On the Big Grade

By EUGENE JONES

CHAPTER II.

Shirley Winston was the daughter of "Po" Winston, chief dispatcher of the Mountain Division. Back in her school days she used to bring her lunch to the yards and eat it with me in my cab; and many times I've seen her off to her class with a ruined dress. Oh, I did my best, but she knew what she wanted. Yes, she wanted to learn railroading! That was the surprise of it—a girl hankering after a steam throttle and thrilling to the tune of a gong whistle.

Her father shook his head over her more than once, saying she should have been a man, and prophesying all kinds of disaster. Nevertheless he let her come. He did more; he took her with him, taught her about train sheets and automatic blocks and the handling of freight. Later, when she finished school, she got a job in the station master's office—not because she had to, mind you, but because she wanted it. Then once in a while she would ride with me or some other engineerman, and when my old black horse wasn't dragging anything but the tender I'd break regulations and turn the throttle over to her. About the time Shirley became of age she could actually handle a train.

Now you might figure a girl like that would be of the sort that wants to vote and wear pants and make political speeches, yet I have never laid eyes upon a more delightfully feminine woman than Shirley Winston. Pretty? Why, everybody from the track walkers to Old Bowlson himself worshipped her. She'd drop into the smutty, blackened depot, or the Pullman office, or the dispatcher's office, and it was always the same:

"Howdy, Miss Shirley. Have a chair. What's the good word with you? Hear about—" etc., etc., until you'd suspect her of owning the road. No matter how busy anyone was, she found a welcome. The car clerk had asked her to marry him; so had a half-dozen others. But she turned them down in such a way each felt he was particularly blessed by her undivided preference.

I can only think of one word to describe her—sunshine! Her hair, her smile, her eyes, her voice, her manner, even the clothes she wore, reminded you of a pleasant day and the breeze in the trees and—and—well, just sunshine.

That was why the whole division watched young Duval jealously when his father, the president of the road, sent him to us and told us to teach him the game. And Shirley took to him mighty near as quick as he took to Shirley.

As for Jim Duval himself, I didn't know him as intimately as the dispatcher's daughter, but he looked well put up, every inch a man—tall, slim, pug-nosed, and freckled, yet not homely by a darn sight. One thing I can say for him: he wore his overalls as if they'd been a king's robes. And he didn't mind work.

When Pritchard lost his job, Duval was running a passenger locomotive extra to help haul tonnage on the big grade. His duty was to follow the Limited down every evening and hook up to number seventeen, which waited at Saluda for the Limited to pass. When seventeen had been yanked up the mountain she would come in double-headed to Hastings, where Duval would cut out and wait for orders on freight running extra. The job needed a good engineerman, and, so far as I could learn, Duval already displayed sufficient skill to warrant a run of his own.

The morning after the little affair in the superintendent's office I was climbing down from my cab preparatory to a cup of coffee in the lunch-room, when one of the clerks brought me word Bowlson wanted me. I found him as usual in his swivel chair, chewing the stub of his cigar.

"Well, O'Kelley," he began, "what do you think about last night?"

"You mean, firing Pritchard?"

"Sure."

"It's none my business to think anything about it!" I snapped, mindful of every chance to score a digging. "You'll think about as I blamed thing I told you to!" Bowlson roared. "Sit down, over there. You're the oldest man we've got. You know men—or pretend to. I'm worried. Pritchard hasn't turned up for his pay this morning. He was fighting drunk last night, and he was mad. He'll be madder now—and more sober. He's going to come here, Jim: Get through at us probably enough? The girl's sake enough working in the station master's office. But—Jim!"

"Well?"

He made a gesture.

"Jim runs right behind the Limited." "Do you want me to take his run to-night?"

"N-o; that might look as if we didn't trust him. Pritchard, if you can. Let's see you'll be back here at five-fifteen. Give the saloons this once over—the lines near the depot—and drop in and see me. Understand, those aren't official orders; I'm just worried. Funny isn't it—me being worried?"

"Um," I grunted; "I'll wager young Duval is capable of taking care of himself and his job. But maybe—"

We looked at each other, letting the thing we both feared unsaid. Then we shook hands, a most unusual proceeding.

Afterward, at the door, I hesitated, caught his eye and dropped mine.

"What the hell are you waiting for?" he yelled.

I went out thoughtfully.

