That was the state of affairs at Pibald Gulch, and we knew that unless relief reached them soon many of the fire sufferers would not survive the hours of darkness. But between us and them lay the forest fire—that indomitable fiend of the wilderness which all woodsmen fear with a fear that cannot be mastered.

How indeed? I was still staring at Argos Joe when suddenly he gripped my arm. He led me out o the office on to the station platform, where the scent of fire was pungent in the air.

Argos Joe pointed towards the siding, where an old rattletrap of an engine stood with two trucks attached. Smoke was issuing from the engine chimney and a grimy boy was leisurely stoking the furnace. It was our relief outfit, in case of fire at the settlement, and the old freight trucks had been rigged up with bunks, while a gang of Dagoe working on the line used them as bunkhouses.

"They've got steam up," whispered Argos. "I was wondering whether we could make the trip in her?"

For a moment I thought Argos was

For a moment I thought Argos was mad. Who, indeed, but a madman would contemplate trying to reach Pibald Gulch under the existing nditions.?

"For Heaven's pity send relief," my

"For Heaven's pity send relief," my companion whispered excitedly, and in his voice rang the same frenzied cadence as we had heard over the wire a few minutes ago. "Think, man, of the poor wretches at the other end. If we get through we might save twenty lives or more. If we went down it would only mean three men—and one of the three isn't worth much."

"But the bridges?" I cried. "Lonely Bridge, at any rate, can't be standing. And—" but something in Joe's face cut me short.

"Guess I'm game, then," I said, after a moment. "I've been through three big fires already, so I'll risk a fourth." "Then that settles it," Joe answered, and hurried away to the stationmaster to

unfold his plan.

The stationmaster looked at him dubiously. "It's brave of you, young fellow," said he, "but the eff outfit belongs to the company, and I'm responsible for it. Am afraid I can't give

you permission."
"Thanks," said Joe with a laugh. "I guess we'll have to do without it." Then he slammed the door, knowing that if we won over the settlement the station-master wasn't of much consequence.

## FRIENDS HELP

## St. Paul Park Incident

"After drinking coffee for breakfast I always felt languid and dull, having no ambition to get to my morning duties. Then in about an hour or so a weak, nervous derangement of the heart and stomach would come over me with such force I would frequently have to lie down."

Tea is just as harmful, because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee

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"At other times I had severe headaches; stomach finally beca affected and digestion so impaired that I had serious chronic dyspepsia and constipation. A lady, for many years State President of the W.C.T.U., told me she had been greatly beyefited by quitting coffee and using Postum; she was troubled for years with asthma. She said it was no cross to quit coffee when she found she could have as delicious an article as Postum.

"Another lady, who had been troubled with chornic dyspepsia for years, found immediate relief on ceasing coffee and using Postum. Still another friend told me that Postum was a Godsend, her heart trouble having been relieved after leaving off coffee and takin, on Postum.

"So many such cases came to my notice that I concluded coffee was the cause of my toulie and I quit and took up Postum. I am more than pleased to say that my days f trolle have disappeared. I am well and happy."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book. "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

A crowd of sorrowful, dejected looking men stood by the notice board, discussing the painful state of affairs. Most of them had friends, and some had relatives at Pibald Gulch, and the Fowledge that at least a day must elapse before they could safely send relief did not tend to cheer them. Joe's clear, educated voice startled them to the comprehension that a fresh turn of events was afoot.

"Boys," he said, taking his stand on a pile of packsacks. "If we don't get through to Piball Gulch tonight I guess we shall be too late to help some of them. There's jult one chance—that the bridges are standing, and my partner (he nodded his head towards me) and I have volunteered to try 10 get through with the relief train."

A mighty chorus of cheers rang out, but Joe lifted his hand. "This is no time for demonstration," he went on.. "We haven't a minute to waste. We want blankets, clothing, tents, bandages, grub and a doctor. Those of you who have kit to lend be quick and get it, and pack it into the freight trucks. Those of you who have no kit hand in your bills to my partner, and help him buy outfit at the stores."

The effect was startling. A sudden stampede possessed the crowd. Half the men rushed for their tents to bring lankets, or what articles of raiment they had to spare. Some, indeed, sent their very tents, and slept during the not that followed in the open. The other half mounted the platform, with wads of bills in their hands. I could not take the money fast enough, and bills were thrust into the folds of my clothing, into my pockets, even under my hat.



A group of young primates; Behind the table (from left to right) A Chimpanzee: An Asiatic human type (Samoyede): A European human type: and two Orang-Utans: In the foreground, A Gorilla and an African human type (Nigerian)

In five minutes I resembled a walking stack of bills, whereupon I entered the nearest buggy, and drove like Jehu for the store, the crowd bringing up the rear.

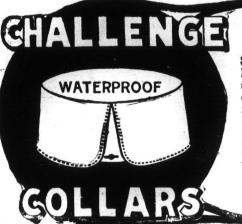
We bought all the tents and clothing and blankets they had in store. We bought bread, butter and coffee enough to keep the fire sufferers busy for three days. We ransacked the settlement for fresh meat, and any little dainties we could lay hands on. Then we packed everything into two carts, and when I got back to the station half the settlement was packing away the goods into the ramsackle freight trucks, while the stationmaster stood by grinning.

Argos Joe was busy with the engine, getting up steam, and running round with an oil can and a spanner. As I have intimated previously, he had been through the railway shops and knewsomething about motives. I, for my part, superintended the packing process, and it was queer to note that everyone had something to give towards the relief of the smitten city. An old woman, who was known only by a licentious nickname, and who possessed one cow by which she made her slender living, brought a huge bottle of milk and presented it with shaking hands.

"It will come in for the little children," she said, in her husky old voice, and I saw that her eyes were overflowing.

"Ave it will, grannie!" said the boys.
"Good old grannie!" and they patted
her on the shoulders as she tottered
down the line.





## Save you money

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