To show how these matters were arranged in those days it is only necessary to say that after considerable talk he named a price that suited me, and I bought the timber.

One of the pleasantest recollections I have of our whole operations is that this year my father visited our camps during the winter. I gave him some of the best men we had to fell some particularly large trees. He remained with us the whole day, taking his lunch out into the forest with the men, and I think he never enjoyed a day in the woods

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

better than this. He appeared always to be particularly happy when felling large pine trees.

Another character somewhat illustrative of a different type than I have described was a contractor named Tom, who had made some impression on me, so that I decided to offer him a contract for taking the timber from this seven thousand acres. Previous to this arrangement he had made up his mind to marry, and showed me a statement of his assets, which loomed up large. For instance, he had forty acres on Lake Superior that gave a little indication of sandstone. This he valued at one hundred thousand dollars. When I tried to tell him that his estimate was somewhat overdrawn, he said that the property was worth either what he placed it at or nothing at all. The balance of the statement was made up of iron mine prospects and a few smaller items. On the whole, if his estimates had been justified, he would have been a very wealthy man, but as a matter of fact he owned nothing but his teams and his logging outfit. However, after he had secured this Shingleton contract he

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

considered himself immensely wealthy, and immediately purchased a seven thousand dollar home, before he even met the young woman he later married. His next move was to purchase furniture, which was brought in from Chicago. Rugs costing five hundred dollars were inexpensive compared with other articles he brought in, and altogether he ran into debt to the extent of eleven thousand dollars getting ready for his wife. Naturally, after I learned this I was somewhat cautious in financing his camps. A little time afterward I noted an item in one of the papers to the effect that Tom, the wealthy lumberman and mine owner, had been in Chicago and had chosen a bride. The night after the couple arrived in the northern peninsula I happened to be present in the town where he had built his house and was invited to dine with him. It was very evident that he had secured a charming young lady, but the matter had apparently been arranged on a business basis, and his bride presumably was of the opinion that she was going to live forever in the land of honey. His home was cer-

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

tainly furnished magnificently, and numerous servants had been secured. I shall not forget the bride remarking to me that it must be very lonely for Mrs. Flatt to have me away from home so much. I agreed with her, but said that I hoped some day to be able to spend more of my days with my wife. Then Tom took a part in the conversation, and said that I would be just like himself. When I got twenty-five thousand I would want fifty, and when I got fifty I would want a hundred. While this went on I watched the bride's face, and she was apparently assured that everything would be all right in the future so far as finances were concerned. Knowing Tom's position, I felt that he was making a serious mistake, and always believed that had I told the young lady the exact circumstances she would have proved a much better helpmeet to him.

It was only a few months until considerable cash payments were due the owner of the property and the Chicago furniture house. Naturally this was not forthcoming. Only a few months after this, coming into our Shingleton camp, I found Tom with his

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

bride, with a little baby daughter, located in the camps. I often slept at this camp, and when it was forty or fifty below zero in the winter could frequently hear the baby crying out in the night, and often wondered if the baby would live to see the spring. She did, however, and grew to womanhood.

Shingleton was in probably the deepest snow belt of the upper peninsula, and while I had given Tom the price he asked for the cutting, skidding and hauling of the logs in this district, I saw very clearly that his camps were going behind. I visited the camps frequently and encouraged him in every way, but the situation was somewhat difficult to handle. It was more like mining than lumbering. We had nearly fifty miles of roads in this camp and our crews were out night and day continuously. The snow was piled up mountains high, and it seemed as though we had to fight the elements both night and day. Any arrangements that might be made one day would have to be changed in the morning owing to weather conditions. However, courage and determination won and we landed all our tim-

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

ber from this camp at the Pictured Rocks at Lake Superior. At the end of the winter's operations, after figuring the amount Tom had received and the amount of his earnings, I found he was fourteen thousand dollars in our debt. However, since I was satisfied he had not used the money for his own purposes, and considering the extraordinary weather conditions, I gave him a clean receipt with something over to keep himself, his wife and baby for a little time. A few years later he worked for us again and did much better, making some money. He died a few years ago in California, a wealthy man.

For carrying the timber from Pictured Rocks we had chartered a steamer and three barges to take it to Garden Island. I had been advised by the company about the time these boats were expected to arrive, and accordingly took a crew to the timber landing to get the timber onto the boats. We took provision for only two weeks, and since no boats arrived after our waiting ten days, and our supplies were running short, I decided to try to reach the railway station,

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

about twenty-seven miles across the peninsula through the woods, and to find out what was happening. The whole country was flooded and at that was more or less of a swamp. It was one of the hardest trips I had ever undertaken, since the water was icy cold and I was in it up to the neck most of the time. I arrived in Shingleton with my clothing in a decidedly disreputable condition. I went to the Soo, purchased a new outfit, and learned by wiring that the boats would pass through the canal the following day. I was rather annoyed by the timidity of the captain of the steamer, who was like a child compared with those we had previously known. After arriving opposite Pictured Rocks we immediately commenced loading the timber. We had delightfully calm weather, but still he persisted in running to harbor every night, whereas we had been accustomed to loading night and day so long as the weather permitted. We had just about completed the loading, and I was in the captain's room, endeavoring to get a straight receipt for the number of pieces of timber he had taken on the four boats, when

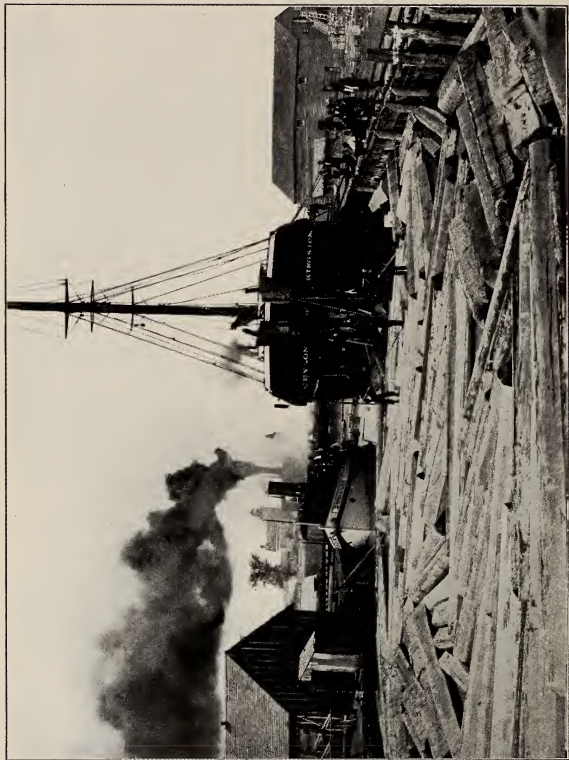
THE LUMBER BUSINESS

a squall sprang up, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that he was able to keep the boats off the rocks. When the gale struck us the boats were lying about a mile and a half off shore. The captain asked me how I would get ashore. I told him not to worry about me, but to look after his boats, and jumped down from the deck to two pieces of timber which had not been loaded, knowing from the direction the wind was blowing they would land me on shore. In a short time the waves were rolling rather high, and if anyone ever clung to timber, I did. Eventually, however, it landed me on a sandy beach about one hundred feet to the east of the Pictured Rocks. If it had drifted a little to either side there would have been only one outcome, for I would have been either mangled or drowned when the timber struck the Rocks.

I look back on the following year's operations with a good deal of pride and thankfulness. We had not presumed that another winter of deep snows would follow the troublesome one just described, and in consequence made preparations for a particularly

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

large cut. We utilized twelve camps altogether in Michigan, the most notable of which were perhaps those known as Newberry Camps, numbers one and two. We had seven thousand five hundred acres of timber lands at Newberry purchased from a gentleman, D——, who was known as one of the timber sharks of Michigan—a big, jovial fellow, who would never sell a block of timber for his clients unless he felt quite certain that he had the best of the deal. When D—— offered us this section, I concluded to go over and have a preliminary look at it with him, but after spending seven days looking it over I told him there was no use going any further at the price at which the option had been made, and in consequence packed up my tent and outfit and came out to Newberry. Arriving there he gave me an option of ten thousand dollars less than formerly. I took our head cruiser, John St. Arnauld, and together we spent about two weeks estimating. After this I went to the owner in Chicago, and after a good deal of dickering bought the timber in the section for twenty-five hundred dollars



LOADING WANEY BOARD TIMBER ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

less than the options called for. This block was purchased with the knowledge that no lumberman who had gone into the district had ever made money, and against the advice of a number of my friends who had been in Michigan longer than I. One syndicate, for instance, who had operated in the district had lost over six million. The nature of the country was perhaps partly responsible for this. It was about two-thirds swamp and the remainder hardwood land, all very springy and difficult to build or keep roads on. Most of the timber was situated on the Taquahaman River, which was possibly the most difficult stream to drive in all Northern Michigan.

After purchasing this block I heard a lot of talk about a particularly efficient foreman named Brown, who had worked for some of the larger lumber concerns in the State, but who had taken to drink and was no longer any use. I met him on the street in Newberry early one morning, stopped him, and told him I was looking for the best woods foreman in Michigan. To this he replied he was not the man I was look-

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

ing for. However, noting that he was drunk, as he had been for about four years, I took him over to a little hotel and arranged with the proprietor to lock him up so that I could have a chat with him that night after he had sobered up.

When I came back that night, McLeod, the proprietor, told me that the door had been kicked off the hinges twice, but that he had managed to keep Brown in the room by putting a guard over him. When I went to the room I found Brown ready to fight an army, if necessary, in order to get a drink of whiskey. At first he wasn't at all ready to talk to me, but after a little persuasion I got him to sit down quietly and discuss matters with me. I said to him, "Brown, you have only one enemy and that is whiskey. You have been described to me as a man of steel; a man capable of looking after large lumber camps. If you leave the whiskey alone and promise me not to touch it again while in our employ, you may name your own wages." He said that it was impossible for him to do this, that whiskey had the best of him. I told him, however,

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

that I knew if he would say the word that he would stay by it, and he finally replied, "I will do it." How Brown kept his promise will be told subsequently.

Our camps were started immediately with over three hundred men and seventy-five teams. The cutting was comparatively easy, but the skidding was done only with difficulty by reason of the swampy nature of the country and because snow set in early. However, we finished the whole block about the first of January. In these camps we had about forty-five miles of road, and it was here that we proved particularly the value of ice roads. We ran both night and day crews, the snow ploughs and sprinklers being operated by one bunch of men at night and the hauling being done by day. Had we undertaken to haul the timber over the snow roads we would only have averaged about fifteen hundred feet to the load at these camps. As it was, we carried an average of over six thousand feet per load. At this camp and over these ice roads we hauled the largest load of logs and the largest load of waney board timber ever carried

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

in Northern Michigan. Our main road, thirteen miles long, was cut thirty-two feet in width, sixteen feet of which was graded as level as a paved street.

