

# The Terra Incognita of the North

A Marvelous Story of the Canadian Wilderness, Where the American Balloonists, Post and Hawley, Landed after Their Thrilling Record-breaking Flight in the Recent International Balloon Race. This Little Explored Territory Is To-day the Least Known of All the Wild Countries of the Earth

By James Oliver Curwood

EDITOR'S NOTE: When those two daring American aviators, Allan Hawley and Augustus Post, were reported lost in the vast wilderness in the north of Canada, many people were startled with the knowledge that the Dominion contained vast unknown wilderness. James Oliver Curwood, the author of this article, contributes the first detailed description of Canada's Terra Incognita. After reading Mr. Curwood's story of these great lakes, unnavigable rivers and impassable forests, one does not wonder that those well acquainted with this unknown northland were alarmed for the safety of the American balloonists. Mr. Curwood has been closely associated with the Canadian government for a number of years as an explorer and information gatherer in the Canadian wilderness, and is perhaps the greatest living authority upon the subject he covers. He has been in every town and four corners west of Winnipeg, has traveled through the country on horseback with the mounted police, and has shot coyotes where Saskatoon now stands; he has been four times to Hudson's Bay, three times to the Barren Lands, twice into the country of the Athabasca, and once to the Arctic Circle. His life has been one of thrilling adventure and daring exploration.

## PART I.

IT IS doubtful if one person out of a thousand knows that within a comparatively few hours he can reach by rail the edge of a terra incognita of romance, adventure and undiscovered treasure in Canada, of far greater interest and importance at the present moment than any other "unknown" land in the world. While gold-seekers and fortune-hunters of all kinds have peopled British Columbia, the Yukon and Alaska; while pole-seekers and discoverers have beaten pathways across the neck of the continent still farther north, and while millions of prairie farmers have almost completed the circle, they have all left remaining, in the center of the Canadian Dominion, a country one-fourth as large as the total area of Europe, which is to-day the least known of all the wild countries of the earth.

By some this may be judged as a pretty strong statement, when one takes into consideration that it does not even except the little-known regions of Africa and Asia, and the writer makes it only after a thorough study of the vast Hudson's Bay regions and after having traveled through them again and again, from east to west, from south to north, by canoe, dog sledge and on snowshoes. These journeys have taken the writer twice to Hudson's Bay, once to James's Bay, twice to the Barren Lands and once into the country of the Athabasca; while, as an employe of the Canadian government, other travels have taken him to practically every town and settlement west and north of Winnipeg. These statements are made merely to show that the writer has a considerable personal knowledge of what is to follow.

FOR a decade past newspapers and magazines have been filled with glowing descriptions of "Canada's last great West"—of fertile millions of acres, of a country that is some day bound to be a powerful nation. Meanwhile, the "heart" of that country, 600,000 square miles of it, has scarce received a line. This is the terra incognita to which I refer.

nearly all "explorers" have gone. Along them are situated most of the fur posts, and beyond their narrow lines but little is known. And in this world of forest and ridge mountains and eternal desolation, still buried in the mystery and silence of endless centuries, are its "people." Approximately there are from fifteen thousand to twenty-five thousand human souls in an area fifteen times the size of Ohio, and there are no more than five hundred of these who have not some Indian blood in their veins. On the other hand, fully one-half of the total population has its strain of white blood.

From the days of the first adventurers of the Frenchman, Groselier, two centuries and a half ago, the intermixture of bloods in this unknown region of Canada has been going on more or less, so that to-day,



nita to the east and north is worthless for farming purposes—this in spite of the fact that the Hudson's Bay country possesses a splendid climate during the summer, and that grain and vegetables can be grown as far north as the sixty-second degree. At Fort Simpson, for instance, in latitude 61.8, barley is a sure crop, wheat ripens four seasons out of five, and melons and vegetables mature if started under glass. As early as July 15th I have found peas fit for use at Fort Providence, latitude 61.4, and other vegetables well along. At this place wheat was sown early in May and harvested early in August. Gooseberries, strawberries, raspberries and saskatoons ripen in abundance at this place, and even at Fort Churchill, on Hudson's Bay, potatoes and turnips are raised. Such facts as these—and there are pages of them, when set out by themselves make rather startling evidence of the productivity of the far north, especially when it is further added that the average number of hours of sunshine each day along the sixtieth degree is seventeen and a half, while in Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and other Northern States it is only about fourteen. And it is not arctic sunshine, but warm, life-producing sunshine that makes the Indian boys love barefooted pleasures as well as their little southern brothers. This is mighty good ammunition for present and future boomers of a land fifteen hundred miles north.

