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lands, and secure what influence he could to put through the deal. The weather was intensely cold, but the snow did not lie deep on the ground as the Wards had been accustomed to seeing it at home, yet the thought of a journey over those desolate wastes of snow was appalling, but on the other hand, Ada had had one experience of what it meant to wait alone for days, what it would be for months she couldn't allow herself to even think of. Better a thousand times to go with Wallace to share and help him through any hardships.

When reading old tales of prairie schooner days in the Western States, of the pioneers' terrible experiences of burning sun and thirst, and terrors of Indian attacks, Ada could never have believed that in 1914 she would travel in a winter schooner on runners with the temperature at 50 degrees below zero. The "building of the ark" the Wards called it, as Wallace made the platform on the sleigh and the uprights, over which to stretch the canvas. Into this shelter was placed a cot bed, folding table, tin stove and provisions. A window a foot square was cut in front to allow of driving while standing up. With layer upon layer of clothing, socks, moccasins and sheepskin overboots, the Wards started their outward trek of three hundred miles, over what seemed like the steppes of Russia or Siberia. The tiny room was never really cold, and turns were taken at driving. When off duty, there was nothing to do but lie on the cot and try to read and forget the monotony, or once or twice a day take a brisk walk behind the schooner or "caboose" as it is called in local language.

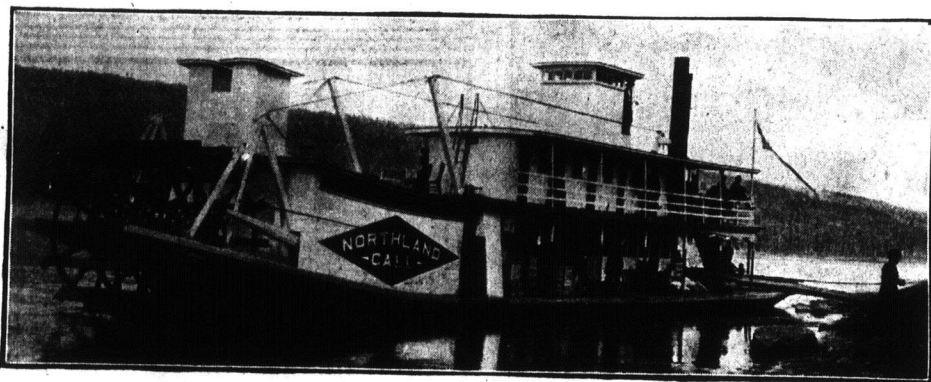
a woman on deck, were the river traders coming down in canoes. Hails were exchanged, and some of Ada's good home made food for any game they had.

For those who loved the wildness of it all, it was an ideal summer life until the cold weather warned them to make up steam for the Crossing.

Two years passed. Logs were cut and driven down the current, a homestead was secured, as well as town lots, and the mill set up. Ada pulled the first log up to the saw, and its buzzing scream as the teeth passed through, was the most beautiful music the Wards had ever heard. The first board has been put aside until Wallace has time to make it up into something for the home. The mill cannot work quickly enough for the waiting settlers to have the grandeur of a frame house instead of a log cabin.

A rough life it might seem to those who care for nothing but city life and its so-called culture and great offerings of art, music and literature, but to those pioneering in the still unopened further west, nature is the best art, the sweeping wind and rushing waters is as music, and literature is in the making, for the romances and adventures of the people about one were more wonderful than those of fictitious characters described by the ablest pen. The growth of their town is of greater pride and interest to its citizens than if they were mayors of a ready-made city.

The Canadian Northern Railway is now near enough to fulfil all hopes and promises of what its coming is to mean to the Crossing of the Peace River. Ada is to have a trip home from her door to that of the one she left so bravely



The Peace River steam boat

Grouard was reached on the now frozen Lesser Slave Lake, over which a fine road was kept. At the small places where the boat touched in summer and the rest houses, the Wards made short stops, while homesteaders seeing them coming, gave them their western hospitality, until Athabasca brought them into complete touch with civilization again. The horses were pretty well played out, but had to get on somehow to their well earned rest in Edmonton. When standing in a street with drooping heads, a cheery stranger seeing them, stuck his head into the "caboose" and said, "Well, friends, is it Peace River or bust?" "No," answered Wallace, too amused to resent the intrusion, "it is Peace River and busted."