This proved to be another winter of deep snow, and it was shortly piled mountains high on each side of the roads by our ploughs. Brown proved quite the equal of his reputation, and everything went like clockwork. It was remarkable that under the most trying conditions these were the most successful camps that we operated in Michigan, this proving the fact, perhaps, that man is at his best when struggling. It was with a good deal of gratification, particularly after we had been advised against purchasing this section, we realized that the quantity of timber that came from it was enormous, and was a surprise to almost everyone. One tree in particular attracted my attention at this time, and the circumstances surrounding it were so unique that it is worth while telling about. One day, in going over the operations with Brown, I noticed a particularly large pine with the top off. After sounding it with an axe I ordered the foreman to have



AN EXAMPLE OF THE HAULING IN OUR LUMBER CAMPS—THE LARGEST LOAD OF LOGS EVER HAULIED BY ONE TEAM
26,260 FEET BOARD MEASURE.

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

it taken down, as I believed there was a good piece of timber in it. He was rather reluctant to spend the time cutting it, since, he said, it was of no value for timber. However, the tree came down, proved to be sound, and, since it was six feet six inches across the stump and made a piece of timber thirty-six inches square and seventy-two feet in length, I concluded that my judgment was justified. I had never seen a more perfect piece of timber, and well remember remarking to the foreman that I should like to see it sawn up. The following summer I was in Leith, Scotland, and in calling upon Mitchel Brothers, who had been purchasing our timber, I asked how it was cutting up. "Some of it is very good," was the reply, "but part of it not so good. By the way, we are sawing on your timber now. Come out to the mill with me." It would be imagined that I was rather surprised when the identical piece of timber I have been telling about was seen on the carriage being sawn up. It was gratification again when I saw that this huge piece cut clear lumber to the heart.

While our huge winter's cut had been

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

landed successfully at the river, we knew that the most difficult part of the work, driving it down the Taquahaman to Lake Superior, a distance of about ninety miles, still remained to be done. I advertised for a picked crew at five dollars per day, and put Brown in as foreman, and perhaps a finer crew of men were never gotten together in all Michigan. They were great, swarthy fellows, absolutely devoid of fear, thoroughly experienced men, and ready to put their hearts into their work. This crew was placed on the river at the first indications of the break-up. Previous to this the timber had been placed most carefully in roll-ways at the landings, and when the men got hold of their pevees and gave the logs a start the whole roll-way would move out and spread out into the river. Between nine in the morning, when we started, and dark we had afloat in the river the entire winter's operations, and this made a solid jam of over five miles in length. At that the Taquahaman was no small river. The same day a friend named McLeod came down and urged me to pull the crew off, saying that there had been



THE WALKING BOSS AT LUNCH.



DRIVING LOGS ON THE TAQUAHAMAN.

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

better men attempt to drive the Taquahaman than I. I told him that if we lost our money we would do so differently than had the others, and while I thanked him for the advice, declined to act on it. The first thirty miles of the river was virtually dead, having only a foot of fall. After the ice went out it was twenty-five miles wide in some places, and a drive was about as safe in Lake Superior as in this portion. Most of the lumbermen had lost their drives by allowing them to float over the marshes, and when the water receded their logs and timber would be held up high and dry. Brown agreed with me that it was possible to use dynamite to blow out the centre of the river, forming a channel through which our timber would ride down before the ice left the sides. This plan worked very well, and the morning after we had gotten our timber through the troublesome thirty miles the whole ice left the marshes. Then we were by no means at Lake Superior, but were between high banks. McLeod, who had advised me to take the crew off, started down from Newberry in his canoe, expect-

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

ing to find the drive four or five miles down the river. To his surprise he had to paddle over thirty miles before he came to even the tail of the drive. I remember him saying that evening how strange it was that luck seemed to favor a fool every time. My reply was, "Use the word 'pluck,' not 'luck.'"

This drive lasted for twenty-six days, and Brown was like a caged lion on the whole drive. For the first thirteen days and nights he did not lie down, and when I insisted that he take a rest on the fourteenth day he positively refused to give up. After having gotten safely into the high banks, Brown and I jumped in a canoe and went down the river, since there were other drives down the river which we were anxious to locate. About five miles down, at what was known as Big Falls, we found one of these other drives boomed off at a wide point in the river, the owners evidently intending to hold their drive there and to let us run first, counting on the fact that our logs and timber would "wing" on the three miles of rapids. Brown handled this situation with his usual efficiency. We came back up the river and strung a boom



LOGS AT A LANDING ON THE TAQUAHAMAN.

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

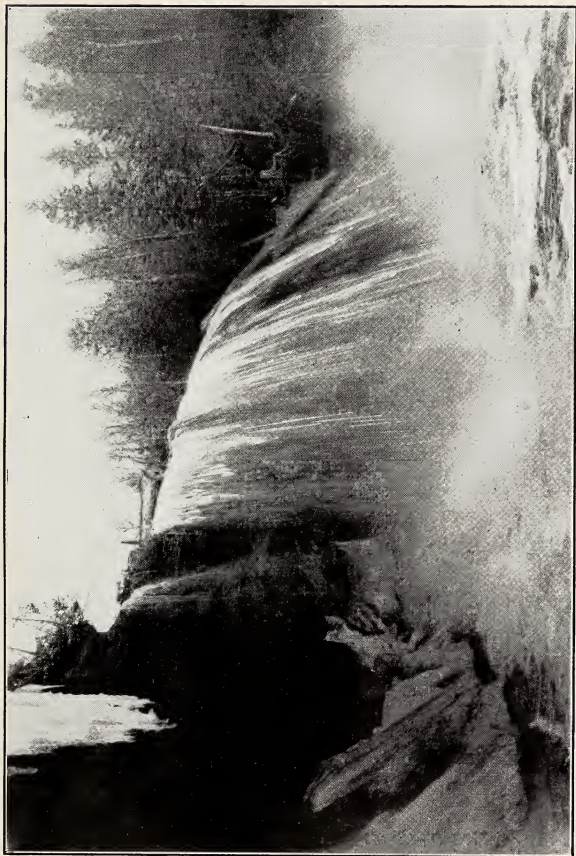
across it above this other firm's boom, putting a man on it who was capable of seeing that it was not interfered with. Then we brought our drive down solidly to this boom. Then one night, shortly afterward, Brown was missing, and although there was a man on the other boom with instructions to shoot, Brown was successful in cutting their boom and letting the logs go. The next day we let our drive go, and shot through his drive down the rapids. These three miles of rapids on the Taquahaman were a splendid sight. There was a fifty-foot fall at the head and succeeding this a mighty rapid through a gorge, and three falls of twenty-five feet each in succession. To me the Whirlpool Rapids at Niagara seem very tame compared with this. While watching our timber shoot through the rapids we could see timber two feet square broken up like matches. I remember remarking to the men that we were losing twenty-five hundred dollars a minute in broken timber in the passage of this spot.

All this time, both in the woods and on the river, Brown had not taken a single

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

glass of whiskey. When we arrived at the river mouth on Lake Superior, while there wasn't any liquor in evidence, there was a small store. I recall going into the store. He complained of not feeling up to the mark, but I was rather surprised to see him buy three bottles of Pain-killer, which he drank one after the other without any water. It seemed that reaching civilization, as this place seemed, again his mighty appetite for whiskey had come back, and this rather strenuous dose seemed to allay it for a time. John Brown had about as much will-power as any man I ever knew, as was shown by his abstinence over this somewhat sustained period. Perhaps it is worth while drawing an example from his case. If you wish, young man, to be free from a never-ending torture, which is almost certain to seize you if the habit is developed, never take your first drink of whiskey.

Another episode in connection with this drive throws considerable light on some of the circumstances of that time. Before we arrived at the Big Falls we were visited one day by the sheriff of the county and his lieu-



DRIVING TIMBER OVER THE FALLS ON THE TAQUAHAMAN.

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

tenant, who were going down the river in a launch. The sheriff was a man who gloried in his strength, possessed of bull-dog tenacity, and who loved a fight at any time. His lieutenant was a Frenchman weighing about two hundred and forty pounds, built in proportion and of similar characteristics. These two men prided themselves on being able to quell any fight that had taken place in this county, where, as was only natural, rather strenuous incidents frequently developed. When they arrived beside the cabin crib, as we called it, where our men ate and slept, and which was then about five miles from the tail of the jam, since we were getting into fairly swift water, I asked them to see the crib through the river, and threw them a line to do so. So soon as I unsnubbed the crib from the shore they indulged in some rather sulphurous language, and refused to get hold of the rope or to help us in any way. In a moment the crib, with myself aboard, was travelling down stream in rapid water. Some of our men, who were coming up the river, came to my help. We snubbed the crib to a large

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

tree on the river bank, but it pulled out the tree and continued merrily on down the stream. We were then only about one mile off the Big Falls, and matters began to look rather interesting, but after a little time, as it was about dusk, the whole crew were coming up for supper, and we managed to get the crib snubbed alongside the bank. It may be imagined what kind of a welcome the sheriff and his lieutenant received when they tied up their boat and came into the crib where the men were. They had no sooner gotten inside, however, than the sheriff and his lieutenant threw off their coats and remarked that it was their intention to clean up the crew. My warning to this was, "You had better keep your clothes on, gentlemen, or you will get hurt." This, however, had no effect, and for a few minutes we saw something of about as rough fighting as I presume ever took place in the district. After a little time Brown disposed of the Frenchman, and one of our rivermen, named Scott, who asked the rest of the crew to stand aside while he dealt with the sheriff, pummelled that official till he seemed to

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

have little life left. Eventually the two men were carried out of the cabin crib and laid in their boat, and I arranged with the cook and cookee at our camp to dress their wounds and feed them until they were able to go further on their journey.

While our drives for the year were all carried through successfully, it was necessary to get our timber down by vessel to Garden Island and hence rafted on to Quebec. We had no contract for our timber the previous fall, but when in due time it was landed in Quebec we found we had the controlling quantity of Michigan waney board pine and Ohio oak. After stating a price on this I found we were unable to get what we wanted, and then decided to cross the Atlantic, and if necessary ship our timber direct to Great Britain. This was in 1890. I left New York on June 3rd on the *Arizona*, this being my first sea voyage, though I had the joy of Mrs. Flatt's company. We had decided we would get out very early each morning to get the ocean breezes, though this would be no hardship for me, since I had never risen later than four o'clock on

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

any morning, and was accustomed to doing with very little sleep. The morning after leaving New York I was quite satisfied, however, without getting out of my berth, that I had no desire for my breakfast. I suggested to Mrs. Flatt that she get out on deck, but she had somewhat the same feeling. However, with a little resolution we both managed to get out of our cabins, but came back shortly, and there we stayed for about seven days. During that time I concluded many times that the old forest was quite good enough for me, and I think Mrs. Flatt decided that home was a more comfortable place than even a palace ocean steamer.

