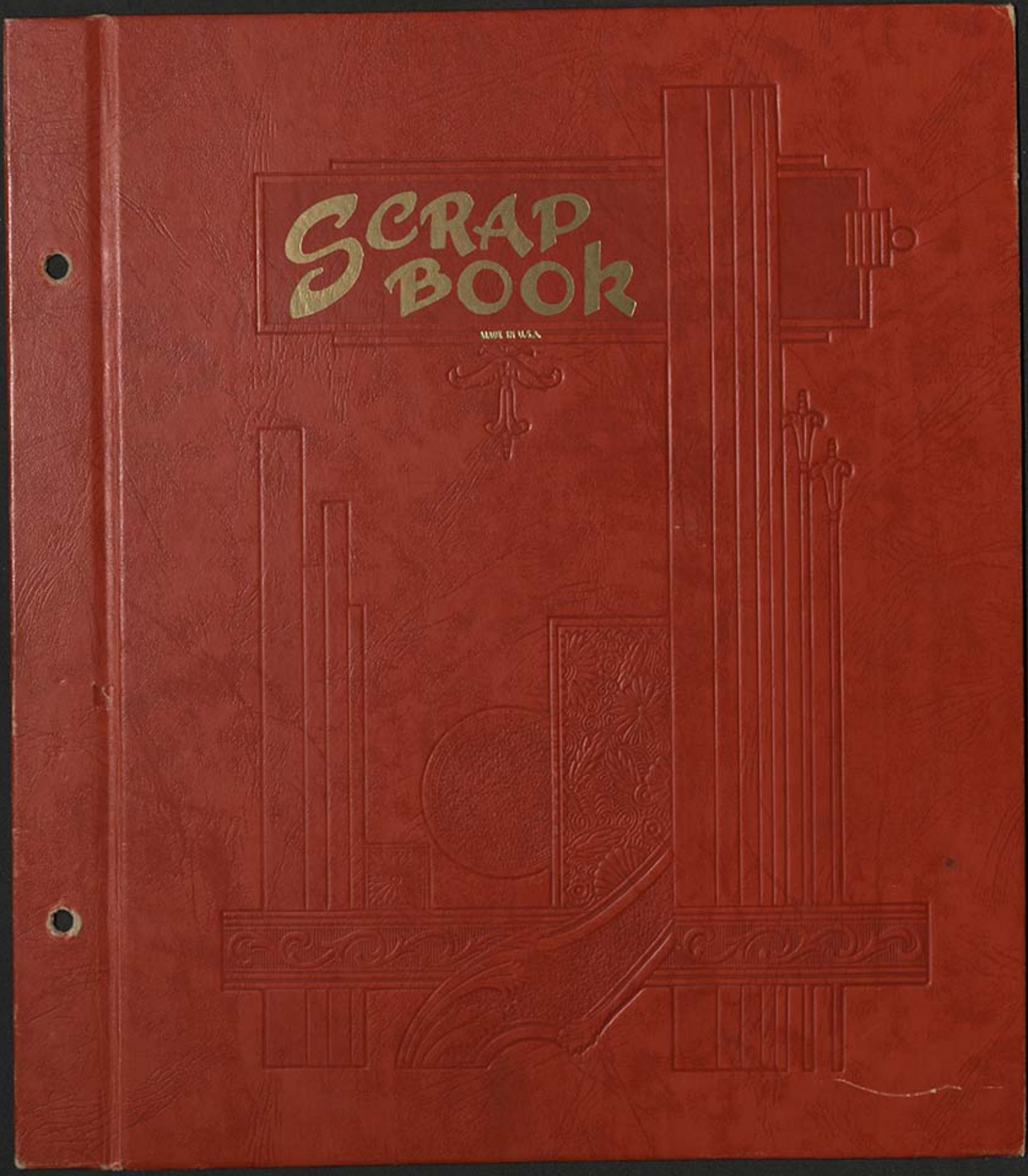

SCRAP
BOOK
MADE IN U.S.A.

In addition to its industrial boom, Nova Scotia has enjoyed its most prosperous tourist season this year. The province has everything to offer the vacationist, including scenery, fishing, beautiful beaches and interesting handcrafts. Peggy's Cove, above, is a typical tourists' haven in Nova Scotia.

Reader's Digest

JUNE 1951

HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS

Canada's visitor finds the scenery magnificent, the bears friendly and the Canadians wonderful drinking companions

A Travel Article by **RICHARD JOSEPH**

ABOARD TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES FLIGHT NO. 5: Fifteen thousand feet below us the great plains of the Canadian prairie provinces stretch white and interminable in the moonlight.

This is *big* country, partner—built to the scale of an American's imagination when he dreams about a vacation.

The hotels are like castles, with luxury on every hand, yet many are plunked down in the middle of breath-taking wildness that stirs those pioneer yearnings no American ever quite loses. You can gaze over a national park here that's over twice as large as the State of Delaware—crammed with wild game, big game, bear, moose, elk, mountain goat, bighorn sheep, and with sky-scraping peaks and mile-stretching vistas that will make you thrill to the reincarnation of Daniel Boone you feel creeping up within you, that secret portrait of the Scout we all treasure as the real picture of ourselves. It's all clean and big and beautiful, new and yet somehow part of you all at once, and just a step away from your front door. And if this sounds just a little on the gone side, try it for yourself, and you'll recognize the foregoing as a masterly understatement. Canada has the advantage of being a wholly new scene to an American visitor, yet there's a warm, homely sense of recognition that doesn't leave you too cut off from your own fireside when you cross that friendly border.

It's less than twelve hours since I left New York, but in that short time I caught a flight to Montreal, drove up to a new resort at Chiriotto Farm at Ste. Adele in the Laurentian Mountains, had dinner, drove back to Montreal, caught my plane (just) and headed *(Continued on page 120)*

Riding is a top sport in Canadian National Parks

Banff's Indian Days are scheduled for July 19-21

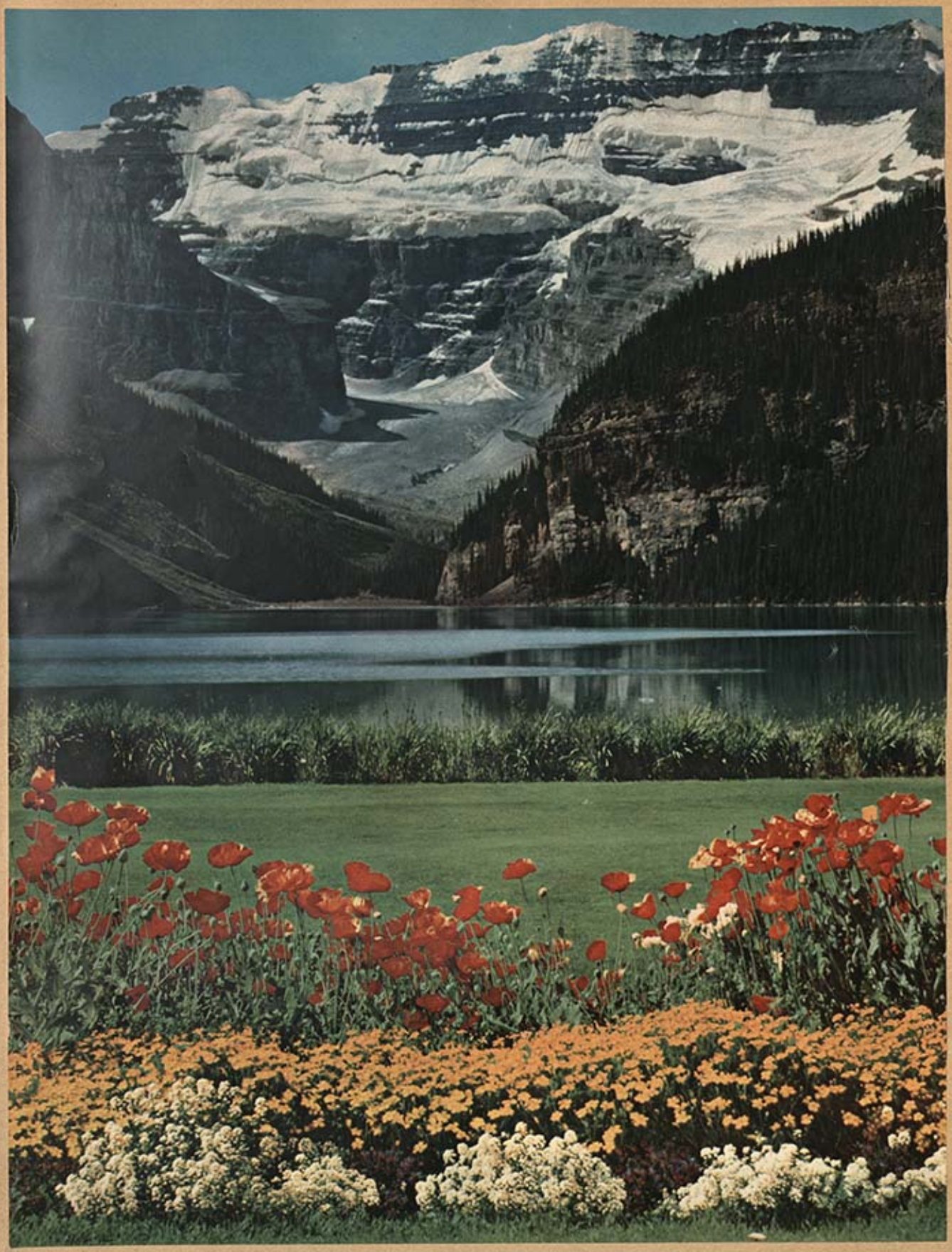
Civilization touches the infinite at Lake Louise

←
Lake Louise has probably caused more oh's and ah's than any other bit of water—and here you see why we didn't dare write a caption including adjectives

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY; PICTURE BELOW COURTESY CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Old-timer Parade in Jasper National Park brings back the feeling of frontier days

Cycling up above Banff Springs Hotel requires good—well, strong—legs



Magazine Section
Number Two

THE STAR WEEKLY

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1951 FORTY-SECOND YEAR OF PUBLICATION

Equally as significant as its economic success is the contribution the clam industry "co-op" system in British Columbia has made toward giving the Indians (like Stanley James, above, of Victoria, whose hobby is miniature totem poles) a feeling of racial equality, out of which has grown greater self-confidence than they had known before.