BUT now for a nearer bird's-eye view of Canada's terra incognita which I have mapped out. It is in many ways the most desolate country in the world, as well as the most picturesque and romantic. Great areas of "ridge mountains," torn and twisted upheavals of past ages, filled with cavernous streams and thousands of rock-bottomed lakes, cover unmapped thousands of square miles. Country penetrable only by dog sledge and snowshoes in winter and by canoe in summer reaches out to vast, wind-swept plains, tenanted by only the most venturesome trappers, who brave the wild arctic blizzards of winter in pursuit of

From a decade past newspapers and magazines have been filled with glowing descriptions of "Canada's last great West"—of fertile millions of acres, of a country that is some day bound to be a powerful nation. Meanwhile, the "heart" of that country, 600,000 square miles of it, has scarce received a line. This is the terra incognita to which I refer. It reaches from Labrador to the country of the Athabasca, from about two hundred miles north of Lake Superior to the pathways of the pole-hunters in the northern sea. On a map an accurate line bounding these vast regions would run from the mouth of the St. Augustine River, in Labrador, southwestward to a point fifty miles above the line of the new Grand Trunk Pacific, then west and north just above Lake Winnipeg, until it formed a right angle with the line of the Slave River, and thence northward, west of Great Bear Lake, to the Arctic Ocean. A bird's-eye view of this practically unknown country would show Hudson's Bay, a huge "ice-box," four times as large as all of the five Great Lakes, in the center, with what I have called the Canadian "terra incognita" hemming it in on all sides—six hundred miles of it to the east, two hundred to the south, and from five hundred to seven hundred of it to the west.

By "unknown" I do not mean that the white man is new to these regions of Canada or that they have not been partly explored; for since the day, away back in 1670, when Prince Rupert formed on a capital of \$50,000 the little company of adventurers known as the Hudson's Bay Company, white men have helped to build up the unusual and picturesque life that is now a part of the great northland—a life which is neither French, nor English, nor Indian, and yet a combination of all three, brought about by nearly three centuries' intermixture of bloods. In recent years the Dominion government has sent out occasional exploring parties, and the Royal Northwest Mounted Police are learning more each year of its mysteries and wealth. But beyond these first endeavors little else has been done.

THERE are vast areas in Canada of which even the government has no definite knowledge, and there are thousands of square miles where the foot of a white man has never trod. Practically all knowledge of this big, wild country has been secured, again and again, along a few chosen and well-worn routes, outside of which investigation has seldom gone. One of these routes is to Hudson's Bay by way of the Missinaibi, another to York Factory by way of the Nelson, a third to Fort Churchill by way of the Churchill River, a fourth over the surveyed line of the proposed railroad to the bay, and the one route to the country of the Athabasca is via the Reindeer Lake and Churchill River waterways.

Imagine a dozen or so well-beaten vehicle highways traversing a country one-fourth as large as Europe—narrow highways hemmed in by impenetrable wilderness—and one may form some sort of an idea of the little that is still known of 600,000 square miles of the North American continent. Along these routes



The Author After His Return from a Four Month's Journey in the Hudson's Bay Country.

if the Indians possessed an aristocracy, many of them might point back through the shadows of past centuries to a kinship with some of the proudest blood of France and England. Since the beginning of their time these people of the "north breed" have lived by the chase in a desolate wilderness waste, and their small number represents the survival of the fittest in a land of hardship and peril. To every family of this people nature has given, on an average, one hundred square miles of "home"—of rock and mountain, swamp and forest, of lake and river and wind-swept plain. And these families, "banding" in communities of from five to twenty families each, find themselves so completely lost in their own vast world that they, too, know as little of it outside of their own beaten paths as a hundred million white people to the south. I have spent a good deal of time among these silent people of the north. I have been with them winter and summer—have followed their trap lines in winter, and have paddled canoes with them in the days of sunshine and warmth—and through them I have learned first-hand how little the outside world knows of them or their country or of the possibilities of the big northland. What are these possibilities? That is one of the questions which are just beginning to be asked in earnest.

TODAY this unknown land in Canada is the most valuable fur-producing area on earth. But what else is it or may it become? In the first place, in spite of much written matter to the contrary, I feel no hesitation in stating that it is ridiculous to believe that any considerable part of it will ever be turned into agricultural regions. On paper it is easy to "prove" that farming can be carried on with success over practically all of these regions, and now and then a writer who has "studied" the country from a base of operation a thousand or so miles away, or who has hoped to boom it, has produced these proofs.

The great Peace River country and large areas west of Lake Athabasca are undoubtedly enormously fertile regions and will one day be thickly populated, but practically all of the territory in the terra incog-

and thousands of rock-bottomed lakes, cover unmapped thousands of square miles. Country penetrable only by dog sledge and snowshoes in winter and by canoe in summer reaches out to vast, wind-swept plains, tenanted by only the most venturesome trappers, who brave the wild arctic blizzards of winter in pursuit of the northern fox; and these "barrens," in turn, give place to great swamps, thick forests of small timber and to other great areas of caribou-haunted muskeg.

