

was there able to identify his locality, estimating that he was sixty miles directly south of his trading post. In the vacant houses, he found a pair of boots and several pairs of socks. Very soon, he was met by a band of Indians who were much shocked at his emaciated appearance. They took very good care of him, carrying him, at times unconscious, to his fort, which he reached, after an absence of forty days. The Cree Indians, after the adventure, called him the "Manitou" or "Great Spirit". The Assiniboines called him "Cheepe" or the corpse, because of his wane appearance but he recovered in due time. In the Seven Oaks trouble, John Pritchard was one of the garrison, occupying Fort Douglas. When he sought to escape, with the other settlers, to the North of Lake Winnipeg, he was made a prisoner by the North West Company's agents and taken to Fort William. Later in Montreal, he gave evidence in connection with the Red River troubles and was spoken of as capable and diplomatic in his work.

Many useful years of life were lived on the east side of Red River, near the old Kildonan church. Closely identified with the welfare of the settlement, he promoted the establishing of day schools, Sunday schools, building of churches and aided in the educational development of the community. The Hudson's Bay Company recognized his services by a gratuity. He died in 1856 and rests in the historic old St. John's cemetery in Winnipeg.

The traditions and records of the men of this period would indicate mental culture and the desire to promote the best in the historical drama that was developing.

The Last Sacrifice

By Alice M. Toon

THE clock struck eight as the old woman opened her eyes. She had been lying on her back, as was her wont, and now she turned her head ever so slightly toward the window. She heard a subdued murmur outside—Jane's voice and—whose? After listening a moment she decided it was George Martin's. How long since she had last heard that voice? The tired brain endeavored to think: two—three—yes, it was three years.

Long ago, when Jane was young and pretty, she and George Martin had been the best of friends. Jane's mother tried to remember just when he had left town. Finally she fixed upon the time, shortly after the accident to herself which had pinned her to the bed—full twelve years ago; and Jane had gradually changed from a gay and jolly girl to a quiet and austere woman.

The old mother stirred uneasily, the sharp twinge in her side warned her not to stir too much. The voices grew a little more distinct, Jane's decided and crisp, George's deep and persuasive. Little by little the meaning of the disconnecting and barely audible words sifted through the sick woman's brain, and finally as she gathered the gist of the conversation, she listened unashamed.

"No use, George," said Jane, evidently replying to an argument from her companion. "Don't ask me. I have stayed by her this long—I will stay by her till the end."

"But Jane," pleaded the man, raising his voice in his earnestness, "let me stay too. I've waited a long time, and remember, I have your promise. We're neither of us growing younger. If you'd only let me take the helm—"

"No—no—"

"But listen; let me help. You're tired out, Jane. She's good for months yet—maybe years. Are you going to waste your life and mine?"

"My mother, George, my mother," moaned Jane. "She has sacrificed for me all these years. Shall I do less for her?"

"I know she's your mother," George carried. The figure on the bed was rigid with listening. "But you've given up twelve years to her now. We could take better care of her together than you can alone. She don't see, Jane, that you're losing all that's best in life. She's grown selfish, having you at her beck and call all this time—sh—sh—"

"I'd die for my mother," sobbed Jane, fiercely.

"That's the last sacrifice anybody can make," George returned, impatiently. "No, you'll live for her and that's a sight harder to do."

Jane did not reply. The mother felt the slow tears of age gather. After a moment George spoke again.

"Won't you let me help take care of her—our mother, Jane?"

"Don't—don't make it so hard, George," whispered Jane, imploringly. "You don't understand. She's used to me. It worries her to have strangers about. Oh, forget me, George."

"I'm likely to," said George, with a short laugh, "after all these years. No, I'll go now, Jane, but I'm coming back to-morrow for a final answer. Think it over, dear, and don't say no. I'll do my share."

"You're a good man, George," faltered Jane, as she stood beside him on the steps, and to the listening ears there came the sound of a kiss, and then footsteps on the gravel walk.

Jane came softly into the room and leaned over the bed. Her mother was breathing regularly as she feigned sleep, and Jane sank into her rocker with a sigh. The struggle she had gone through had wearied her, and presently she slept. A stray tear glistened on her lashes, and in repose her face lost its angularity, and seemed to take on some of its youthful roundness. The poor old woman on her pillow looked at her daughter yearningly.