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER HERBERT TAREYTON

MRS. B. POPE MARION of Boston society, pictured against the Canadian Rockies at Banff. Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Mrs. Marion says: "Herbert Tareytons are always so fresh and mild."

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton. They appreciate the kind of smoking that only fine tobacco and a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

THE Country GUIDE

NOVEMBER, 1951

CATTLE

What to Buy
When to Buy
When to Sell

NATURE'S MIRROR

Compliments of

MACLIN

Canadian Pacific

HOTELS

from Sea to Sea

Canadian Pacific

HOTELS

from Sea to Sea

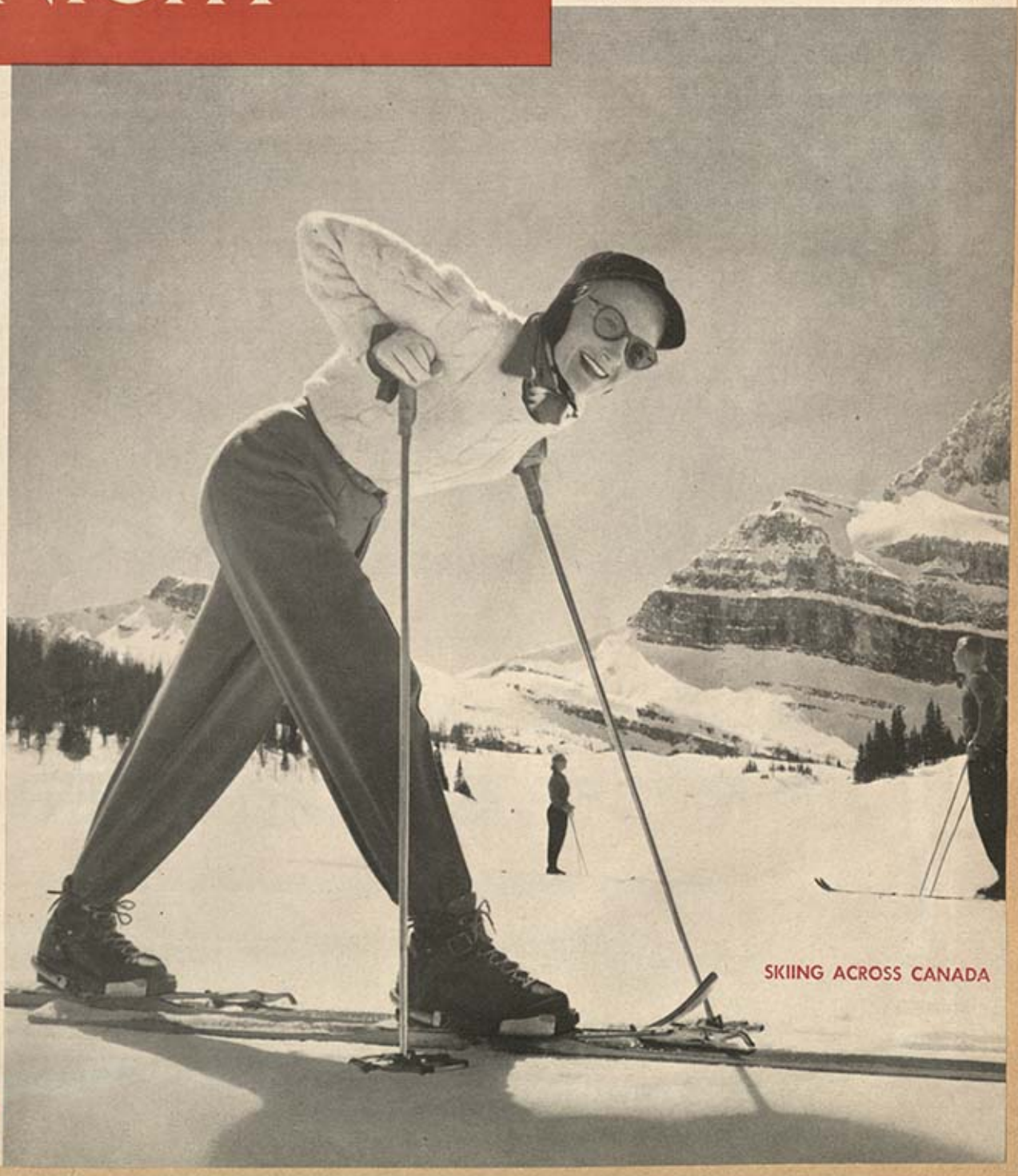
SATURDAY NIGHT

Canadians in Korea: Their Real Gripe
by Peter Inglis

CANADA SAYS "NO" TO NATO

It Would Be Nice to Have Four Lives
by Scott Young

FEBRUARY 9, 1952 VOL. 67, NO. 18



SKIING ACROSS CANADA

10c

Maritime Highlights

Facing the ocean on the rugged south shore of Nova Scotia, the lighthouse at Peggy's Cove is well-known to mariners, and visitors to out-of-the-way places.

Set in their inevitable graveyard country churches add dignity to the Maritime scene. This view was taken at Sandy Cove.

In the western end of Nova Scotia oxen still find plenty of work to do. This is a hay-making scene at Sandy Cove in the Digby Neck Area.

Bligh's Bounty Sails Again

An accurate replica of the famous ship is built in Nova Scotia for a new movie on the mutiny

By Cyril Robinson and Louis Jaques
WEEKEND Staff Writer and Photographer

William Bligh, the captain of the original Bounty, was set adrift by the mutineers in a 23-foot boat with 18 of his supporters. They survived a 3,618-mile voyage.

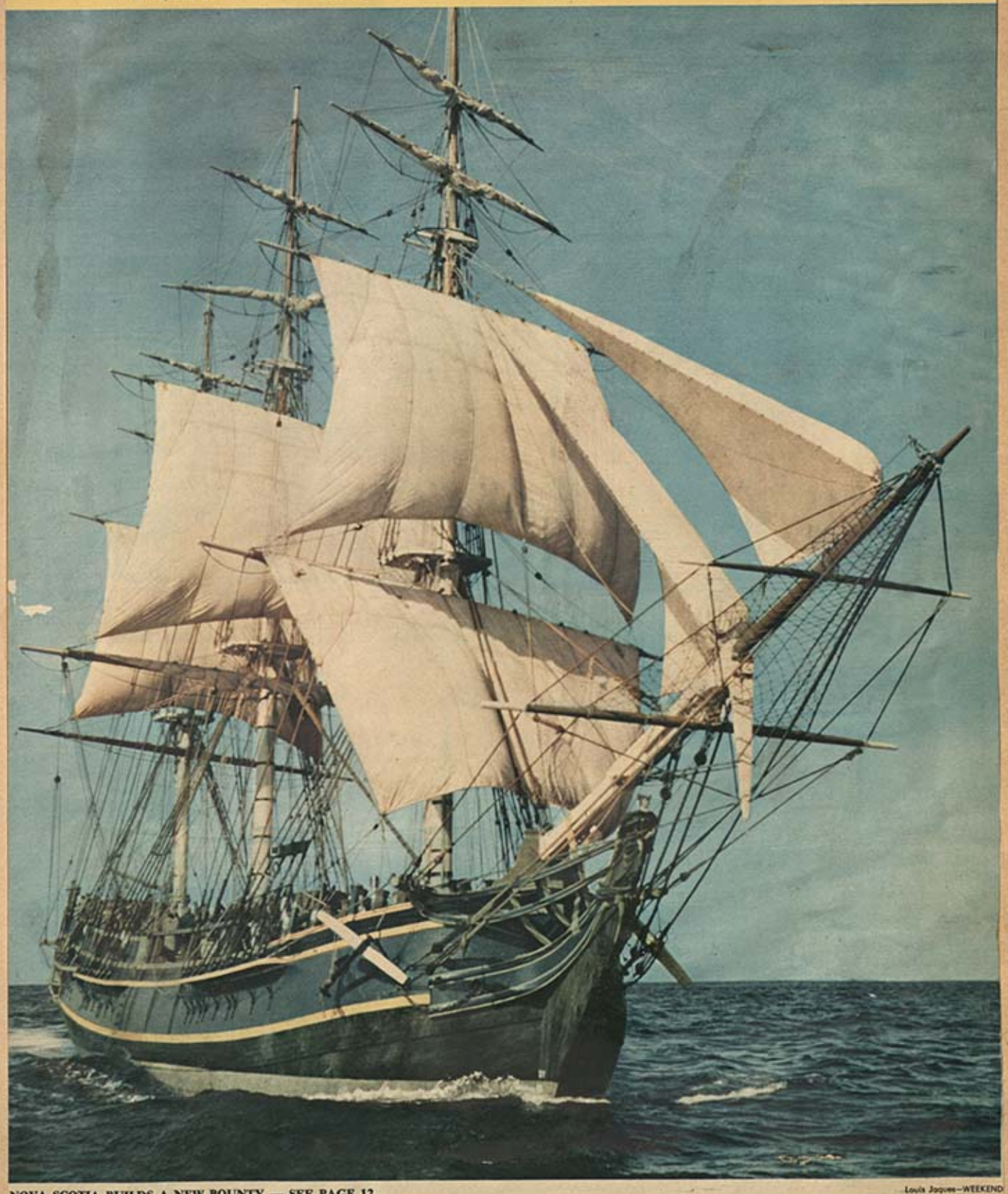
LIKE A GHOST from the romantic past, the three-masted, square-rigged brigantine Bounty, black sheep of Britain's 18th Century navy, is sailing again.