Canada's terra incognita is a country of splendid wildness, of a grand defiance to man. Basking in warmth and sunshine in summer, it freezes into the death chill of sixty and seventy degrees below zero in winter, when the fertile spots, like oases in a desert, become uninhabitable to all but the bravest and the strongest. And at this season Hudson's Bay—the "ice-box"—joins in the fight against man. From the Arctic Ocean freezing currents pour in a deluge along the western shores of the bay, sweeping east and north again and out into the Atlantic through Hudson's Strait. Its chill blasts are felt for hundreds of miles, stunting the forests, keeping life down to that terrible point just half way between existence and annihilation, for it must be borne in mind that in these regions there are, and have been for centuries, less than twenty-five thousand people living at one time. And if these represent the "survival of the fittest" among a race whose new-born babes are given their baths in snow, and who are born to hardship and a bitter struggle for existence from their natal day, how can the most sanguine boomer believe for a moment that the day will come when these regions will be populated by a civilized race?

AND if not this, what are the future possibilities of the big north? It is estimated that there are at present ten thousand prospectors—treasure-seekers after iron, gold, silver and other precious minerals—at work in Canada. And yet, until very recently, not one of these ten thousand had ventured into the untrod ways beyond the present line of the Grand Trunk Pacific! A few of them had prospected some of the principal rivers, but beyond their small endeavors the virgin north is still a treasure-box untampered with by man. That it is the greatest mineral region in the whole world there is small doubt, and that it is more difficult to conquer—more forbidding to man—than Alaska or the Yukon seems proved in another way, by the fact that thus far man has not hazarded himself in its terrible desolation.

Two years ago, in preparing his history of the Great Lakes, the writer discovered that a consensus of scientific opinion gave to the iron deposits of Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin a future of only fifty years. It is predicted that within that time they will be practically exhausted, and much comment and harrowing questions as to "what will happen then" have been the result. Possibly not one of these writers realized that the iron ranges of the States continue through sixteen hundred miles of northern wilderness to the polar seas. Crossing the border

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balance herself and to wave her dainty hand in defiance to those who doubt her ability to stay there.

If we are to judge by the latest advertising dodge—that of flashing publicity

**New Methods of Advertising.**

across the foot-lights as part of the entertainment—managers figure out that, should box receipts fall short, as they are doing, very frequently of late, some of the running expenses of the shows can be made up out of the advertising end.

In Charles Klein's latest play one of the characters is made to call for liquid refreshment. In a single sentence three different bottled table waters are mentioned. In "Electricity," the names of a well-known confectioner, a famous jewelry firm and a large dry-goods house are sent across the footlights with emphasis.

Nearly every play in the city is advertising something or some firm, always lugging in the publicity; but none pursues these methods so flagrantly as the two here mentioned. We have long been accustomed to the advertising given to different champagne firms by actors who on every occasion have a drinking bout written in for them. In such scenes the particular brand of wine that is presumably drunk is either spoken or it is conspicuously displayed by turning the label audience-ward; but advertising candies, jewelry and dry-goods is a new departure in the theatrical publicity business.

Nothing pleases me better than to be able to chronicle the advent of another successful comedy in New York. There is great need of laughter in the world. In my opinion, playwrights who can write clean comedy and actors who can interpret it are entitled to inscribe their names among the real benefactors of a nation. Thompson Buchanan, who conceived the happy idea of writing "The Cub" and carried his work to a successful issue, and Douglas Fairbanks, who gets all the comedy there is out of every line furnished by Mr. Buchanan, are to be heartily congratulated for their entry into this class of benefactors.

as well as his inexperience with moonshine whiskey and firearms, together with his ability for dodging bullets, furnish much of the hilarious fun encompassed within the three acts. The Cub, who, in the last act, accomplishes an amicable settlement of the feud, is likely to keep New York audiences laughing for many weeks to come. The cast of the play is excellently well chosen. Each member represents a type, and all of them enter spiritedly into the action of the comedy.

EDITOR'S NOTE: During the course of the dramatic season, Miss Harriet Quinby, LESLIE'S dramatic editor, receives many letters from subscribers and others asking her to name the decent plays to which a man may take the feminine members of his family. As most of the productions go on tour after leaving New York, we believe that a list of wholesome plays will be found valuable to the public.

