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 For Infants and Children.  
**Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Wells**  
 In Use For Over Thirty Years  
**CASTORIA**

**WHEN WAR CAME TO CHIPEWYAN**

By FRANCIS J. MICKIE.

"THE Great White Father and his people are at war. Already there are many empty lodges in their land, and because of this, I have summoned you today." Hector Frazer, Hudson's Bay factor at Chipewyan, paused. His eyes swept the congregated chiefs and braves, sitting cross-legged and silent in a semi-circle about him; and by the very tenseness of their stoical calm he realized how deep was their interest.

"When the white men go to war," he continued, after a minute, "it is bad for us of this northland. My company and all the traders of Canada are now without money. The furs of last year lie piled high in the storehouses of the land, for there is no market. The white men fight among themselves. They who would have bought from the companies of this land are no longer friends and the peaceful trade of yesterday is gone. To-day the red fire speaks from the mouths of great guns and there are many widows in the land beyond the shores of Keechegame (the sea). Keshamanto, the great merciful spirit, who look down upon us all in time of peace, has turned his face away. Machamanto, the spirit of all evil, rules men's hearts in the world outside. And so, listen well, my brothers, for I must give you a message that Atllaw, whom you all saw arrive from Landing this morning, has brought me."

Appreciating the deep love of display innate in the Indian, Frazer reached slowly into his breast pocket and brought forth a long, official blue envelope. Holding it in his half-upraised hand he continued:

"The company, because there is no money coming into the land and their fur lies piled high within many storehouses to which no buyers come, have commanded me no longer to allow a 'debt.' And even to you, my people, who have come for these many years to this post and paid off your 'debt' without fail, a new one cannot be given."

As the factor ceased speaking a low murmuring came from the gathering. Too well they knew the pinch of empty bellies, and now, with the knowledge that no new 'debt' of food, of powder, and ball, would be forthcoming, they came a terrible dread of winter. Robbed of this life-long privilege they stood, unprepared, unprepared, with nothing to contend against it.

For a long moment they sat, till the factor disappeared within the door of the post. Then rising, they walked slowly back to their encampment, a half-mile away on the empty shore of Lake Athabasca. As they went they bowed their heads and their hearts were heavy with foreboding.

With heavy heart the factor entered the little living room that adjoined the store. Going over to his red book case, upon which rested a few scant volumes, he picked out one. Sitting down at the nearby table he turned over the well-thumbed pages, almost instantly reaching the passage he sought. It was Tolstoi's 'Prevision.' And as the trader read he realized how true the words now were. At the bottom of the page long months ago he had written in his own scrawling hand "When it does come there will be bad times in the northland."

Again he read over the passage: "This is a revelation of events of a universal character which must shortly come to pass. Their spiritual outlines are now before my eyes, I see floating upon the surface of the sea of human fate the huge silhouette of a nude woman. She is with her beauty, her poise, her smile, her jewels, a super-Venus. "Nations rush madly after her, each of them anxious to attract her specially."

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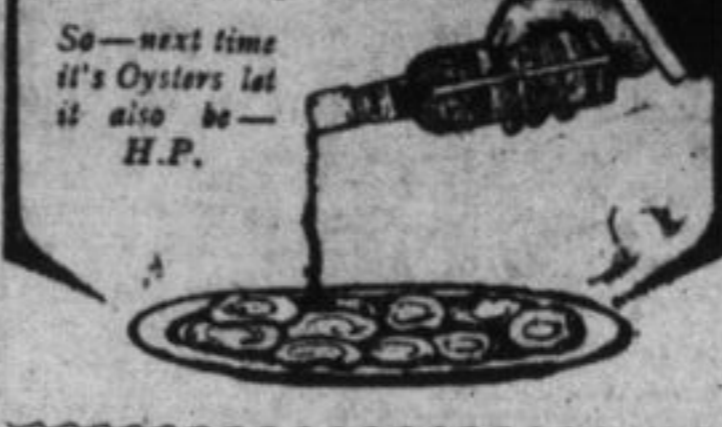
Every sick woman may consult us by letter, absolutely without charge. Write without fear as without fee, to Faculty of the Invalids' Hotel, Dr. V. M. Pierce, President, 683 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

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**SAUCE WITH OYSTERS**

Just a 'suspicion' of H.P. Sauce gives that finishing touch which makes your plate of Oysters so enjoyable. You try it!

H.P.—rich, Oriental fruits and spices blended with Pure Malt Vinegar, with the cunning which comes from long, long experience.



So—next time it's Oysters let it also be—H.P.

"But she, like an eternal courtesan, flirts with all. In her hair in ornaments of diamonds and rubies is engraved her name, 'Commercialism.' As alluring, as bewitching as she seems, much destruction and agony follow in her wake. Her breath, reeking of sordid transactions, her voice of metallic character like gold, and her look of greed are so much poison to the nations that fall victim to her charms."

Presently Frazer closed the book and sat staring straight ahead at the whitewashed log wall, his whole being troubled with the thought of those red men gathered on the shores of the lake.

