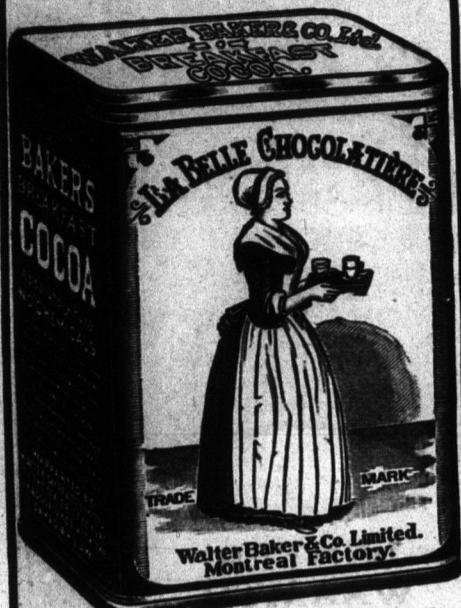


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fore they woke in the morning, but they were watching me."

"They kept that up on me for three years," said Bob. "During all that time they never gave me a minute's peace, but after that they gave me up. They haven't troubled me for a long time."

"You were too clever for them?"
"Well, yes, I guess so, but I had a better pair of legs and a better pair of bellows in my wind box than any of them. When I saw that they intended to hit the trail with me I used to get up a little extemporised athletic contests, show them some stunts, and ask them if they could do them; like this, for instance," and he extended one leg forward at a right angle from his body and slowly sat down on the other heel.

me I had them buffaloed before we started. If they started with me I set such a pace that I had their throats dry and their legs aching before we went into camp at night. Then I lay down for two hours and started again. I seldom ran across one that could stay with me and never two at once, and chanced along it spoils the flavor of it alone."

"And you like it?"

"Yes, there is a fascination about it, as there is to every dangerous enterprise, with a big reward for the successful. I know of nothing at which I could make more money. You see I buy nothing but the finest, most expensive furs, and I pay the Indians more for them than they can get from any



Athalmer, B.C., showing Water Frontage on Columbia River.

then he slid to the ground so that he was sitting squarely on the ground behind his right heel with his left leg still extended rigidly forward, but not touching the ground. Then without allowing the extended foot or leg to touch, and without touching anything with his hands he slowly rose to a standing position by sheer strength of his right leg. He did it several times in succession without pause. "I could keep it up till you would be tired of watching me. I never ran across one that could do my sunts, and if they took the trail with

one else. The Indians have come to know me. They save their choice furs till I come for them; but I have been thinking lately of settling down. I am getting pretty well on toward forty, and a man is not so fleet of foot beyond forty as before he reaches it. Most of them keep on till the North gets them. It might be wiser to quit in time."

"It has been getting hold of me. I was enjoying it, but when I think what might have happened if you hadn't chanced along it spoils the flavor of it a bit for me."

"I was down at Athabaska Landing a month or two ago. There are some great openings there for a man who would develop them properly. What do you say if we go down there and go at it; quit roving around and grow up with the country. We'll look the place over, pick out something good, there's a lot of such things there; we'll go into partnership, and by the time the country is settled up and flourishing, we'll be old timers in on the ground floor."

"I'm with you. I don't need another warning like the one I've had to-day, besides I see I am not so well built for this sort of thing as you are. I'd better quit while I have a chance."

Not everyone at Athabaska Landing knows what brought the Minturn brothers there as we do.

The Loving Father.

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Robt. E. Gullins, Winnipeg.

If you cannot, on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready at command,
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever-helping hand,
You can succor the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Master's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true;
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do,
When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil within life's vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.



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