All that day the matter troubled me. Where was Pritchard? What did he intend doing? I wished young Duval had been running freight; I wished his home wasn't so blamed far from the yards and through such a dark section of the city. Vividly remembering the way Shirley had looked at him in the superintendent's office, and, incidentally, the way he had looked at Shirley, I wished a great many things right then.

Five-fifteen that evening found me threading my way across the network of tracks behind the depot. Once in the street, I lost no time in following Bowlson's instructions, but everywhere bartender and cigarette lounger answered me likewise:

"Pritchard? Sure, saw him last night. Was stewed for fair. Nope, not since then."

More uneasy than ever, I went back to the station, only to find the superintendent out. Having secured a bite to eat at the lunch counter, it seemed advisable to drop in and pass a few words with young Duval before he took his engine down the mountain. He would probably be in the dispatcher's office getting orders, so thither I went. We met at the door.

"Hello," he grinned. "You're a lucky devil—no night work for yours. Now look at me hauling seventeen up the mountain with a rainstorm in the air!"

"The rainstorm isn't what you've got to worry about."

"What do you mean?" he asked, losing his grin.

"I mean—Pritchard! He hasn't turned up for his pay. More than likely he's on the warpath. Watch yourself to-night."

It seemed as if the muscles under Jim Duval's smutty jumper swelled a little. His voice was very low, reminding me somehow of Bowlson in a crisis.

"Thanks, O'Kelley. If Pritchard tries anything dirty— But there, he won't. He's probably drunker than ever right now. So long."

(Continued in next issue.)

Untempted Righteousness.

Wherever a knot of students gathered that day Lorton's case was the topic of conversation. The arrest had taken place early, and few of the fellows had witnessed it. Henry Vanderlip was one of those who did.

"It gave me a sense of sudden nausea," he told Hammond and Gray when the subject was brought up later. "I had the same feeling once, when the men found a couple of dead rats in the well we'd been drinking from up at the camp. The water looked clean, but it was foul, and we didn't know it. That's the way with Lorton. Ugh! It disgusts me."

Hammond's words came slowly, as if he were thinking them out as he talked: "I understand from Derrick and Shafer—they both room in Clark Hall—that Lorton's term bills were overdue. Derrick tells me Lorton has been on the edge ever since he entered college. Several times he has dropped out of the boarding house for a fortnight or longer and boarded himself on next to nothing. Shafer says that Lorton invariably apologized to his callers about the fire's being down, but that 'down' was its normal condition—to save fuel.

"Lorton said that he took the twenty-dollar bill out of Morris' desk, confidently expecting that he should be able to replace it before Morris discovered the theft. It seems he had a rather urgent reminder that morning that his bills must be paid within a specified time. That doesn't excuse the theft, of course. It was a foolish and criminal act, but a fellow who has never had any such strain on his virtue had better not be forward about condemning Lorton.

"I came across two words in a book I was reading the other evening: 'untempted righteousness.' Isn't ours that kind so far as money is concerned? Has any one of us ever known what it was to need a twenty-dollar bill—need it badly enough to be worried for days over not having it? If we haven't, we oughtn't to judge the fellow who has. We don't know what we should do if we were in his place. Untempted righteousness is good in its way, but it isn't qualified to sit in judgment on a fellow who has borne the brunt—and gone down."

"I see, Hammond," said Vanderlip, putting out an impulsive hand, and Hammond winced under the grip. "You're right. Untempted righteousness—the soft sort that's never had to take hard knocks—isn't an article to boast of."

"Children between five and seven years of age should go to bed at seven o'clock and sleep thirteen hours; between seven and ten, twelve hours' sleep, with eight o'clock bedtime; and between ten and fifteen, ten hours' sleep, with nine o'clock bedtime," says an expert.

> The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man. Help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces. Let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day; bring us to our resting beds, weary and content and undishonored; and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

"Unknown."

An unknown British soldier was buried in Westminster Abbey on the second anniversary of Armistice Day. The King was the sole mourner.

In old, old Westminster's sacred pile
there lies,
In calm repose, with peasant, prince
and peer,
A man unknown to fame, yet laid to
rest,
With all the prayers of a broad Empire blest,
And on whose grave a king has dropped a tear.

His claim to lie within that holy fane
Is just, and none will him deny a place
'Midst all the noblest of old England's
dead,
Who gave her laws, who noble armies
led,
Who sang sweet songs for all the British race.

Not his the glory of the soulful bard;
Not his the glory of an honored
grave;
He was a warrior true, yet did not
lead
A gallant army at his country's need;
He was but one of the unnumbered
brave.