It took us about nine days to get to Liverpool, and I was naturally somewhat surprised after registering at the hotel to have a card sent to our room. One of the men who had been in Quebec when I was in New York had in some way gotten word that I was crossing, took a Canadian boat from Quebec and landed in Liverpool an hour ahead of us. He said to me, "Flatt, you will bust the market if you offer your tim-

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

ber over here." I assured him that I had no intention of any such procedure; that I wanted a fair margin over and above the price we had asked in Quebec, and if this was not procurable we would not bring our timber across. He was very kind, gave me letters of introduction, and took us to several of the theatres and other places of interest. I had an idea before arriving at Liverpool that because of the enormous quantity of waney board pine and Ohio oak in our possession we would be able to demand our own prices in Great Britain. A visit to the docks in Liverpool and a sight of the ships coming in apparently from every part of the world loaded with all kinds of timber cut up into every conceivable shape soon cured my misapprehension, and I discovered very shortly that Great Britain was an open market, which simply meant that we must supply a quality of timber from Canada suitable for the requirements of the British trade at just as reasonable a price as shippers in other countries were asking. After this it is perhaps not surprising that when I met in London the

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

junior member of the firm I had been selling to in Quebec, and he asked me if we would let him have the timber at the price we had named in Quebec, I told him we would. By this time I had been cured of any desire to send timber across the Atlantic. I never regretted that trip across, however, and have crossed many times since. My visits to the old land not only gave me a good deal of information as to the requirements of the timber trade, but also imparted a better idea of what the English, Irish and Scotch were as business men. I had known there were good business men in Canada and the United States, but after visiting different firms in the old land, came to the conclusion that we in America could not begin to stand beside them.

What most impressed me while in the old land, as was perhaps only natural as the result of my former experiences, were the good roads throughout the country and, with these, the neatly kept country places. The throngs of people in the cities had no charms for me. The forest had become a part of my life, and I was frequently pos-



READY FOR THE SPRING SHIPPING—TIMBER DECKED ALONG THE RAILWAY.

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

sessed of feelings of loneliness in London which it was difficult to shake off.

My brother and I continued our joint operations until 1901, enjoying twenty-one years of the most pleasant kind of partnership. It is notable that not one unkind word passed between us during all these years. We shared equally in the hardships of our work since, while I was working in Michigan, my brother was carrying things on in somewhat the same way in Ohio. Anyone who had any extensive experience in the lumber industry in these early days can readily understand the reason for the enormous progress which has been made by the temperance cause in recent years. The greatest obstacle we met in carrying on our operations in Michigan was not the elements or the weather conditions we have mentioned, but was whiskey. Whiskey proved to be the curse of curses to our men and hampered successful operations more than all other difficulties combined. About the time we started our work in Michigan the pine in the Saginaw Valley had been pretty well cut, and it seemed then as if

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

all of Satan's forces were let loose and had emigrated to the northern peninsula. Saloons and the evils which usually accompanied them found a place on every side of the camps; civil law appeared to be a non-entity. Great stockades were erected by the liquor interests, which were run publicly, and it is a well-known fact that many of the boys from the camps visited these places never to return. Matters reached such a condition that large rewards were offered for some of the leaders in the business. A number of men were shot who attempted to follow the matter up, but still nothing definite was done in the way of having these conditions dealt with.

In the face of all this it was remarkable that our foreman, Brown, was able to keep the promise he had made to me some time before. I well recall one incident bearing this out; and this, by the way, was the only law suit we had during the years we spent in Michigan, a remarkable fact when it is remembered that we dealt with thousands of men of all kinds. This was a case where fifteen men had sued us for wages after hav-

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

ing been paid every dollar due them and signing the receipts at camp. After the judge heard the evidence he went no further, but the prosecuting lawyer had known the conditions in which Brown was hired, and when Brown was giving his evidence the lawyer remarked in a provoking way that it would not be reasonable that he (Brown) should know what was going on in the camps since he had had black bottles under his bunk all winter labelled "liniment," and ending with the words, "Just the kind of liniment, John, that you have always been using." It was not surprising that Brown made a spring at the lawyer and called him several uncomplimentary names. After being warned by the judge, however, he again took his stand in the witness box. Presently, however, the lawyer touched again on the same subject and Brown renewed his talk. After being again warned Brown, gritting his teeth, turned to the judge and said, "That fellow is lying. You may as well let me punch him, because I will punch him before I leave this town." Seeing how earnest Brown was, and understanding the cir-

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

cumstances, the judge did not punish him. It is, perhaps, interesting enough to note that Brown carried out his promise before he left town, punishing the lawyer rather severely.

Some idea of how business was done in those days may be gained from an experience we had in connection with a block of timber on the Tooheart River, near Newberry.

After getting through with our estimating in this section, I left for the Sault, and, going to the office of the owner of the pine, informed the manager that we could not buy the timber at the price they were asking. Our option was for two hundred thousand dollars. I was prepared to make an offer provided such would be considered as confidential. When he accepted this suggestion I offered him one hundred and forty thousand for the timber. He said he could not accept the price just then, but would inform me on Saturday.

I knew very well that two other concerns were anticipating its purchase, since our tent had been pitched one or two nights near

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

other parties whom we knew were doing the same work. One of these was F——, a member of a large lumber firm whom I knew to be a gentleman in every respect. Whenever I happened to be at the Sault on business this man would usually try to locate me and invite me to take luncheon with him. On this occasion, however, we treated one another very suspiciously.

When Saturday arrived the manager of the company phoned me to come to their office, and when I arrived told me that he had a better offer than ours. I answered that if it were considerably better I would not attempt to meet it, since I thought at the time he was trying to make me raise our offer. I reached for my hat and started out of the office, but was asked to sit down for a moment. He reached for a telegram blank and sent off a wire which I afterwards learned accepted an offer which had been received during the time that it took me to come from our office to theirs, and which offered one hundred and forty-three thousand dollars for the timber. This had come, by the way, from the other firm we had met

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

looking over the timber. Ten minutes after sending this message another wire was brought in, and, noticing his face change rather peculiarly, I was rather interested. I afterward learned this last wire was an offer of one hundred and eighty-five thousand for the same timber from a lower Michigan firm. We finally secured what we wanted, however, from this tract, since the firm which purchased the timber for one hundred and forty-three thousand sold us the board timber from their tract. This firm, by the way, was one of the finest concerns in Northern Michigan, and was immensely wealthy at that time, but in later years their operations were not so successful, and they failed. This appeared to be the ultimate end of the lumber firms of Northern Michigan, since nearly all of them lost their money in logging operations.

Many characters in the upper peninsula were unique in their own way. One I remember particularly was the sheriff of Houghton County, a fine specimen of manhood, who, for some reasons, put me very much in mind of my own father. When I

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

met him he took me by the hand and said, "Young man, if you have any money, do not bother with these pine trees, but put your money in the Calumet and Hecla copper mine." My reply was that we had no money to take chances with; that the greater part of the funds we were using was bank capital, and that I knew we could buy standing timber, take the timber off, make a little profit, and pay the bank each year what we owed them; whereas, if we invested in a mine we should be getting mixed up in a matter I knew nothing about and would, therefore, be speculating with borrowed funds. After explaining our situation to him in this way, he grasped my hand and told me I was on the right trail. The Calumet and Hecla turned out to be one of the greatest copper mines in the world, but I never regretted setting up the course I had outlined. In later years this man became a contractor for us and was thrown on a skidway, as a result of which he died shortly afterward.

The story of one of our woods foremen, whom for convenience we will call Jack,

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

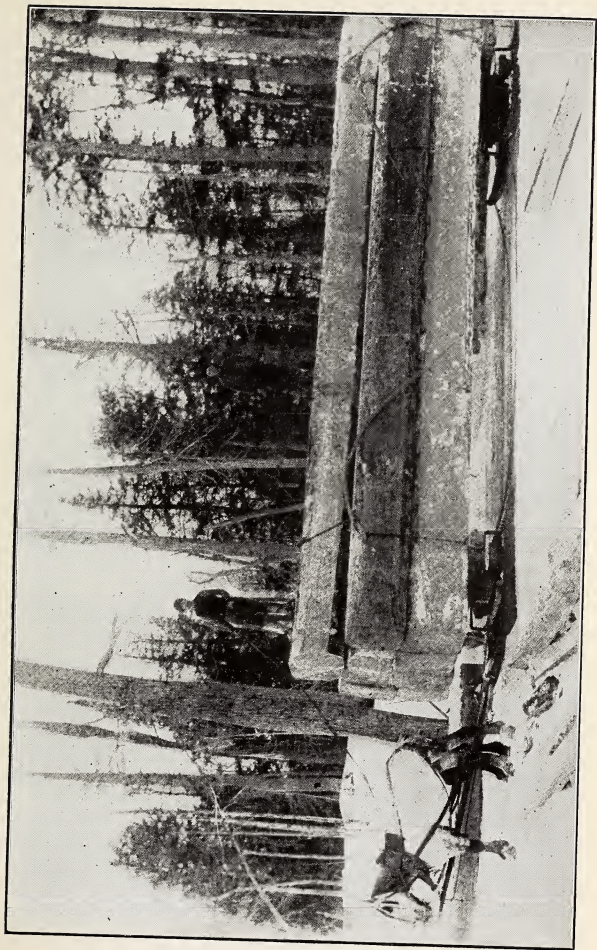
should be a lesson to the young men and boys who think it is safe to tamper with liquor. Jack was about my own age and, I fancy, a finer specimen of physical manhood was never created. He was six feet two inches in his stockings, was otherwise built in proportion, and had a constitution that many men in these days would pay millions for. He had been employed in our camps in various capacities from the time he was sixteen, and at twenty-two was given charge of one of the camps. He had a record of having made one of the most successful drives of timber and logs ever taken down the French River. Some idea of his capabilities can be given from a day's trip we made one time when we left Powassan with about fifty of a lumber crew to start camp in the north. We intended to walk about forty-two miles that day, which we thought would bring us to the site of the camp. However, it rained heavily all day, the walking was very bad, and only Jack, myself, and a young Frenchman made the forty-two miles, the remainder of the men lying all along the trail. Jack could easily have

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

turned around immediately and made the same distance over again. He impressed me so strongly in his work in Northern Ontario that I selected him for foreman on commencing work in Michigan, and he was placed in charge of our first Michigan camp and handled it at first with such efficiency that his wages were doubled. The following winter he was given charge of a larger camp, and again proved himself to be of the right metal. On my arrival at Chassel the following fall, when I was making arrangements for getting our camps started that winter, I found him the worse for liquor, and learned that he had been drinking heavily for two months. Getting him away from the saloon, I promised him a contract if he would keep away from whiskey, and in carrying this out he cleared fifteen hundred dollars in the first three months. I took twelve hundred of this, deposited it in the bank for him, and showed him his bank book, thinking that this would encourage him. However, having had occasion to leave for home at that time, I had been in Hamilton only a short time when I

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

received a wire from him asking for his bank book. Naturally I did not send it back, but on returning to Michigan shortly, went directly to Chassel, and there found him on a genuine spree. I got him away from the saloon again and tried to keep him sober, but when he insisted on having his bank book, I knew what the result would be, and discharged him. He got a position with a lumber camp on the Silver River, but the story of how he conducted himself was quite what I anticipated. One day the following spring I received a telegram at our Sydney office telling that Jack had met with an accident and had had one of his legs smashed in driving logs on the Silver. I had him taken to Chassel and a doctor procured, and, taking the first train over, was advised that amputation would be necessary. It seemed that Jack had taken whiskey in on the drive, and this had been the cause of the accident. I found that by this time Jack hadn't a copper of his twelve hundred left. However, I arranged for the doctor to give him the best of attention, and also secured a place at a boarding-house for him. When he recovered



A RECORD LOAD OF WANNEY BOARD TIMBER—31,300 FEET BOARD MEASURE.

