

Lend Variety to the Daily Menu

And add to the enjoyment of Home Cooking by using the

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

The Purest and Most Delicious Table Syrup Obtainable

Crown Brand—clear as strained honey—gives a delightful flavor to dumplings, puddings, pastry, etc., and is especially desirable for serving with Buchwheat and Griddle Cakes, Cookies and Biscuits.

It is a most nourishing food—splendid for children, because it is so easily digested.

Next Time Try CROWN BRAND
YOUR GROCER HAS IT

The Canada Starch Co. Ltd.
Manufacturers of EDWARDSBURG Brands
MONTREAL—CARDINAL—TORONTO
BRANTFORD—VANCOUVER

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS



The value of BEANS as a strength producing food needs no demonstration. Their preparation in appetizing form is, however, a matter entailing considerable labour in the ordinary kitchen.

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest beans combined with delicate sauces, made from the purest

ingredients, in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances.

THEY ARE COOKED READY—SIMPLY WARM
UP THE CAN BEFORE OPENING

W. Clark Montreal

FREE—Send For This

Large Illustrated Catalogue of HOME-STUDY Books
On Electricity, Engineering, Carpentry, Building, Painting, Business

Check the subjects you are interested in and mail it with your name and address.
We will send you full particulars by return mail.

Electrical Engineering
Electric Light and Power Supt.
Electrical Wiring
Telephone Expert
Architect
Building Contractor
Architectural Draftsman
Concrete Engineer
Mechanical Draftsman
Steam Engineer
Stationary Engineer

Gas Engine Engineer
Automobile Mechanician
Book-keeper
Plumber
Mason and Bricklayer
Carpenter
Painter, Sign and Card Writing
Letter Writing
Railroading
Motorman

FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.

Dept. 28, 1325 Michigan Ave.

Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

we knew for certain that the forest fires were well on the move.

"It will just about hit Pibald Gulch," we told each other, and most of the settlement stampeded to the telegraph office while the price of the stuff at the stores promptly went up 25 per cent.

That afternoon the telegraph operator was busy, and every fresh message that came through from Pibald Gulch was chalked up on the board. So far as I can remember they ran as follows, and it was in the same order that we flashed them on to the full-blooded world four hundred miles south:

"2.30 p.m. Prospector reports great horseshoe of fire approaching settlement. Blowing half a hurricane.

2.55. Fire approaching rapidly. Can hear it running up trees, though it must be twelve miles away. Already dark as night. All camps dumping outfit in lake. Expect we shall follow soon."

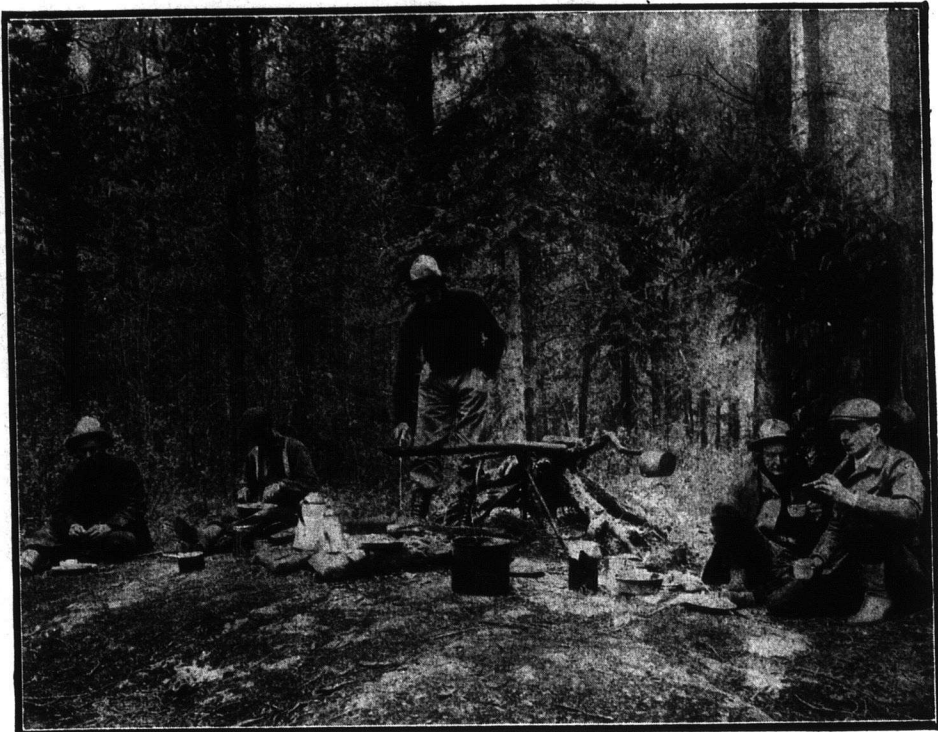
The next message came about twenty minutes later, and if you have ever clung to your fellow-creatures for months on end only by the slender nerve of the telegraph wire, you will know that it is as capable of cadence as the human voice. In this last call from Pibald Gulch I could denote the tones of a frenzied horror. It ran: "M.Q.—M.Q. Fire upon us. Dark everywhere, and we can't find lake. About thirty of us up here. God help us."