Reborn to play a movie role, the new Bounty thrilled watchers in recent sea trials at Lunenburg, N.S., before heading south on a 7,000-mile voyage to Tahiti in the South Pacific. There, an M-G-M film crew and cast headed by Marlon Brando will make a second filming of Mutiny On The Bounty.

Her thousands of yards of canvas spanked by a stiff wind, Bounty looked magnificent during her trials. "I haven't seen a sight like that since the Bluenose," commented veteran Lunenburg marine photographer Johnny Knickle. None was more delighted than Charlie Hebb, the 70-year-old sailmaker who made the ship's 18 sails, or Morris Allen, who did the rigging. Both agreed it was "the biggest job of our lives."

Outwardly, the sturdy, heavy-timbered Bounty, with her figurehead prow, **(Continued on Page 14)**

Vol. 10, No. 50 Dec. 10, 1960



NOVA SCOTIA BUILDS A NEW BOUNTY — SEE PAGE 12

Louis Jaques—WEEKEND

New and old contrast strikingly as an R.C.N. helicopter — typical craft of 1960 — watches over sea trials of the brigantine Bounty, Nova Scotia-built version of the 18th Century warship of the same name, famous for the mutiny which broke out aboard her. Replica was built for new film of mutiny story.

The new Bounty was built at Lunenburg, N.S., by Smith and Rhuland, builders of the Bluenose, noted fishing schooner that appears on Canadian dimes. Rigging in which men at right are perched is work of veteran rigger Morris Allen, of Lunenburg, who also worked on the Bluenose.

Reminders of a slower-paced age, Bounty and a team of oxen make a picture not much different from those of the days of the original vessel. Beside a wharf, she is readied for her 7,000-mile voyage to Tahiti, where she will be used in a new film version of Mutiny On The Bounty.

every conceivable spot to watch the Bounty's launching.

Master of the new Bounty, Capt. Ellsworth Trask Coggins (R), of Dartmouth, N.S., is a retired R.C.N. officer. At helm is Robert Douglas, only U.S. member of 23-man crew.

cameras stop grinding they will sail in the Bounty to San Francisco, New Orleans, New York, Boston and other great ports of North America to help to publicize the film, on which M-G-M expects to spend $10 million.

"It's the thrill of my life," commented Hugh Boyd, who is in his twenties. His shipmates share his enthusiasm. It is likely they will serve aboard the Bounty for two years.

The story of the Bounty began at Hull, Eng., where she was built in 1775 and named Bethia. When she was two years old the British Admiralty bought the vessel, after much haggling, for £1,950, outfitted her, coppered her bottom and renamed her the Bounty. In 1787 the Admiralty sent her to Tahiti in the South Pacific to take on breadfruit for the West Indies. After six months in Tahiti, Bounty put to sea. But members of the crew so loved the island they hated to leave. Led by Fletcher Christian, they mutinied against Capt. William Bligh, putting him and 18 of his supporters adrift in a 23-foot boat.

BLIGH and his companions miraculously survived a 41-day, 3,618-mile sea voyage and reached the island of Timor. The mutineers had meanwhile sailed back to Tahiti and those who stayed there were captured. Christian and some others, including some native women, went to Pitcairn Island. They burned the Bounty and for a quarter-century were undiscovered. By then only one of the mutineers survived.

The M-G-M movie will be different from the previous production in which Charles Laughton starred as Capt. Bligh. It will centre on the life of Fletcher Christian (played by Brando) and his fellow mutineers on Pitcairn Island. Bligh's role will be played by Trevor Howard.

The film is expected to be released in December, 1961, and in Lunenburg, where the building of the Bounty created a great tourist influx as well as much public interest, the people are eagerly awaiting it. ✔

WEEKEND Magazine Vol. 10 No. 50, 1960

La Patrie
JOURNAL DU DIMANCHE
Dimanche, 11 janvier, 1948

EN PLEINE NATURE

Cette magnifique photographie d'un castor dans son habitat naturel fut prise l'été dernier dans la région de Banff, par M. Nicholas Morant, photographe de réputation internationale à l'emploi du service des relations extérieures du Pacifique Canadien. Si l'on considère les habitudes nocturnes et la grande timidité du castor en présence de l'homme, la réussite de cette photo, dont la composition est à peu près parfaite, constitue un véritable tour de force de la part de son auteur. (Photo du Pacifique Canadien)

La Patrie
JOURNAL DU DIMANCHE
Dimanche, 25 janvier, 1948

FÉERIE DE LA NEIGE

Sur les vallons blancs de neige des Laurentides, le soleil et les arbres font un magnifique jeu d'ombres et de lumière. Trois skieurs s'arrêtent pour décider de la piste à suivre. Ils ne font que trois minuscules taches sur le tapis blanc jeté sur les collines. (Photo du Pacifique Canadien)

American worker, returned with her aids went on to New York for the same purpose.

So successful were both women that in February, 1915, they convoyed back to Serbia 120 tons of material. The typhus epidemic, which took more than 180,000 lives of soldiers and civilians, had commenced.

Miss Sandes and Miss Simmonds were both sent to Valjevo in Northern Serbia, a town where all the civilians were down the town.

Appalling Retreat

SHE was taken on as a dresser to the Ambulance of the 2nd Infantry Regiment, then fighting in the Babuna Pass. Fighting a desperate rearguard action, through a blinding blizzard and bitter cold,

The General gave his consent saying it would be better for the entente between Serbians and British if she remained with the army, because it would encourage the soldiers who already knew her, and to whose simple minds she represented the help promised by Britain.

That is how Miss Flora Sandes, a British

Smart Soldier

IT WAS in July of that year that I firs met this famous woman soldier. I saw tall, handsome, soldierly person, with pin cheeks and short snow-white hair. Her un form was very smart and she looked th

(Continued on Page 11.)

A True Canadian Crime Story

The Valley Terror

Discovery of three mutilated and partially eaten bodies of settlers in Skelton Valley cast R.C.M.P. Sergeant Morgan in a role which would have frightened the bravest of men. For police believed a human monster was responsible for the killings.

By C. V. TENCH.

"THREE murders within the space of three months, Morgan, and although I've had my men working day and night on the case, to date we haven't unearthed the slightest clue."

Superintendent Courtney, officer in charge of Detachment G., Western British Columbia Division of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, leaned across his desk and eyed Sergeant Morgan, undercover operative from headquarters, steadfastly for a few moments, then went on: "My opinion is that the killer is an old resident of the district and knows all members of my detachment by sight. That is why I sent for you. Being a stranger in these parts and working in plain clothes gives you a big advantage, eh."

"Yes, sir." Sergeant Morgan drew a long breath. He had arrived from Ottawa but a few minutes before and gone straight to the superintendent's office. Formal greetings and the presentation and acceptance of credentials having been done with, without further preamble Superintendent Courtney had launched into the matter that had been weighing on his mind for some time—the series of murders in the Skelton Valley district.

"Now, of course, you want full details," Superintendent Courtney resumed, picking up a sheaf of papers from his desk. "Well, here they are.

"First you must know that the killer appears to be something more than human."

"More than human, sir?" Morgan's eyebrows lifted.

Cannibal?

"YES." The older man again leaned forward. "We've kept it to ourselves but the details of these killings are unbelievably gruesome. In each instance, Morgan, the corpse has been found to be not only terribly mutilated but **partially eaten!**"

"Good Lord!" Morgan stiffened in his chair.

"Shocking, eh?" The superintendent's eyes and lips hardened "Yet it is the simple truth. Here are all the facts:

"About a year ago the Government threw open to settlers a large tract of land—the Chilcotin country in the heart of British Columbia. Prior to then the district in and around Skeleton Valley had been reserved for cattle ranching. It is splendid territory and, naturally, land seekers poured into the district.

"Followed trouble between the homesteaders and cattlemen. Some of the ranchers strenuously objected to the invasion of would-be farmers and, as heated protests to the Government were ignored, took matters into their own hands. Fences were wrecked, a few shacks were burned down, a number of wells were dynamited. But a handful of arrests and stiff fines quickly put an end to that business. Then followed serious trouble—these murders.

"Three months ago a homesteader named Mehon was found dead in his shack and his body partially devoured. Constable Rampart who investigated reported that the killing was obviously the deed of a wild beast, so we let it go at that and the remains were buried. "A month later another homesteader was found dead in his cabin, killed in exactly the same way. I doubled up on patrols and warned all residents of the district to be on the lookout for a rogue grizzly, a mountain lion, or, perhaps, a wolf pack."

"But——" Morgan began.

The superintendent lifted a silencing hand.

"I know what you were about to ask, how about tracks, eh? Well a few days ago a third homesteader was found dead and his body partially eaten. His name was Fullerton. I then investigated personally.

"Frankly, Morgan, it was one of the sickest messes I've ever viewed; turned my stomach. Eyeing the ghastly spectacle I was convinced that some wild animal had torn the victim to pieces and expected to find plenty of tracks. Instead"—the superintendent leaned forward, his eyes burning—"I found that the floor of the shack and the ground outside had been roughly swabbed! All tracks had been deliberately obliterated! Would or could a wild beast do that?"

"Good Lord, sir!" Sergeant Morgan stared incredulously. "But if it isn't an animal, why — well, sir, human beings in Canada don't eat one another. It must be a wild beast of some kind."

Killings Planned

"YES," the older man agreed, "but logical reasoning indicates that human agency is back of it all as there is obvious purpose at the bottom of the crimes; that purpose is to scare homesteaders into abandoning their claims and clear out. Could an animal plan that?"