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

I not only paid his doctor's bill but, on his promise that he would quit drinking, I got an artificial limb for him, took him to Hamilton and kept him there for nearly two years at school, during which time his expenses were paid and spending money given him. He was then told that he was to be book-keeper at our Sydney office. At first he did very well here, but he had only been about three months at work when he began drinking again. I warned him what would happen if he did not leave whiskey alone, but it was of no use. Whiskey had him, body and soul. He came to us often in after years, begging for money. He eventually became a saloon hanger-on of the lowest sort.

Occasionally, in that district, we ran across outlaws. I remember one chap in particular, whom I met in one of my cruising expeditions, who seemed at first to be very suspicious of me, but after I had several chats with him he seemed satisfied as to my good intentions. With a view to helping him I gave him five dollars, though I did not know where his shack was nor where

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

he stayed in the district. About three years later I ran across him again in a secluded place deep in the forest. He seemed delighted to meet me and asked me where my tent was. I showed him on the map, and when I returned that night I found a pan of brook trout already cleaned and ready for frying outside the door. The next night I found some venison, and later on some bear steak. That time I was in the woods about a month, and during that time I was kept supplied with brook trout, venison and bear steak. The curious part of it was that the outlaw, as I had sized him up, never appeared at my tent when I was there, and I never saw him again. I wanted to give him something for his kindness, but apparently the small reward I had previously given him was all he wanted. Another occasion recurs to me somewhat humorously. This time I left the mining town of Houghton to look over a block of timber on the Firesteel River. I had as a companion this time a man named C——, whom I had overheard say that he was going into the woods for a few days to have a picnic with a

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

Canadian. Naturally I made up my mind that he would not be disappointed with his picnic. We started out at seven-thirty in the morning and pitched our tent forty-three miles in the forest that night. The next morning I was up long before daylight, had scones made and bacon fried, and called my companion. He wasn't in the best of humor, but got up and had his breakfast, and after washing our plates and frying-pan, we started off down the river before daylight. My object was to see if logs and timber could be driven down the river before I estimated the timber, and since it was twenty-two miles from our tent to Lake Superior, following the river according to the map, I concluded that we could do the twenty-two miles and return, forty-four altogether, before night. I thought that when he did forty-three miles the first day, and forty-four the second, my companion would begin to enjoy the picnic. About the time we got nicely started, however, a wet, driving snow-storm set in, and before we had gone many miles we were soaked to the skin. We found it next to impossible to follow the river,

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

since the timber seemed to be piled up high and all woven together by other layers formed crosswise and in every possible way. The river was very crooked, and instead of twenty-two miles we found the distance to the lake was nearly forty. However, we landed at Lake Superior at dark, without anything to eat and no place to sleep, and by this time the storm had increased into a blinding blizzard. The picnic was surely on. My companion became quite as boisterous as the storm itself, and called me many choice names. I enjoyed the situation somewhat and told him to try to enjoy himself, since it was my intention to go further inland, where I thought we would find more pleasant ground for our picnic party. We remained in the forest, under the protection of a pine, all that night, and I tried to make him feel that this was indeed one of the most choice experiences of my life. At day-break we took a direct line by compass for our tent and arrived there about 1 p.m., covering the twenty-two miles shown on the map. By this time my companion had become very unpleasant. His feet were sore

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

and, indeed, he was sore all over. When I got something ready to eat he got even more abusive, and declined to join me in having the picnic end pleasantly. Concluding that it would take a fortune to drive timber down the Firesteel River, and since the storm was easing off, at about 3 p.m. I pulled down the tent, piled up the blankets and cooking kit, and started for Houghton, making up my mind that I would rather have the animals of the forest for companions than stay with a man who had been figuring on a picnic. There is only one cure for men like this, that is, to leave them alone. Nature will deal with such characters, and deal with them kindly, provided they are true to nature. I met this man occasionally in after years, but naturally never engaged his services again. I always found that being pleasant in the forest, no matter what difficulties one ran across, helped the other fellow along the trail very materially.

While I have only mentioned a few incidents in connection with our work in these days, I hope these have been sufficient to

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

give some conception of how fascinating this work was. Courage in the forest was imperative. The man who defaulted was wiped out. Nature is kind, but she accepts no excuses. If one had a cool head, with complete self-control, he was all right. Otherwise he was swallowed up by the winter, the river, and the other elements. One must have his compass set, his goal must be definite, his purpose must not waver, his courage must not falter. If he turned off the main trail or in another direction than was indicated by the compass he must know positively where he was going and where these side trails led.

One of the most pleasant recollections of the lumberman in general is the honesty of the class of men we met with. My experience has taught me that all men are honest if you treat them as being such. I well recall one occasion when it became known to our foremen and a number of the men that I was leaving Michigan for a time and that my brother, D. C., was coming up to assume my responsibilities. When I left our Sydney office I was rather surprised

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

that a number of the foremen and men were on hand to bid me good-bye. This same thing was repeated all along the line until I arrived at Newberry. I had not known that Brown, our late trusted foreman, then located at Newberry, had been told I was leaving Michigan, and was surprised again to see him at the station with tears running down his cheeks when he said good-bye. This is the only time I ever saw Brown, the man of steel, show expressions of sympathy toward anyone or anybody. Apparently the kindly interest I had taken in him during the years he had been in our employ touched the tender part of his heart.

How many splendid things one recalls looking back over these old days—the old tenting places where we would lie down at night; the welcome always given at the homesteader's cabin; the spring of cool water we came across when longing for a drink; the speckled trout we got out of the streams when in need of food; the first taste of porcupine meat; the pranks of the bears and other animals around our tent when we were asleep; the howls of the wolves and

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

the experiences of being surrounded by them; the camp table around which everyone sat, where no talking was allowed and where everyone had a splendid appetite; the accomplishment in the never-ceasing task; the joy of winning and helping some other fellow to win; the remembrance of kind words spoken and kind deeds done; the many kindnesses bestowed on me by those in my employ. Have you ever been in a tent all alone in the forest, many miles from anyone or any home, with winter ruling supreme around you? Have you ever wakened up in the morning with the snow covering your breast, with the temperature forty below zero, and hearing a continuous cannonade of frost cracks around you, as if the forest were repelling the grip of Jack Frost? If not, you have missed one of the great experiences of life. With these things I recall the men we had in our camps during the years of our operations. Often I try to remember the specific men we had in many of the camps in definite years. Only a few of these remain. I can go over each camp each winter in my memory and pick out a

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

few specific individuals, but thousands of the men have been forgotten. A number of the men we had in our employ stand out like the magnificent pine trees they worked with. The others, apparently, may be compared with the saplings and the undergrowth. However, these men, as well as the saplings and undergrowth, had a mission in life. Most of them were faithful and used their talents while in our employ. Honor is due them.

O the mystery of the forest! The fascination, the loveliness of it all. When the real forest spirit gets a grip on one it holds one permanently. And what nature and God's out-of-doors do for man! The struggles are many and hard, but the triumphs are glorious. Surely the man who works in God's out-of-doors and loves the simplicity of nature cannot remain evil in heart. Nature must win him back to his better self.

In going through the forest in the spring-time, noting the greenness of the foliage, the slender grace of the white birch, the height of the pine trees, the old weathered oaks,

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

the moss-covered tree trunks, the flowers with their sweet perfume and the birds with their joyous messages, one surely experiences joy in its true sense. To go through the forest again in the autumn, beholding the tinting of the foliage, done with a tender touch, and to walk through the rustling leaves, surely brings similar experiences. One who has known these things for a number of years must realize that he has walked where real life exists. It is indeed so real that one can hear and feel God among all this beauty. One does not wonder that God's spirit is in the forests, and is thankful that his calling in life has been one that has permitted him to walk in God's kingdom. In the winter, too, God's presence is manifest. He hushes nature in the forest to sleep as a mother would hush her child, not hurriedly, but patiently and lovingly, and then dresses her in a bridal robe of spotless purity and provides a veil of sparkling diamonds. At Christmas time the trees are all dressed with silver tinsel, beautiful and delicate. Whether in the springtime, the summer, the autumn, or the winter, nature is

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

always whispering messages of love, life, hope, beauty, sweetness and contentment. One realizes that God is most generous, and one's soul goes out in thankfulness. To have lived in the midst of all the forest grandeur and to feel that one has a part of all of it was surely worth any sacrifice that such a life entailed. Other things in the forest gave evidence of a wonder-working Deity. When, for instance, the bears prepared their winter beds in the old hollow trees, and the beaver, muskrat, mink and otter had prepared a home for themselves and their little ones, the moose and deer retired to the protected part of the forest to herd for the winter and to prepare for the frequent battles with their enemies, the wolves. The silent trapper was occasionally seen, though never heard, as he pursued his predatory calling, and he seemed in perfect harmony with the mighty silence which was all around him. Then the lumberman's axe would break in on this quietness in its battle with the giants of the forest. The call of the timber would be heard by the men who were carrying forward this struggle, the scent of victory

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

seemed to be in the air. Was not this experience worth while?—the crash as one of these forest giants fell to the earth, making all the place tremble; the singing of the cross-cut saw as it was swung backward and forward by willing hands; the rattle of the chains as the massive logs were decked high in the air; the snow ploughs and sprinklers moving along the roads like ghosts in the night, sprinkling the icy surface in preparation for the hauling on the morrow; the endless string of sleighs, drawn by willing horses, as they labored toward the river bank, and lastly, the welcome sound of the dinner horn, when all attended with splendid appetite and ate with a silence as if in reverence to God for the providing of wholesome food.