The Concert	Rebecca of Sunnybrook
The Commuters	Farm
Smith	Electricity
The Rosary	Raffles
Get Rich Quick Wallingford	The Blue Bird
The Girl in the Train	Keeping Up Appearances
The Deserters	The Cub
The Scarlet Pimpernel	The Gamblers
The Country Boy	Mme. Troubadour
Decorating Clementine	Judy Forget
Hans, the Elite Player	He Came from Milwaukee
Madame Sherry	Tillie's Nightmare
The Dollar Princess	Baby Mins
Alias Jimmy Valentine	Mother
	The Little Damsel

**The Terra Incognita of the North.**

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just west of Lake Superior, the iron country swings eastward, and from Georgian Bay proceeds northward along the shores of Hudson's Bay to Labrador. Sufficient outcroppings have been found to lead to the belief that almost the whole of the vast territory of Ungava is a region of iron—a territory so large that all of the iron ranges of the world could be placed in it three times over! From the beginning of history it has been a saying that iron is more precious than gold. To-day the discovery of a new deposit of iron is considered more important than a gold strike, and iron-hunters for the big trusts are seeking for and securing control of everything that gives promise. In spite of this fact, the enormous ranges of Canada's terra incognita are given no consideration.

It was not long ago that the Cobalt region was a howling wilderness. To-day

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goin' up and reblond my hair now, and early to-morrow I'm goin' hot fo' something elegant. There's always to-morrow, with Broadway winkin' just beyond."

For a moment Bennett looked at her steadily, but he did not say anything. He smiled.

"I won't go upstairs and blond my hair, but I believe I will get my hat and take a walk as far as the corner," he said, and unconsciously he laughed. "And you're right, too—there's always to-morrow and Broadway."

**The Terra Incognita of the North.**

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it is one great mining camp, and I predict that within the next twenty years the road that now ends a little above Cobalt will have penetrated far into the dark regions of the north, and that strong-limbed and red-blooded men will have brought about the beginning of a revolution in the iron status of the world.

The insignificant bit of scientific investigation and prospecting that has already been done has revealed the fact that great deposits of lignite lay between the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific and James's Bay. From this point, along the Moose River waterway, for twelve hundred miles west and for one thousand miles north, there has been absolutely no prospecting done, except along three or four of the principal streams. Throughout this region, as far north as Baker Lake, four hundred miles north of Fort Churchill, are scattered gold and silver producing areas of rock, many of them as large as the Yukon. South of Hudson's Bay and east and north of James's Bay are thirty thousand square miles of geological formation identical with that of the fabulously rich Klondike, and during the past three years gold discoveries have continued northward from the Lake of the Woods and Sturgeon Lake districts to Lac Seul, giving more than ordinary reason to suppose that this gold belt, four hundred miles in width, extends seven hundred miles to the north, possibly terminating in a second Klondike

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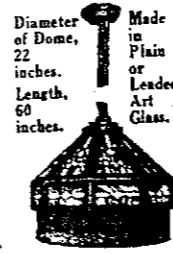
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on the shores of Hudson's Bay. I was at Prince Albert when the first important gold discoveries were made to the north of that place, and personally found gold and silver producing areas as far north as Lake Athabasca, in regions absolutely untraveled by prospectors, and also saw evidences that the vast coal deposits of Alaska, which have been creating such a sensation of late, reach eight-hundred miles westward to the bay.

The new Grand Trunk Pacific and the projected road from Le Pas to the bay will undoubtedly do more than any other two factors have ever achieved in the world's history of minerals. During the next two years an army of a thousand courageous prospectors, whom the Canadian Parliament has eulogized as "the bravest of her men," will leave these lines to penetrate into the mysteries of the unknown north; and it is then that this country, slumbering in the solitude of its stunted forests for eons past, will be awakened into its own. Civilization will not go north, but only civilization's soldiers of fortune.

Where the freezing winter breath of the polar seas battles to stifle all life during five months of the year, there will spring up no great mining towns like those of the south. There will be "camps"—camps like those of the most desolate regions of Alaska, wherein only

the strongest of men will live and work, and where there will be little of the song of women and cultivation of the soil. The whole region, as far north as the sea, is rich in waterways, and these, in places, have worn trails for lines of steel. But Hudson's Bay itself is what might be called the "salvation of Canada's terra incognita." Within a few years fleets of ships will be plying from Fort Churchill, York Factory and other points to Europe, shortening Canada's grain route by a thousand miles. And while it would be practically impossible to bring down the northland's cruder treasures of iron and coal to southern points by rail, it will be comparatively easy to transport those same treasures to Hudson's Bay.

It is easily conceivable that the day is not distant when iron and steel mills will send up their smoke from the shores of the bay, especially if coal is found with the vast iron deposits of Ungava; and in that event, in the words of a high official of the government, "Canada will in time become the great steel producing country of the world, and England will be enriched by hundreds of billions." It is a big and mighty question—this of the great north—and it will still remain unanswered in all its completeness for some time to come.

(Concluded in our next issue.)

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"Bo."

