

# Treasure Trove

## A True Story of Buried Gold.

By A. E. O'Leary

In a lonely, retired hamlet in the northern part of Kent County, N.B., there lives a grizzled veteran of the soil. A life lived by exposure to the elements of the rigorous climate in which he has lived, hair whitened by years of arduous toil, summer suns and winter's chill blasts, Charlie has lived to a great age. Sons and daughters have grown up to manhood and womanhood and left the humble surroundings of their youth for other old helpmates in existence in their own simple abode. Tilling the meager farm, catching what fish are necessary for their humble table, and meeting and gossiping with chance peddlars and fishing parties who may happen that way during the summer months.

There is an old legend, embellished by time and often recharged with bated breath and new trappings that the famous pirate Captain Kidd, visited La Riviere de Portage and there buried enormous treasure. Old Simon, who has long since been gathered to his fathers, was, at the time of our story, living close by Charlie's and in sympathy with every feature of the lost treasure legend. Simon and Charlie often referred to the writer the story of the "long boat"; how their forefathers saw the bold buccaniers come ashore in full piratical regalia, cutlasses, crimson sash, red fez, the touts ensemble of the old time rover of the Spanish main. They came in daylight to spy out a hiding place, and under cover of a dark and stormy night, they again landed to conceal "pieces of eight, sacred vessels of gold and ropes of pearls."

These simple old men knew that the treasure was there. Charlie had dreams of gold. He was troubled with these nightmares of buried fortunes, and one day confided to the hero of our tale, "Dikko," that the treasure was revealed to him, in a dream, as concealed under his own house. Would Dikko make the search? Dikko would. Now, Dikko was the owner of a fishing establishment near by and possessed of a sense of humor, an unlimited supply of energy, and a reckless abandon just necessary for an enterprise as arduous and humorous as would be the delving for buried treasure under Charlie's house. On one of Dikko's visits to the Shire-town of Kent, he confided in a kindred spirit as irresponsible as himself, and one who worked in a general store, the story of the buried treasure and the request made by Charlie to search under the old house. "She's dere, Dikko! I'm very sure she's dere!" old Charlie insisted, to all of which Dikko agreed. Now the kindred spirit whom Dikko consulted, took in three other young spirits equally devilish, and a gathering so formidable devised ways and means that for subtle ingenuity could hardly be surpassed.

The necessary equipment was thoroughly planned and discussed. A pot! An old time copper kettle must be acquired. Ingots of gold, jewelry, precious stones, strings of pearls, brooches, all must be on hand. Moulds were made in which leaden ingots were run and "KIDD" in large glaring letters appeared on each brick. These were all carefully gilded to dazzle the eye, carefully, solicitously wrapped in old tarpaulin, tar-seamed and sanded. Empty tin tea sample boxes were all beautifully lined with black velvet and stuffed with cheap jewelry, rings, strings of imitation pearls, sparkling rhine stones and gewgaws of many shades and shapes. These, in turn, were subjected to the same process of camouflage as were the other items. When all complete, the treasure was stored in the old copper pot, tarpaulin, sand and hieroglyphics added, and all made ready for a descent on old Charlie. One item was lacking, a mineral rod? One happy member of the conspiracy suggested a cornet (whether 1B flat or 2nd B flat the harmony would be complete) and a cornet in its case was taken along as a mineral rod. Some fireworks were necessary to dispose of Captain Kidd and his cut throat crew; but trifles such as these were mere bagatelles to this enterprising company of treasure seekers.

Well, to get on with my tale. One fine day in mid summer, Dikko and the aforesaid "kindred spirits" sailed away in a fishing boat for Riviere de Portage.

After an uneventful trip of twenty miles, the galleon arrived at the mouth

of the river. There a council was held. Deeds such as this must needs be done under favorable conditions, and darkness, solitude and inclement weather were necessary adjuncts to the success of such an enterprise. It was decided to proceed on foot to the scene and there notify the occupants of the dwelling that the time had arrived for making the search. The Zodiacal light illumined the Goat! The moon was on the decline and the tide would be falling at midnight!

