

my lord, the Duke's company, than we expected!" Shaken out of his wonted calm, the factor hurried within, followed by Irwin. Together, with rapid hands, they began straightening up the extra bedroom in the living part of the Fort.

The long twilight of the Northern summer region's night had blurred the distant stretches of the river into indistinctness when the steamer whistled for a landing, and the two men hurried down to take in the lines.

One end of the rough board gangway was thrown over the boat's side, Macdonald and Irwin making fast its clamps in the logs of the pier. Finishing, they stood at respectful attention awaiting the landing of their distinguished guest.

From among the little crowd gathered about the gangway, a tall individual, roughly clad and with a battered hat of felt set jauntily upon the back of his head, came down the gangplank. In one hand he held a much battered grip, while over his shoulder was slung a well filled regulation pack sack. As he landed Macdonald and Irwin nodded cordially but paid him no further attention and remained awaiting the coming of their noble visitor.

For several moments the captain and the factor remained exchanging river gossip. "Well, I guess that's all," finally called Captain Barker, "I gave the passenger all your mail, so you can cast off, Mac. We're trying to make this one a record trip."

"But his Lordship! where is he?" Macdonald asked in bewilderment.

"His Lordship! What Lordship?" There was equal mystification in the captain's voice.

"That's funny. I had word there was one coming in on this boat," the factor returned as he laid to the bow line. A minute later the stern wheeler, with loud churning, backed into the open water and went thrashing down river, the disturbed waters forming little wavelets, which, rolling inshore, broke with low splashing.

For the minute both men had forgotten their passenger, but as they turned to return to the post they came face to face with him sitting placidly upon his pack-sack, languidly rolling a cigarette.

"I beg your pardon, sir," Macdonald said contritely, all the hospitality of his Scotch nature and fifty years of wilderness dwelling in his voice, "but I'm a bit upset through expectin' an important member of the company. Come on up to the house and make yourself at home."

After the manner of the Northland the factor asked no questions, and the newly arrived, making no comment, the three trudged in silence up to the Fort.

A few moments later, under the lamp-light within the store room, the stranger dug into his pocket bringing out a letter whose soiled and dirty envelope gave signal of long carrying.

"Mr. Macdonald, I presume," he remarked, addressing the factor.

"Why, yes," slightly surprised. The stranger handed over the much-carried letter and began lazily rolling another cigarette as Macdonald tore open the envelope. There was a moment's silence, then a long drawn gasp from the factor. His hands dropped to his side. He stared in amazement at the man before him.

"Why, your Lordship, I really beg your pardon. You see, you see..." Macdonald floundered hopelessly, "well... I... we... that is... I was expectin'... expectin' something different. I mean," the old factor labored on more embarrassed every moment, "that is, your Lordship, we expected you'd be slightly... er... er... more dressed-up like." The factor stopped breathless, red of face and, for the first time in thirty years, hopelessly discomfited.

Rising, the Duke held out his hand. "Why, that's all right," he said good naturedly. "I suppose it was hardly fair, me coming this way, but the fact is at Montreal and everywhere else I stopped on the road out I was wined and dined and made speeches to. So when I got to the edge of the wilderness at the landing I thought I'd just try and be an ordinary human being, that's all I am anyway you know," his Lordship went on humorously, "but people would insist on putting me on a pedestal just

because I happened to be one of the nobility. So instead of using my pass which the company gave me for the boat, I bought a ticket at the landing, threw on an old suit of clothes, bought a pack-sack and an old grip and packed what I needed in them and here I am. As for apologies you owe me none. In fact, if anything there is one coming to you for my little deception."

There was a moment's strained silence, then Irwin broke it with a laugh. "Say, that's a hell of a good idea," he said enthusiastically and then caught himself as he noted Macdonald's little frown of disapproval. So Irwin shut up rather more suddenly than he had intended, remembrance coming that after all their guest was a real lord no matter what his clothes were like and, being such, could not be treated as an ordinary human being or praised or blamed for his actions or bearing.

Once more the conversation lapsed. The factor, his composure regained, sat quietly observing his visitor. Tall, spare, youthful, the Duke of Kentville did not look over twenty-five. His face, smooth, regular featured, was boyishly frank. As he sat there, browned by weeks of river travelling and ragged of clothes, he more resembled a deck-hand than a peer of the realm. And because this

real life type of the nobility did not compare with his mind image, the factor's innate Scotch sense of fitness was upset. So in spite of the Duke's air of camaraderie his evident good fellowship which, in spite of himself, appealed to the factor's Northern bred nature, Macdonald was not satisfied. The Duke still failed to shake those set beliefs as to the uselessness and imbecility of titled persons which had been created in the factor's mind by years of out of the world living and information gathered only by word of mouth and from printed page. This scion of the nobility, though a husky young man who packed his own baggage and seemed in every way like an ordinary wholesome human being could not really be a man, must be lacking somewhere.

Though he came not in silk hat and broad-cloth, mousing foolish questions, still the factor was not to be reconciled. A duke was a duke, there was no getting away from the realization.

Concluding his reflections, Macdonald suggested retiring and after seeing his guest to his room retired illy pleased with the happenings of the day.

The Duke of Kentville had been at Fort Rice a week. An interesting week it had been. The surrounding country, alive with small game, afforded him

ample opportunity to satisfy his fondness for shooting.

It was upon Saturday morning that Macdonald, having to go down river to adjust some trouble that had arisen among the Indians of a nearby camp, suggested to the Duke that he and Irwin row down river with him.

As the big row boat moved lazily down stream the factor laid out the plan of the day.

The Indian camp he was bound for lay several miles inland and some distance down river. By leaving him at a point on the river a little above this camp, the factor explained, they could spend the day fishing, moving slowly down the stream picking out the spots at which the fishing was best. Finishing his business, instead of returning to the disembarkation point, he would head down stream from the Indian camp and come out at Point of Rock Canyon, some ten miles further on the river. This triangular route, while not a great deal longer than if he returned to the spot where first landed, would afford them a full day's fishing over plenty of river. Also upon the whole of the return trip there would be three pair of hands to man the oars against the current, whereas by his returning to the original starting point, Irwin and the Duke would have

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