This spirit, too, seemed to infect the most of the camps. Almost all the men were good-natured and joked one another over many hard places. The spirit which ordinarily prevailed was a winning spirit of good-will to all. However, like the trees of the forest, some of them did not ring true. They looked all right on the outside, but the heart was

THE LUMBER BUSINESS

wrong. Anyone who has had anything to do with trees knows that this defect begins in the early years of growth, and in the same way the bad-hearted individual usually develops from the bad thoughts and habits which get into the minds and characters of the boys and girls in their early years. We learned very quickly in those days that the trees which stood out alone and in the most difficult places could invariably be depended upon to be sound to the heart. Surely in carrying on the illusion these may be taken to represent the men who stand out from among the weaker ones in the community for the things that are good and right and true.

As I look back over those years, years of struggle and yet years of happiness, I realize that we did not make a great success, as success is usually termed to-day. We were successful, however, in establishing a business which stood second to none on the North American continent, the largest export timber business in America. In later years the business had grown to such an extent that we invited my father and

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

brother, D. C., to join us, thus forming a happy combination of father and three sons in a business partnership and which brought us together in a unity in older years, as we had been in earlier days when we were children in the home. Finally I reached the goal of my boyhood days, that of earning and building a suitable and comfortable home for my bride.



FATHER AND THREE SONS.

At one time all partners in the same lumber firm.

PART IV

LOVE is the centre and circumference;
The cause and aim of all things—'tis the key
To joy and sorrow, and the recompense
For all the ills that have been, or may be.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

No man can afford to invest his being in anything lower than faith, hope, love—these three, the greatest of which is love.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

THE world is trying an experiment. It is trying to conduct its daily life abstracted from love. Love stands aside and watches. Trade has said its first word and its last word. Are you satisfied? Do you feel as if you have your just return? As if all your sacrifice and work and slavery has had its just return? You have the full return of the profit system. Is the return enough? Does the return of the profit system feed your spirit? You have collected all that the world owes you. But have you collected love?—*Horace Traubel.*

PART IV.

THE STORY OF TROUT CREEK FARM.

THE name "Trout Creek" was selected from the fact that a spring creek that was well supplied with speckled beauties ran through the farm. The farm contained one hundred and sixty-nine acres. Fifty had been given me by my father and mother. There was nothing strange about this, but to me it was all-important, because it had been a gift from my father and mother, and I knew the toil it had caused them and the joy it gave them when they handed me the deed of this section of land. Then, again, it was the place of my boyhood days.

When my mind wanders back to the old farm, I can see where mother left the candle of love burning brightly in the window and the old door wide open; where father left his footprints of the simple life. I can see the trail of love, sacrifice and devotion plainly marked in the rearing of the family. I can

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

see the trail marked with love, industry and thrift. I can trace all these trails directly into the trail of success. I can see a trail of their sympathies that were warm and lasting for those who were travelling over the early road they had travelled.

It was quite natural that my mind would again turn to the old farm, after finishing with our timber business. I therefore consulted with my father and mother regarding the purchase of the one hundred and nineteen acres they owned lying alongside of the fifty they had given me, and eventually purchased the property from them. The pioneer settler on this farm had been an uncle of mine, and it was on this farm that my father hired out at the age of thirteen years, barefooted and without coat or vest. Previous to my purchase the land had been worked on shares and rented for a number of years, as father's time was taken up with the timber business, and while very productive if kept in a state of proper fertility, it had been allowed to run down and was not producing the crop it should. My love for the old farm and its associates, my love for good

TROUT CREEK FARM

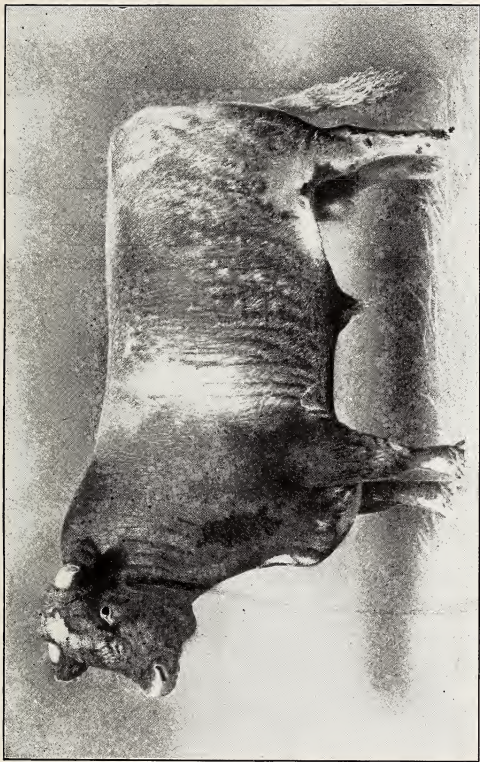
live-stock and for the land, were the deciding factors in establishing Trout Creek Farm. I had the ambition to breed on this farm a herd of Shorthorn cattle that would compare with any elsewhere, and which would make the name "Trout Creek" known on both sides of the Atlantic.

After visiting many of the breeders of Shorthorns throughout Canada, I purchased a number of the choicest cows to be found. The standard was quality with utility, types true to Shorthorn character. A sale of Shorthorns was announced at Markham, at which fourteen imported Scotch-bred bulls were to be sold. I decided to attend this sale. There was only one animal that suited me, and when he was led into the ring an American gentleman, who had come to Canada in search of a Scotch bull, decided that he wanted the animal I had picked upon. Up to the time of this sale \$100 had been the top price of Shorthorn cattle here for many years. After a spirited contest in bidding against this man, I secured the bull named Golden Fame for \$720. The price looked ridiculous, and after the animal was sold to

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

me I heard an old gentleman who was standing by the ringside ask who the purchaser was. The reply was that his name was "Flatt." The old gentleman remarked that he would be flat enough in a short time. When telling my father of the purchase, I informed him that I would have been bidding yet if the American had not quit. The price paid for Golden Fame was commented upon in all the agricultural and live-stock papers in Canada and the United States and proved of great value in advertising Trout Creek Shorthorns. In two years I was expressing calves by Golden Fame to many parts of the United States and throughout Canada at prices of three to five hundred dollars each.

While travelling through England and Scotland in connection with the timber business I was much impressed with the quality of the live-stock there and decided to import some of the choicest Shorthorns in Great Britain to add to the already large herd at Trout Creek. When among the breeders in Britain I saw clearly how they had maintained their standards and re-



“CHOICE GOODS,” A SHORTHORN IMPORTED FOR TROUT CREEK STOCK FARM, WHICH MADE
AN UNUSUAL RECORD IN AMERICA.

TROUT CREEK FARM

mained the fountain-head for supplying the world with foundation stock. It was by keeping the choicest animals. I declined to buy anything but the best, and returned from Scotland without purchasing an animal.

I secured thirty-three head in England, however, from a breeder who had an immense herd. The greater portion of them were Scotch-bred cattle, having been purchased principally as calves in Scotland. I decided upon having a public sale at Hamilton, Ont. This was advertised in American journals, and many American breeders attended. Many of the breeders in Canada said that a public sale of Shorthorns could not be pulled off successfully. To their surprise an average of four hundred and nine dollars was made on fifty-six head. One bull calf four months old sold for nine hundred dollars to a gentleman from Virginia. For many years the Canadian breeders of Shorthorns had not advertised their cattle in the United States.

After my first public sale Shorthorn cattle throughout Canada were marked up one

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

hundred per cent. Shortly after this sale a friend from Chicago came to Hamilton and urged that I hold a sale of Shorthorns at the Union Stock Yards, Chicago, as it was desired to prove the advantages of that point as a sale centre for pure-bred stock. My preference was to hold my sales in Canada, but I decided to make a special offering in Chicago of fifty-six head on August 7th, 1900. This sale averaged eight hundred and thirty-six dollars per head.

The following year I paid the *Gazette* upwards of five thousand dollars in advertising, and on November 7th, 1901, we made the top sale of Scotch Shorthorn cattle in America at that time, selling forty-five head for \$50,520, an average of \$1,122. During the year 1901 we had gotten together a greater collection of Shorthorn cattle than had ever gone to make up any one herd, and these included many royal winners from Great Britain, these being selected from the famous herds of W. Duthie, W. S. Marr, Her Majesty the late Queen Victoria, Lord Rothschild, and others. In 1901 we exhibited a portion of the Trout Creek herd at

TROUT CREEK FARM

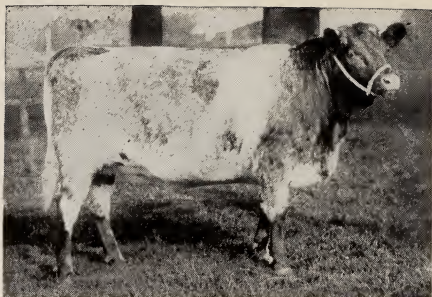
Toronto, at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, at Syracuse, N.Y., and at Springfield, Ill. The herd was never defeated, and we won ten championships out of a possible fourteen. This was good advertising for Canada, as well as for Trout Creek Stock Farm and for Shorthorn cattle.

One thing which impressed me very much in Great Britain was to see so many of the best people there connected with live-stock and agriculture. Queen Victoria was one of the most enthusiastic stock breeders in Britain. The Prince Consort also well understood the importance of agriculture and live-stock to his land, but having been called by death when Queen Victoria was quite young, she followed up his work during her lifetime, and named the land at Windsor "The Prince Consort's Flemish Farm." A great number of the foremost people of Great Britain spend their whole lives in the interest of agriculture and in the improvement of live-stock. No class is held in higher esteem in the older settled countries than the agriculturalists and the man who devotes his life to the improve-

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

ment of live-stock. These men go down in history as public benefactors, having done something worth while for their country.

Possibly one of the most perfect Short-horn animals that Great Britain produced during the years I speak of was bred by Her Majesty Queen Victoria at the Prince Consort's Flemish Farm. This was a heifer named Cicely. She had won nearly every championship competed for in Great Britain from the time she was a calf up to three years of age. It was my privilege in those days to visit the Prince Consort's Flemish Farm about every six months, and on one of these visits I summoned up sufficient courage to ask Mr. Tait, who was the farm manager, for a price on Cicely. Mr. Tait had spent his life on the Prince Consort's farm, and in the environment that existed there had grown as modest as any young woman possibly could be. In meeting him there was always a something that impressed one, and in later life I realized that it was the fact of his having been brought up, as it were, by our late Queen Victoria, since he



THE CHAMPION SHORTHORN "CICELY."
Bred by Queen Victoria.



UNLOADING BRITISH SHORTHORN CATTLE AT QUEBEC.

TROUT CREEK FARM

had been in her employ during all his life, and his father before him.

Mr. Tait met my question with great surprise, and informed me that Her Majesty would never think of parting with a heifer like Cicely. Previously I had purchased Shorthorn cattle from the Prince Consort's farm from Mr. Tait and knew him very well, and before sailing for Canada I asked him if he would deliver a message to the Queen, as I would be back again in about six months. The message was as follows: "A very loyal Canadian, who is a lover of Shorthorn cattle, would like to take Cicely to Canada." Mr. Tait was quite emphatic that my request would not be heeded, but after strong persuasion he promised to deliver the message.

