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men went to his help. He failed with his first shot and as the sense of his awkward position in the midst of the madly running buffalo came to him he lost himself, and in his hurry he jammed the lever of his gun hard up and fired the piece in the air. This was repeated and now his magazine was empty. With the running buffalo bumping into his horse and rubbing his own legs on both sides, he reached back for a cartridge from his belt. By the time this was in place he had control of his nerves, "picked out a fat cow" and fired. The first three shots were all that we heard. Even after the successful shot he was carried by the herd a long distance before he could draw to one side and be free to return to his game.

Back to the camp we come with an abundance; the fires crackle and the pots are boiling, and all are smiling and happy. No one is injured and the hides will make the finest of robes. There are disappointments, to be sure. Some horses of which much was expected turned out poorly. Charger rode a big blaze-faced brown that ran splendidly till he saw the strange-looking woolly beasts with their wagging chin whiskers, and then he bolted and ran away in the opposite direction with his unwilling rider, nor was he stopped till two miles away. Roan Bear had a little black from which he expected great things, but which failed to make good.

And so the talk of the camp came and went. The dogs that came from home lean and scrawny grew sleek and fat. A few of our horses succumbed to the hard work and the deep snow. Coffee and sugar were a thing of the past and flour was a memory. The older Indians cared not for these, but with the loss of the tobacco there was woe and sorrow. Little Bear cut up, shaved thin and powdered in the palm of his hand, his old nicotine-soaked pipe-stem that he might smoke it in a borrowed pipe. "I can stand hunger," he said, "and thirst, but without tobacco I am dead!"

This is a sketch of a winter hunt for big game as the Dakotas have followed it for generations. It was their last winter hunt. They prepared for this, entered upon and carried it out with religious feeling and fervor. Much that is good of their ancient religion shows in every detail. Spies are sent afield and their reports received under oath and according to a ritual of thought and form that is fixed and handed down from generation to generation. The ordering of the chase itself and the sharing of the spoils is clear-cut and invariable. The hunting camp is a unit and the crier stands as representing the camp—its recognized spokesman and its high priest.

All this is now of the past. The buffalo have departed. The wandering Indian of the plains has also gone. We now have him slowly accustoming himself to his changed environment. There is good stuff in him and much hope for him.—THOMAS RIGGS IN *The Independent*.

THE PEOPLE WHO DON'T LET ON.

By AUBREY FULLERTON.

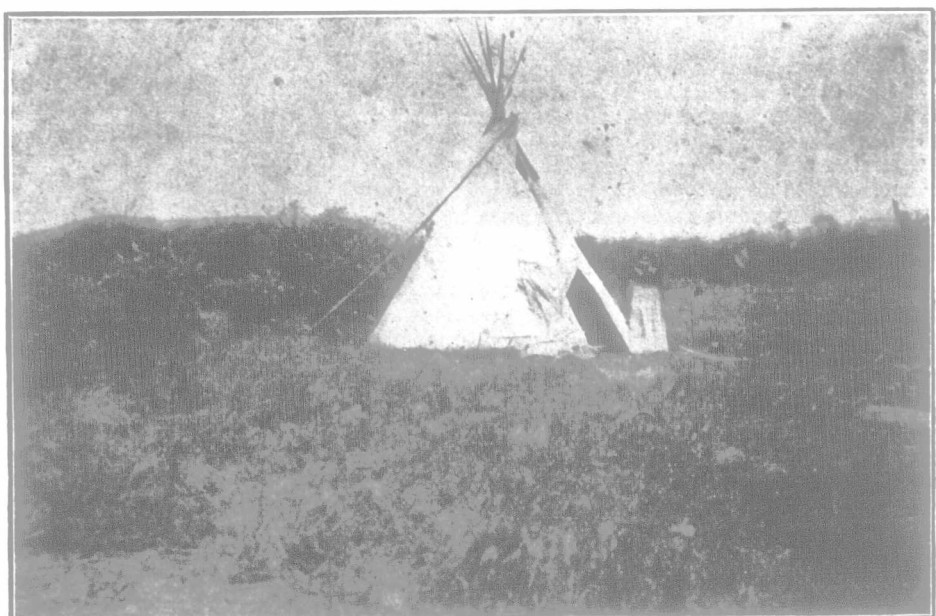
On the station platform at Calgary, in the very midst of a bustling crowd of comers and goers, and half-way down the length of an Imperial Limited, just in, stood a quartette of tawny Blackfeet. They were in people's way, but they made no move to put themselves in a more convenient place. People looked at them, passed by, and came back to look at them again, and passengers who had hardly ever seen a live Indian before stared at them from the car windows. In truth, they were conspicuous enough—two men in yellow blankets and two women in fancy-colored shawls, all of them with typical Blackfeet faces and the general get-up which only an Indian can achieve.