No single land can claim him for its
own,
No land can say that he is truly theirs,
He was an Empire son, loyal and true,
He came at Empire's call her will to
do,
And Britain ne'er forgets the son she
bears.

Sleep on, brave heart! a sacred tie
that binds
Still closer all the links of Empire's
chain,
God give us faith and strength to still
pursue
The path of honor and his will to do;
And keep unstained the Empire's
broad domain.

—G. Montague Mason.

An Alligator Farm.

How would you like to be the man with the bucket and stick standing among hundreds of creeping cannibals? He is the owner and manager of the strangest of the many strange farms around Los Angeles, the alligator farm.

His is a little place—only about two acres—and the new crop each year is not large in numbers, but it is exceedingly valuable. A high fence surrounds the farm and the visitors must each pay a quarter to get in; but it is well worth the money, for never did we learn so much in one-half hour. Imagine you are with us as I tell you about these frightful creatures, half snake, half beast, wallowing in filthy, stagnant water, eating nothing but raw meat, fighting or sleeping all the time, and often eating their own kind.

There are only 1,800 alligators here, the oldest ones imported from the swamps of the Gulf States. They are carefully graded and kept in lots fenced in by stout wire, each group having its own pond under the eucalyptus trees because wallow they must.

The keeper has a dangerous job for they care not what the meat is. He takes care to stand in front of them for they cannot move forward swiftly and must use their tails to strike their prey and sweep it into their cavernous mouths. Nor does he venture into the fields where the biggest 'gators are.

The eggs are the size and shape of hen's eggs, and these are placed by the mother alligator in the centre of a mound of dirt and decayed matter which she heaps up. The warmth of this filth hatches them.

Then the zoos all over the country must have some to make their displays complete, and this "farm," established fourteen years ago, supplies many. Very many people buy them for pets or the oddity of the thing, and prices of the live ones vary according to the size. One must be six or eight years old before its skin is worth anything as leather for the lumps on the back are just soft cartilage at first, harden into bone gradually.

Every man I meet is my master in some point and can instruct me therein.—Emerson.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, etc.

Wings of War the Farmer's Friend.

The newest idea for agriculture is an airplane equipped for the planting of the farmer's field with seed. It has a system of perforated metal tubes, laid crosswise on the wings, out of which the seed is forced by air pressure created by the flight of the plane.

This kind of flying machine, as described by Popular Mechanics, is built for slow speed, with a roomy fuselage that provides capacity for a large quantity of grain. On each trip it plants a row thirty-six feet wide. Flying only a few feet above the ground, it ejects the seed with sufficient velocity to bury it to the requisite depth in loose, prepared soil.

At the end of each wing-tip there is a tube to throw down a thin stream of white lime, marking the line of the planted belt. In practice only one tube would be used at a time, the other being shut off. By this means it should be practicable to plant one square mile, or 640 acres, in six hours, flying forty miles an hour and allowing one minute at each end of the field to turn and get lined up with the white marker.

With a sowing capacity of 1,000 acres a day, one machine could adequately serve a large grain-growing district, working either on the co-operative basis or by contract.

Platinum Fields of Columbia Are Rich.

Platinum, which was worth $9 an ounce not very many years ago, fetches $110 an ounce to-day, or more than five times as much as gold.

It is said to have been first discovered in Columbia by a Spaniard named Antonio Ulloa. For a long time thereafter miners in Columbia, finding it commonly associated with gold, threw the platinum away. Recently seventeen pounds of it were recovered from the foundation of an old building in the Quibdo district, the site of which was an ancient refuse dump.

The present high price of platinum is largely due to the falling off of supplies from Russia, which has been the principal producer. But the mining of the metal in Columbia has been greatly stimulated thereby.

The metal in Columbia is found chiefly along the Atrato River and the Cauca Valley south to the border of Ecuador. The Atrato is 300 miles long (two-thirds of it navigable by steamers) and empties into the Gulf of Darien by fifteen mouths.

Homes Under the Sea.

Houses, streets, theatres, picture palaces, etc., buried under the sea, are reminiscent of Jules Verne. A modern wizard, Mr. E. R. Calthrop, who designed the Admiralty mystery towers, one of which was recently moved to the Solent, may be responsible for this miracle, says a London newspaper.

It has been suggested that a large submarine hotel and theatre be built at Hythe, the same principle it is assumed being used as in the case of the naval towers.

