

## WINDSOR DAIRY SALT

"Expect to get the prize for the best butter, this year?"

"Of course I do.

I have the best cows in the country—and here's my Windsor Butter Salt.

You can't beat that combination.

You know, I have won first prize for the best butter ever since I began to use Windsor Butter Salt"

"Hope you win"

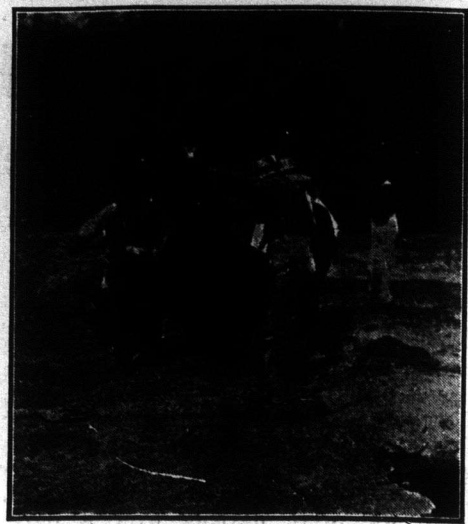
"Thank you, so do I"



dles were flying swiftly and we were over the barrier reef and into the still rough water beyond it. Ahead leaped the second surf, running away up the beach and returning with a hollow clattering of the stones dragged in its wake. Again the crew called "Les." Again the paddles flew in strong brown hands. (Odd that at this, the supreme moment of danger, I was deeply interested in the muscular action of the bare toes of the Indian nearest to me; he kept time to the swing of his paddles by the beat of his big toe). I was rudely awakened by a roaring wall of white water all about me. A sudden grounding of the long craft, an athletic leaping over of all the Indians (in this I joined), and hands on the gunnel we ran that thirty foot canoe rapidly ahead of the next advancing surf billow.

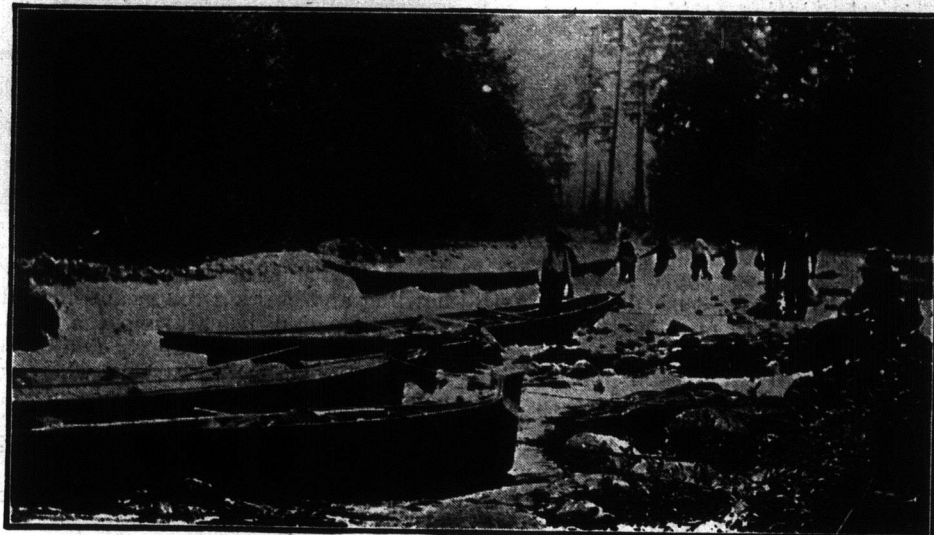
We launched her by going out with the retreat and leaping in and paddling slowly but strongly into the next surf wave. This wet us completely, but beyond this it did no damage.

