

Of Indian troubles there are none. The police have always maintained a tradition of stern vigilance and swift retribution towards the Indians, so that besides there being no lynchings or train robberies in the Canadian West, there have been no Indian wars. The arrest of some aborigine who has been unable to distinguish between meum and tuum in the matter of horseflesh, or the bringing to justice of some white man who has found the profits in peddling whiskey among the dwellers of the reserves to outweigh the risks, comprise the chief items in the crime sheet. Not since Sergeant Wilde, who was shot by a renegade in 1897, has there been serious trouble. The Indian, whose name was Charcoal, a member of the Blood band, paid the penalty of his crime on the gallows in Macleod.

Listening to the conversation of the men of the Police as one encounters them everywhere in the West, it is distinctly evident that they are men of a different stripe from the Tommy Atkins of the British regulars. The Mounted Police is a head, not an automaton nor a flunkey. This was curiously illustrated during the visit of the Duke of York to the West a few years ago. Arriving at a station where a stop was to be made, the liveried servants of the Duke asked the troopers where was the royal carriage, and the answer made was that the servants of royalty should get the horses hitched themselves.

Professor Bowers' Experiment

Written for The Western Home Monthly

It may have been the appearance of the building itself with its white-washed walls, its wide eaves and its sheet iron roof. Or perchance it may have been its location there in the depths of the Maine woods. At any rate I was curious to know its history the moment I caught sight of it through the trees. Fortunately my guide was a very loquacious old gentleman, and besides, he seemed to know everything that had happened in the north woods during the span of two ordinary lives. Seeing my interest in the old building he at once volunteered an explanation. I give the tale below, neither vouching for its truth nor attempting the vernacular of the region:

Some 25 years ago a man came to the little town of Bascum and registered at the hotel as Professor Bowers. He was tall and slender, with a bullet head, black hair and beard, and eyes with that subtle charm that snakes use to overpower their prey.

For several weeks he met the inquiries of the townspeople as to his business with passive silence. Then one day he bought materials, hired carpenters and teamsters and began the construction of the building in question, some three miles from town. While the building was in progress the Professor took one of the carpenters, Joe Moffat, into his

confidence in such a way that by the time the building was finished, they were on fairly intimate terms. Then the Professor suggested that he'd need a man to do some finishing inside, and that he'd like to have Joe do it. Impelled by curiosity to know more of the Professor's plans, Joe promised.

As soon as they were alone the professor unfolded his plans, which in substance were as follows: He wanted to prove the truth or fallacy of the evolutionary theory as propounded by Darwin. To do this they would construct a miniature world. It would have a sun shining on it, rain falling upon it and grass and trees growing on its surface. In fact, it would be just like the old terrestrial sphere except that by turning a crank for thirty minutes life on it could be made to advance one million years.

Joe took hold of the work with enthusiasm and together they worked early and late. At times Joe became discouraged and would have given up but for the Professor, who in turn promised, pleaded and threatened.

At last the great task was finished and with everything in readiness they prepared for the test. A cabinet had been constructed in which the Professor proposed to place himself, he turned for half an hour, and step forth as the type of man one million years hence. Joe received his final instructions and then the Professor crawled inside and closed the door. Silently Joe began turning.

Ten minutes passed then fifteen and still he turned. The suspense was awful and only his promise to the Professor kept him from looking within. Finally, after what seemed ages, Joe's watch ticked off the last of those thirty minutes. Seizing the door, he threw it wide open. Joe was prepared for almost anything, but imagine his surprise now. Out from the cabinet sedately walked a little brown monkey. Joe had turned the crank in the wrong direction.

Life means Living

It is a false belief that life necessarily wears out as the days go by. And so long as we live with our eyes open towards the future; with our ears tuned to the melody of the present day; with our hands eager for the new task; with our feet impatient for the unexplored path we shall not grow old, but shall remain young in heart and mind and spirit, which after all are our real selves.

How Rover Gave Alarm

Old Rover seldom barked. Only when there was great excitement and he wished to rouse the whole family did his heavy voice sound, and then every one came to see what was the matter. He lived in a little house all by himself out on the lawn, and at night he wore a great chain about his neck, for if Rover found it necessary to bark, he might also think it necessary to take the situation into his own hands.

One night it was storming furiously, and the wind howled about the house.

It was midnight when Rover's warning bark was heard. The children got up at once and came in mother's room. Papa said that the wind must have startled Rover, and they would wait a while. But the dog barked louder and louder, and so papa dressed and went to the kitchen and looked out. Nothing unusual was in sight. He lighted a lantern and opened the side door. What do you think he found? Only a little stray kitten huddled up against the door and mewling plaintively. Papa took up the kitten and called, "It is all right, old fellow!" and Rover went back into his kennel.

Mother came down and gave the kitten some milk and made a little bed behind the kitchen stove, and that was the way that "Pink-Nose" came to the house to live.

A Circus Girl Spoiled

One of the pious undergraduates of Oxford, remembering his visits to Abingdon Fair, before his conversion, determined to go there again, and see if he could not do some good among the crowds of people congregated in the streets and squares. He took a number of Testaments with him and hired a booth. He sold about fifty and gave the remainder away. The following year he went again with another supply of Testaments. Near the close of the day, a man who, from his garb, was evidently in the show business, halted at the booth and the undergraduate asked him to buy a Testament. "Not I," said the man, "but I have half-a-mind to pitch into you." The undergraduate looked at him in amazement and asked him why.

"I'll tell you why," was the reply. "You spoiled the best circus girl I ever had. She bought one of these books from you last year. Before that she was a first-class performer, and she made lots of friends of swell fellows who came to the circus to see her. They used to give her money and treat her to drinks, and they would stand treat all round. She brought lots of good money to the show; but after she got that book, she changed altogether. She stopped drinking and would not have anything to say to the young men. Then she left the show and went to some religious women in London, and they got her a place in some home. If it had not been for your book, she'd ha' been with me now."

It was a striking testimony to the power of the Word.

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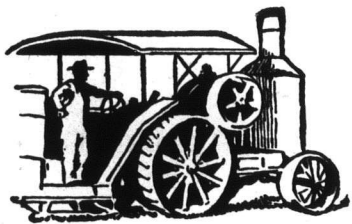
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