The inventor puts forward yet another interesting suggestion. He plans an artificial island home underneath the waves, some miles out from the Goodwin Sands. The burden of the conventional householder—rates and taxes, customs, dues, licensing restrictions, etc.—could not apply, he contends, to such island colonists.

"I May Not Pass This Way Again."

"I may not pass this way again,"
Let this thought burn in heart and
brain,
So shall we live not all in vain,
Who may not pass this way again.

As each small tender bud that grows,
Anon may turn to beauteous rose,
So each kind action serves to prove
The fragrant soul of human love.

So ere we leave this passing show,
Where all are wanderers to and fro,
Let each life's path a record be,
Unbroken to eternity.

Of man's true brotherhood to man,
Framed in the great Creator's plan,
With those who followed in His train,
Who may not pass this way again.

Successful Authors at Play

Sir A Conan Doyle, although apparently believes in the astral body, has a pair of fists which are by no means spiritual. In fact, the creator of Rodney Stone, that best of all boxing and prize-fighting yarns, is himself no mean exponent of the "noble art of self-defence."

But the originator of Sherlock Holmes is the Admirable Crichton of literary sportsmen, for he has travelled the world over, is a daring mountain climber, can make as pretty a cut through the slips at Lords as many a professional cricketer, and has scored a good many centuries in his time, can make even the best of lawn tennis players sit up and take notice, is an indefatigable motorist, is a difficult man to follow across country with the hounds, and can find his way both into and out of a bunker as well as most amateur golfers.

The greatest traveller amongst modern novelists was poor Jack London; now that he is gone, the man who gave Captain Kettle—C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne—to the world, probably holds premier place. If there is any corner of this old earth he has not been into, any desert, or mountain range, or great river he has not seen, any wild beast he has not shot, then someone should call upon him and tell him of his omission, and he will surely include it in his next trip, seeing that he reckons to do a pretty regular ten thousand miles a year—except when there's a world-war on.

He believes that a novelist who wants to write "live" stuff, needs to see "live" places. He possesses a fine collection of hunting trophies.

Two of Britain's best-known writers are at their best in a yacht—Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, the famous "Q" of "Dead Man's Rock," and John Oxenham. Both these men are very much at home on salt water or fresh, for they are as handy with an oar as with a sail.

Probably the least sporty of literary men are Rudyard Kipling, Sir James Barrie, and George Bernard Shaw. The author of "Mary Rose" is, however, fairly useful with a bat, and has often taken part in matches as a representative of the Press, whilst few men have "mouched" about country lanes on a bike more than the other two distinguished men.

Woman's Sphere

Healthful Heat for Homes.

Air needs moisture to transfer the heat along from one particle to another, and for the air to be an efficient distributor of heat it must have a sufficient amount of humidity. A room properly humidified requires much less fuel to maintain its temperature than a dry room.

A room heated to 65 degrees F. with moist air is more comfortable than a room heated with dry air to a temperature of 70 degrees F. The reason is that air which is too dry interferes with the normal radiation of the body. Many people find it necessary to heat their rooms to 75 degrees or 80 degrees F. simply because the humidity of the air is considerably below what it should be.

When the air in a room is so dry that it warps books and the furniture begins to dry out, it is entirely too dry for the health of the occupants.

If your heating system does not provide means for maintaining proper humidity of the air in the room, it is necessary to use pans of water in order to evaporate sufficient moisture. Wicks or cloths dropped into the pans and extending over the edge or over a crosspiece on the pan accelerate the evaporation. It takes a little time and trouble to keep the pans filled, but freedom from colds and generally better health more than repay the effort. The discomfort caused by excessively dry air lowers both the mental and physical efficiency of a person. For the sake of comfort, no less than economy of fuel, the air in the room must contain a sufficient amount of moisture.

In most warm-air furnaces there is a means for humidifying the air, and the water-pan must be kept filled, so that at no time it will become dry.

With winter here it is well to keep these things in mind and live scrupulously up to them, not only for the saving of fuel, which is necessary in view of the serious fuel situation, but as a protection against colds, influenza and other illnesses which are likely to follow if the air is not properly heated and humidified. It is easier to pay attention to these details than to pay doctors' bills.

Mother and Son.

Through years of his life from the
time of a child,
She had moulded his mind by her
discipline mild;
And the training which far in the past
she began,
Her guidance to manhood, has made
him a man.

She has taught him in matters of
honor his part,
Her influence gentle is deep in his
heart;
He holds to a code of nobility high,
And justice to others he will not deny.