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about, anyhow, Mistah Bennett?" cried she. "What's the matter, eh? If you was a drinking man, now— But it must be the heat. Mamie! You Ma-o-mie!"

But, instead of the slatternly little maid, Belle came out on the doorstep, very white, but quite calm.

"Laurence!" she called.

Bennett turned, saw her and rose quickly to his feet.

"Will you come in the parlor for a minute, please?" she asked.

He nodded. Silently he followed her beyond the velvet curtains to the gorgeous plush parlor, where Lester stood, flushed and nervous, before the fern-heaped fireplace. The younger man came forward as Bennett entered.

"Bo, what is this you've been telling

In answering advertisements please mention "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."

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A Marvelous Story of the Canadian Wilderness, Where the American Balloonists, Post and Hawley, Landed after Their Thrilling Record-breaking Flight in the Recent International Balloon Race. This Little Explored Territory Is To-day the Least Known of All the Wild Countries of the Earth

By James Oliver Curwood

## PART II.

**T**O THE seeker of romance and adventure, of the picturesque and strange, this terra incognita of the north is interesting chiefly not because of its possibilities and its treasure, but because of its people and the tragic fight for existence which they are making and have been making for centuries past. Since the days of the first adventurous Frenchmen, only the Esquimaux have held their own. It must be understood that in this country there has been no warring between races to keep the population down, as was the case in more southern climes. It has been and is a war with nature. In the whole region of Ungava—or, in other words, in a country eight times as large as Ohio—there is a population of about three thousand, half Esquimaux and half Montagnais, Nascaupics and Crees. In a strip of country one hundred and fifty miles wide, and running entirely around the eastern, southern and western shores of Hudson's Bay, forming a territory of 300,000 square miles, there is a population of less than five thousand, the more principal areas of life being farther west and south.

In this terra incognita there are what might be called two divisions of human life, each absolutely dependent upon the other. Without the few thousands of Indian population the great Hudson's Bay Company would be a mere name, and without the Hudson's Bay Company the northland would become practically devoid of Indian life within a few decades.

To understand this and to come fully in touch with the wild life of the posts and the wilderness, one must be in the northland during all the seasons of the year. There have been few of the earth's great corporations more severely criticised than the Hudson's Bay Company. It has, from time past memory, been accused of cheating the Indians, of robbing them to the point of starvation, of oppressing them in every manner and form. It is true that only a few years ago the com-

villion Company. A post factor will pay an Indian trapper ten or twelve dollars for a lynx skin worth twenty-five dollars. He will give him six dollars for a twelve-dollar fisher-cat pelt, three dollars for a

facts have given rise to the sometimes bitter criticism of this great northern trust, and, while it is my intention to make a "defense," I cite them merely to give a basis for what is to follow.

In the first place, the Indian of the far north is one of the most honest and loyal-hearted fellows on the face of the earth, and, unlike most other Indians, he is a lover of home and of wife and children. At the same time he is, during a half of the year, one of the most veritable of vagabonds. It is this fact which makes life what it is in the big northland. For instance, the trapper comes in with his furs early in the spring, and brings with him his wife and children and dogs. If he has had a successful season he is, for a few days, a king among his kind. He decks his family out in a prince-like style, and, in spite of all the arguments that the factor can bring against him, he persists in getting rid of his money like a spendthrift at Monte Carlo. He lives near the post during the warm months, along with scores of others of his people. The big outside wilderness is deserted. Within a week or ten days he is penniless. The small supply of provisions that he has purchased is quickly gone. With the supreme confidence of a child he depends upon the company, and during all of the summer the company keeps him busy at odd little things and supplies him and his family with food—free of charge. By midsummer he is as ragged as a tramp and the gorgeous raiment of his wife has degenerated into colored and bedraggled tatters. He is, for the time, a wilderness tramp, but as happy as the day is long. It is at this season that the tenderfoot traveler from civilization is paddled up the peaceful rivers and then is paddled back again, to write his pathetic yarns about the "destitution and suffering" wrought by the great northern trust.

Now come the first chill winds from the icy seas. They bring new life, new activity, new ambitions—for they are the "call winds" of the savage trappers. The time is about come for them to set out into the

## Thanksgiving.

**A**NOTHER year of sun and rain,  
Of singing birds and summer flowers,  
Brings us this hallowed day again.  
With joy that life's great gift is ours.

April, elate with skies of blue,  
And scurrying clouds, and budding trees,  
Has held her rosiest promise true.  
The trembling, pale anemone's

Frail cup, and all the pomp of May,  
With June's transcendent cavalcade,  
Brought us this heritage to-day.  
For this the boundless year was made:

For this there came the bobolink's strain,  
And the song-sparrow's dulcet thrill  
The opulent crops renewed again,  
That crown each autumn vale and hill

The chestnuts that the frost unlocks,  
Our orchards of Hesperides,  
And all the fields of growing flocks  
Conspired in generous league with these.

