

Prairie Perseverance

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Edward Bruce Mallett

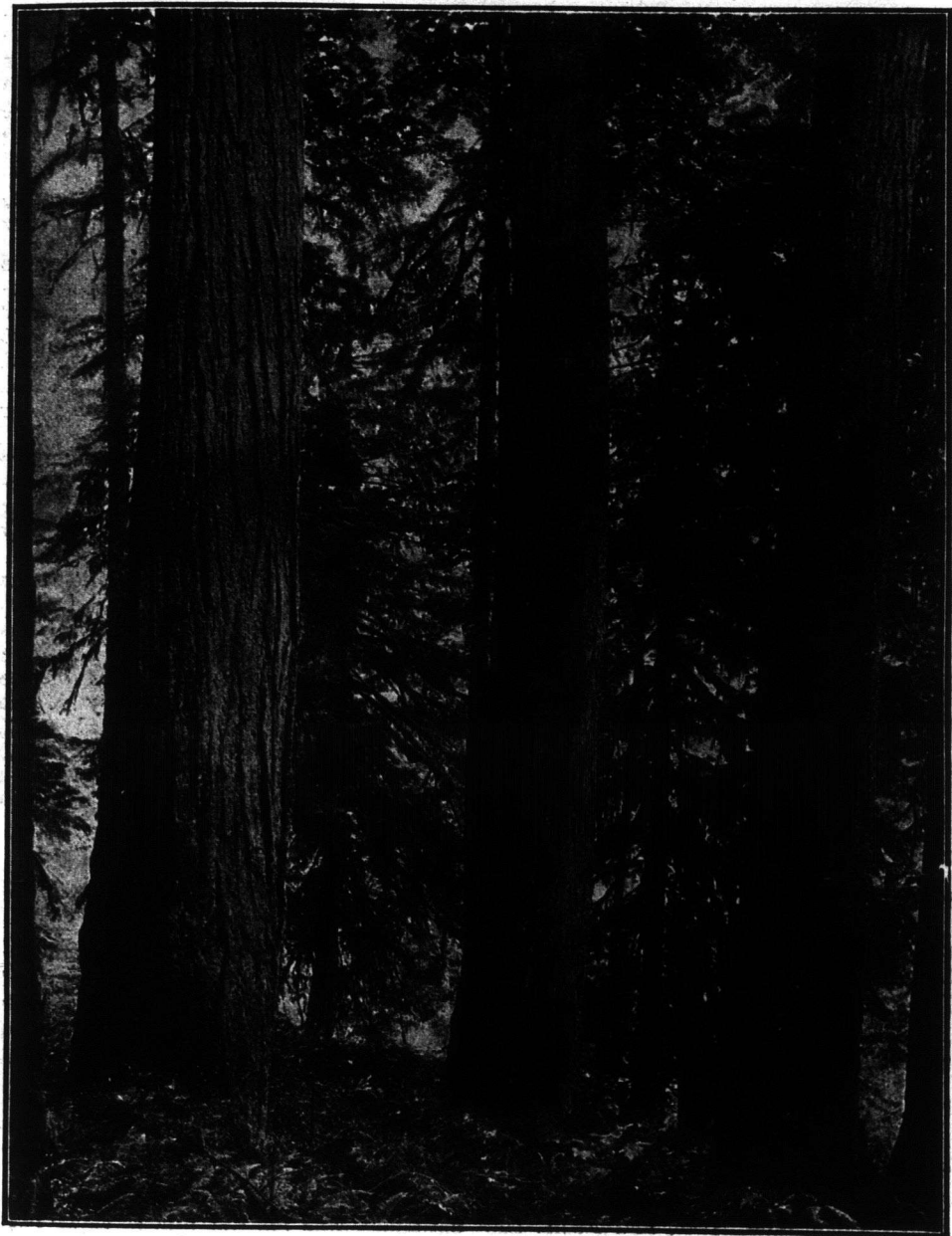
People of almost every nationality, class, kind or description, come to our Western prairies. The oppressed of foreign lands here behold their burdens fall from their shoulders. Those who perhaps have become discouraged, take new hope, and those who have met with reverses here behold the tide of fortune turn, and are carried on to success.

Among such a motley throng, it is not surprising that we find a sailor, a time-expired pensioner of the British Naval Service, wending his way to the broad open prairies of South Saskatchewan, to take advantage of the Canadian Government's gift of one hundred and sixty acres of fertile prairie soil.

The train rumbles and roars westward, and we again pick him up in a South Saskatchewan Land Office expeditiously making entry on a very choice quarter section of land, which though situated right among cattle ranchers extremely opposed to the incoming of the homesteader, makes not one jot of difference to our friend.

John Jones went out, built a neat shack, purchased the necessary outfit, built a good fence around his domain, and settled down.

Herds of cattle roamed on every hand. Standing in the door of his neat shack, with a powerful field glass in his hands, he calmly surveyed the surrounding



Native Growth of Douglas Fir in B.C.

As I have singled out this character, and as we are to follow him in his westward way to take advantage of the best that may offer, (for he is shrewd, that penetrating, observant, steel-grey eye is not there to no purpose) I shall further describe him.

Among the rather picturesque throng in the Eastern Station, there is nothing about him to attract attention. He is neatly dressed, neither too loud, nor too plain. He is short of stature, thick-set, and of powerful build. He is bearded and bronzed. A few grey hairs show among the jet of his closely cropped head. He is calmly observant of all around him. He reminds one of a slate-grey battleship in a thin mist; full of power, ever ready, but so unobtrusive as to be scarcely visible. He comes of a race of men who have ever been England's pride, men who have never failed her, and upon whom she may ever place her proudest hope. Strong, resourceful, close-mouthed men of deeds, not words, are they. I speak of the men of Devon.

John Jones is his name, just plain John Jones, a name as unobtrusive as his appearance, but nevertheless, though an unobtrusive name, borne by many a worthy man. That he is a man of action, is very evident from his quick, decisive, business-like movements, and he is soon seated in the train and everything in shape for his journey westward.

country, then grunted "Humph, ranch country now, farm country afore three years. Durned valuable one too. Iron horse asnortin' by afore that," and he slammed his door.

Ranchers and cowboys visited him, all stating the utter uselessness of his establishing himself in those parts. They said the soil was unsuited for agriculture. Stampedes would carry away his fences. His crops would be destroyed. In short hinted that he had better take himself off.

The veteran said nothing but when alone exploded, "Take myself off, I be durned if I do. Here I be, and here I stay." He stayed. He performed his homestead duties faithfully.

Cattle ranchers and cowboys continued to visit him, and in course found out that he was a veteran of the British Navy.

The sailor became apprised of a mean, underhanded scheme on their part, to cancel his homestead. The homestead inspector stood by him, as well he might, as he had faithfully performed his duties. He did more. He informed the veteran of the plot. When alone the sailor exploded, "Cancel eh, cancel be blowed! Hull Canadian Guvernmunt ull stand by. To blazes with um!"

A long, lank, lean and tough middle aged cowpuncher called on him one day, and was invited indoors. The conversation ultimately veered around to marksmanship. Said he, drawing the heavy



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