"No, Morgan. We'll grant that an animal did the actual slaughtering, but tactic of it all is a devilish scheme to scare every homesteader out of the Chilcotin country. Our job is to put a stop to it all and at once; we've not a minute to waste."

"Yes, sir," Morgan agreed. "I am ready. What are my instructions?"

"I have it all mapped out." The superintendent tapped the papers on his desk. "Please listen very carefully.

"Posing as a homesteader you will go into the district and take up the dead Fullerton's claim. When other residents tell you about the killings you will decry their stories and boastfully state that you are not going to be scared away by some animal. You will also let it be known that you do not even possess a firearm. Grasp the idea? The Chilcotin is a huge country and anyone who wanted to could remain in hiding out there for a lifetime. I want to draw the killer out and you will be the bait."

"A good plan, sir."

"But a dangerous one for you, Morgan. The men who were killed all had firearms in their cabins and, in addition, were husky outdoor men who could have been relied upon to have put up a good fight. Gad, Morgan, there was blood everywhere in Fullerton's cabin; evidence that he put up a terrific battle; yet he lost. So you fully understand the risk you will be taking?"

"Yes, sir. And I can also see that it is a one-man job. The killer, evidently, selects only men who are living alone for his victims."

"Exactly," the superintendent nodded. "Then just one more matter:

Silence of Fear

"NOT being in uniform or admittedly a policeman, you will have no authority to search ranch houses or anything like that. But that is really a minor point; we have already gone all through the district with a fine-tooth comb. Some of the cattlemen frankly admit that they are glad to see the homesteaders being scared away from Skeleton Valley. They feel quite secure themselves because, to date, the killer has chosen only homesteaders for his victims. Perhaps—in the fact, more than likely—some of the oldtimers suspect or even know who or what is responsible for the murders, but they won't even drop a hint to us. You certainly cannot count on the friendly co-operation of the cattlemen."

"I quite understand, sir," Sergeant Morgan's lips tightened and he got to his feet. "I've got to go it alone so I'll get going at once."

For a week Sergeant Morgan had completely disappeared, but a cocksure young homesteader who gave his name as Jack Pearson had taken over the shack and homestead of the murdered Fullerton.

Now, as Morgan stood outside the cabin watching the rays from the westering sun turning the snow-capped peaks of the Rockies to gold, he was beset by impatience. This was his eighth night and the killer had made not the slightest move. Had the murderer in some way learned of the imposture, or would he select some other homesteader for his next victim? Morgan frowned at the thought. There was that chance, but he had boasted so openly that he, Morgan, would like a chance to meet the killer and was decidedly not afraid of him, he felt confident that his boastings would have been well broadcast and he would be selected for the next attack. But he wished the killer would make a move; this waiting was tedious.

Well Protected

STILL conning it all over he turned and entered the cabin. Carefully he went through his nightly procedure. Beneath each of the two small windows he placed chairs and piled them high with pots, pans and dishes. A terrific clamor would announce the arrival of a nocturnal prowler via that route.

Across the door he fitted a heavy wooden bar into the stout sockets he had fashioned. He had learned that the men who had been killed had never been known to lock or bolt their doors, and, although the killer could apparently turn a doorknob easily and quietly, it certainly would not be able to break down a door without waking a sleeping man. Then, satisfied with his usual nightly precautions, Morgan stretched out, fully clothed, on the rough bunk and dropped off to sleep.

With nerve-shattering suddenness, Morgan found himself wide awake. The sounds that had aroused him came again; snuffling, growling, animal-like sounds. Something was trying to get into the cabin!

Softly Morgan sat up and quietly lowered his feet to the floor. His right hand groping beneath the pillow found his heavy service revolver. The heft of the weapon and feel of the cool metal was heartening. Gun in hand he tiptoed over to the door and bent down. The stench of a strong breath assailed his nostrils. It was an animal or animals.

Straightening up he gripped his revolver tighter and placed his left hand on the doorknob — and - instinctively jerked it away as if the handle had been white hot, for someone or something was cautiously twisting the knob from the outside!

Revolver leveled, Morgan stepped back two silent paces. His eyes now adjusted to the gloom he watched the doorknob turn to its full and the door pushed upon. It stopped against the heavy bar. The bar creaked beneath the strain of heavy leverage, then, as quietly as it was opened the door was reclosed.

"I'm finished," the hermit got out, "but I don't mind because you killed my pards."

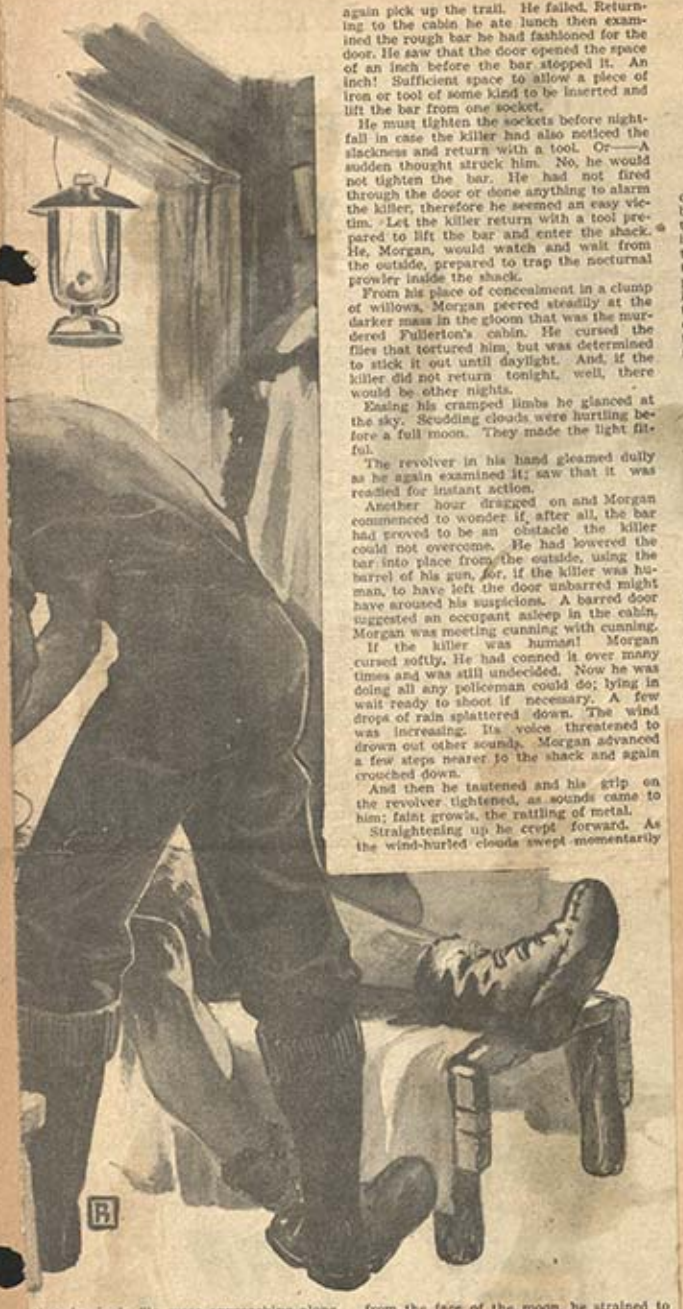
Morgan drew a long, incredulous breath. Something that smelt and sounded like an animal had turned the doorknob and tried to get into the shack. Something——With an effort he pulled himself together and in one stride reached the door. Quietly he lifted the bar and opened the door wide. Gun ready he stepped back, alert for whatever might enter. He saw nothing.

Cautiously he again approached the doorway and peered out into the night. The killer might be lurking out there in the darkness. Cold reason told him it would be sheer foolhardiness, to venture outside just then. Reclosing and barring the door he sat down to await daylight.

No Definite Clues

DAYBREAK found Morgan a mile fro the cabin glaring at a mob of cat

8/2/41 "Stunbeard"



again pick up the trail. He failed. Returning to the cabin he ate lunch then examined the rough bar he had fashioned for the door. He saw that the door opened the space of an inch before the bar stopped it. An inch! Sufficient space to allow a piece of iron or tool of some kind to be inserted and lift the bar from one socket.

He must tighten the sockets before nightfall in case the killer had also noticed the slackness and return with a tool. Or——A sudden thought struck him. No, he would not tighten the bar. He had not fired through the door or done anything to alarm the killer, therefore he seemed an easy victim. Let the killer return with a tool prepared to lift the bar and enter the shack. He, Morgan, would watch and wait from the outside, prepared to trap the nocturnal prowler inside the shack.

From his place of concealment in a clump of willows, Morgan peered steadily at the darker mass in the gloom that was the murdered Fullerton's cabin. He cursed the flies that tortured him, but was determined to stick it out until daylight. And, if the killer did not return tonight, well, there would be other nights.

Easing his cramped limbs he glanced at the sky. Scudding clouds were hurtling before a full moon. They made the light fitful.

The revolver in his hand gleamed dully as he again examined it; saw that it was readied for instant action.

Another hour dragged on and Morgan commenced to wonder if, after all, the bar had proved to be an obstacle the killer could not overcome. He had lowered the bar into place from the outside, using the barrel of his gun, for, if the killer was human, to have left the door unbarred might have aroused his suspicions. A barred door suggested an occupant asleep in the cabin. Morgan was meeting cunning with cunning.

If the killer was human! Morgan cursed softly. He had conned it over many times and was still undecided. Now he was doing all any policeman could do; lying in wait ready to shoot if necessary. A few drops of rain splattered down. The wind was increasing. Its voice threatened to drown out other sounds. Morgan advanced a few steps nearer to the shack and again crouched down.

And then he tautened and his grip on the revolver tightened, as sounds came to him; faint growls, the rattling of metal.