Yet this sure globe goes not alone,  
Through any force fortuitous:  
The Hand upon Creation's Throne  
Proffers unmeasured wealth to us.

So, for the rich Thanksgiving feast.

**I**nteresting chiefly not because of its possibilities and its treasure, but because of its people and the tragic fight for existence which they are making and have been making for centuries past. Since the days of the first adventurous Frenchmen, only the Esquimaux have held their own. It must be understood that in this country there has been no warring between races to keep the population down, as was the case in more southern climes. It has been and is a war with nature. In the whole region of Ungava—or, in other words, in a country eight times as large as Ohio—there is a population of about three thousand, half Esquimaux and half Montagnais, Nascaupics and Crees. In a strip of country one hundred and fifty miles wide, and running entirely around the eastern, southern and western shores of Hudson's Bay, forming a territory of 300,000 square miles, there is a population of less than five thousand, the more principal areas of life being farther west and south.

In this terra incognita there are what might be called two divisions of human life, each absolutely dependent upon the other. Without the few thousands of Indian population the great Hudson's Bay Company would be a mere name, and without the Hudson's Bay Company the northland would become practically devoid of Indian life within a few decades.

To understand this and to come fully in touch with the wild life of the posts and the wilderness, one must be in the northland during all the seasons of the year. There have been few of the earth's great corporations more severely criticised than the Hudson's Bay Company. It has, from time past memory, been accused of cheating the Indians, of robbing them to the point of starvation, of oppressing them in every manner and form. It is true that only a few years ago the company's factors held the power of life and death in their hands and could send a man out to be shot or hanged, as they saw fit; it is also true that, in times past, an Indian was asked to give a small fortune in furs in exchange for a cheap gun. But at no time has the company been accused of oppression or of unfair treatment by the Indians themselves, which is a significant fact. To-day the Indians of the north would fight to the death for the Hudson's Bay people, if necessary, so loyal are they to the company—that is, those who have not given their allegiance to the Re-

### Thanksgiving.

**A**NOTHER year of sun and rain,  
Of singing birds and summer flowers,  
Brings us this hallowed day again.  
With joy that life's great gift is ours

April, elate with skies of blue,  
And scurrying clouds, and budding trees,  
Has held her ros'est promise true.  
The trembling, pale anemone's

Frail cup, and all the pomp of May,  
With June's transcendent cavalcade,  
Brought us this heritage to-day.  
For this the boundless year was made:

For this there came the bobolink's strain,  
And the song-sparrow's dulcet thrill  
The opulent crops renewed again,  
That crown each autumn vale and hill

The chestnuts that the frost unlocks,  
Our orchards of Hesperides,  
And all the fields of growing flocks  
Conspired in generous league with these.

Yet this sure globe goes not alone,  
Through any force fortuitous:  
The Hand upon Creation's Throne  
Proffers unmeasured wealth to us.

So, for the rich Thanksgiving feast,  
Let gratitude to-day arise,  
For joy and good once more increased,  
And love descending from the skies!

JOEL BENTON.

seven-dollar mink, and so on; and then, in addition, when the Indian comes to purchase his supplies at the company store, he will charge him on an average of about three times the cost-price of an article. These

of the most honest and loyal-hearted fellows on the face of the earth, and, unlike most other Indians, he is a lover of home and of wife and children. At the same time he is, during a half of the year, one of the most veritable of vagabonds. It is this fact which makes life what it is in the big northland. For instance, the trapper comes in with his furs early in the spring, and brings with him his wife and children and dogs. If he has had a successful season he is, for a few days, a king among his kind. He decks his family out in a prince-like style, and, in spite of all the arguments that the factor can bring against him, he persists in getting rid of his money like a spendthrift at Monte Carlo. He lives near the post during the warm months, along with scores of others of his people. The big outside wilderness is deserted. Within a week or ten days he is penniless. The small supply of provisions that he has purchased is quickly gone. With the supreme confidence of a child he depends upon the company, and during all of the summer the company keeps him busy at odd little things and supplies him and his family with food—free of charge. By midsummer he is as ragged as a tramp and the gorgeous raiment of his wife has degenerated into colored and bedraggled tatters. He is, for the time, a wilderness tramp, but as happy as the day is long. It is at this season that the tenderfoot traveler from civilization is paddled up the peaceful rivers and then is paddled back again, to write his pathetic yarns about the "destitution and suffering" wrought by the great northern trust.

