

Full of pleasurable excitement the evening passed, until the protesting cries of roosters in an adjacent building warned the guests of the approach of day.

"May I see yer home?" inquired Mr. Holmes, gallantly, and Miss Nixon, the undisputed belle of all these Bow Crossing social affairs, graciously gave her permission.

In the weeks that followed, these dances at Nixon's took a very prominent place in the time and thoughts of Hike and his friend Bill. To make up for the desolation of those evenings when there was nothing "on," Mr. Holmes became a frequent caller at the home of Miss Nixon.

"You shore is making a great hit with Old Nixon's girl," commented Bill one day. All the fellers is wild."

"Bill" said Hike, with artless confidence, "Me and her has got things fixed up for good I guess."

"You shorely ain't?" gasped Bill in astonishment.

"We shorely has!" returned Mr. Holmes with decision, noting the look of disapproval on Bill's face. "And what's more if we don't hear from that there ore right away quick, I guess I'll get back to the old Horse Ranch. This here dance-to-night'll have to be the last. This kinda thing won't do. I gotta earn some money."

"Well if that isn't the durnedest note!" observed Bill. "Cash is gettin' pretty low with me too. They're that graspin' fer money in this here town. Board at the Alberta is at such fancy figgers I can't stick it out much longer. So I'll pull out when you do."

Bill danced hard that evening, feeling that the gaities of the town were not for him much longer in his low financial condition. The thirst occasioned by the violent exercise he engaged in, forced him often to slake his thirst with the dipper from the pail by the door. Turning from one of these long refreshing draughts, Bill encountered Hike, whose face looked unnaturally gloomy.

"That feller in the paper collar thinks he's pretty slick, don't he?" observed Hike with some bitterness. "There's getting too much dashed style about this place to suit me."

A glance towards the dancers enabled Bill to single out the offending intruder whose innovations were destroying the peace and harmony of the evening. Old Peters' new dry goods clerk, wearing a dazzling white collar, had relieved Hike of all responsibility in the entertainment of Miss Nixon.

"How did it happen, Hike?" inquired Bill, sympathetically.

Hike poured out the whole sad story of how he had brought Miss Nixon to the dance. "She seemed quieter nor usual and on the way down asked a lot about the claim, which a-course I told her all about at the first. I told her I'd give up expectin' to hear from it and that I'd hev to get busy broncho-bustin' agin. Said I guessed I'd never make much money no other way but by hard work. I thought she seemed to ack kinda indifferent like after that." Hike went on to say that at the dance when his vigilance relaxed for a moment "this feller" had got in the way and there wasn't any getting near her afterwards.

"Better try again, Hike," advised Bill, turning to take another drink. "That feller don't stand no real chanst agin you. Anyway, there are lots of girls." "That ain't the pint," began Mr. Holmes sharply, "Why, me and her—"

but he was unable to finish what he started to say as Bill, anxious to make up for lost time, was rushing to join the dance.

"Did you tackle it again, Hike?" inquired Bill a few hours later when they met in their quarters at the Alberta. Bill's own spirits were slightly dashed now that the last dance was over with no more of their kind in view, but he was making an admirable attempt to show a kindly interest in his companion's affairs.

"I did," returned Mr. Holmes, grimly. "How did you make out?" said Bill.

"She seemed kinda high and mighty and acted quite snuffy like when I tried to talk to her," said Mr. Holmes. "I found it dash hard to make any conversation with that blinking owl of a clerk hangin' round, so I asked her for a 'shot'—"

Well, she near took the head

offen me. So I loped," concluded Mr. Holmes.

"Pretty rocky," observed Bill, after a pause, full of sympathy.

"Hard lines, all right," said Mr. Holmes sadly. "We'll get back to the ranch to-morrow."

Early next morning Bill was up and away to get the buckskins ready for the ride to the ranch in the foot-hills. Hike had just finished his breakfast and was standing gloomily in the doorway looking up the street when Bill rushed up breathlessly.

"Hike! Here's a letter for us. Youse open it while I tie up the buckskin." With difficulty they deciphered it between them. The substance of the letter was that the ore had been assayed very high and their claim was a very paying proposition.

"A money maker!" cried Hike. "This means no more broncho bustin' for you and me, feller!" and he slapped Bill cordially on the back.

"And the old man and Susie can leave off their rocky job trying to raise grain and hens on that sand bar they call a ranch east of here!" exclaimed Bill with satisfaction. "Hooray!"

"There ain't no one to benefit particularly outa my slice but myself now," said Hike soberly, "me not having no relations."

"Let's hitch up the 'skins' to that old buckboard at the barn and we'll go up and see how the old man and Susie take it," cried Bill enthusiastically. "Gee, but I'll give them a good time now! You remember my old man and sister Susie, don't you?"

"I shorely does," returned Hike, thoughtfully. It came back to him what a "looker," as he termed it, Bill's sister Sue was with her dark hair and bright eyes, and "not too blamed sassy neither," he reflected.