Straightening up he crept forward. As the wind-hurled clouds swept momentarily from the face of the moon, he strained to see. Was it his imagination or did the vague form in the shadows beside the cabin door change shape, now half human, now part animal? What was crouched there before the cabin door?

Abruptly he drew a swift breath. Something had entered the shack and closed the door behind it. Slowly, cautiously, he approached the building.

Ten paces had he taken when he stiffened to an involuntary halt. He had glimpsed a dark shape or shapes enter the cabin, had believed he had the thing or things cornered, but now a fresh, faint glow from the high-riding moon showed him that something was moving outside the cabin!

Revolver ready, he stared. Again the moon shone clear and he saw, crouched against the door of the cabin, his ear pressed close to the wood, the bulk of a man.

At once Morgan strode forward openly, gun levelled. The other man leaped to his feet and craned forward tensely.

"I've got you covered," Morgan said tersely. "Don't move!"

The other man's reply was to open his mouth wide and shout what sounded like a call or a command. Again he called out then, before Morgan could prevent him had disappeared in the darkness, speeding away with huge strides. And as he ran he continued to call out, his cries now answered by throaty howls from inside the cabin. For a moment Morgan hesitated, then moved forward to within a few paces of the building. He would give no further warning; the moment the door opened and something came out he would start to shoot.

More shouted commands came from out of the distance and were again answered by cries from inside the cabin. Followed a terrific clamor; the clanging and banging of iron and tin utensils and the crash of splintering chinaware and glass. The thing or things inside the shack had hurled pots and pans in all directions and escaped by plunging through a window. Morgan raced for the rear of the cabin, just in time to glimpse dimly-outlined shapes bounding away into the darkness. Lifting his revolver he fired again and again.

And now the other man was screaming aloud, calling frenziedly for help. The screams mingled with furious snarls and throaty growls. Reloading his gun as he ran, Morgan raced forward.

A hundred yards further on he saw two animal shapes savagely mauling the other man. Again Morgan emptied his gun. As the brutes fell back, writhing and twisting in the convulsion of violent death, Morgan holstered his gun, shouldered the wounded man and started back for the cabin.

Laying his burden upon the bunk he worked fast to get lamps glowing, for he sensed that the other man was grievously hurt, might not last long, and Morgan wanted to know a number of things.

The Wild Man

LIGHTS at last glowing he turned to the bunk and gasped at what he saw.

The other man was huge, all of six and a half feet in height, and was naked except for a roughly-fashioned doublet of bear hide, and homemade moccasins. Long tangled black hair straggled to his shoulders, and a matted beard concealed most of his face. Blood was flowing from ugly wounds about his head and throat. As Morgan bent over him he looked up with wild eyes.

"I'm finished," he got out. "Don't mind, 'cos you killed my pards."

Morgan tried to staunch the flowing blood, saw it was the truth, but the man's wounds had not been caused by bullets.

"What did this?" he asked quietly. "And who are you?"

"My pards." The bearded lips twisted in pain. "You wounded 'em and made 'em mad. They turned on me."

"Pards? You mean—"

"Mountain lions. Trained 'em from kittens to keep people away from my hideout. Don't like people. Like the mountains, outdoors, animals."

"And who are you?" Morgan repeated.

"You'll never know," came gaspingly. "Lived up here for years. Don't mind a few ranchers and cattle, but damn all homesteaders. My lions didn't like homesteaders neither, 'specially when I starved 'em for a few days and turned 'em loose in a shack with one. They finished three of 'em."

Morgan drew a long breath. So that was it. The man was a hermit and had trained mountain lions to keep away intruders as an ordinary man might train a dog. Again he asked: "Tell me your name?"

A slight tremor was the reply and Morgan saw that the question would never be answered. The killer of Skeleton Valley was dead.

Note: This is not the only instance on record of people training cougars to act as watchdogs. At the moment a family living on an island near Vancouver have three fully-grown cougars trained to keep away intruders. — C.V.T.

that, in single file, were approaching along the narrow cattle path on which he stood. Cursing them softly he stood aside to allow them to continue their way to water.

For over an hour he had painstakingly followed a trail that led from the shack to here. There had been no definite tracks, either of human or animal; merely the impression of something having been dragged along to obliterate foot or paw prints.

The trail had led to the top of a slight hill upon which Morgan now stood. From his vantage point he stared down into the valley. Smoke was already arising from the chimneys of the dwellings he glimpsed through the early morning mist. The trail might have led to any of them.

As he stared, Morgan had to admit that the killer's method of obliterating his trail was cunning; to drag something behind him until he encountered a cattle path, knowing that the cattle would wipe out all tracks before anyone could follow far, for the trailer would be unable to start trailing before daybreak and by then the cattle would be plodding along the narrow paths that led to water, even as they were now.

Until noon Morgan ranged about the countryside, hoping that by chance he might

Standard 14/10/39.

dred men and five policemen, commanded by Corporal Denson, set out after the killers.

The pursuit was a long one, for immediately after the killing of Ussher the bandits had saddled-up their horses and fled, but they left a trail that was easily followed. It led toward Douglas Lake where, with the idea of making a stand, the outlaws drove out the occupants of a stoutly-constructed log cabin standing in the centre of a clearing nearby two hundred yards in diameter. This meant that in order to rush the place attackers would have to cover at least a hundred yards in the open. And inside the cabin were four desperate killers, all dead shots, and all heavily armed.

Corporal Denson had enough men to throw a close cordon right around the outlaws' stronghold, but he realized that to attempt to capture the place by assault would entail the death or wounding of many of his party.

Stalemate

FOR a day and a night Denson and his force kept the cabin surrounded, with nothing happening save a little desultory shooting. The bandits had ample supplies; probably they could hold out for weeks, and as there were four of them they were able to watch all four sides of the clearing. There was yet another factor in their favor. Although it was now springtime, the snow had not all gone; there was still at least six inches on the ground, and the moon was at its full. Even a night attack was out of the question without the risk of heavy casualties.

Toward the end of the third day of the siege some of the members of the posse became impatient. They wanted to get back to their own affairs; they had no wish to patrol the clearing indefinitely.

Corporal Denson racked his brains for a way of terminating the deadlock without loss of life.

Suddenly he had a brain-wave! At the edge of the clearing lay a bob-sleigh, used by the owner of the cabin for hauling loads of firewood, and consisting of two sets of runners with a pole to hitch the horses to. There was no wagon-box; just the running gear.

Corporal Denson happened to be seated on the runners when the idea came to him. With a whoop he leaped to his feet, called a number of the men around him, and rapidly outlined his plan. It was simple enough—to use the bob-sleigh as a mobile fortress.

The men understood his purpose at once, and set to work with enthusiasm. Axes began to ring as trees from eight to ten inches in thickness were felled. Quickly the skilled woodmen cut them into lengths and dove-tailed the ends. In a few hours what was practically a wooden tank was completed, consisting of a stout box of logs, eight feet long and four feet wide, built up on the bob-sleigh to a height of several feet.

While one party built this contrivance, others were sent to scour the surrounding countryside for coal oil. They returned with five-gallon cans, to find the tank completed. Corporal Denson then outlined the procedure to be adopted.

Two men, in charge of the drums of oil, would ride inside the tank. Others, sheltered behind the box, would push the sled toward the cabin. When the mobile fortress reached the shack the men inside would punch holes in the oil cans, brave them on the roof, so that the oil would drench the structure, and then set fire to it, afterwards fleeing for safety under cover of the tank.

The scheme seemed practically certain of success, and a score of eager helpers hauled the odd-looking structure from the bush to the fringe of the clearing. There they removed the pole, two volunteers, together with the cans of oil, were lifted inside, and three men—all that the four-foot width of the log fortress would shelter from bullets—stood behind ready to shove.

"Surrender or Else"

BUT Corporal Denson hesitated before putting his plan into final operation. Undoubtedly the flames would drive the outlaws from the cabin, but they would likely come out shooting; there was a chance that more lives would be lost. Moreover, he was reluctant to destroy the well-built home of a hard-working resident. Finally he decided to make an effort to induce the bandits to surrender quietly. He would send an envoy to the cabin to explain what he had in store for the quartette if they continued to resist.

Denson would have gone himself, but he was well aware that the desperadoes hated the police, and would shoot down a uniformed man the moment he stepped from concealment. He therefore asked a man named Rushton, who had known Hare and the MacLean brothers since childhood, to act as his intermediary. Rushton willingly consented, and, ostentatiously laying down his rifle, and carrying two bottles of whisky as a peace offering, walked boldly toward the cabin.

The bandits' own liquor supply had long since given out, and they welcomed the envoy eagerly.

"What's the idea of all the axe work?" asked Hare, after several drinks had been swallowed.

This was the opening Rushton had been waiting for. Carefully coached by Corporal Denson, he played his part well.

"Boys," he said seriously, "we've built a log fort on a set of bobs; we're going to shove it right up to this shack and burn you out! Good shots though you are, you ain't got any bullets that'll penetrate eight and ten-inch logs, have you?"

The four outlaws stared, their faces suddenly tense.

"Burn us out?" echoed Hare. "But——"

"And that ain't the worst of it," Rushton interrupted. "The boys are feeling real ugly. Right now they're willing to let the cops take you and give you a fair trial. That means you might get off with a gaol sentence. But if we have to burn you out, and there's more shooting, then the fellers have sworn—police or no police—that they'll catch you when you come out and string you up right away."

The bandits' faces blanched, and only with an effort was Rushton able to conceal his contempt. These outlaws could kill others ruthlessly, but the mere mention of hanging had scared them.

"You—you think we might get off with a gaol sentence?" demanded Hare, shakily, his hand at his throat, as if he already felt the choking noose there.

"Yeh," replied Rushton; then he winked. "And ain't you boys showed that you can break gaol pretty easy."

At this sally the quartette grinned, and Rushton, eager to avert more bloodshed, proceeded to press his point.