Now come the first chill winds from the icy seas. They bring new life, new activity, new ambitions for they are the "call winds" of the savage trappers. The time is about come for them to set out into the wild places for the millions of dollars' worth of furs which they catch for civilization each year. The excitement grows at the post, and yet of all the eager forest people there not one has a cent with which to outfit himself! How can these poor people, unclad, unsupplied with food and absolutely unequipped, exist through the terrible rigors of an arctic winter? I saw this question asked in all seriousness in a sporting magazine recently. This writer, like most others who study the north from fifteen hundred miles away, did not know that to each trapper among its people

(Continued on page 511.)

# From Street Waif to Governor

The Wonderful Life Story of Tennessee's New Republican Executive

By Carl Holliday

**F**ROM an orphanage to the Governor's mansion in thirty years is not at all a bad rec-

tion. Then followed a course in law. But what Southerner is not a born politician? Hooper had his

known since the days of the Civil War. Then came the dastardly murder of Carmack by the Coopers, and



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many other dishes.

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the original Worcestershire, fills  
every requirement.

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ture is on wrapper and label.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York.

**Terra Incognita of the North**

(Continued from page 54.)

The Hudson's Bay Company gives a loan  
of from fifty to four hundred dollars  
each autumn! In other words, with the  
utmost confidence and trust it equips the  
trappers of its vast domain, turning  
over to them with absolutely no security  
hundreds of thousands of dollars—a mag-  
nificent specimen of the brotherhood of  
man beyond the fiftieth degree.

And now the Indian is no longer the  
lovable, fun-seeking vagabond of sum-  
mer. In every direction they set out  
from the post for hundreds of miles into  
the wilderness, seeking their old trap  
lines and their deserted shacks—men,  
women and children keyed up for the  
long days of adventure and peril ahead  
of them. Late in October their "trap  
lines" are set and fur catching begins.  
One Indian may have a line of from  
twenty to forty miles in length, set with  
two hundred traps and dead falls, besides  
poison baits for wolves and foxes. His  
"line" is his own, for it is an unwritten  
law of the north that one trapper must  
not encroach upon the grounds of another.  
So it happens that the grounds of a

Health and Income

father are inherited by the son and by  
the children of that son. At one time  
an "encroachment" upon another's trap-  
ping ground was a warrant of death, but  
this has ceased to be—except in an oc-  
casional instance.

At New Year's all trails again lead  
to the posts, for this is the "big time"  
season of the year, when for a week or  
ten days the wild forest people come in  
with their furs and have feasts and  
games and celebrating that knocks a  
civilized Christmas into a cocked hat, as  
one factor said to me. At this time  
comes the "squaring of accounts" with  
the factor. Perhaps an Indian was  
loaned two hundred dollars for outfitting,  
and he brings in four hundred dollars'  
worth of furs. The two hundred dollars  
are deducted, leaving him two hundred  
dollars to the good. But it is also possi-  
ble that he has had bad luck, that he has  
been sick or that fur has not come his  
way, and his catch may not be more than  
one hundred dollars. If this is so, his  
account is "wiped out." In other words,  
the Indian trapper never leaves a post  
with the burden of an old debt as well as  
that of a new one hanging over him. If  
he has bad luck, the post factor is gen-  
erous and says, "You'll do better next  
time," and outfits him again. The In-  
dian is a wanderer, and if he went forth  
with two debts facing him it is possi-  
ble he might move into another district.  
But as it is, his gratitude is aroused, and  
this, in an Indian, is as safe to bank upon  
as a first mortgage in a civilized com-  
munity.

And so it comes about that each year  
the Hudson's Bay Company loses many  
thousands of dollars in what might be  
called "bad loans." I know of one post  
where six thousand dollars were lost in  
this way last year. The loss can come  
about in numerous ways—poor luck,  
death and sickness being the chief ones.  
In case of the death of a trapper, his  
family falls as a heritage to the company,  
who supports the wife and children in  
comfort and gets nothing in return. For  
these reasons the company is compelled  
to make what, on the face of them,  
appear to be enormous profits. But,  
instead of being the subject of unjust  
criticism, they should, in fact, be re-  
garded as the necessary accompaniment  
of a tremendously interesting study in  
social economy—the economy of life.  
For the Hudson's Bay Company's meth-  
ods make it possible for all of the people  
of the northland to exist in the same de-  
gree of comfort and prosperity, in spite  
of misfortunes which may overtake in-  
dividuals. It might be called the great  
law of life beyond the fiftieth that  
"The lucky divide with the unlucky, the  
well with the sick"; and for this social-  
istic condition the Hudson's Bay Com-  
pany receives the gratitude and allegi-  
ance of the greater part of the population  
of Canada's terra incognita of ice and  
snow and solitude.