Thirty years he had served the Hudson's Bay Company, but during those years he had assumed another duty, one apart, different from any which his position necessitated. When he had taken over the post, the Indians, like those trading at neighboring ones, were fast becoming ingrained in numbers. Swayed by his religious feelings he had come to look upon the red men about him as his own personal charges. Too, lacking children or kin to love, he had given over to these wilderness people the empty places in his heart. So he had watched over his own little charges, eternally imprudent, had in recent years increased in numbers and become prosperous according to Indian standards. The factor had come to view with growing complacency the successful results of his labors on their behalf. For this reason the carrying out of these official orders was now a bitter task.

Only two days ago the band had arrived to secure the yearly outfit, and preparatory to leaving for the winter trapping grounds had camped upon the shore of the lake. In two more days they would have been on their way. In view of this, Atllaw's untimely arrival was the more to be deplored. But to Frazer, master of his own domain and upon whose goods no outside check had ever been made, came no thought to make the usual advance in defiance of the orders. Despite his love for his charges, his desire for their welfare, 30 years in the company's service had made obedience a thing of second nature. Now that these instructions had arrived there was only one thing to do.

Again Frazer brought out the new orders, reading them over slowly. As he came to the words: "Not one debt shall be given the Indians," a wave of honest anger swept over him. There came a realization of how little, after all, did those men out in the big world care whether famine or death visited these children of the wild. How truly, he thought, had Tolstoi spoken when he said of commercialism, "Her breath, reeking of sordid transactions, her voice of metallic character like gold, and her look of greed are so much poison to the nations that fall victim to her charms." Truly, these words were equally applicable to men and companies as to nations.

Deep in thought the factor did not hear the storehouse door open. Not until a soft tap sounded at his own portal did he rouse. Turning, he saw before him Opapamotao, chief of the band. "We have held council among ourselves, Okosapuhchegac," the chief said, addressing the factor by his Cree name, "which meant 'He-Who-Sees-ahead.'" Long ago the tribe had given Frazer a name and a honorable place among them. "And," the chief went on, "the braves went outside. There are many words to be spoken." Finishing, Opapamotao retreated, closing the door softly behind him.

Outside, around the door, the braves sat as they had a few hours before, in a semi-circle, cross-legged and silent. Frazer sat down on the step of the Post. The long pipe passed around the gathering. When the last man had taken it from his lips, Opapamotao arose. Dropping his blanket from his shoulders he stood up straight and tall. His eyes swept once over the gathering, then he turned and addressed Frazer.

"To-day, Okosapuhchegac, you have received word from the Great White Company that no 'debt' should be given to us this winter. All day we have talked in council of this order of the white man. The Great Company are very rich. In their store houses lie thousands of pounds of tea and flour, and all the things that are now necessary to us of this northland. God made the fur-bearing animals and the game for the Indians. Before the white men came, our forefathers lived upon these and were independent. Then the white men came with their demands for furs and the Indians turned from his hunting fields and became a hunter for the white man. Now we are not as our fathers were. To-day the game is scarce, the fur must be hunted long and over great distances. And because of this we have come to look to the white man for many things. We have made the men of the Great White Company outside," he waved his hand dramatically toward the south, "very rich. They

have great wigwams and much food stored away, even in times of war. Why then should they make us suffer for something that is not our fault? Have we not these many years traveled far and hunted much for them? Have we not always paid our debts and brought much fur to this post? Yes, my brother, we have done all this. And yet the white men would make away our debt when the winter is coming on, when we must travel far, and many of our squaws are big with child. My brothers in council have begged me to lay these matters before you. You are one of us, have been long a part of the northland.

Opapamotao stopped abruptly, gasped for a long moment at the factor stretching out his arms in a gesture of supplication.

"You, Okosapuhchegac, understand that we are not as our forefathers, that now without the white man's aid we cannot live."

With a little sharp gesture of finality Opapamotao resumed his seat. There was a long silence. Frazer sat with bowed head, a new realization of the situation sweeping over him.

Yes; that was it. He understood now. He recognized as he had never fully done before, that it was he and his kind that had changed the wilderness, making the Indian a dependent.

Slowly Frazer got to his feet; duty, obedience, the training of 30 long years, he put suddenly behind him.

"It is well, my brothers," he said, "the words of Opapamotao are good and full of wisdom. To-morrow you shall be given your 'debt' as before, so that you may go into the wilderness to the trapping grounds."

Turning, Frazer went within the post. Once within he brought out the heavy ledger of the company. For an hour he calculated the sum that would cover the cost of outfitting this band of 100 red men. Arriving at the answer he closed the book heavily, went within to his bedroom, took from his ancient money box his bank book on an Edmonton bank, 500 miles away.

Within it lay the savings of all these years; he compared the total of this with that of his recent calculations and he breathed a sigh of relief. His bank balance covered the sum and left \$10 over.

Then a little wearily he sat down and wrote out a check to the company for the full sum and folded it away in an envelope which to-morrow Atllaw would carry to the outside to the offices of the great company, to those men who lived soft lives and did not care.

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