"I tell you," he reiterated solemnly, "you ain't got a chance against that log fort we've built on them bobs! There's over a hundred rifles out there waiting to shoot at you when you run for it, and the flames will show you up plain. And if you ain't dead when the boys grab you, then they'll finish you with ropes and trees."

Thirty Minutes

THE bandits stared at one another with bulging eyes; they hadn't a word to say. Finally Hare, the spokesman, found his tongue with difficulty. "You go back," he said, hoarsely, "and tell the cops we'll talk it over among ourselves."

Rushton looked at his watch; then he deliberately laid it on the table.

"I'll give you thirty minutes by that watch," he told them quietly. "If you ain't made up your minds by then, that bullet-proof box of ours will be shoved up against this cabin. You'd better do some quick thinking!"

[illegible] him Corporal Denson's face expressed deep relief. All hands settled down to wait.

Slowly the tense minutes passed. Presently, with a clatter, the main door of the cabin swung wide, and the four outlaws marched out, their hands held high in token of surrender. Quickly they were seized and handcuffed.

By the light of a score of torches and lanterns Corporal Denson eventually permitted the bandits to view the log-built tank. They examined it with the utmost interest, but suddenly the quick-witted Alec Hare's face contorted with fury.

"That thing?" he yelled, contemptuously, pointing a quivering forefinger at it. "You were going to use that to burn us out? It's built with green logs, and weighs more'n a ton. It would've took a dozen men to shove it up hill to the cabin, and not more'n three could have hid behind it. We'd have plugged you one by one as fast as you tried to move it!"

Corporal Denson made no reply, but a grim smile twisted his lips. He had realized the fatal defect of his scheme when twenty grunting and heaving men had been needed to push the tank from the bush to the edge of the clearing. But he had kept his forebodings to himself, and, after all, the tank had served its purpose, and brought about the outlaws' surrender.

A few weeks later, having been tried and found guilty, Hare and the MacLean brothers were hanged at the gaol in New Westminster.

Gold Origin of B.C.'s Mineral Wealth

Great Boon To Island And Interior

By FRED McNEIL

Barely 90 years ago British Columbia was a vast wilderness of rugged mountains and virgin forests. In every direction forbidding masses of rock soared skyward. Down from the wild hinterland torrents of water knifed through precipitous gorges, roaring seaward.

To settlers, this awe-inspiring land had little appeal. There were millions of acres of rich loam beckoning from the broad plains of the rest of North America.

Only here and there a few white men paused to cut spars for ships from the tall firs. On the pleasant little plain at the southern tip of Vancouver's Island a fur trading post had been established in 1843 by the Hudson's Bay Company. Victoria, the main settlement, had grown by 1857 to a community of perhaps 400 souls.

Yet there were riches here beyond the dreaming of the fur traders, riches hidden in the rocks, teaming in the roaring rivers, in the seas that pounded the rocky shores and in the giant trees which clothed the coastal slopes. Broad fertile valleys were hidden by the great rock masses.

It was a big, wild country and it needed big hearted men. Perhaps it needed most of all some challenge to call forth to call out their courage [illegible] endurance.

The challenge came first in the whisper of a magic word. But [illegible] each passing the voices grew [illegible] until at last they became [illegible] full throated, half hysterical cry [illegible] hing hundreds of miles down the [illegible] it to California, across the seas [illegible] Australia, New Zealand and [illegible] eat Britain.

"Gold!" the voices cried, "There's gold up there!"

FINDS BY INDIANS

The earliest discoveries of gold in British Columbia were made by Indians, who picked up lumps of the shining metal as they wandered the stream beds in search of game. When the Europeans arrived they quickly learned its high value. This led them to search for it and to bring it to the Hudson's Bay Company posts to trade for blankets and tobacco.

The botanist James Douglas, who gave his name to the Douglas fir, is believed to have been the first white man to discover gold in British Columbia. He picked up some nuggets in the Okanagan in 1833.

A discovery in the Queen Charlottes in 1850 caused excitement for a time, but it quickly subsided as the little mine petered out. Donald McLean, chief trader at Kamloops, had collected gold dust from the Indians as early as 1852.

With each passing year, however, the great gold fields of California made men more conscious of the quick wealth to be found in the wonderful alluvium along the river beds, and a few white miners invaded the Fraser Valley. Word began to be passed back of discoveries. Governor James Douglas sent 800 ounces, collected by the Hudson's Bay Company from the Indians, to San Francisco to be minted.

This was enough to launch a small band of California prospectors who discovered gold at Hills Bar on the Fraser in March, 1858.

NEWS SPREADS FAST

The time was ripe. The California mines had begun to decline. The news spread like wildfire through the camps. In May, June and July thousands jammed onto any vessel that would float to sail toward the great yellow star rising in the north. Others poured in from Washington, Oregon, Hawaii, Central and South America. Shipping in the Puget Sound was paralyzed as crews deserted to the golden river.

Barnard's Express to the Cariboo Gold Fields in 1880

Only at Victoria could the miners obtain the licence required by the astute Governor Douglas. The sleepy little village was transformed overnight. Each vessel poured in its hundreds which one historian claims were miners and merchants mixed with "an indescribable array of Polish Jews, Italian fishermen, French cooks, jobbers and speculators of every kind, land agents, auctioneers, bummers, bankrupts and brokers of every description."

MANY LOST LIVES

Many among the milling throng at Victoria were disappointed to find they still had a long way to go to the new bonanza. Many lost their lives as their vessels were wrecked in the straits or in the rapids of the Fraser.

Those who arrived at the gold bars found operations restricted because the river was in flood. The miners were harassed by the Indians who wanted the gold for themselves. In August a party of Indians attacked miners at Yale, killed some, forced others to flee and took their equipment. One party of 20 proceeding up the river was reduced to five scarred veterans.

After a great meeting of 200 men, a hundred were sent off in pursuit of the natives and soon subdued them. After that, as the number of miners increased, the Indians became less troublesome.

But other troubles were found aplenty. The Americans were irritated by the restrictions imposed by the Governor and the exactions of the Hudson's Bay Company monopoly. With 10,000 miners on the lower Fraser by the end of the Summer, the claims were crowded and for many the rewards of labor were poor. A handful pushed on into the interior, but the weaker souls were unable to face the foam-lashed canyons or to scramble through dense woods over the mountains.

MANY LEFT

As Winter approached, many left. They had no very high opinion of the country or its gold and they said so in the bitter voice of disappointed men.

Victoria's boom was dissolving in gloom and recrimination.

THE HARDY STAYED

While the weakling moaned and left the country in disgust, however, hardier men were pushing on and on. They noticed the gold became coarser as they proceeded upstream. The cherished dream of a fabulously rich mother lode drew them on to meet the terrible challenge of the Fraser River and the almost impenetrable jungle of fallen timber and underbrush which clothed the mountains.

Nearly 3,000 left for the upper river in 1859, some by boat and some overland with their packs. They found gold in good quantity on the Quesnel River, but the exhorbitant cost of supplies brought over the rough trails by pack train restricted their profits.

Later in the same year some of the diggers reached Cariboo Lake. Then came the great Cariboo rush, touched off by the rich deposits found on Antler Creek. The first panful of gravel yielded $25, the second $75. A fall of snow hampered work, but did not discourage the stampeders, for here was the fulfil[illegible] of their dreams, dearly held thr[illegible] months of hardship and searc[illegible]

On Keithly Creek erosion [illegible] laid bare an old channel where [illegible] gold lay in nuggets a few feet b[illegible] the surface. The rich returned [illegible] claims in pounds rather than [illegible] In June, 1861, a party of fi[illegible] made $1,200 between them [illegible] day's work. On Lightning [illegible] miner collected 900 ounces [illegible] first day of work. Before t[illegible] of the 1861 season, $2,00[illegible] gold was sent to Victoria.

BUILDS FRASER ROAD

Meanwhile the much-m[illegible] Governor Douglas was prepa[illegible] the big rush. He began im[illegible] the trail along the Fraser [illegible] and transforming the Lillo[illegible] into a wagon road.

The new rush developed in[illegible] in 1862. Twelve hundred me[illegible] from England, others from[illegible] fornia, Australia and New Z[illegible] The influx continued for fiv[illegible] with most of the miners [illegible] through Victoria.

As a result, Victoria boomed[illegible] The population of the Islan[illegible] grown to 5,000 in 1861. In 18[illegible] output of the Cariboo jump[illegible] $4,000,000, in 1864-65 it was $3,5[illegible] During 20 years, $35,000,000[illegible] taken from diggings in an a[illegible] miles square.

The character of mining be[illegible] change. Capital and equipment[illegible] needed for deeper excavations. [illegible] like Cariboo Cameron employ[illegible] men at wages of $10 to $16 an[illegible] came legendary figures.

The constantly growing nee[illegible] supplies and equipment brou[illegible] demand for better roads and t[illegible] portation. Express companies [illegible] organized. Barnard's, the le[illegible] firm, put a line of stages thr[illegible] to Williams Creek in 1864-65 [illegible] in their first season, took [illegible] $4,500,000 in gold. A steamer w[illegible] machinery and plates had [illegible] brought 200 miles on mule back [illegible] in 1863 from the end of the w[illegible] road to the mouth of the Que[illegible] from where there was a pack [illegible]

British Columbia was on its [illegible] The discoveries of the Fraser [illegible] the Thompson led to others on[illegible] Similkameen, the Stickeen, Ske[illegible] Cassiar, Omineca and Okana[illegible] The search for gold led to the f[illegible] ing of rich deposits of base me[illegible]

The mining industry presented [illegible] strong contrast to the fur trad[illegible] The collection of furs required f[illegible] personnel and the traders did n[illegible] welcome intruders. Mining brou[illegible] the development of roads and sh[illegible] ping, agriculture and lumbering.