Returning to England in about six months, the first thing I did after arriving in London was to wire Mr. Tait, advising him when I would arrive in Windsor. He met me at the station, and after getting into the carriage, my first question to him was, "Did you deliver my message?" His reply was, "Yes, you are to get Cicely." When I asked

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

him what the price was, he blushed again, and modestly informed me that prices were never discussed with Her Majesty; that he would fix the price at six hundred guineas, delivered on ship in Glasgow. Considering the price Shorthorns were bringing in Great Britain, the sum of three thousand dollars could not be considered high for Cicely.

I thanked him for having delivered the message and for having secured Her Majesty's consent that Cicely should go to Canada. I was anxious to know the words used by Her Majesty when Mr. Tait delivered my message, and told him of my desire. He informed me that after he delivered my message, Her Majesty was in deep thought for some moments, then replied that she also was very fond of Cicely, but that she had a greater love for Canada and her Canadian subjects, and considering that one of her Canadian subjects had visited the Prince Consort's Flemish Farm and left a message for her, and that he was a very loyal Canadian, that he loved Shorthorn cattle and would like to take Cicely to Canada, she could do nothing but grant the request.

TROUT CREEK FARM

Mr. Tait made a condition when I purchased Cicely that she remain the property of Her Majesty until after the Smithfield Show. Queen Victoria had won the breeder's cup two years at the Smithfield, and had to win it three years in succession in order to hold and own the cup. Cicely was exhibited in December at Smithfield and won the cup for Her Majesty. It had been arranged that she be shipped direct to Glasgow from the Smithfield, and Mr. Tait was sending a man in charge of her to St. John.

In December I received a cable from Mr. Tait saying that Her Majesty had ordered Cicely to be returned to Windsor. I supposed the deal was off, and so did Mr. Tait, since the Queen gave no explanation and kept Cicely at Windsor for two weeks. During this time she had her out on review a number of times; that is to say, the Queen would sit in her carriage and have her prize animals led past by the herdsman up and down the roadway.

On one of these occasions she beckoned Mr. Tait to her carriage and said, "Now you may send Cicely to Canada. I could not let

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

her go without seeing her again." Mr. Tait then cabled me, and wrote a long letter, saying how touching this incident was and how clearly it proved Her Majesty's great simplicity, which had won the hearts of her subjects. Queen Victoria kept her life and her long reign sweet by keeping in touch with the simple life. Her greatest interest was what she knew to be the greatest interest of her many subjects, that of agriculture and the improvement of live-stock.

I had asked Mr. Tait if it would be out of place for me to expect to get an autograph letter from Her Majesty, putting a few lines together in her own words about Cicely. He promised to try to secure this for me, and Queen Victoria promised that such a letter would be forthcoming. Shortly after this, however, she was taken ill, but had not forgotten her promise, and had Mr. Tait summoned to her bedside and instructed him to prepare a list of all Cicely's winnings and send it to me, using the Royal Coat of Arms and signing it for her.

Cicely's record in Canada and the United

TROUT CREEK FARM

States is familiar to those who have been identified with Shorthorn cattle. It may be interesting to some who are not familiar with Shorthorn history to say that she was exhibited in Canada and the United States, and was awarded the championship in every contest except one. In this instance she was defeated by a Shorthorn heifer named Roberta at the Illinois State Fair at Springfield. Roberta was owned by J. G. Robbins and Sons, of Horace, Ind.

During the years I was engaged in the breeding and importing of Shorthorns it was not my privilege to meet more genuine friends than Will and John Robbins, the gentlemen who bred Roberta. After the championship was given to Roberta over Cicely, Will Robbins and I left the ringside arm in arm. Cicely produced one of the champions at the Chicago International, and was sold at one of my sales in Chicago for five thousand dollars to J. G. Robbins and Sons. I remember very well Will Robbins telling me an amusing incident in connection with the purchase of Cicely. The day following the sale he was in Kentucky, and

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

in going into an hotel he met a stranger who turned out to be a commercial traveller. This gentleman had been reading a Chicago paper giving a report of my sale, and making special mention of Cicely, the three-year-old Shorthorn heifer that sold for five thousand dollars, and giving the name of her purchasers as J. G. Robbins and Sons, of Indiana. The traveller was excited, and wished to know from Robbins if he thought there was any man in the United States fool enough to pay five thousand dollars for a Shorthorn heifer.

Robbins was a good "jollier," and the stranger and he had their meal together. The commercial man declined to talk of anything else but the person who purchased the five thousand dollar heifer, and speculated in general as to the kind of man he would be. Robbins finished his meal first and was leaving the table, when the stranger called him back, and said, "Here is my card. If you ever meet that fellow Robbins who purchased the five thousand dollar heifer, get a photograph of him, no matter what it costs, and send it to me." This was too good, and

TROUT CREEK FARM

Robbins informed the stranger that he had the man before him, and that this would possibly be the best opportunity to secure the photograph. Needless to say the stranger did not take the photo; he wished to get out of sight as soon as possible.

During the six years I was identified with the importing and breeding of Shorthorn cattle at Trout Creek Farm our public sales amounted to more than two hundred thousand dollars. We also sold at private sale more than three hundred thousand dollars' worth of Shorthorns. This was not all profit, though the business was reasonably profitable, intensely interesting, full of pleasure, and demonstrated to me the great importance of improved live-stock to successful agriculture. I realized that agriculture was the backbone of a nation's material prosperity and that improved live-stock was the keystone in successful agriculture.

For the first three years we operated Trout Creek Stock Farm we purchased an average of three thousand dollars' worth of feed to carry an average herd of one hundred and twenty cattle. After three years

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

the fertility of the soil had been increased to such an extent by maintaining a large number of cattle on the place that the crop produced sufficient to maintain the herd. Our Porcupine gold mines and our Cobalt silver mines have produced great wealth, and doubtless will continue to do so, but the greatest possibilities of Canada's material greatness rest in improved live-stock, combined with agriculture. It is quite possible to increase the production of the farms in the Province of Ontario threefold. The land-owners in Great Britain long ago learned this lesson. They have also learned that it is only the best that pays, both in beef and dairy breeds, as well as horses, sheep and pigs. There are many farms in Ontario to-day which are not producing one-third what they should, and there are many farmers in Ontario who are caring for and feeding animals which are not paying for the feed they consume.

You may ask why I sold my herd of Shorthorns. The answer is that the Dominion Shorthorn Breeders' Association was removed to Ottawa from Toronto, and I felt

TROUT CREEK FARM

at the time that such a move on the part of our association would be detrimental to the best interests of Shorthorn cattle. While I was a supporter of the Government at that time, I nevertheless strongly believed that no live-stock association should ever be placed under political control, and so informed the directors of the association, and stated further that if the association were to be taken to Ottawa, which would mean that it would be placed under political control, my herd would be disposed of. As a result, when the offices were removed to Ottawa, my herd was offered for sale. While the price was low at the time, an average of more than five hundred dollars per animal was realized.

No business or calling could gather together finer gentlemen than those engaged in the importing and the breeding of Shorthorn cattle. The standard of the men was in keeping with the Shorthorns, one of the grandest breeds of cattle that this world has seen. The gentlemen connected with the livestock and agricultural journals were always an inspiration to me, and I look

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

back with great pleasure to having met such men in Canada, Great Britain and the United States, and to having received great benefit from my acquaintance with them. The character of the auctioneers also always commanded the respect of the ringside. The gentlemen around the ring were always impressive to me. Whether one was attending a sale in Great Britain, the United States or Canada, there would be seen around the ring the best men of that country. In my sales of more than five hundred thousand dollars' worth of Shorthorns, many of the cattle were sold upon time, and every copper was received.

I looked forward with great pleasure to attending each year in Great Britain the sale held by William Duthie and W. S. Marr. I was present at the dispersal sale of the herd of the late Mr. Marr. The sight around the ringside was bewildering. There were typical men from all parts of the world and a Babel of languages, men who represented the backbone of the world's material prosperity, agriculture plus improved livestock. A lifetime had been expended in the

TROUT CREEK FARM

founding of this herd, and the prices realized were a monument to the founder. It had been my privilege to purchase many Shorthorns from this herd, but I specially remember one occasion when I purchased a six-months' bull calf. The price Mr. Marr wanted was three thousand dollars; the price I offered was two thousand dollars. Mr. Marr stated that he would not reduce the price, but would give me a grand luck-penny. I was somewhat determined to purchase the calf at a lower price, but Mr. Marr again assured me that he would give me a very, very grand luck-penny. Supposing that this luck-penny would be in proportion to the differences between us, I agreed to pay the three thousand dollars. After giving my cheque for that amount, I was handed back a one-pound note (five dollars). Mr. Marr said, "Now, Flatt, this is a grand luck-penny. You will not get a luck-penny as big as this in all Scotland." Scotch luck-pennies had no inducement for me when buying in future years. The old gentleman was just as sincere as I was in this matter, but our differences lay in our

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

ideas as to what constituted a grand luck-penny.

While I acknowledge the greatness of all the men engaged in the breeding of Short-horns, to me William Duthie was the king. A man with a great soul and a very warm heart, he was an inspiration to all, and a visit to Collynie was one not to be forgotten. Mr. Duthie could always entertain one or an army of visitors, and it seemed to give him as much joy to entertain his visitors as it did to show one his magnificent herd. I remember very well the first time I met Mr. Duthie and had the pleasure of seeing his cattle. When I came to those that impressed me, I would stop and ask Mr Duthie for a price, and I noticed each time when I asked him for a quotation he increased his pace, until at last he would not even halt when I wished to get a price on his good things. I had a most delightful day, but came away disappointed because I had not been able to make a purchase from this grand herd. During the following year I again had the pleasure of spending a day with Mr. Duthie, and the genuine hospitality extended in his



“ DAYDREAM V.” AND “ MORNING DREAM ”—TYPICAL SHORTHORN
COW AND CALF.



THE CALF THAT COST \$3,000.

TROUT CREEK FARM

home could never be forgotten. After my first visit I learned that one could not walk through William Duthie's herd and pick out his good ones, so I asked him if he would let me have what heifer calves he could spare. This was acceded to, and proved a good arrangement for us both. I also purchased bull calves at his fall sales.

One year I was prevented from attending Mr. Duthie's sales, and cabled him to have his two best bull calves purchased for me. No price was set, nor no limit suggested. When the first calf Mr. Duthie had chosen for me was being offered, it was bid up to three thousand six hundred dollars, when Mr. Duthie stopped the man who was bidding for me. When the next calf was offered he did likewise. Later on I received a letter from him stating that he regretted very much that I did not secure the two calves, but felt that he must protect me in my absence, since the calves, in his opinion, were selling for more than they were worth. A book could be written about William Duthie and his life-work with his Short-horns. He was the essence of kindness, and

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

assisted me materially in the purchase of many of the choice animals I secured in Great Britain.