The sleigh was dismantled, and now that the trip was a thing of the past, Ada could think of it as an experience she would not have missed. A few months of weary hanging about offices, and Wallace finally got the concession he wanted, and with the return of spring and fresh hopes, back the travellers drove over a trail now growing familiar to them. The short time they had been away made them seem the strangers, so many people had come to the Crossing, and after the lonesomeness of a large city, this time the Wards felt it was a home-coming.

For the sake of its boilers, a little steamer was bought that Catholic missionaries had used, and on it the Wards started up the river to the timber berth. No captain of a C.P.R. "Empress" was prouder of his ship and crew, consisting of one man. Between high shores, the beautiful waters rippled and sparkled with ever changing lights and shades, and within the boat all was snug when a storm lashed it at anchorage. Across the prow a frightened moose sometimes swam, while bears were so numerous that Ada seldom wandered far from shore. Equally as startled as the animals at the sight of a steam-boat and

but she says every mile the train speeds on, she will wonder what hardships and loneliness other pioneer women endured as they came westward.

The Return of the Birds

First the Bluebird comes,
With his nodding plumes,
Builds his home in state
For his joyous mate.
Quite a songster he
In a minor key.

Then comes Robin, dressed
In his crimson vest.
He's saucy and bold,
And his wife's a scold,
But bright heralds they
Of the springtime gay.

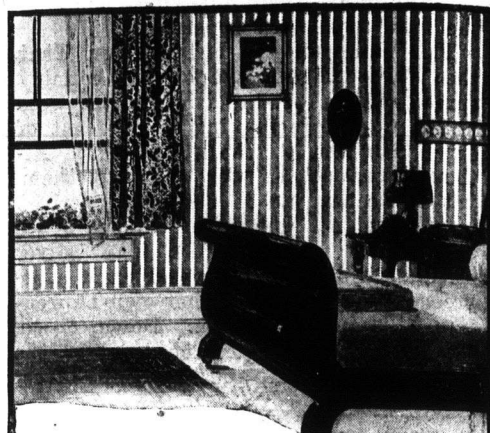
Hear the Catbird's note,
See his handsome coat!
In the lilac tree,
Such a mimic he.
We are sure of spring
When we hear him sing.

We shall have a treat
When the next we greet.
Joyous melody!
Sweetest symphony!
Every one, I think,
Loves dear Bobolink.

If beauty you prize,
Then open your eyes
And Oriole view
There posing for you,
In orange and black
On wings and on back.

The little Thrush shy,
The tiny Wren spry,
Sparrow and Tomtit,
Blackbird and Linnet,
And Lark and Finch and Quail,
Not one of them fail
Each a songtime to hail.

—Etta Marshall Stauffer.



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Just like you would sharpen your pocket-knife—back and forth, or round and round—any way you like so long as you keep it flat to the stone. No skill is needed; you simply can't go wrong. Those little round holes in the hone trim off the roughness or "wire-edge," and leave a keen smooth edge that is a wonder even to barbers.

WHAT MEN SAY ABOUT IT
It made new razors out of my old discarded ones. Shaving is now a pleasure for me.—Milton H. Douglas, Bath, Maine. "I had an old razor I had laid aside. I could not get it sharp. Now it shaves as well as a new razor."—Rev. H. W. McArthur, Gainesville, Ga. "I have fixed up some old razors that 'wouldn't cut soft butter' and they shave fine."—Robert Laking, Kearney, Ont. Thousands say the same.

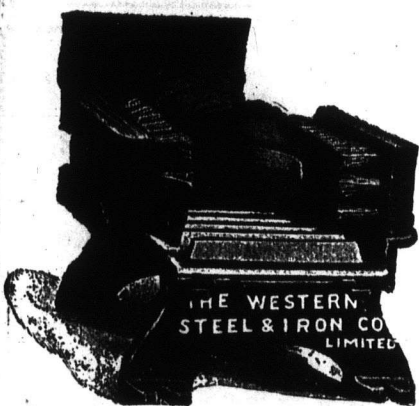
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