

"All Chinese letters and discarded papers are folded and placed in a clean receptacle, to await the arrival of the collector, who comes three times in every seven days. This collector begins work in the early morning. He calls

apartments where Mon War, or beautiful writings, were incinerated and the ashes preserved from the contaminating touch of the every-day world. Ching, who collected the writings and papers, was our guide and as we entered he stepped carefully past the clumsy looking

At the end of each week the sacred were put into sacks and conveyed to a dock and put in the Mon War boat, a curious little craft and silently taken out through the Golden Gate, where the tide was swift, and emptied into the sea.

The Cow and the One-eared Mule

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD



HON. FRANK S. CAHILL.

I FIRST met him on a day so hot that the prairie looked like a sweltering oven, and the saddle on my cayuse felt like the warm lid of a stove. He had stopped to water his team at a small water-hole; that is, if you could call the unusual looking quadrupeds a "team." One of these animals was a mild-eyed cow—the other was a one-eared mule! I had traveled long and hard that day, hitting for the Goose Lake country, in Saskatchewan, and half an hour before I would

have wagered that nothing on earth could have roused a spark of humor in me. My head ached; the back of my neck was roasted; I felt that every drop of blood in my veins was boiling. But even my utter discomfort could not keep me from observing the fine points of that ridiculous outfit. I could have stood for the mild-eyed cow. But the mule, with one ear gone—shot off, I afterward learned—was too much; and as it stood looking at me, with its one long ear slung forward like a woman's hat, I leaned back in my saddle and laughed until the man's voice broke in on me.

"Funny, ain't it?" he growled.

Then I looked at him. He was a young man, in shirt sleeves, cowhide boots, and with a red bandanna tied round his neck. He was eyeing me morosely, if not beligerently.

"Funny, ain't it?" he repeated. "Who you laughing at?"

"The mule," I said. "What in the name of all creation are you doing with this outfit, twenty miles from anywhere?"

"Going to Saskatoon for supplies," he replied. "I've got a homestead back there on Goose Lake. But that cow won't pull, and the mule balks every forty rods. Funny, ain't it?"

I knew if I said yes he would hit me, so I choked back the word.

That was back in 1905, seven years ago. The other day this same young homesteader went down to Montreal and put through a million-dollar land deal which netted him a personal profit of several hundred thousand dollars. He is one of the three "coming men" of Greater Canada, and it is pretty generally conceded that he will find a seat in the next Parliament.

His name is Frank S. Cahill, and he has three homes; one in the city which he has helped to make—Saskatoon; a second in Pontiac County, Quebec; and a third in his house-boat on the Ottawa. Not long ago American as well as Canadian papers were discussing the three-cornered political fight over in Quebec, in which Laurier and Cahill played two of the important parts. Yet at the time only few of those papers knew that seven years ago Cahill's

only possessions were a cow and a mule and rickety wagon and that he sat sweltering in the hot sun of the open prairie, wondering what in the name of Fate was going to happen to him. Two days after that I met him in Saskatoon. We shook hands warmly. He still wore his cowhide boots, his blue shirt, and red bandanna, but his face was filled with joy.

"I've gone into the real-estate business!" he exclaimed excitedly. "I've traded off the mule and the cow for an option on some lots, and a man is giving me three weeks' room and board for the wagon."

Cahill is a Liberal, and in the recent Conservative landslide he had an opponent of his own party in his constituency. Laurier, realizing Cahill's strength, asked him to withdraw "in the interests of the party," that his opponent, a favorite of the old Government, might pull off a winner. But Cahill wouldn't quit—even to curry favor with the great Arbiter himself—and the Liberals showed their appreciation of his stand by giving him a good majority over his Liberal opponent. Even though the head of his party asked him to voluntarily step down into oblivion, Cahill is a stronger Liberal than ever, and his three-cornered fight has made him such a host of friends that there is no doubt as to the future. His interests are now so broad that he finds it necessary to divide his time between the east and the west. Out in Saskatchewan there is a saying that "If you'll stick to Cahill you'll come out right," and over in Quebec the papers and the people have called him "The rock that political machinery couldn't budge." But of all the things he has achieved, Cahill is proudest of the fact that no one can say he has ever given a friend or enemy anything but a square deal.

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