'Tis a trait of his nature he r trust to
require;
He is firm in his faith, and he stands
for the right—
Though proofs of her worth there be
many a one,
The surest of these is her chivalrous
son.

A Disappearing Ironing Board.

"Please step aside. Can't you see I'm carrying this heavy, cumbersome old ironing-board?"

City people have overcome this difficulty so they do not have to say this. All they have to do is to open a little door in the wall, unhook the ironing-board and it is in place.

Any farmer's wife can do this too. It takes only a little time to install the ironing-board, and the busy housewife's work would be lightened a great deal. It is very simple and saves so much time and worry. Have one of the boys fix up your ironing-board like this on some stormy day during the winter.

The top of the old ironing-board will do, but it is better to make a new one. Make it four feet long, eighteen inches wide at one end and nine inches at the other. A foot and one-half from the narrower end, drop a support to hold the board up. This should be three feet long, four inches wide and an inch thick. This must be fastened on the board with a hinge. The ironing-board fastens to the wall by means of two hinges.

A hook is placed in the narrow end of the board, which fastens near the top of the closet. If your house is one in which you do not think it advisable to build the ironing-board into the wall, it may be put on the outside of the wall. A curtain may be hung over it and it will not be noticeable, but will do exactly the same service for the housewife.

Sweets for the Party.

Old-Fashioned Nut Candy—2 cups light brown sugar, ½ cup water, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 2 tablespoons butter, ¾ cup chopped nuts. Place the sugar and water on the stove. When the mixture begins to boil, add the vinegar. Cook a few minutes, and then add the butter. When the syrup spins a thread, pour it over the nuts, which have been spread on a buttered platter. Mark in squares when cool. When cold, break apart, and wrap each square in waxed paper.

Maple Cream Fudge—1 lb. maple sugar, 1 cup cream, ⅛ teaspoon salt, 1 cup chopped pecans. Boil the sugar, cream and salt together until soft balls are formed when it is dropped in cold water. Then add the nuts, and pour on a buttered plate.

Fruit Rolls—1 cup prunes, ½ cup figs, ½ cup walnut meats, ½ cup shredded cocoanut, 1 cup dates, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange peel. Run the cooked prunes, dates, figs, nuts, and cocoanut through the food grinder. Add the orange juice and peel. Roll into a long roll, cut in slices, and wrap each one in waxed paper.

Stylish Economy.

For the brilliant color note, and for real warmth, try one of the latest wool scarfs. They make a fascinating substitute for furs, that not all of us can buy this year, because of their high price.

The scarfs are wide and soft, and come in the loveliest of color combinations. They are made of angora, camel's hair, and brushed wool, and the new idea is to have a hat to match. The scarf with matching tam-o'-shanter is no novelty, but the scarf with a real hat, in a becoming shape, is counted among the new things of the winter season.

Some of the hats have straight brims, others are in rolling brim shape. Frequently the brim will be one color and the crown another. Brilliant purple and squirrel-gray are used together, as well as royal blue and tan and black and white-checked angora combined with green, orange, or bright red.

The hats are not hard to make if you have a knack that way. The best looking are made over a small buckram frame, that has a soft net top to the crown. For trimming, wool cords and tassels are used, also fluffy pompoms and gay wool flowers.

The Habit of Giving Your Best.

How much better you feel when you are conscious of giving your best, unreservedly, of flinging your life out in helpfulness, in inspiration and encouragement wherever you go. What an infinite satisfaction there is in feeling that we are helping somebody, that we strew our ways with flowers because we know that we shall never go along the same road again, that we make everybody with whom we have come in contact feel a little better—this is the way to get the most out of life. But unfortunately, most of us do not open up ourselves to the world very much. We are too selfish to fling ourselves out, to show the best that is in us, as we go along. We envy the person who has this faculty, of flinging out his best, the aroma, the richness of his life, just as the rose flings out its sweetness, its beauty, to every passerby, without reserve. It is a wonderful art and if everybody would do it what a wonderful world this would be.

Fling out your best this year. Don't hold it in. Don't carry your best things to the grave, give them to the world.

Opportunity.

Opportunity is but a doughnut with the rim in someone's stomach. Ask any man who has made good, and he will tell you that opportunity is but a date on the calendar—a time when an individual woke up.

Opportunity is a possible chance, while work, with an opportunity, is a probable chance.

Opportunity may be a chicken house, it may be a saw mill, or it may be a violin, but who ever heard of a chicken house, a saw mill or a violin making a success, all alone?