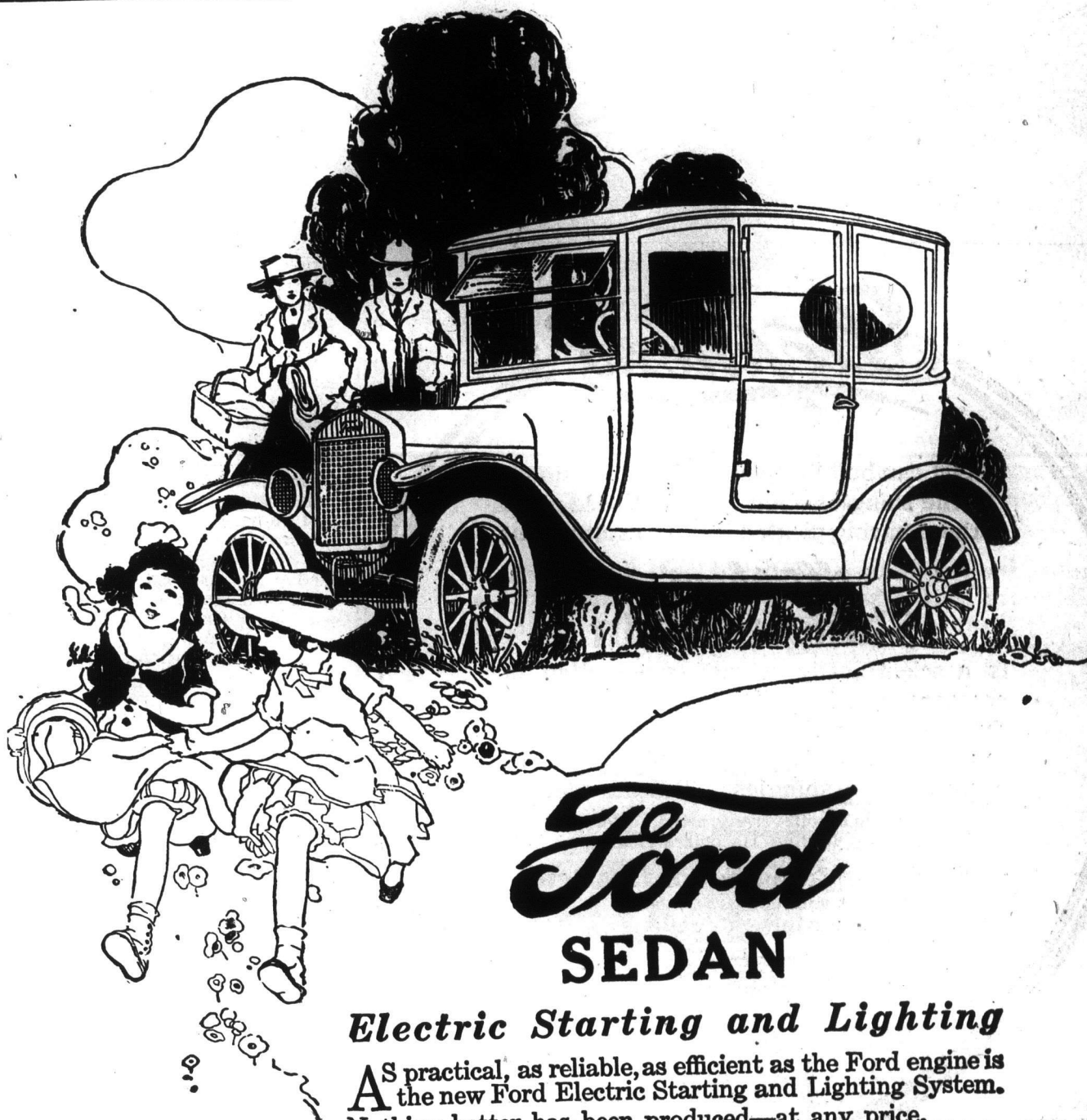
"Poor Jane," she thought, "she's been a good girl. George was not the only lover she might have had. She ought to be happy—poor child!" She lost herself presently and dropped into a light doze; but a thought was formulating

in the feeble brain, and slowly it gathered shape. What was it George had said? Something about dying—he had mentioned sacrifice—she moved impatiently, and the stabbing pain attacked her, shrieking warning through her nerves. After the dizziness consequent upon the movement had passed, the thought still remained.

"To sacrifice—to die—to sacrifice—" the words trailed in a slow procession through her mind. A tear rolled down her sunken cheek; she groped for her handkerchief, but could not find it, and finally wiped away the tear with her nightgown sleeve.

Jane stirred. She was evidently dreaming, for she smiled, and sighed, then smiled again. To the dim eyes regarding her, she looked eighteen once more.

The old woman felt thirsty. Usually she querulously stated her need of a drink



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