These Coast Indians, originally Asiatic bred, crossing afoot before the Behring Isthmus became the sea floor, or being swept to sea and driven ashore on this Pacific coast, are literally water dogs. Watch them poling up stream in a seven-mile current. They use an unshod pole, a second growth. With this they can take a long, high-lipped canoe almost anywhere where there is water enough to float it, and they do the most heroic things without a grunt or a murmur. I saw one big flat-faced chap take a canoe up a raging current that was momentarily rising with the early summer flood. It swept beneath him with that deadly oily drag that



Note the heroically carved bow of this huge Cedar Canoe

current-disturbed surface. Now came his hour of trial. He had started above the head of the rapids. No power could stop him at that starting place in the height the water had now reached. Whole trunks of trees were sweeping down like laths, although they weighed some fifty tons apiece. We saw him make one long inward draw and the pole was aboard. With a motion too fast for us to see he snatched up a pointed paddle and steered the plunging craft through the rapids, down hill. He filled her on the way down, swam ashore below the rapids and emptied her, tied her up, walked back the trail to our camp, squatted beside the fire, silent, as usual, although he had risked death many times within the last hour.

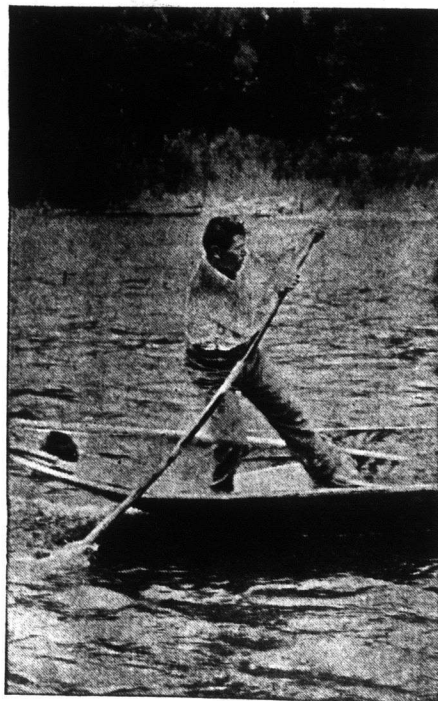


Dragging the Shallows.

is so indicative of force. Ahead he urged her, while the pushed pole bends. No human power, unaided, could have made the landing place below the falls, yet he kept on. Now he was absolutely stationary—push as he might. Now the canoe waved up and down like the tail of a fish. Now it started back. Instantly that squat, brown figure leaped and stood facing the new bow—as the stern was now the bow. Like a projectile from some mighty weapon that huge cedar log sped over the

To see a band of these natives making up-stream, poling in the swift water, dragging in the shallows, carrying over the portages, is to watch a very interesting sight. But when it comes winter we intruding whites have them at a disadvantage. We can paddle in the open places and as soon as we strike ice we can run the light bows of our cedar board canoes up on the edges, creep gingerly out and drag the canoe after us and launch her in the next pen water. We acquire much unearned glory from the interior tribes in this manner.

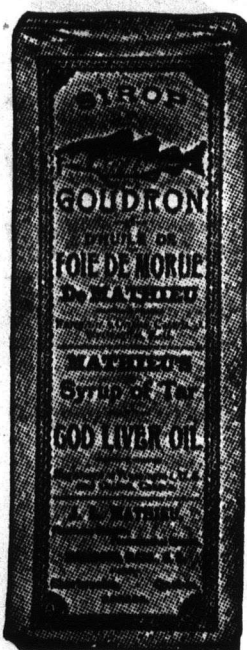
Then, in this long, straggling, coast-wise province we use man's best friend as a beast of burden. These dogs of domestic mothers and sired by wolves in many cases, have acquired a hardiness unequalled by any animal of similar weight. Daily our men owe their lives to the courage of their dog teams. Alas, and very rarely, when a chap is overcome by cold, when he stumbles and pitches head foremost on the blinding, unmarked sheet of snow, the wolf strain overcomes that part which has been man-tamed during centuries, and the unconscious driver is torn to pieces. The magnificent team I present are Malamutes. Bob, the black-headed leader, is worth \$750. He would instantly attack, and possibly kill, any dog in the team that disputed his leadership while on the trail. The eight dogs are worth twenty-five hundred dollars. Some of the records of these endless trails in the for north in Yukon and Alaska are grim and ghastly. Ever seeking gold, one big, husky lad, one whose mother in an English mansion yet, perhaps, waits for the familiar foot on the path, penetrated further north than his food permitted. He found the camp he sought.



While the push Pole bends.

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of Tar and Cod Liver Oil



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Mathieu's  
Nervine Powders  
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