I could not understand why a man like William Duthie did not marry, but as I became acquainted with his widowed sister, Mrs. Webster, I realized and fully understood how a woman with such love and such genuine abilities as a home-maker had filled and taken the place of a wife in William Duthie's life.

I remember well the story of how Mr. Duthie was presented to the late King Edward, not through his request or seeking, but through the request of the King. His Majesty wished to bestow honor where honor was due and acknowledge Mr. Duthie's service to his country in the improvement of Shorthorns. The introduction took place at the Smithfield Show inside the ring where the prize animals were being exhibited. Mr. Duthie was a grand story-teller, and he had been conversing with the King for only a few moments when he had His Majesty shaking with laughter. The reporters on the outside of the ring

TROUT CREEK FARM

crowded around Mr. Duthie when he took his leave, wishing to know what the King was laughing about. He informed them that it should be very easy for them to guess what “*twa little farmers like he and the King would be talking about.*”

The nobility of Great Britain invariably lived where real life exists, out in the open, close to nature. The great percentage of them are agriculturalists and lovers of improved live-stock. Observing these gentlemen at the British live-stock exhibitions, I learned that the nobility were very often the most ordinarily dressed. Many of these titled gentlemen who were standing around the ring-side with the farmer, the man behind the plough, and the herdsman, could trace their pedigrees back for one thousand years. All appeared to be harmony, and there seemed to be an equality. The prevailing spirit was purely agricultural, and with this was coupled a desire for the improvement of live-stock.

In going over the Windsor herd with Mr. Tait on one occasion I took a great fancy to a yearling bull and heifer, and asked for a

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

price on them. Mr. Tait informed me that the President of France had just been looking through the herd with King Edward; that the President had commented upon these two animals, and that the King remained in the rear with Mr. Tait and gave him instructions to prepare the two animals for shipment to France as a gift to the President. His Majesty the late King Edward was known as the peacemaker. His training had made him realize the importance of little things, and it was such incidents as giving these animals to the President of France which assisted in cementing the friendship of England and France. King Edward saw clearly in his reign that Germany was preparing an army to crush England, and he set about to form an alliance by doing little things. He believed that the forming of this alliance would mean peace for the world.

The simple life and love of our late Queen Victoria will always live in her subjects' hearts. She, the Queen of the mightiest Empire, had the most glorious reign. By visiting Mr. and Mrs. Tait at the Windsor

TROUT CREEK FARM

Farms I became acquainted with the life of our beloved Queen. She preferred visiting with the people who occupied the cottages on the Windsor Farms and were employed there, and in taking tea at these cottages to attending state dinners in the castle. She radiated love, and all on account of her simple life. She named the calves in the Shorthorn herd at Windsor, and would go amongst them and, as Mr. Tait told me, could call every animal in the herd by its name. She was a woman and a queen. With all this, she took a deep interest in agriculture, knowing that this was in the interest of her subjects.

Lord Rosebery was one of the very enthusiastic agriculturalists and live-stock breeders in Great Britain. As a young man he had high ambitions. He started out with the resolve to be Premier of England, to marry the richest heiress in England, and to win the Derby. He accomplished all three.

I happened to be at Lord Rosebery's home farm near Edinburgh when the order came to the farm manager that his lordship wished to have all the herds and flocks bred

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

up to the highest state of efficiency. The natural conclusion of most of us would be that Lord Rosebery would have been satisfied at having arrived at the goal of his three ambitions. But this was not so. My observation in life has been that the higher up a man ascends in life, the greater need he finds of something that is real, and in keeping in touch with the land. Lord Rosebery would naturally seek a channel where he could be of further service to his country and find contentment, which, after all, is the greatest jewel that any man can discover in his journey through life. This jewel is more often discovered on the land than in any other occupation.

Sir William Van Horne, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, was one of the most far-seeing men of his time in Canada, a man full of energy and indomitable courage. He knew well the importance of agriculture and improved live-stock. He purchased male animals and scattered them along the great C.P.R. system, not for any philanthropic purpose, but because he knew that the placing of these animals in this way

TROUT CREEK FARM

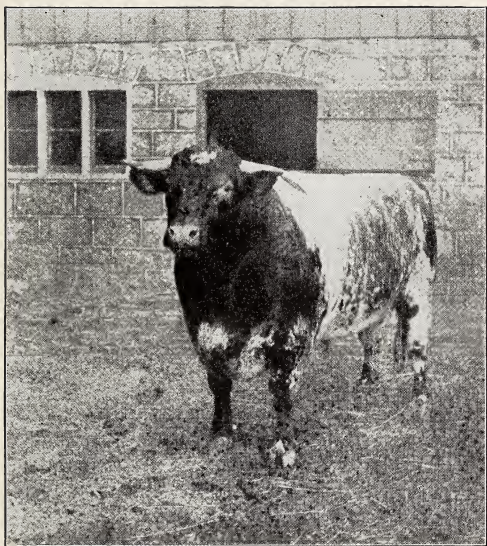
would be the means of furnishing train-loads of live-stock to go over the C.P.R. system. He knew our great Western Prairie Empire, having been familiar with it in the days when the buffalo roamed in millions over the boundless prairie, and understanding that the great herds of buffalo had assisted in maintaining the fertility of our Western prairie, he well knew that the farmers could not continue to produce wheat on the Western prairie without combining the raising of live-stock with the production of wheat.

It was my privilege to attend a banquet at Winnipeg when Sir William gave an address on agriculture and live-stock. His remarks were an inspiration. At that time there was a great feeling against the C.P.R. rates in the West. Sir William's final remarks were to the effect that he appeared before them, not as a railway man, but as an agriculturalist who owned and worked six thousand acres near Winnipeg, and that he wished to place himself upon record as having no fault to find with the C.P.R. rates.

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

On one occasion Sir William attended one of my Shorthorn sales in Hamilton. He purchased a number of the best cows, and later on purchased the champion, Spicy Marquis, from the Trout Creek herd. After becoming acquainted, we sold him many car-loads of registered Shorthorn cattle. He was always ready to pay the top price, and in return expected top cattle. Trout Creek farm furnished him with the herd which won the highest honors at both Winnipeg and Toronto.

Impressions that are lasting and that benefit a man are generally received in his boyhood days. My first impression as to the value of cows was received on Trout Creek farm from my mother when I was eleven years of age. From the sale of butter from a few cows, the steers from these cows, and eggs from a few hens and the garden produce, she was enabled to provide for a family of seven children, and was often in a position to assist father to make payments on the land they had purchased at that time. There was very little money in those days. It was only by strict economy, coupled with



“SPICY MARQUIS” AT TROUT CREEK, A CHAMPION FOR TWO YEARS AT TORONTO EXHIBITION.

TROUT CREEK FARM

industry and thrift, that the men and women could purchase farms and pay for them.

I remember a herd of Shorthorns being started within two miles of Trout Creek. Father purchased a twelve-month-old bull from this herd, and since he was working night and day at the time to pay for his land, he must have been impressed with the value of a registered sire or otherwise he would not have spent the money. The results were marvellous—a great, lusty lot of calves, which I had the pleasure of feeding during the winter, and I remember father coming into the shed where they were running loose. Running his hands over some of them, and taking hold of their skins, he remarked, “Why, Bill, they have hides like kid gloves.” This was Greek to me at the time. I suppose if he had said that they had hides like elephants, the remark would have pleased me equally well. But I was not long in learning the great value of a pleasant touch when running my hands over an animal. The phrase, “Hides like kid gloves” had aroused a

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

curiosity in me, as kid gloves in those days were a curiosity.

Among the calves was a white heifer, which to me at that time seemed perfection. I can see her yet. Very strange, one may say, that after nearly forty-three years a calf should be photographed on one's memory. It is not so to me, however, since this animal stood out among the calves just as some of the men and women I knew in my boyhood days were outstanding among the people of their day. They are still engraved upon my memory and will be so long as my memory holds.

The International Live-stock Exposition in Chicago had a great charm for me. The whole atmosphere appeared to be permeated with good-will to all and with a desire for the improvement of live-stock. It was a vast enterprise, and the gentlemen whom I had the pleasure of meeting in connection with it had hearts as big as the enterprise itself. These men always gave me the handshake of a brother. Remembrances such as these are not forgotten. They go with you through life and into the great life beyond.

TROUT CREEK FARM

I could scarcely undertake to mention the many friends connected with the Union Stock Yards, and later with the International, whom I came to know so well, but one, W. E. Skinner, the big-hearted manager of the International, had sufficient sunshine in his soul to illuminate the whole stock yards. The International created an atmosphere of its own, so genuinely different from a great city such as Chicago.

After going over a goodly portion of life's trails and following different callings, my conclusion is that if I were to choose now, I would choose the land and link it up with improved live-stock, either in dairy or beef breeds of cattle, horses, sheep or swine. This work offers an opportunity to do something for the material prosperity of one's country. It is an employment in which one can have a real home and be at one's own fireside; where God provides an everlasting mine, a mine in which production does not quit, but increases in proportion to your labors; where one can enjoy the simple life, health, peace and contentment; where one may have time to be of some service to the

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

community, and where one can also have time to help others along the trail and to give that companionship to wife and family that they so dearly appreciate.

PART V

THE cure for all the ills and wrongs, the cares, the sorrows and the crimes of humanity, all lie in that one word "love"; it is the divine vitality that everywhere produces and restores life; to each and every one of us it gives the power of working miracles if we will.—*Lydia Maria Child.*

WHEN God formed the rose He said, "Thou shalt flourish and spread thy perfume." When He commanded the sun to emerge from chaos, He added, "Thou shalt enlighten and warm the world." When He gave life to the lark, He enjoined upon it to soar and sing in the air. Finally He created man, and told him to love. And seeing the sun shine, perceiving the rose scattering its odours, hearing the lark warble in the air, how can man help loving?—*Anatasias Grun.*

OF all the joys we can experience in the present or hope for in the life to come, love is the only one worth our care and solicitude.—*William Lindsay Alexander.*



MRS. FLATT AND WILLIE.

PART V.

OBSERVATIONS ALONG THE TRAIL.

TRAILS in the forest kingdom were blazed by many different kinds of people, representing many interests and leading in many directions. Some of them were well marked and easy to follow; others led one into difficulty.

