



For the consistent care
of your skin!

Fairy Soap is made to take
particular care of the skin.

It creams cleansingly into the
tiny pores. Then it soothingly
creams out—rinses off—easily—
completely—quickly.

With these soap-qualities in

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

If you are not familiar with
the gentle cleansing purity of
Fairy Soap, you have a de-
lightful surprise awaiting you.



For Toilet
and Bath

THE FAIRBANKS COMPANY
LIMITED
MONTREAL

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S IRISH LINEN

to their Majesties the
King and Queen.

World Renowned for Quality & Value

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

We are unable to quote prices on account of the present
market fluctuations, but always give our customers the
full market value at the time of receiving the order.

IRISH DAMASK AND BED LINEN
IRISH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS
IRISH COLLARS AND SHIRTS
IRISH HOSIERY AND WOOLLENS

Illustrated Price Lists and Samples sent post free to
any part of the world. Special care and personal
attention devoted to Colonial and Foreign Orders.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD.
Donegall Place, BELFAST
IRELAND

Beware of parties using our name: we employ neither agents nor travellers.

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.
He has the true Samaritan 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
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 bal-
ancing, now shoving away from danger,
the boat and its brave occupant went on.
His face was peeling from constant ex-
posure, 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 Kathleen.

for several days it made a fairly water-tight
if somewhat unusual, barge. The plan
was this: the rest of the family were to
take the remaining horse and wagon and
push across country from point to point
while Will, being able to swim, floated
down the longer and more dangerous
route of the river. They were to meet
every evening where a fire would be built
on the bank.

The next morning Will took a lunch
and shoved off. The wagon box was a
dangerous craft for it was low in the
water on account of the weight of the
wheels and often a wave would come up
and partly fill it. Then it would take
swift bailing 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,
the raft could not be guided in deep water.
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

families, who were camped at Frog point.
These men went down the bank to meet
the incoming settlers, now nearing their
goal. One windy day as Will was busy
bailing away, he heard in broad Scotch
tongue, "Push on to the bank, boy, push
on to the bank," and looking up he saw
his friend standing on the shore waving to
him. The wind was blowing the boat in
the wrong direction and it was impossible
to land. The further he floated away the
harder the man yelled, thinking he had
not been heard, his Scotch becoming more
broad with excitement. At length Will
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
wait for the completion of the settlement
before they could get into Manitoba.

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