"We'll get them buckskins ready soon and go," said Bill. "We'll tell the folks about it before we do anything."

Within the space of another hour Bill's natural flow of talk had acquainted the people about the hotel with their good fortune. Hike and Bill found themselves the centre of many admiring friends and old Sandy Jones, the proprietor of the hotel, put himself to endless trouble to administer to the comfort of his two guests.

"You shorely ain't vexed at me for that little joshin' I give you last night, Hike," observed Miss Nixon affably when she met Hike on the street. "That guy at Old Peters' store is too tiresome for words. I just told him so plunk and plain a while ago. What're you mad at anyhow?" "I ain't mad, I'm jest in a hurry as we're drivin' out a town, and you'll find Old Peters' clerk isn't a half bad sort neither. He just give me quite a cut on goods I was buyin'."

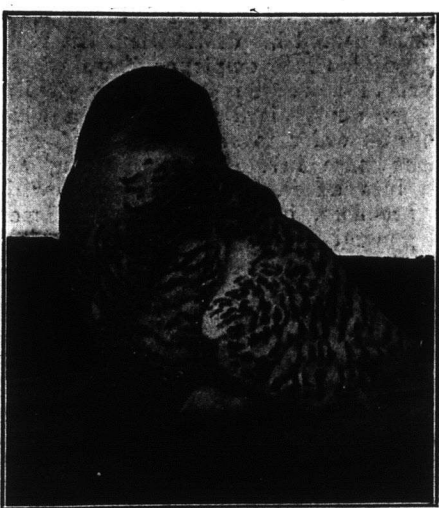
"Look-a-here," said Miss Nixon, almost in tears, "I ain't mad if you ain't. If you're too stuck up to make friends jest because of a little money—"

"Excuse me," said Hike, with his grandest manner, "But once turning down ought to be enough for any fellow. It is for me anyway, so I'll wish you good day."

"All ready, Hike," sang out Bill. "The 'skins' is waiting."

"Sorry to keep you," said Hike, cheerfully, as he stowed away some curious little packages in the buckboard and climbed in.

"Let 'er go, Bill!"



A Snowy Owl in Captivity.

Superior Quality "Old Country" Clothing Fabrics

For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children

Ladies and Gentlemen interested in really high-class Fabrics of sterling value, are cordially invited to examine E. B. Ltd.'s collection of patterns which represents a splendid variety of fashionable materials of excellent quality and refined appearance.

Samples Mailed Promptly and Post Paid

DAINTY COTTON FABRICS
in White, Plain Colors and Fancy Designs.
TWEEDS AND FANCY DRESS FABRICS
in Plain Colorings, Stripes, Checks and Fancy Designs.

TWEED AND FLANNEL SUITINGS
in Attractive Designs and Colourings.
PURE WOOL ROYAL NAVY SERGES
the Clothing Fabrics which wear well, look well and keep a good color.

Prices from 49c. to \$3.15 per yard.
Also in Cream, Black, Grey and New Colours.



The
Hall-
Mark of

Egerton Burnett
Royal Navy Serges

Intrinsic
Worth

High Class Tailoring

For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children

Canadian patrons frequently acknowledge the splendid Fit, Style and Finish of E. B. Ltd.'s Tailoring, and testify as to the excellent value received.

For Example:

F. G. wrote: "The suit you made for me, which arrived in December, is a good fit and is satisfactory in every respect. I could not procure a suit of similar quality for double the money locally." Vancouver, 22-7-11.

Egerton Burnett, Ltd.

Canadian Factors

Wellington, Somerset, Eng.

QUALITY
BRASS BED
No. 2323



Don't Judge a Bed By Its Looks Alone

GUARD yourself against the purchase of a bed that merely "looks good."

Too often is the prettiness of a bed coupled with glaring faults and many weaknesses.

It is the tubing that's used, the construction, the fastenings, the polishing and lacquering that determines whether

a bed will look well always and last a lifetime, or become wobbly and go to pieces in a few months.

In Quality Beds only, because of their perfect construction and improved designs, can you feel satisfied with your purchase.

So sure are we of this, that every Quality Bed is sold subject to a 5-year guarantee that is just as good as gold.

Quality Beds

Nearly 100 Styles to Select From to Harmonize With Room Decorations or Furniture.

Not only are Quality Beds guaranteed for five years, but, equally important to the buyer of refined tastes, the trade mark printed below is an absolute assurance of correct pattern and finish.

Every year we add new styles to the "Quality" line—keeping apace with the artistic ideas of the discriminating purchaser.



TRADE MARK

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

Our booklet "Bedtime" will be sent post-paid anywhere upon request. Write for it to-day. It is an interesting storehouse of facts on Beds of all kinds, and will enable you to make a wise selection without the trouble of shopping.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

With the handsome booklet we will inform you how you can get a Quality Bed on 30 days' free trial. Address Dept. 4 26

QUALITY BEDS, LIMITED
WELLAND, ONTARIO