It proved a perfect night for warlocks and witches, ghastly through the drizzling rain, a fitting night for attacking the ghost of the much maligned Captain William Kidd. Arrangements having been successfully completed that the family should leave the house at midnight, the treasure seekers left for the boat, there to await the solemn hour.

At about 11.30 our adventurers ascended the river in a skiff, and under cover of the night, accentuated by rain and fog, they succeeded in conveying the treasure to the house. After the departure of the inmates the pot of gold was taken to the cellar where, with the aid of a lantern and a crowbar, a large stone was dislodged, and the impression of the pot left in the excavation.

### Laying the Ghosts.

Then followed the laying of the ghosts. The ousting of the infernal spirits with many weird complaints. The cornet was used in the cellar to much advantage. Although shown to Charlie during the day as a mineral rod, it played a splendid solo in the cellar. Such groans and lamentations no decent disembodied mortal could ever hear. These dismal sounds below were splendidly exemplified above by Dikko, who made capital use of the lantern and fireworks. From Charlie's description of hydra-headed men and frame-enwrapped figures which he swears he saw leave the premises, there was no doubt in the minds of our heroes that the exorcism had been complete. What a night!

Now, to get away with the swag! A few jewels more or less mattered little to these lucky mortals—but the proof, man, the proof!

To a small bridge which spans the stream below the house, the two ghoulies carried their loot, and there "at the head of night with the lantern dimly burning" they summoned Charlie, Simon, and the neighbors to see what the search had revealed. Whipping out a bowie knife with all the abandon of a John Silver, Dikko slashed the time-worn, moth-eaten tarpaulin covering the pot, and exposed to the startled gaze of the shivering spectators a vision of untold wealth. Ah! How to get away with the pot? A fight? That was the idea, and a fight over the spoils ensued without delay. Threats were made, knives were brandished, and in the confusion and uproar a confederate, James A., who was fishing at the Beach when taken in the plot, stole the pot and made off in the darkness.

In consequence of this find, Charlie dug for himself a perfectly good cellar. He never found the balance of the treasure. Does he believe the genuineness of that find? Ask him—and you will hear the longest, most lurid and inflammatory vituperation of "Gros At" and Dikko that you have ever had the pleasure of listening to. They earned it.

### Pretty Phrase.

The Swedes have a pretty word for the phrase "honeymooning." They call it smekmonad, or the careening month.

### Eats No Meat.

The Arab, who lives largely on dates, is extraordinarily wiry and can travel for days in burning heat that would kill a meat-fed man.

