

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 of 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 Dagoo 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 mad. Who, indeed, but a madman would contemplate trying to reach Pibald Gulch under the existing conditions?

"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 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 stationmaster 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.

"At other times I had severe headaches; stomach finally became 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 benefited 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 chronic 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 taking on Postum."

"So many such cases came to my notice that I concluded coffee was the cause of my trouble and I quit and took up Postum. I am more than pleased to say that my days of trouble 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 knowledge 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 Pibald Gulch tonight I guess we shall be too late to help some of them. There's just one chance—that the bridges are standing, and my partner (he nodded his head towards me) and I have volunteered to try to 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 blankets, or what articles of raiment they had to spare. Some, indeed, sent their very tents, and slept during the nights 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 ramsack 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 knew something 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.

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



ENGLAND'S Cloth & England's 'Cut' sets the Fashion in the Tailoring World.

Never before in the history of our House has the tie between ourselves and our very much valued clients Overseas been so close. To-day more than ever before, residents in Canada are beginning to realise the advantages of purchasing their clothing needs from what is virtually the Greatest Tailoring House in the United Kingdom—Curzon Bros. In the Heart of London, England (which is the greatest centre for tailoring in the world), stands the House of Curzon, able to place its hand on every available and necessary resource. The most skilled artisans, the most artistic draughtsmen and designers, the pick of the woollen mills of Great Britain, are only a few of the important facilities within the Curzon sphere.

CURZON'S IMPERIAL CHEVIOT SUIT.

\$13 MADE TO MEASURE
(DELIVERED FREE TO YOUR DOOR).

When you buy a Curzon Suit you know that you are securing the Real British Material, than which there is nothing superior to-day, no matter where woven. No industry in the Old Country occupies so vast a field, nor are the virtues of British cloth found in the products of any other country.

That softness and elasticity, that rich appearance, that inherent quality which obviates the necessity for eternal cleaning and pressing—an operation destroying the natural life of the wool and rendering it shiny and glossy—these are just a few of the advantages of British-spun cloths.

British Textiles do not go Shiny

except through hard and constant wear. Then there is comfort in the Curzon cut. Your smallest need or instruction commands our weightiest care, for it is the trifles in the suit which make the suit.

We are artists in the matter of tailoring, and by scientific application and the careful study of your individual needs we impart a distinctive personality into your garments. This distinction has already secured for us

ONE SILVER and FOUR GOLD MEDAL AWARDS.

Whether you prefer New York Fashion or Modern London Style, we can fill your requirements. In brief, Curzon aim at giving you very much more than you can possibly get within the Dominion at dollars cheaper than you would pay locally.

Send Postcard for FREE PATTERNS—NOW—and get your Suit in good time.

All orders are despatched within seven days of receipt. Write now, at once, for patterns.

Curzon's Range of prices for Suits to Measure (Delivered Free to your door),
\$8.60, \$10, \$11.50, \$13, \$14.50, \$17.10.
Every quality has been valued by our
Canadian friends at double our prices.

Read our unique list of unsolicited testimonials. \$25,000 forfeited if not absolutely genuine.

We have a Specially Arranged Self-Measure Chart, which puts the risk of error outside the pale of possibility.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY RETURNED

Address for Patterns:—

CURZON BROS. (Dept. 103)

449, Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ontario

CURZON BROS., The World's Measure Tailors.

60/62, City Rd., London, England.

Mention this page.

CHALLENGE



COLLARS

Save you money

Stop all laundry troubles. "Challenge" Collars can be cleaned with a rub from a wet cloth—smart and dressy always. The correct dull finish and texture of the best linen.

If your dealer hasn't "Challenge" Brand write us enclosing money, 25c. for collars, 50c. per pair for cuffs. We will supply you. Send for new style book.

THE ARLINGTON CO. OF CANADA
Limited

54-64 Fraser Ave., Toronto, Can.

51-23