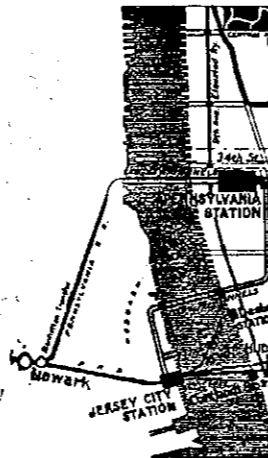
**The Day and the Bird.**

**T**HERE are days that are jeweled with diamonds  
and pearls.

When the sleigh bells are merrily ringing,  
And days when the blossoms are white on the

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OF  
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Across Evening Argus  
Oct. 20, 1894 p. 3

# "THE TERROR OF ATHABASCA"

By J. Carwood, Owasco.

[WRITER FOR THE ARGUS.]

"Yes, stranger, this be a purty place that's certain," said old Ike, the Canadian guide, as he complacently lit his pipe and gazed across the glorious sheet of water that spread its scenery out before us.

The sun had just reached the tops of the trees on the farther side of the lake and its bright warm beams cast a golden glory over the glassy surface of Athabasca.

"Ye think," continued the guide, "that when ye cum ter upper Canada during the finest season of the year that ye are bravin' the perils of the great northern woods. Ye paddie around the lake shootin' the smaller game now, and think it's fun; but when ye cum ter put on the 'shoes' and face a blindin' sleet, the sport's not in it."

I was somewhat taken aback when I heard the blunt assertion of the grizzled and weather-beaten hunter, but wishing to be on friendly terms with the old fellow I extended my hand and said: "I suppose you have many thrilling adventures in these regions and if it is not too impudent may I ask how you came by that terrible scar on your cheek?" He started as though struck a sudden blow.

"That scar? Stranger, it's a story you'd not believe, though I could make you believe it, for I have proof—yea proof of a hundred men."

My curiosity was at once aroused and seeing that my companion was not intent on telling the story I repeated my question.

"Wall, young man," he said, turning and looking me straight in the face, "if ye want ter hear it so bad I'll tell it to ye." Then after filling his pipe with fresh tobacco he launched forth.

"Thirteen years ago this comin' winter I was employed as scout and guide at Fort Fon du Lac. A party of gentlemen had established a fur company at this place, and as I was also one of their chief hunters you see my life was a rough one.

"The winter of which I speak was an extremely cold one in upper Canada. Ours was also the roughest route of the kentry, between the Beaver river and the Great Slave. Game was very skeerce that year, fer'ardly a moose or a caribou had been seen.

"Our supplies ran low and the manager determined to send a number o' men to Doabaunt lake for the much needed provisions. We started for the distant west about the middle o' Janu-

and that it would be sure death to be caught, unsheltered. One of the men, who had been a scout in the war of 1812 and knew this kentry as well as a schoolboy knew his map, vowed that was a cave near by that would prove a safe retreat for the hull on us.

I don't believe any one of us had a chance to answer, for the next instant it seemed as though the infernal regions had let loose. I threw myself on my face 'till the first rush had passed over, and then arose and faced the mountains of snow. I could not see five feet distant, large flakes as large as chestnuts filled the air. I called for my companions, but heard no reply. Then stranger, the true horror of my position came upon me. We were separated and I was alone. Alone, and nearly a hundred miles from any habitation. The thought made me frantic; I yelled again and again but of no avail; I gave up all hope—my days were numbered and I was doomed. Still I staggered on, hardly conscious of moving at all. My limbs were numb and I had dropped my pack luggage, but I yet clung to my trusty rifle.

I began to grow warmer now, and I felt buoyant. I realized that I must make one last effort or perish. Suddenly I ran up agin a block, and with a glad cry I sprang forward. It was the cave of which Pete had spoken. But he was off, stranger, some ten miles off. His reckoning cost twenty-two lives.

The floor of the cavern was covered with bones and dry wood. Collecting some of the latter I built a rousing fire and felt like my own self again. I always carried a small knapsack in which I never failed to have a good supply of cooked food. Having ate my supper I lit my pipe and leaned back agin the stone wall of the cavern. I was thinking of my less fortunate companions who, long ago, had perished in the treacherous storm. I then went to the mouth of the cave and yelled at the top of my voice, then I fired my rifle several times, but stranger, it did no good. Jim here, and I, were the only ones left out of that party of twenty-eight." Here the old guide paused a moment to point toward his friend who sat on a bench by the tavern door. "The bodies of the others" he continued, "were found the following spring, but now fer the scar. I agin took my seat by the fire and was soon in a light doze. The flames threw a bright light on the surrounding walls and I was suddenly startled at the appearance of a man at the mouth of the cavern. I sprang forward and held out my hands: 'You're welcome stranger.' He paid no attention to my greeting but opened his lips and uttered a terrible scream. I leaped backward in horror. It was more like the cry of a panther than a numan being. Agin the blood-curdlin' yell echoed throughout the cavern. Then the terrible truth rushed upon me: I was in the

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