It was gold that sparked the [illegible] velopment of British Columbia, [illegible] that gave men the endurance [illegible] drive to conquer this rugged, beauti[illegible] ful land. The gold seekers laid w[illegible] foundations when they invaded [illegible] Fraser in 1858.

Britannia Biggest Copper Producer

Britannia, British Columbia's biggest copper mine and one of the largest in the British Commonwealth, was reportedly discovered as a result of a deer hunting exhibition.

In 1888 Dr. A. A. Forbes shot a buck. Dragging the carcass down the rugged hillside into the camp, the horns scraped the moss from a rock, disclosing the copper-bearing ore.

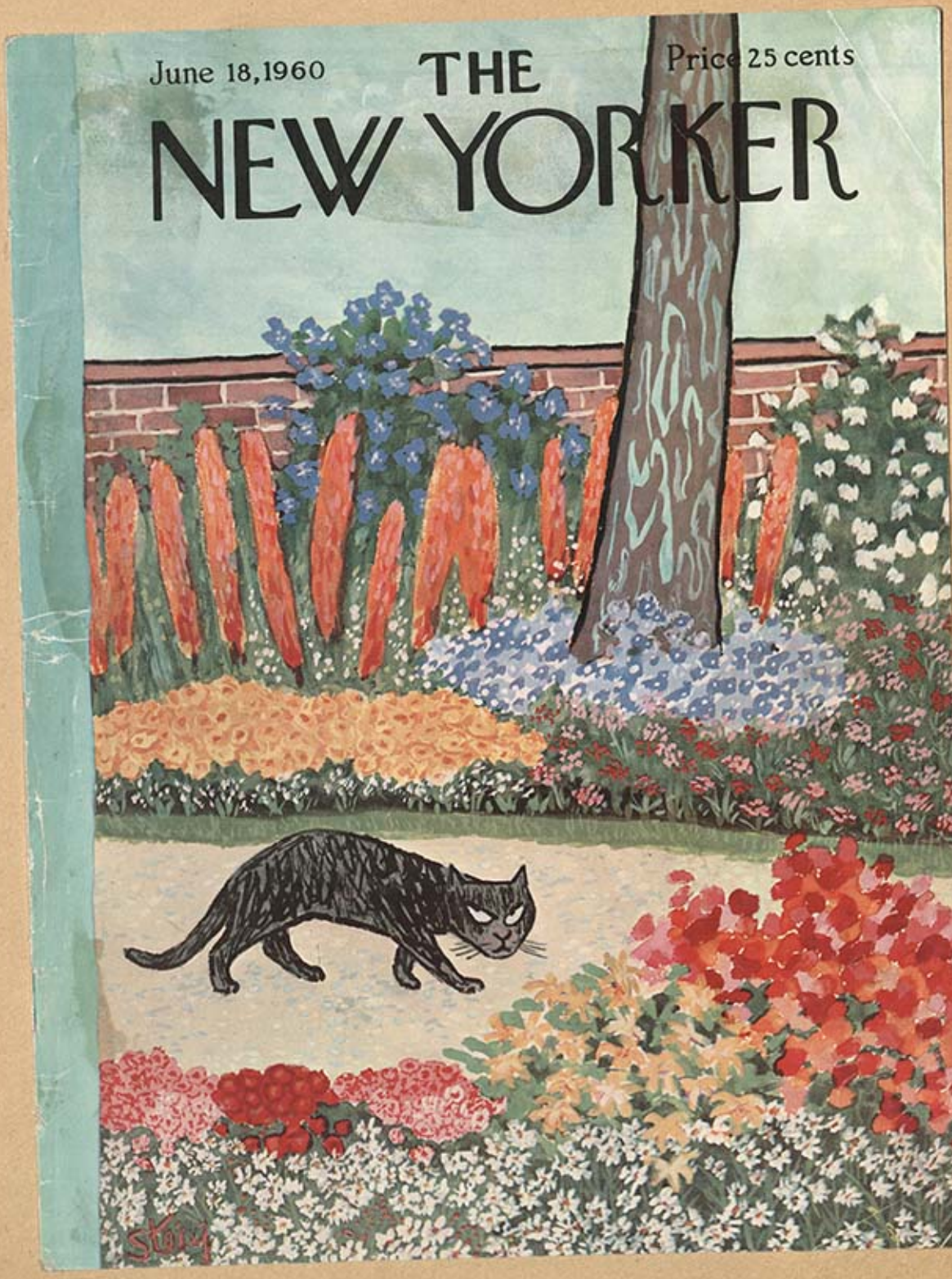
Since the Britannia Mining & Smelting Company started 43 years ago, it has produced enough copper to circle the earth with trolley wire nine times.

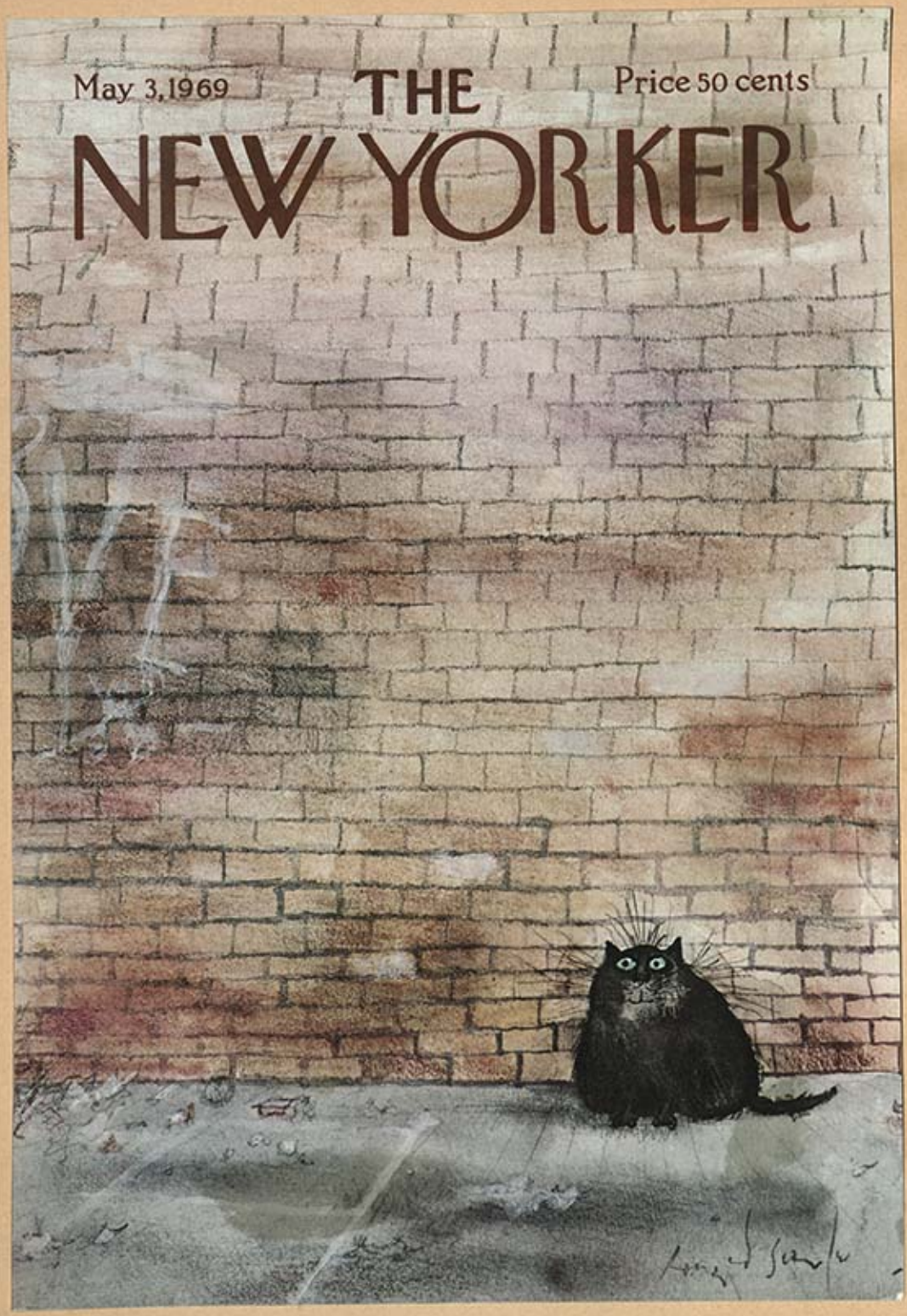
In 1947 the company recovered 14,000,000 pounds of copper, 4,000,000 pounds of zinc and 19,000 tons of pyrite.

June 18, 1960

THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents

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THE
NEW YORKER
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BANFF

Bite Pictures

by Manitoba Indians with their teeth.

A Cree woman shows how it is done.

Under Earth's Skin

Pacific. The band is centred on 37 degrees North or about the latitude of Joplin, Missouri.

This strip was chosen because a [illegible] of knowledge has already been accumulated within it. TGS hopes to tie all these pieces of knowledge, some of them [illegible] in California, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado, where Dr. Healy and other U. S. Geological Survey teams about seismic

world so situated that a transcontinental band crosses such a variety of geological and geophysical structures.

appreciate reserved space in family vault, countryside pre-

Computers can solve many problems, but there is one

some-time dentist and a follower of Dr. John Schultz, leader

try.

Instead of rushing to the

Much of the work of Dr. Healy and the other Earth

made little progress.

WINNIPEG FREE PRESS
SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1965

SATURDAY MAGAZINE

• Churches
• Features
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2

'Would you have believed it!' Mgr. Tache exulted.

The station was only a mile from St. Boniface cathedral.

When The First Train Pulled Out Of Winnipeg

A 90-year backward look by Eugenie Dubuc

BY far the biggest event in the history of early Winnipeg and St. Boniface was the arrival of the first locomotive, by steamer, on the morning of October 9, 1877. And the second biggest event was the departure of the first train, with connections for the east, from St. Boniface on December 15, 1878.