They stood like fixtures. Things were doing about the platform, things that would have interested most unaccustomed people, but not by the slightest move of countenance and scarcely by turn of head or word of mouth did they manifest interest, wonder or amusement. Apparently they were

absolutely indifferent to every commotion around them and to every gaze directed upon them. They looked straight ahead, steadily and stolidly, and kept their thoughts to themselves. And yet it was humanly impossible that they were not in some measure interested or entertained by what they saw. They must at least, it seemed to me, have been wondering in their half-wakened minds: "What in time is all this about?"

In Edmonton I saw an Indian youth who had come down a hundred miles from the north with a dog-train of furs. He stood on the main street, in front of stores, passed on either hand by a city crowd, and in the midst of the mid-day traffic. The chances are that he had never seen the like before, for he came from the land of the silent places, but here again was that same straight ahead gaze of stolid indifference, a dreamy, uncaring and uninterested gaze to which, seemingly, the things about him were as if they were not.

Frequently I have looked into the faces of Indian men and women, young and old, who have come to town from their reserves and camps, and in nearly every case I have noticed, or thought I noticed, a like indifference and don't-care-a-hang air. When there has not been actual indifference there has been at least a certain strange repose, which one would not suppose to have been produced by the dignity of the mental processes within.



STILL A FREQUENT SIGHT IN THE INDIAN'S COUNTRY

Moreover, I had before seen something of the same quality in the native Indians of Nova Scotia and Ontario, as well as in these of the West, and had at times seen it dispelled only on production of the camera, a machine which the Indian woman particularly, in her modesty, abominates and will exert herself to escape. A natural conclusion, therefore, is that there is a pronounced degree of sphinx-like reserve in the character of the Canadian Indian, a trait not altogether blameworthy, though certainly not altogether admirable, and always mysterious. For one comes back to wonder and to ask what do these dusky folk, scattered remnants of a people once-a-time the lords of creation, think about. Is the indifference only assumed, or is it all-the-way-through, or is it but the unconscious mask of a keenly acting though crude intelligence inside?

It has been the method of all who have made a careful study of Indian character to examine their subjects at close range. They have gone to the Indians' haunts, lived with them, and so acquired first-hand intimacy with their modes and manners. The present standpoint is the more superficial but hardly less suggestive one of an observer who, instead of going to the Indian himself comes to town. Admittedly this method will not afford the close and accurate knowledge that the other will, but notwithstanding there's reason in it. The man of the wilderness in

town, in the presence of the white man's genius, in the whirl of things he can hardly understand, and in the atmosphere of ambitions that must be Greek to him—what does he think of it all, what stirrings, if any, does he feel within himself, and with what content or discontent does he turn back to his ridiculous home? I, for one, have never asked him, and for several reasons. In the first place it seems like intruding in another man's business, and in the Indian's dreamy indifference, so greatly contrasting with the loquacity of the white man, there is a natural majesty and quiet dignity that seems to forbid prying into. He asks nothing of my affairs and I ask none of his, but watch him and try to analyze him by much the same method that he uses toward me, if, indeed, he takes note of me at all. Again, there is a satisfaction in studying him from the outside which is consistent with the mystery that surrounds his race. And, finally, he could not reveal his inner workings to me if he tried.

So, not caring to go and live with them a while, I have continued and shall probably continue still to look into Indian faces and watch Indian ways, when they come to town, finding some not unprofitable entertainment in guessing at their philosophy of life, which I shall probably never find out. For they are the people who don't let on.

Now the man who has studied them at close range will very likely put that

down as a whim. It may be so but I doubt if there has ever been a man, however familiar with the life and soul of the Canadian Indian, who has really understood him. There remains, after all is figured out, an unsolved equation of mystery about him. He is a great historic fact in Canadian life, a vital but most remarkable link between what is now and what was once, with poetry all mixed up with crudeness and nonsense, but he is inscrutable. The Government does not understand him; the trader has not fully mastered him; and the ethnologist has failed to reach



IN THE GARB OF CIVILIZATION.