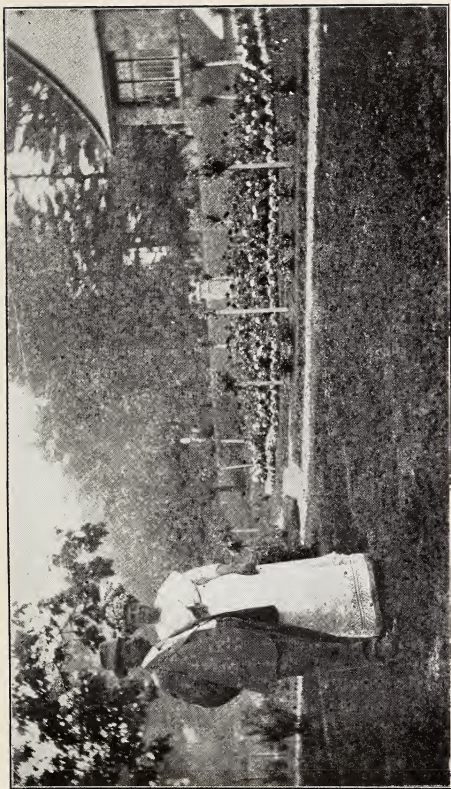
The Indian trails were winding. They would lead one through the forest, over the ridges and along the lines of least resistance. The end of this trail would often be found at a beautiful inland lake, with no habitation but the marks of an old camping-ground. The marks on the trees made by the Indians had helped you along your journey; the end of their trail had been reached. You now found it necessary to use your compass and take a direct course to the goal you had started for. The going was often hard but your course was direct; you had a positive objective in view; difficulties were

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

overcome by the fact of having formed a resolve to blaze your own trail.

The trails blazed by the trappers lead you to the lower land along the rivers, creeks and into the swamps to the beaver meadows, where the beaver had built up his home by many years of industry. Separate ponds had been established suitable in size for the colonies which were to occupy them. As the colonies increased the beavers constructed more dams and more ponds. The travelling along the trappers' trail was dangerous. The difficulties would increase in proportion to the number of beaver colonies, since in places the marshes were undermined, forming great holes from which the timber cruiser extricated himself with difficulty.

The trail blazed by the early adventurer was not marked plainly. You could not help observing that the man who had gone on before had not intended to return the same way. He was sight-seeing, looking the new world over, some to ascertain its possibilities, others for love of adventure. When cruising in the forest we paid little attention to these trails. They were too indefinite.



IN THE GARDENS AT LAKEHURST VILLA.

ALONG THE TRAIL

The trees that had been blazed by the early surveyors were marked plainly and frequently. They ran north, south, east and west. Corner posts were planted at the township corners and marked plainly on four sides. To the cruiser the surveyor's work was always respected and depended upon. To him belonged the honor of dividing up this great, vast kingdom.

After the stage of the blazed trails the pioneer appeared upon the scene, ready for conflict, with a weapon that never acknowledges defeat. This mighty power the pioneer had with him was love and courage. When you came across the pioneer's trail in the forest there was no mistaking it. The marks on the trees were plain and frequent. You could see that the man who had blazed this trail intended returning over it, that he had prepared it so that a loved one could follow it. The pioneer trail was the most inviting, the most fascinating trail in the forest.

At the end of this trail blazed by the king of the forest you would find a log cabin, whose door was always open to the stranger

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

and hospitality extended by those who occupied it. The food in that cabin, and likewise the blankets, would be divided with the stranger. The pioneer had come to stay. He must conform to nature in being hospitable. If he were to enjoy the close embrace of nature for himself, wife and little ones he must welcome the stranger, as nature had welcomed him. If the forest sanctuary was not to be defiled, then there must be the right hand of good fellowship extended and a spirit of peace upon earth and good-will to all men established. The solitude in the forest was the route by which you entered the forest sanctuary and there dwelt in peace and contentment in the kingdom of nature. Nature is as old as time, and to her lover, the man of industry, she is always sweet and charming.

There is a never-ending struggle going on in nature. The earth is sufficient to supply her wants, but the little trees, along with the big ones, must struggle for their existence. The flowers that scatter their sweet perfume all around them must struggle with the weeds and briars. If man has love in



MRS. W. D. FLATT—A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.



WILLIE AND HIS FAITHFUL DOG "BEN."

ALONG THE TRAIL

his heart, sufficient independence, sufficient ambition and enough courage to have a place in life, then he must struggle, and if he would succeed, it is imperative that he abide by the laws of nature.

When I look back now over the trails blazed in the forest and along through the journey of life, I often wonder if these were plain enough, and if they have assisted any brother along his journey, and if they were marked with love. Thank God, there is one great plain trail to follow through life—the trail of love.

This was pointed out to me by my mother. It has helped me along the journey of life more than all others. God stamped every tree, flower and shrub in the forest, all the pure, sparkling springs of cool, refreshing water. The creeks and rivers were surrounded by God's love. If you got off the trail, the little birds were in the forest to call you back. They wore the stamp of God's love proudly upon their breasts. Your mother, my mother, your father, my father, were travelling along this beautiful trail of love when they sacrificed many comforts for

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

us when we were young. My devoted wife was travelling upon this sweet trail when she overlooked my faults.

There were times in the forest when we depended too much on the trail marked by others to take us to our destination, and often have taken the wrong path as a result of this carelessness. The quiet of the night, with God watching over us, would give us time to reason out the direction we required to take to get to our tent. We also had learned how to use our compass and follow it. The trail that had been blazed by the early surveyors had become extinct. The marks on the trees had grown over. The trees that had been used for section corners had fallen. I often wonder if we of to-day are allowing the great trail blazed by God over two thousand years ago to be covered over. The young trees in the forest grow up alongside where the old tree died. The young tree still stands for God's love. We should at least keep the section corners plain. Many times have I paced forty or fifty miles into the primeval forest, kept count of my paces all the way and followed



MEMBERS OF HAMILTON BOARD OF CONTROL, BOARD OF TRADE AND PARKS BOARD AT
LAKEHURST VILLA.

ALONG THE TRAIL

my compass faithfully in order to arrive at a certain section corner where I wished to estimate the pine. Very often I was disappointed in not finding as plainly as I would like the marks on the section corner, but with patience in rolling over the fallen trees nearby, we would generally discover the old tree with the markings we were looking for. The old tree had fallen face down, as if to protect and keep the figures that had been inscribed upon it by the early surveyors. The great percentage of pioneers represented section corners. They have fallen, and were removed by the Hand of Love to greater forests. Are we worthy to stand on these section corners? Are the markings plain enough upon us so that the stranger in the forest of life can tell whether he is on his right land or not? In making careful search where the old tree that bore the mark of the section corner stood, we would find that God had planted a tree to take its place.

We want men and women to-day who will blaze trails that are plain, trails that you

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

will like to return over; that are safe for the youth to follow upon.

We want for Canada men and women that have been along life's trails, that have encountered dangers; men that have wandered off the trail and have had the courage to start over again; men that have the courage to throw off their coats and remove the dangers; men in Parliament and public positions that think more of the souls of the youth of Canada than they do of holding office; men that stand out like the great pine trees that God matured in Wentworth and Halton Counties; men relentless in conflict against wrong; men that are worthy descendants of the great pioneer empire foundation-builders of Canada.

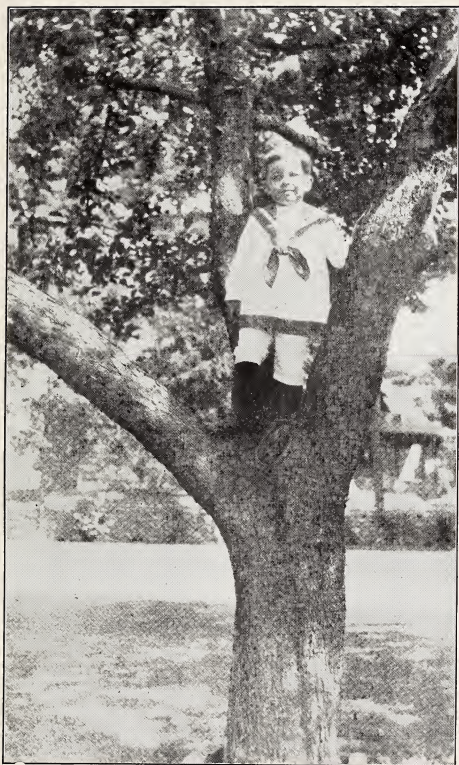
We want young men that will grow up worthy to represent and take the place of these pioneers; that will answer the call to service with God's love planted deep down in their hearts, that will bear the marks of integrity, honesty, truthfulness, courage, sufficient determination to go along the trail of life, with enough fibre in their souls to avoid the dangers, young men that will fol-



HOW FORESTS GROW AT THE MOUNTAIN STEPS—A VIEW IN
BRITISH COLUMBIA.



NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART WITH THE MONARCHS OF THE PLAINS.



COMMUNING WITH NATURE.



ON THE LAWN AT LAKEHURST VILLA.

ALONG THE TRAIL

low the trail of love and carry heavy packs, if required.

In the forest we always learned to greet the stranger and to assist him along the trail. As you go through life, young man, start in on the trail with a pleasant word for old and young. Try to help others over the difficult places in life's journey. This is a simple code for you to follow to develop into a strong, useful man and to enjoy happiness crowned with contentment.

We need young women to-day with the modesty of the pioneer mothers and grandmothers, who will practise some of the thrift and wholesome simplicity of those days; young women who will assure a young man that she can be a help to him along life's journey; that she can do her share in rowing the boat up stream; young women who will have sufficient independence to demand of any young man that she be given a paddle to help with, provided she is to accept his invitation to become his life partner by climbing into his canoe. The young man needs a partner who will be useful when they are running the rapids together in life's

THE TRAIL OF LOVE

journey; who will be strong enough in character; who will guide the canoe to avoid going over the falls; one who will be willing to start in life in a humble way, just where the pioneer mothers started; one that will make home the most pleasant place in the world for her partner; one that knows how to raise a family on a bone of meat and a head of cabbage; who can prepare a boiled dinner and set up wholesome food; a young woman who will acknowledge God as being her guide and supreme ruler in her home.

We want boys to-day that will blaze their trails plainly; boys with enough courage to say "No"; boys who can pull their sleighs up hill, who can climb mountains; boys who will take hold of the bat, stand up to the diamond and face the pitcher like a man; boys who are steady; who observe which way the ball is coming, then hit at it with all their strength. It is better for you to have tried to hit the ball and be called out on strikes than not to have tried; boys who will play the game to win and face the pitcher again with greater determination to win; boys who are persistent enough to make a



FRIENDS ON THE LAWN AT LAKEHURST VILLA.



MEMBERS OF HAMILTON HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY AT LAKEHURST VILLA.

ALONG THE TRAIL

base run and then get around on to second base, on to third, then to the home plate; boys who, if they are called out at the home plate, are gentlemen enough to abide by the decision of the umpire; boys who will start over again and face the pitcher with greater determination and then land the ball over the fence and make a home run; who lift their hats; who are always polite, both in and out of the presence of ladies and gentlemen; who are gentlemen in all respects; boys that attend Sabbath School and work as hard to understand the lesson as they do to win in a baseball game; boys who honor and love father and mother.

In your journey through life mark your trail plainly all the way with love—love for God, love for wife, father, mother, for the little ones, for brothers, sisters, love for all mankind, and love for all the nobler things of life. By marking your trail plainly in this way you will leave it safe for a loved one to follow.

