The Western Home Monthly

Some Adventures of Fritz

By Bonnycastle Dale.

TE were wandering down a peacely admired the pleasant old farm buildings, the wooden ranch home with the outside chimney telling of warmth on of them having willfully attacked man, chilly coast weather days. Sleek cattle and well bred horses fed side by side. The lush meadows were deeply carpeted with succulent grasses, milch cows with heavy udders headed homeward as the day declined. Here, on a much smaller farm than a prairie man would think of owning, these contented ranchers were making a comfortable living. No intense cold—10 above zero was the lowest; no extreme heat-about ninety being the highest. The streams were well stocked with fish, the woods held grouse and pheasants and quail, both wild and cultivated fruits bore heavily. All these cleared, or partly cleared farms on the coast, are things of delight to the eve, I know—there is lots of work—but the coast man gets up later and ceases labor earlier than the eastern farmer, he really seems to enjoy life fuller. Of course he does not make the sums of money a No. I hard wheat grower would in a good year, but, provided he came here with sufficient money to buy his land outright—say 5, 10, to 50 acres at from \$100 to \$250 per acre—he always seems to prosper and live very content-

Within a few miles of the last pictures of happy home and well fed kine and clean fields, we came to a 100 acre location totally uncleared—look at the picture of the lad and the giant tree-the whole hundred acres was covered with Douglas Fir trees—many of them six to ten feet across the stump. Remember this is a different proposition. It is a good man indeed who can clear up an acre of this land per year. So my advice to all my good readers of The Western Home Monthly who intend to go west is: go out and thoroughly inspect the big province before you select your future home.

We camped for the night some five miles from the peaceful valley; our camp consisted mainly of the surrounding scenery, as we were travelling light. We made an open ended. A tent of the two strips of canvas which formed our duffle bags in the daytime. Our "billy" was boiling over the fire of beachcombed wood—this sea salt incrusted flotsam gave forth lurid green and purple, red and copper tints against the sombre curtain of the night. We ate our simple meal. I lighted my pipe and felt content with all the world. "Squeal" ba-a —ba-a—ba-a came to my unwilling ears. Up I jumped! Fritz, too, leaped up!—there was a mighty row issuing from the dark valley below us. Seizing the electric torch Fritz tore off down the steep slope. I don't think that slope had ever been raked or stonegathered since the glaciers rolled over it. We really glassaded down it, but the squealing, and mewing and the terrified calls of sheep hurried us on, and we burst into a tiny natural glade in the forest, just in time to see a great dark yellow figure leap into the bush, but too late to save the three cruelly mangled sheeppoor tender hearted Fritz had to put them out of their misery, and I do not blame him for the tears which streamed down his cheeks as he swiftly silenced the sadly mangled lamb which ba-a-ed pitifully against his swift but merciful actions. The panther had literally torn the two sheep and the lamb into ribbous while the rest of the flock foolishly crowded against the salmon berry larshes. If we had not come along the heast would possibly have killed the entire flock of twenty. We struggled down to a brawling brook and washed our stained clothes and hands and scrambled up to the camp: then I took out watch-2 a.m: We hal slept six s beside the expiring fire, and as we ed at daylight by the big pads in dack earth near the ferns: Mr. er or Mountain Lien, as he is often , or Puma or Cougar, as you will. Slently crept all about our camp. of Mainly eveing our sleeping and below sleeping

some tales, this great lithe eight foot ful river valley between the beast, armed with long sharp claws and great ranges. Fritz had great- a mighty mouthful of great pointed teeth, does not live on plain man without salt. There is no record on this coast of one nor has any man ever been killed by one of them as far as our research has gene; but he was an awful looking beast as he leaped snarling into the blackest of the bush.

For half a day we plodded until we found the owner of the slaughtered sheep (a lonely bachelor, dwelling in a little fern clad valley), who promptly offered us, upon the altar of friendship, his last solitary apple. That three times divided fruit cemented our friendship and off we set to gather in the pelts-if they were worth while?—but the yellow

shook me swiftly, saying: "What is you. Then Fritz, the ever helpful, was that?" We both sat up and peered into stripped to the waist even by now. 'boom" of the surf struck "crash" upon the shingle. "Voices!" the lad whispered (and not very select words they were using either). "Bang" sounded a gun and a blue light soared aloft.

"A wreck!" shouted Fritz, "and some men coming in through the surf." with pajamas, etc., so we had leaped up almost fully clothed. We splashed through the shallow lagoon and ran up and down along the edge of the sea. Again we heard the voices, twice more the gun was fired and the lights sent off—then all was silence. All night long we prowled along those sands, cold, dispirited, fearful eyery surf would lay at our feet a dark something which had once been a human being. In fact the pre- men, but five bottles never. I held my tence of a breakfast, after the daylight figure had sneaked again out of the dark had showed us a blank sea, no sign of bush and had finished his work of des- ship or boat or wreckage, was a pitiful struction, evidently seeking such dainty failure. How could we eat with, as

stripped to the waist even by now. the misty dark where the slow, heavy binding those wobbling logs with parts of what had once been a shirt and suppenders. I, too, swiftly shed all material that would help, but luckily I waved it over my head once my blushes-let us just call it IT). I really think that that saved our lives, as A a sealer on the spit saw the white flare pedestrian trip does not encumber one and thinking it was an immense gull, called one of his men to bring him his glasses. In a minute a dory was pounded along inside the spit, and soon we saw it dart out of the tideway and, before the raft parted utterly, it was alongside, and we were safe.

