

Lumber! Lumber! Direct from Mills to the Farmer--Consumer

One of many Testimonials--

Elkhorn Man

Dec. 12, 1908

Lake Lumber Co
Winnipeg

Dear Sir

I received a carload of lumber from you in August and am pleased to say that it was very satisfactory both in quality and prices, being about \$10 dollars a thousand less than I could get same kind of lumber for in Elkhorn at that time

Yours Very Truly
A. J. Swan

THE LAKE LUMBER COMPANY, WINNIPEG
MANITOBA

WHY pay a middle man's profit when you can buy from us at Wholesale Prices?

If you can alone, or in conjunction with a neighbor, order a car lot, we will send you a delivery of lumber—Direct from the mills that will fill every requirement in your building scheme, and save you Thirty per Cent on retail prices.

Now is the time to build or to get Cheap lumber for future operations. It will not reach a lower point.

GET OUR PRICES delivered at your station. You pay when you have received and are satisfied with our delivery.

THE SHIFTING SAND. By C. C. VAN ORSDALL.

I had been knocking about the mountains for several weeks, when one evening I found myself in front of a little cabin, nestling at the foot of a great mountain, and facing a level stretch of sandy plain, dotted with clumps of sagebrush. My horses were tired from an unusually hard day's jaunt, and I was so weary of the solitude of the great trees and hills, and the monotony of self-communion, that I was very glad to pitch camp for the night in a place that promised human companionship.

Dismounting, I removed the saddle from the animal I had been riding, and was busy untying the cords which bound my camp outfit to the other, when I noticed both animals prick up their ears and look intently across the plain. Turning in that direction I saw coming slowly toward me the figure of an old man. He was dressed in the ordinary garb of a miner—heavy high-top boots, blue denim overalls and "jumper," and broad-brimmed white hat. In one hand he carried a long staff, which he occasionally thrust sharply into the sand as he advanced, pausing frequently for a backward glance across the plain. When he had drawn nearer, I noticed that his staff was particularly shod with a long, sharp point of steel. He was within a few yards of where I stood, when turning from a last backward glance, his eyes met mine. I am not by nature a timid man, and years of frontier life have given me an assurance which seldom deserts me; but I do not mind confessing that, as I looked into those eyes, I felt decidedly uneasy as to my reception. The cordial note of his rich voice, as he bade me "good-evening," reassured me so much, however, that I asked permission to stay all night, hastening to add my name, address and occupation. He readily as-

sented, and, after showing me where to picket my horses, led the way into the cabin, where he soon prepared a supper to which I did the full justice of a keen appetite.

When the table had been cleared away, and a fresh log laid upon the fire I got out my pipe and tobacco, offering my host some of the latter, which he accepted and we were soon chatting together with cordial goodfellowship. I had confided to him my mania for "prospecting," still persistent after years of fruitless efforts to "strike rich," and there had fallen between us a short silence, during which I allowed my thoughts to drift away to a sweet-faced woman whom I had loved silently, hopelessly, for so many years.

Suddenly my host's voice recalled me to the present.

"A mania you call it," he was saying; "and rightly, too, as are all other forms of our greed for gold. God knows no one can realize this truth more bitterly than I."

The weariness in his voice impressed me painfully. And as the lighted match which he held to his pipe flared up, I noted with new interest the deep-set eyes, out of which all gladness had gone, and the rugged lines of the face which must have been handsome in youth. I was speculating as to what his story might be—for that he had a story that set him apart from the common run of men everything about him plainly declared—when he took his pipe from his mouth and without preface or apology, began: "I have lived in this cabin for eighteen years, never leaving it except for semi-annual visits to the little town across the mountains for my supplies. Eighteen years ago this month I discovered a rich ledge, bearing gold and silver, up the mountain side about a

mile. I had high hopes and worked hard, for I possessed the mightiest incentive that can nerve a man to wrest a fortune from fate—a loving little woman back in New England awaited my return. Her father, a wealthy, hard-headed old farmer, disapproved of me on general principles, but especially because of my poverty. When I had ten thousand dollars in cash, he said, I might claim her for my wife. The toiling and saving of a life-time would scarcely win that much money from the few stony acres I possessed. But youth is hopeful and resourceful; so I left my sweetheart, who promised, amid tears, to be faithful till death, and started for the golden west. I had poor success, however, and at the end of five years was little better off than when I left home. Then it was that I stumbled quite accidentally upon the ledge up the mountain-side, so accidentally that I believed it nothing short of providential. Poor fool!"

He laughed bitterly, and then sat watching the smoke which curled in fantastic wreaths from his pipe. "For some time I worked as seldom man worked before. But I was soon forced to the conclusion that I must have assistance and machinery to develop my mine, both of which required capital—and that I did not have. One day I set out on foot across the mountain in search of some one who would advance the necessary capital for an interest in my mine. Upon reaching town I went straight to the post-office, where, as I expected, I found a letter from my sweetheart. I carried it unopened to my room at the hotel, and sat down to read it, thinking that it would give me new courage for my quest."

The old man paused. Something in his voice kept me silent, too, though I longed to question him as to the out-

come of his story. Suddenly he roused himself from his reverie and continued as abruptly as he had ceased.

"I need not tell you that my letter contained a story as old as love itself—the story of a woman's faithlessness. It put out the light of my life at one cruel blow. I did not heed the protestations, all blotted with her tears; I grasped only the one vital point that she was no longer mine to win, since she had yielded her vows to a richer man; and the bitterness of this blinded me to all else. All night long I sat with the letter in my hand, and when morning came I started home, following the instinct which leads the wounded animal back to its familiar haunts to die."

"For a long, long time I lay in my little bunk yonder, praying for death, and there grew in my mind the suggestion of suicide. In a stupid way I reviewed all the routes to eternity at my disposal; but with the fastidiousness of a sick brain, I rejected them, one after another. There was my rifle or my hunting-knife, but the thought of their bloody mutilation turned me sick. Then there was a rope, and there," pointing to the stout beam over our heads, "was the impromptu gallows."

At this gruesome suggestion I could not repress a shudder, and was glad that my tell-tale face was hidden by the gathering gloom.

"But I was something of a gentleman in my youth, and hanging was too suggestive of the felon to be pleasant. I got up at last and dragged myself outside the cabin. Sitting in the sunshine, I lifted my eyes to the westward, and then leaped to my feet, shouting for insane joy. A great bank of gray clouds lay almost touching the mountain tops, and in these clouds was the solution of the riddle of my taking off. I was mad, you see."