"God help them!" repeated someone behind me. "If they're up at the telegraph

Well we knew the nature of the calamity that had befallen Pibald Gulch. The tiny settlement stood by the lake, with the forests overshadowing it, and often we had said that the place would prove itself a death-trap in case of fire. Now the dreaded fire had come, and for three hours we had been picturing the doomed city—picturing its inhabitants as they rushed pell-mell for the lake with the flames at their heels, picturing them when they reached it—men, women and children, horses and cattle herded in the icy water while the fire raged around them with a roar that would drown the roar of artillery. Now the fire would have passed, for the wind had dropped, but how many had survived those three hours in the lake with the fire scorching their faces, the smoke stifling their lungs, and the cold paralysing their lower members? How many had survived, and what would be their story? This was what we were waiting to hear as we stood together in the tiny shanty, staring with fixed intentness at the instrument.

Again the soft tick—this time stronger and more distinct. "They're trying to tap the wire," whispered Argos Joe—whispered, mind you, lest he should disturb the poor wretches at the other end, thirty miles away. "Hold on, boys, and you'll do it."

"Tick—Tick—Tick—Buzz-z. Settlement burnt out. Not a corner post remains standing. Everyone been in lake since last message. No clothes or shelter. Impossible to take census. Much



Lunch Time in G.T.P. Camp, Pyramid Lake.

station, and the fire's already on them, no one else can."

The operator, however, was equal to the occasion, and, in striking contrast to the message we had just heard, his reply rang out: "Turn to the right, keep going, and you'll fall in."

"That ought to hit 'em," said the man behind me. "The main avenue terminates at the lake. I once fell in myself."

For a few minutes the operator was busy on the down line, and the next notice to appear was one to the effect that there would be no train through that night. Then, for three terrible hours no news came to break the monotony.

"The wire's down," said the operator at length, lighting a cigar. "We shan't hear any more for a day or two. Only hope they aren't clean wiped out."

The very next instant he sat up at the instrument as though a voice had hailed him from the grave. There was a soft tick at the key, followed by a vibrating buzz. "It's trying to speak," said the man behind me. "Sounds as though someone's in trouble."

I shan't forget the minutes that followed, as we stood together in the tiny office, waiting for the message to come through. There were five of us—the operator, Argos Joe, a giant Swede, a ragged prospector just in from the bush, and myself. We stood in a silent group, staring at the instrument, and you could have heard a pin fall.

suffering among women and children. For Heaven's pity send relief."

The operator sat back in his chair and laughed. It was not a mirthful laugh, but the sort of laugh a man gives when he has suffered long strain, and feels that strain to be suddenly relaxed. "They're clean burnt out," he said. "But listen to it. For Heaven's pity send relief. How, in the name of thunder can we when half the country between us and them is on fire, and the bridges down?"

"How, indeed?" I repeated the question involuntarily, and at the same moment found myself looking into the clear grey eyes of Argos Joe, who was evidently asking him the same question.

Thirty miles away lay Pibald Gulch, where scores of women and children were shivering in saturated clothing—many of them, no doubt, suffering from burns they had sustained by the fire. They had no food, no shelter—nothing but the wretched rags in which they were stood, and soon—very soon—night would be upon them with its chilling mists and icy draughts from the mountains.

Do you know the nights of the far north—the aurora glimmering palely overhead, the silence, the starlight—the sudden chills that penetrate every fibre of one's body after the scorching heat of the daytime? If you do you will guess what it would mean to lie and shiver in wet clothing while the weary watches dragged themselves out, until the doleful song of the grouse birds started with the first glimmer of morning.