Opportunity is as useless as monkey fat, as hopeless without work as trying to stop up a rat hole with common cheese.

The man who depends on an opportunity alone, the fellow who refuses to work with an opportunity, is as useless on earth as a buttonhole without a button.

The man who sits down and says he is waiting for an opportunity to turn up is as unwelcome in society as a looking glass to a woman who has just recovered from a severe case of smallpox.

Sometimes More.

Speculating sounds more refined than gambling, but a fellow loses just as much.

Minard's Liniment For Burns, Etc.

Enthusiasm is the greatest business asset in the world. Enthusiasm tramples over prejudices and opposition, spurs inaction, storms the citadel of its object, and like an avalanche overwhelms and engulfs all obstacles.

COARSE SALT
LAND SALT
Bulk Carlots
TORONTO SALT WORKS
G. J. CLIFF • TORONTO

WATER POWERS OF MANITOBA

FUEL - POWER PROBLEM SOLUTION.

Greater Part of the Province is Laurentian in Character With Typical Watercourses.

The province of Manitoba, formerly famed chiefly for its rich agricultural lands, has within recent years begun to realize and appreciate its bountiful inheritance of varied natural resources among which water powers are of paramount importance, says C. H. Attwood, District Chief Engineer. Several of these water powers have been developed, notably two on the Winnipeg river, which have proved of vital importance in the industrial expansion of the city of Winnipeg and its environs. Many of the water powers are at present remote from the more thickly settled parts of the province and are, for that reason, more particularly important for the exploitation of the natural resources of the hinterland.

It is inevitable, however, that with the increased cost of coal production, transportation, and labor difficulties, etc., and with advances in the art of development, transmission and use of electric energy, most of the water powers will, in time, prove to be important factors in the solution of the fuel-power problems of the province.

The Dominion Water Power Branch of the Department of the Interior, by years of hydro-metric survey and reconnaissance, have largely determined the power possibilities of the province. Their report on the power resources of the Winnipeg river within the province shows that by storage regulation, some 550,000 h.p. are available within transmission distance of Winnipeg. Their investigations also covered the Saskatchewan at Grand Rapids, the Nelson at the Manigotagan, Warpigow, Pigeon, Berens, Bloodvein, Dauphin, Fairford, Waterhen, Mossy, Minnedosa, Burntwood and Churchill rivers as well as smaller streams.

Administration Regulations.

The water powers of the province of Manitoba are administered under regulations pursuant to the Dominion Water Power Act, 1919. These regulations provide for the exploitation of the water power resources under full Government control of rates, rentals, etc. These regulations absolutely prevent wise and premature development of water power and provide for the permanent retention in the Crown of the ownership and control of the power project. Concessions are only made for limited periods to bona fide applicants capable of prosecuting the development to a successful issue.

Application for water power privileges in Manitoba should be addressed to the director of Water Powers, Department of the Interior, Ottawa.

General Characteristics of the Province.

The extreme southern and southwestern portions of the province belong geographically to the Plain region, composed for the most part of treeless prairie, traversed with rivers of tortuous courses and flat gradients. The greater part of the province, however, is Laurentian in character, with the rivers typical of that formation; lake-like expanses followed by congested channels with falls and rapids of more or less turbulence. Lake Winnipeg forms the collecting basin for the southern rivers, the more important of which are the Winnipeg, from the east; the Red and Assiniboine, from the south; and the Saskatchewan, from the west. The Lake discharges northeasterly by way of the Nelson river to Hudson Bay.

In addition to the Nelson, the waters of the northern part of the province are collected by the Hayes and Churchill rivers, both of which discharge into Hudson Bay, the former to the south of the Nelson and the latter to the north. The period of low flow occurs during the winter months on all the rivers of Manitoba, due to the fact that precipitation during that period is conserved in the form of ice and snow; flood flow occurs in the spring and early summer months. The rivers which traverse the prairie territory have a wide variation between low and high flow, whereas most of those in the Laurentian country are remarkably regular, due to the stabilizing effect of the many lakes, swamps and muskegs in their various drainage basins.

Among the larger power sites, those of the Winnipeg are the most advantageously situated with regard to the present centres of population and railway facilities. Most of the others are somewhat remote from thickly populated districts.

A wise Frenchman has said that the worst of luck is to have too little wit to talk well and too little judgment to keep still.

Six of the nine Canadian Provinces reach salt water and can therefore have ocean ports, viz., Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick, forming the Maritime Provinces. Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba now reach the shores of Hudson's Bay, and British Columbia.