One of my ancestors, Sir Joseph Dubuc, describes both events in his memoirs, as follows:

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IN 1873, owing to the famine caused by the grasshoppers, the federal government, besides distribution of grain seed, executed some public construction works to help the population in Manitoba.

One of these was the construction of an embankment for a railroad on the east side of the Red River between St. Boniface and Emerson, about sixty miles. The object was in 1876 to lay down the sleepers or ties and rails. The sleepers or ties had been cut, prepared and brought during the winter to the terminus at St. Boniface. The rails had been purchased in the United States and transported to the same place by the steamboats servicing the Red River.

A locomotive, however, was needed for the laying of the ties and rails.

★ ★ ★

THE GOVERNMENT bought one in the United States which had to be conveyed by steamboat from Fargo to St. Boniface. The newspapers advised the departure of this Iron Horse and its voyage day by day. Finally they announced that it would arrive the next day at about ten o'clock.

This great event created an immense emotion in both Winnipeg and St. Boniface and the surrounding country. This iron machine arriving on our shore was the prelude of a new era in Manitoba. We at last would be connected by rapid transit with the rest of the civilized world.

A notable group of the native inhabitants of the country, having never travelled to St. Paul, Minnesota, had never seen a locomotive. People came from ten, fifteen and twenty miles distant to gaze on this marvellous engine of which they had heard.

★ ★ ★

THE MORNING of its arrival, on October 9, 1877, was a splendid day, sky without clouds, brilliant and warm sun. The steamboat had stopped during the night about four miles from the two cities. The reason was to give the population the pleasure of seeing the new locomotive arriving in daylight in a dignified manner and under the most favorable auspices.

At 9:30 a.m. it was announced that the boat was at the tip of the point on the east side of the river where one mile from the mouth of the Assiniboine. The two sides of Red River were bordered with people.

The steamboat was proceeding slowly with the current of the stream. The locomotive was on the barge, decorated with green branches. The smoke of the chimney indicated that it was fired up for service, and from time to time the whistle was giving its sharp notes which were considered on the occasion really joyous. As the boat came in view, people on the shores of the river started to applaud, clapping and cheering.

★ ★ ★

IT WAS KNOWN that the boat would anchor at the foot of Lombard Street. The crowd therefore went to this spot. It was truly a wonderful event for all. Those to whom this spectacle was not new were there to be able to see the astonishment of the crowd and hear their remarks. I was one of them.

There was no wharf there; the boat was attached by cable to posts set on the shore. For a gangway, a long thick plank was put, one end on the boat and the other on the shore. The locomotive was looking glorious. From its chimney smoke was painting in the sky images and scrolls and the whistle was adding its joyous song.

A large number of people used the gangway to visit the boat and the Iron Horse. However I had no intention of following them, but I saw near me the old man Laverdure from St. Charles, 92 years old. He was intently looking at the boat, his eyes staring, fascinated by this new machine.

★ ★ ★

I ASKED HIM: "Would you like to go on the barge, Father, and see the locomotive nearer?"

"I would like it very much, but the plank is too narrow and I am afraid of falling."

I saw that he was shaking on his old feeble legs. "Give me your hand," I said. "I will guide you to it."

I preceded him on the gangway, holding him by the arm. When on the boat, he walked to the locomotive, putting his hands on it and looking at it all around, he turned towards me, and by a spontaneous outburst of his ninety-year-old heart, said in a deep tone: "I may die now, I have seen one."

I took him back to shore. He thanked me warmly. I have never forgotten the immense pleasure I gave to this old man.

The arrival of this iron horse printed a memorable day in the annals of Manitoba and the Canadian North West.

★ ★ ★

THE NEXT DAY, the steamboat anchored at St. Boniface, a little distance from the mouth of the Seine River. The object was to pull the locomotive on the shore and take it to the embankment of the railroad. They had to make scaffoldings, employ cranes and capstans. The work lasted several days. Then the laying of the sleepers and rails started.

All St. Boniface was hearing the puffing, sometimes by fits and starts, also the shrills of the whistle and the noise caused by the rolling on the rails. It was new and it was agreeable.

A certain number of Metis are of a calm and stoic nature. They are not carried away and in general pretend not to be surprised by anything. Several of them, who were residing in the vicinity and had never seen a railroad or locomotive, did not go out of their way to have a look at it and see it work.

Some of them who heard the whistle every day at their homes, walled weeks and even months before going to see this iron horse. They did not want to go out of their way to look at it. They waited for a casual occasion to pass near it and then threw an indifferent look.

★ ★ ★

IN THE YEAR 1878, one of the main events in Manitoba was contact by railroad with the rest of the world. As I said before, the first railroad between St. Boniface and the South frontier had been started by the embankment work in 1875 and the arrival of the first locomotive. This work was continued and completed by the laying of the sleepers and rails in 1876. But it was not yet connected with any of the railways of the United States. It stayed two years more or less unused without any benefit to the population.

In December, 1878, the junction was effected. The first regular and direct train left St. Boniface on December 15, 1878.

This was quite an event. There were no printed tickets available. Mr. Samuel O. Shorey of Montreal, whose firm had a wholesale clothing store in Winnipeg, bought the first ticket from St. Boniface to Montreal. It was a rectangular paper, six inches by seven or eight inches, entirely written by hand, marked: 1st TICKET, 1st TRIP, signed by the station master and countersigned by the conductor, the trainman and some others.

When visiting Montreal a few years after, I paid a visit to Mr. Shorey at his office and he showed me in a nice gold frame on the wall above his desk this first ticket. He mentioned that he was keeping it as a precious relic and added that one of the presidents of the C.P.R. had offered to buy it at the price he would like to ask. However, he told him that no sum of money would lure him to part with it.

★ ★ ★

AFTER READING the above memoirs, I was very interested to know what may have happened to this first ticket, now nearly 100 years old. After lots of research and correspondence, I was able to locate in Montreal Eric Shorey, a grandson of Samuel O. Shorey, and I was delighted to learn that he was still in possession of this ticket. He gracefully consented to let me have a photocopy of this renowned and unique relic, as well as a photograph of his grandfather, Samuel O. Shorey. These photos are shown herewith.

★ ★ ★

THE SHOREY family came to Canada with the United Empire Loyalists. Hollis Shorey, the father, founded the firm H. Shorey & Co., one of the oldest and biggest wholesale clothing stores at the time in Canada, with head office in Montreal, on Notre Dame Street.

In 1878, they had a branch store in Winnipeg, and a son, Samuel O. Shorey, was paying a visit to this branch store when he bought the first ticket for the first train connecting with the American railways to go back to Montreal.

In the Winnipeg Directory of 1881, H. Shorey & Co. had ample rooms at 247½ Main Street. In 1882, their address was 364 Main Street. Samuel O. Shorey was also listed in the Winnipeg Directories of 1883 and 1884 as residing at 92 Donald Street, but his name does not appear in 1885. He probably had returned to Montreal.

H. Shorey & Co. went out of existence some years ago, but there is still a Shorey Building on Notre Dame Street in Montreal to perpetuate their name.

★ ★

ONE OF THOSE deeply impressed by the beginning of railway service was Archbishop Tache, who with Father Aubert had made the canoe trip in 1845 from Montreal to the Red River, taking two months to reach St. Boniface. They were the first two Oblates to come to the Mission of St. Boniface at the request of Bishop Provencher. This religious Order worked extensively to convert to Christianity and civilize the inhabitants of the vast Diocese of St. Boniface, which extended from Rainy Lake to the Pacific Ocean, and from the International boundary to the Arctic Ocean.

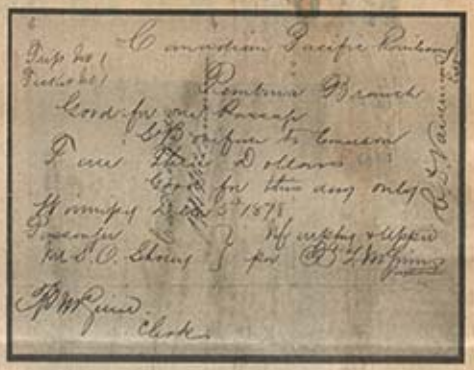
On January 10, 1878, Mgr. Tache in a letter to Father Aubert, who had returned east, wrote as follows:

"I am still at St. Boniface but it is no longer the St. Boniface of 1845. At the epoch, we were not expecting to hear the whistle of the railroad locomotive. However, this is now an accomplished fact.

"The station is located across the land occupied by Dominique Ducharme and his neighbors south as far as the home of Messrs. Nolin.

"The rails are laid to 25 miles north and east, the embankment is nearly finished south to Pembina. According to our expectations, next fall we will be able to take here, a mile from the Cathedral, Pullman cars and go to Montreal in a few days, changing train only at Chicago. O tempora! . . . Would you have believed it?"

(CONTINUED OVERLEAF)



The first railway ticket ever issued from St. Boniface — or Winnipeg — was written out by hand. It is here reproduced for the first time.

The man who bought the first ticket — Samuel O. Shorey of Montreal, whose firm had a branch in Winnipeg.

The first locomotive was brought to Winnipeg by the CPR on a barge towed by the river steamer Selkirk, along with a caboose and six flat cars. Its progress down the river was announced by "the most frantic shrieks and snortings." Picture shows the locomotive on its barge moored at the foot of Lombard Street for inspection before being unloaded at St. Boniface. It was named Countess of Dufferin in honor of the wife of the governor-general.

Ladies Home Journal 1966.

soaring? touring?

sailing? railing?

Let your fingers do the walking... first! Look to The Yellow Pages for all your travel information. Find any product or service you may need. Before you go away... shop The Yellow Pages way!

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