### A Lofty City.

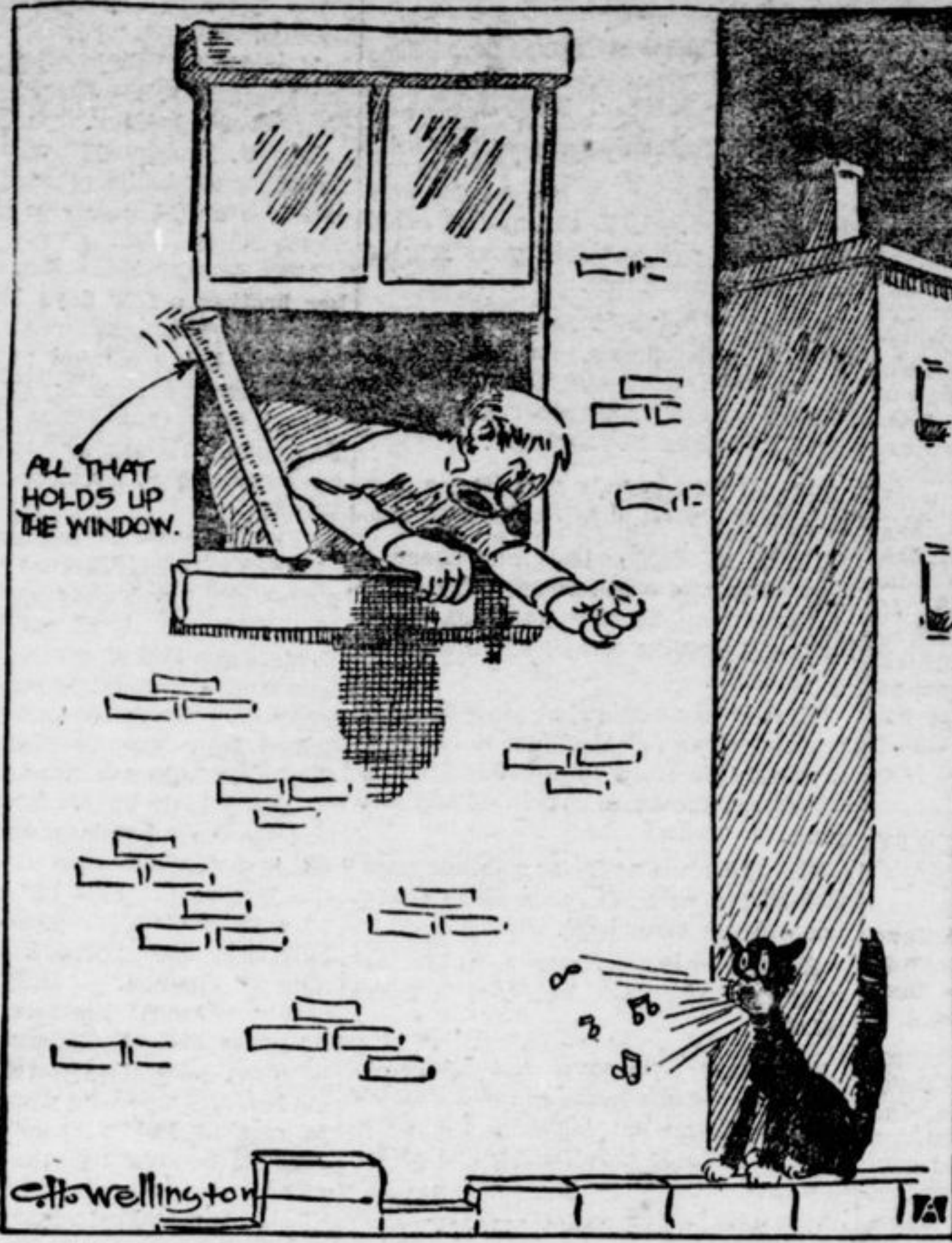
Quenca, a city of 30,000 in Ecuador, lies 8,469 feet above the sea.



### Hal Hal

Jocular Bug—"Hey, Snail! I bet somebody gives you a speedometer for a Christmas gift!"

## —AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



## Famous Dyked Lands of the Maritime

One of the most interesting as well as one of the historic sights of the Maritime Provinces—one that is also a source of large revenue—is the dyke lands, or what are known locally as the hay marshes. These marsh lands extend around the head of the Bay of Fundy, in Cumberland, Colchester, Hants, Kings and Annapolis counties of Nova Scotia, and in Westmorland and Albert counties of New Brunswick. While the term marsh lands is applied to these low lying areas, they are far from being what the name implies. Looking at them from an eminence they bear the appearance of great flat stretches of prairie lands or meadows, covered with rich grass, while almost as far as the eye can reach innumerable hay-barns and haystacks dot the landscape.

The marshes have been brought into existence by the extraordinary power of the tide of the Bay of Fundy, where there is sometimes a difference of sixty feet between the level of the water at high and low tide. Large areas were therefore subjected to inundation at periods of high tide. The early French settlers built dykes to keep out the tide from these lands, and the areas thus reclaimed form a vast natural meadow of approximately 50,000 acres in extent. This marshland retains its fertility in a marvelous way, producing hay crops averaging from two to three tons per acre. When the soil appears to be deteriorating it is only necessary to open the dykes, allow the tide to flood the land

again, close the dykes and resume cropping the land. The periods when it is necessary to open the dykes for renewal purposes are widely separated, some of those familiar with conditions giving fifty years as the interval between floodings.

The grasses which grow upon the better parts of the dyked lands are the English hay grasses, of a superior quality. But one crop of hay per year is taken off the land, but farmers find in the marshes after having excellent forage for their cattle. No fertilizers of any kind are used upon the marsh land, and the only cultivation consists in an occasional plowing, on an average once in ten or fifteen years, when a single crop of oats is sown, followed at once by grass.

