THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY



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It creams cleansingly into the tiny pores. Then it soothingly creams out-rinses off-easilycompletely-quickly.

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mind, buy several cakes of Fairy Soap. Then use "Fairy" consistently.

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For Toilet

and Bath

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TABLISHED in 1870 at BELFAST — the centre of the Irish Linen Industry-we have a fully equipped factory for Damask and Linen Weaving at Banbridge, co. Down; extensive to help out the poor old steed, they dragged themselves along the path.

That was a day long remembered Just as they were crawling around a bend. in the road they saw a mailcart approach-ing. They hailed its driver with joy. ing. They halled its driver with joy. He has the true Samaratin spirit of the West. He turned around and with his own horses pulled them as far as the next stopping place on the Red River. There he strongly advised them to settle and commence farming. Then he left them, going off in his Red River cart, thump, thump, out of sight the wheels screeching thump out of sight, the wheels screeching and groaning in the protesting manner for which those carts are famous.

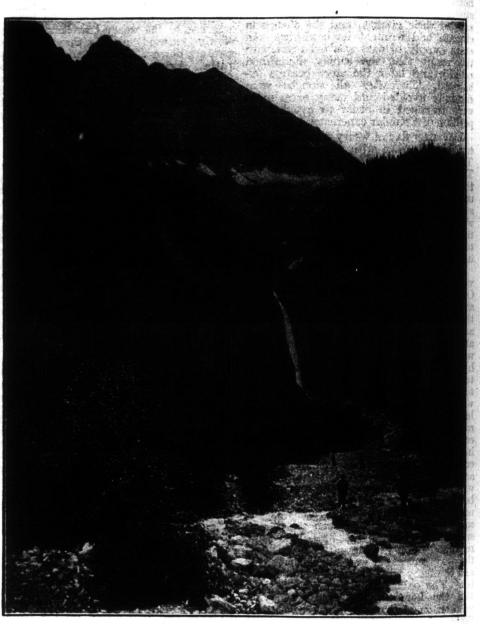
The Red River was very refreshing to the travellers in their helpless state. It was a sign of nearing the end of the journey. Here, too, they caught and feasted on several fish.

A new plan, hazardous and original, was now mapped out to cover the rest of the two hundred mile journey that lay before them. The wagon box was taken off one of the wagons and with chisel and hammer the cracks were stuffed with old clothing. The wheels were laid across the top of the box and after it had soaked in the river

would find a lone boy a good target for a swift and noiseless arrow. Several, times indeed, he saw one on the bank who would stare curiously at him as he went by, and one of these pointed a gun at him. Flinging himself down to the bottom of the box he lay there, waiting for a shot that never came, for in a moment the Indian lowered his weapon and disappeared for some unknown reason into the woods.

Day after day the weary routine was repeated. Sailing down that interminable river, sometimes shivering in the cold wind, then again perspiring in the heat of the sun, with coat off ready to swim in case of accident, now bailing, now balancing, now shoving away from danger, the boat and its brave occupant went on. His face was' peeling from constant exposure, his limbs were sore and aching and mosquitoes and flies swarmed about his legs and face. Yet, being filled with the blood of the pioneers he never despaired but paved the way for the millions that have followed since over less hazardous paths.

But unknown relief was near at hand. Several half-breeds had seen the boy and told of his predicament to two white



Hudson's Bay Mountain, near Smithers, B.C. Falls from glacier and ancient bed of great ice field, 4,000 feet above Lake Kathlyn.

for several days it made a fairly water-tight families, who were camped at Frog point. if somewhat unusual, barge. The plan These men went down the bank to meet was this: the rest of the family were to the incoming settlers, now nearing their the incoming settlers, now nearing their goal. One windy day as Will was busy take the remaining horse and wagon and baling away, he heard in broad Scotch push across country from point to point tongue, "Push on to the bank, boy, push on to the bank," and looking up he saw while Will, being able to swim, floated down the longer and more dangerous route of the river. They were to meet his friend standing on the shore waving to him. The wind was blowing the boat in every evening where a fire would be built the wrong direction and it was impossible to land. The further he floated away the on the bank. The next morning Will took a lunch and shoved off. The wagon box was a harder the man yelled, thinking he had not been heard, his Scotch becoming more dangerous craft for it was low in the broad with excitement. At length Will water on account of the weight of the wheels and often a wave would come up reached the bank and was helped out by willing hands. The family rejoined each other and all went up to the camp at Pembina. It was a great pleasure to see a white family once again, and the rough camp seemed a veritable paradise. Here they stayed several weeks. Reil had placed sentinels at the border and they, with the other white families they had joined had to the raft could not be guided in deep water. wait for the completion of the settlement before they could get into Manitoba.

making-up factories at Belfast; and, for the finest work, hand-loom weaving, embroidery and lace making in many cottage homes throughout Ireland.

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and partly fill it. Then it would take swift baling to keep it from going down. Often at a sudden bend in the river the wind would almost overturn the box, or carry it across the stream where it would dash into a tree or stick on a sand bar, from which place there would be great difficulty in dislodging it. Then, too, It would drift wherever it was carried by the current, and he was often taken far beyond where he wished to stop. There were many dangers on account of the unknown waters of the river, while all the time was a lurking fear of Indians who

They were very fortunate in this case. Will's father had formerly sheltered and fed a half-starved half-breed that had crawled into his camp one night. The