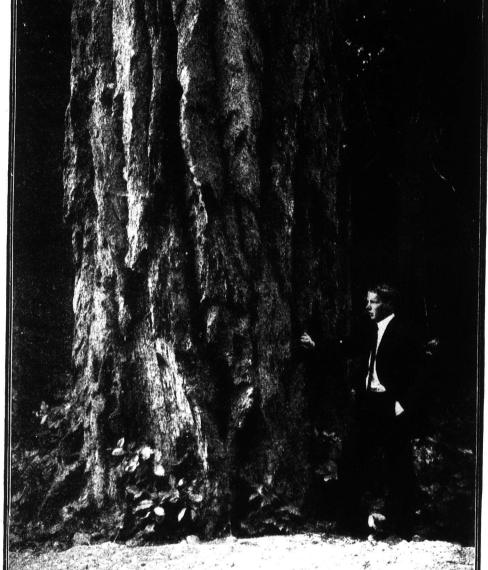
One thing greatly puzzled us, each man had a bottle of whisky near him and they all offered us a drink. I had heard of a flask being sent out to drowning peace, refused all drinks kindly, and soon we were aboard the sealer. It looked more like a saloon, as every man, captain and all, were then half-seas-over. and bottles were everywhere. With unsteady legs and drunken laughter the poor chaps brought us new clothes and shirts from the storeroom, then they cooked us a good meal and time after time offered us drinks innumerable and took many themselves. I was amazed all this time to feel the sealer bump the bottom and, when she rolled to the light harbor swell, to see clean green water

splash up along one of the store:com lockers. "She'll sink when the tide comes in again," said Fritz in a whisper. I was amazed and must have shown it as the mate twigged my meaning and said: "Guess we'll all scramble ashore and leave the old drygoods box. We ran ashore on a reef or island or something last night and though we had all gone to Davy Jones—we've pumped all night -guess we're just pumpin' it in?" and off he staggered. I winked at Fritz, th's explained our wreck. We took a good look at the schooner, she was about a hundred footer, so old that everything wobbled or squeaked or tore loose, her outfit was a disgrace, her lines too we k for clothes lines, where she was not rotten wood she was painted and putty. I

had seen her for years resting on the mud at low tide, or bobbing at anchor, a sun-blistered old derelict. Then came a revival of the sealing industry, she was patched and painted and puttied, some fair stores were installed, a crew hired for a sudden death trip and off she sailed and here she was, just twenty miles on her course.

We helped the crew pump her and run her in on the tide flats on the next Long-run-in." The captain, sober now. asked me my advice, and I gave it to him frankly.

"Put an anchor watch on, and the rest of you foot it back to town and tell that wealthy owner you will sail the lobster trap back, if he comes as supercargo." I think I saved their lives, and the owner's too, as he refused to risk the trip, and a tug pulled the wreck back to harbor with much clanging of high power suction pumps.



Ten centuries ago this great B.C. fir was the age of the youth now standing beside it

find almost skinned and dismembered the within a few yards of us? lamb, and had utterly spoiled the skins panther-killed-mutton.

should hurt no man.

portions as heart and eye and brain. He Fritz said, "A whole ship's crew drowned

We swiftly struck camp-I use that of the two ewes. Two legs of mutton term because it sounds well; what we the owner salvaged and he waved fare- really did was folded up the two bits well to us with one of them from a of canvas, dashed some water in the neighboring hilltop. Short though our "billy" and started off along the shore. camp rations were, we had declined Within a few miles we came to where a bay's tideway entered, making a chan-Some three days later, ten miles fur- nel about a hundred feet wide which ther west along the coast, we came upon separated us from the sand pit along an adventure of which I have never which our further course lay. Fritz, written. At this time the man chiefly boyishly, and I foolishly, rapidly gathto blame might have been injured by the cred together a few logs of driftwood, publication of the facts, but he is in warped them with some kelp and grapeanother country now, and the truth vine and launched, on a slack tide, to eres the narrow deep channel. Now, as At this date in B. C. affairs there if the mother of the tides had been waitwas much Hvalry in scaling and fishing ing for us sea urchins, instantly the conditting. Fritz and I have seen bots "long run out" started, and a good start tems leave Seattle (and Canadian cities, it got; for we were a quarter of a mile one which promptly pounded their weak next into the Straits of Fuca before we sums open once they struck the Pacific noticed how the set was carrying us. Heres, and were might noticed they are we lack opened up our mouths. Sended their Comes on the same, let tour hims good and full, and pave remembered their lane limber again, or that partillery, all the suss of tribening the mass fixed this hight has been used in danger: "Help Help! -

> I'am lau leg at I write it. and parties of the Lusatire inshed to

If and Perhaps

If everyone were wise and sweet, And everyone were jolly; If every heart with gladness beat, And none were melancholy. If none should grumble or complain,

And nobody should labour In evil work, but each were fain To love and help his neighbour Oh, what a happy world 'twould be For you and me for you and me!

And if, perhaps, we both should try That glorious time to hurry; If you and I just you and I Should laugh instead of worry If we should grow just you and I Kinder and sweeter-hearted Perhaps in some near by and by That good time might get started. Then what a happy world twould be For you and me for you and me!

Teacher Tommy, spel' "wrong." Tomerey Received.

Toucher Tiels whates
Toucher Well is truly the way you

Tear out this cake as a reminder to get Woodbury's today at your druggist's.

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o-day.