An extensive market exists for the hay grown on the Bay of Fundy marshes, and at good prices. Large quantities are shipped to the West Indies, Newfoundland, Boston and other New England cities. During the war enormous quantities were supplied to Great Britain and France.

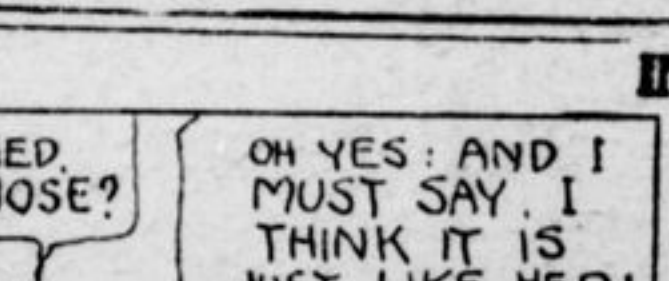
To the inland Canadian, unused to the ocean tides, these dyked lands or hay marshes present a fascinating appearance. Accustomed as they are to slight variations in the shore-line of lakes and rivers, it is hard to realize that but for the dykes these large areas would at high tide be covered with water. The value of the land, however, was readily appreciated by the original settlers, many of whom in their native lands had been compelled to battle against the encroachments of the sea. How well these early settlers did their work may be judged from the fact that at various points the original dykes are still in existence, after a period of close to two hundred years.

These famous dyked lands are today, as in the past, a great asset to the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and as they continue, decade after decade, to produce their hay crops for home and export consumption, they bear testimony to the energy of the people who in the early part of the eighteenth century fought and won the battle with the sea for their possession.

The Natural Resources Intelligence Service of the Department of the Interior has issued very interesting handbooks on Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, copies of which may be obtained on request.

If there be one thing upon the earth that mankind loves and admires better than another, it is a brave man—it is a man who dares to look the devil in the face and tell him he is a devil.—James A. Garfield.

Timidity is a disease of the mind, obstinate and fatal; for a man, once persuaded that any impediment is insuperable, has given it, with respect to himself, that strength and weight which it had not before.—Dr. Johnson.



Can Wipe Out Leprosy  
Viscount Chelmsford, former Viceroy of India, in a circular sent out by the British Empire Leprosy Relief, says that leprosy can be wiped out in the British Empire in three decades. Hundreds are recovering from the disease under present curative methods. The Association is still in the process of organization.

## How to Know Douglas Fir

By B. R. Morton, B. Sc. F.

The Douglas Fir (*Pseudotsuga Taxodioides*) is a tree of the west. Its Canadian range extends from the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains in Alberta through to the coast of British Columbia. It attains the largest size of any tree in Canada and with the exception of the redwood of California is the largest tree on the continent. It grows to an immense size frequently exceeding 6 feet in diameter and 200 feet in height. One of the tallest Douglas firs on record had a height of 280 feet. In Kew Gardens, England, stands a one-piece flag staff 220 feet high presented by the British Columbia Government. This staff was cut from a Douglas fir 300 feet high. Trees 15 feet in diameter have been found and a single tree has been cut that produced 60,000 feet board measure. It would require 1,200 logs of the average size now being cut in many parts of Eastern Canada, to produce this quantity of lumber.

### Attain Great Age.

The Douglas firs attain a great age. They have been found over 700 years old. The majority of them, however, do not reach this age before they are overcome by wind, fire, insects or disease. Comparatively few are found over 400 years of age. The tree, however, is remarkably healthy as compared with some of its associated species and does not suffer to the same extent from insect pests and decay-producing fungi.

In early life the shape of the Douglas fir is sharply pyramidal with the lower branches drooping. Older trees have more or less flattened or rounded topped crowns. In old age it is usually free of branches for 70 feet or more, and the trunk is straight with very little taper.

The character of the bark varies with the age. On young trees it is thin and smooth and shows those peculiar resin-filled blisters which one also finds on the true firs. The Douglas fir, it might be well to state here, is called fir (Abies) of that group of trees fir (Abies balsamea) is our most widely known species. On old trees the bark of the Douglas fir becomes very thick and deeply furrowed. It has the heaviest bark of any tree in Canada, sometimes 10 to 12 inches thick. The bark makes good fuel, burning readily but more slowly than wood.

The leaves are flattened and pointed, dark green above and pale beneath. They are from one to one and one-half inches long. They are attached more or less spirally around the twig but their narrow base or stem permits them to arrange themselves on opposite sides of the twig in two ranks or feather-like. This arrangement, however, is not so distinctly two-ranked as in the case of the true firs. The winter-buds are sharp-pointed and free from resin. This distinguishes them from the true firs which have rather blunt or rounded buds covered with resin.

The cones are from 2 to 4½ inches long and hang gracefully from the branches. The true fir cones stand erect. The cones are one of the Douglas fir's best distinguishing features, since they have a flexible three-pointed twig which is attached to the base

Observant Child.  
"Mother, must I wash my face?"  
"Yes."  
"Why can't I powder it like you do?"  
No Bill.  
"There was a strange man here to see you to-day, papa," said little Betty.  
"Did he leave a bill?"  
"No, papa; he just had a plain nose."

Languages of Britain.  
In the British Empire there exist 500, possibly 1,000 distinct languages. There are 500 in India.

Your money is your goose, and the interest on it is your golden egg. Take care of the goose and do not expect that all the eggs will have double yolks.



Easily Rattled  
Turtle—"You look gloomy."  
Rattler—"I am. I just lost my job. The boss said I was too easily rattled."

of each scale and projects conspicuously about one half inch beyond the scale, giving the cone a feathered appearance.

### Differ in Size.

Although botanically there is only one species of Douglas fir there are some marked differences in size and general qualities of the trees growing on interior mountains as compared with those found in the more moist climate of the coast regions. The coast trees reach a larger size and are more rapid in growth. Such tests as have been made indicate that the wood of the coast is stronger than that of the mountain type. The latter type, however, is a harder tree, being less subject to injury by early and severe frosts when grown outside its natural range. Where it is desired to cultivate it in Eastern Canada, the harder mountain type is recommended in preference to the coast form. Since the Douglas fir has graceful proportions, attractive foliage and good rate of growth, it might well be used to a greater extent than at present for ornamental planting.

This tree at present produces one of Canada's most important woods. It is second only to spruce in the quantity of lumber cut. No other single species is furnishing so much of Canada's lumber. More than 750,000,000 feet board measure are being cut each year and this cut will doubtless increase with the growing scarcity of large structural timber in Eastern Canada and as the qualities of the wood becomes more widely known.

### Wood Very Durable.

The wood of the Douglas fir is one of the hardest, heaviest, stiffest and strongest of our native woods. It also produces our largest structural timbers. Great quantities are used in bridge building, wharf construction and heavy frame work of all kinds. The wood is very durable and large quantities are used for railroad ties and mining timber. It is also extensively used for the manufacture of tanks, silos and wooden conduit pipes.

Although most widely known as a material for heavy construction the wood has properties which enable it to be used in a wide variety of ways. It makes an excellent hard-wearing floor and when laid in the form of creosoted blocks, provides a pavement, noiseless and dustless long-wearing for roadways.

It has an exceedingly pleasing figure and when cut at a certain angle to the log, rivals quarter-sawn oak in beauty. It is therefore being used extensively for doors, panelling, stair work, sash and mouldings. In fact it practically fills all the needs of a home building wood.

The Douglas fir has attracted considerable interest in Europe and it has been extensively used in Great Britain and on the continent for reforestation. The coast type has been found to make very favorable growth, especially in the British Isles, which have a climate not unlike its native habitat. The British Forest Authorities are using this tree extensively for restocking areas denuded during the great war and the Canadian Government has already supplied them with several tons of seed for this purpose.



Major H. C. Finnis  
A British officer, who was murdered in Northern India recently and whose death has brought to a climax the state of British resentment against the Amir of Afghanistan, who had undertaken to suppress the marauding tribesmen. Britain may be forced to use military measures to induce the Amir to fulfill his treaty duties.

In the Words of the Woods.  
A lumberjack with a broken leg was taken to a hospital for treatment. After the leg had been set, the nurse asked him how the accident occurred. He replied:  
"You see, ma'am, it was this way: I was skyhooking for the Potlatch Lumber Company and I had only one ground mole. He sent up a big blue butt and she was a heavy one. I saw her yaw and yelled to him to give her a St. Croix, instead of which he threw a sag into her and guned her, and that broke my leg."  
"Yes," the nurse replied, "but I don't exactly understand."  
"Neither do I," said the lumberjack. "The fool must have been crazy."

Resolve that, whatever you do, you will bring the whole man to it; that you will fling the whole weight of your being into it; that you will do it in the spirit of a conqueror, and so get the lesson and power out of it which come only to the conqueror.

## Natural Resources Bulletin.

The Natural Resources Intelligence Service of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa says:

When in August last the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgy visited Northern Ontario an inspection was made of the silver and gold mining areas. The rich gold mines of the Kirkland Lake district proved to be a revelation to a great many of the visitors, while one important feature which the engineers were quick to observe was that these vast rich deposits are merely a small spot on the edge of a vast country in which the discovery of mines in multiplied numbers is an ultimate certainty.

These men are schooled to measure at a glance the extent of mineral wealth possibilities, and from remarks made it is clear that the unanimous opinion has been reached that the mineral fields of Northern Ontario are earmarked as likely to develop into possibly the richest on earth. Not alone are the proved mines the guide in reaching this conclusion, but rather is it the enormous area of millions of acres of similar country as yet untouched on which those in search of opportunity are fixing their gaze.

E. P. Mathewson, President of the Institute, expressed the opinion that, although the mines of Cobalt have produced close to \$40,000,000 ounces of silver, yet, in his opinion, the field will continue to produce the metal in important quantities long after the present miners are dead. This view is supported by the outstanding success being achieved in South Lorrain.

## Hiding From Life.

We cannot evade the terms that life itself imposes. The line of least resistance that we follow may twist like a wounded snake, as we try to make it lead us only through verdant meads and flowery valleys. But sooner or later there are rocks in the pathway, harsh angles to surmount, fierce resistances that are not of our election, to be overcome. Those who lead easy lives, who safely reclined in the decision of others, who were surrounded by shock-absorbers, suddenly find themselves confronted by the grim necessity of taking the firm initiative. The fortune is dissipated like a summer cloud and the wind of adversity blows chill and keen. When the test comes, the weaklings give up and go under; the valorous summon a fortitude undreamed, unguessed, and with a smile confront whatever Fate may bring. It is the rank coward that flinches from the ordeal and seeks to run and hide, or the black spread of Apollon's wings.

Nor can one find a spot so sequestered and secluded that the walking figure of destiny will not follow and discover him where he cowers.

Francis Thompson in his glorious poem imagined the "Hound of Heaven" persistent on the trail; and from it one might take the image of life itself, in ceaseless quest of those who forever strive to hide from it.

They would tell you that they are not running away from life. On the contrary, they seek life; full and free and glorious. But their idea is that life is a progress from one delightful, luxurious sensation to the next, and the minute it ceases to be fun they spurn what it brings and seek a different amusement. Talk to them of the discipline there is in sorrow and frustration and loneliness, and you are talking a foreign language. If life is like that, they tell you, they wish no more of it. They must, at all costs, have "the roses and the raptures"; they see no reason why they should pay in salt tears for the dour, stark lessons of immitigable pain.

But they will never find that "great good place" they imagine where trouble never comes. Trouble was appointed that out of stresses and tensions and tortions we might acquire a character worth having, a character that will not fall in our need, a character that will enable us to serve the race and acquit ourselves like men, under the commanding vision of God.

Resolve that, whatever you do, you will bring the whole man to it; that you will fling the whole weight of your being into it; that you will do it in the spirit of a conqueror, and so get the lesson and power out of it which come only to the conqueror.

