

The Grande Prairie is less hilly than the country we had passed through. There is less brush and the soil is better. Hay did not seem as plentiful as it should be, but there are a few good hay meadows. I had often heard of the large bands of wild horses in this country, but the bands are small, so also are the horses. There are few deer, but moose are plentiful. Ducks are scarce, and prairie chickens are not as plentiful as further south.

Most of the better homesteads near the survey line have been taken up, but there are homesteads to be had further back. The homesteader's house, as a rule, consists of a small shack, sometimes of logs and sometimes of mud or sod. As a rule, the homesteader has just enough land broken to supply feed for his stock. As the roads are impassable for heavy loads during a greater part of the year, the settler does not plan on raising more than can be consumed on his own farm. Most of the work is done by ox teams, as they have proved more hardy on the long trips than horses. One sees many beautifully matched teams of oxen in the country. The settler sometimes finds it necessary to drill from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet for water; and the water is poor, mostly alkali. There is good water in the creeks. There is a beautiful country around Bear Lake, with plenty of hay. Bear Creek, which flows out of it, is large and muddy.

The climate in the north country is similar to the climate in the rest of Alberta. I do not think that the cold is more severe, or that the fall of snow is greater than in other parts of the Province.

The homesteaders, as a rule, are having a pretty hard time to make a living. During the past summer, the gardens, potatoes included, were a complete failure. They have little or nothing to market, and, in fact, there is no market, except the small local demand made by the influx of settlers. There are a few portable saw mills, which give employment to a few. As the farms are not large enough to require outside labour, there is no work to be had in that line. Many men left their homesteads in the spring, hoping to make a little money on railway or construction work to tide them over the present winter. On our return trip we met many of these men walking back to their homesteads. As we met as way-farers by the roadside, and exchanged the time of day, or perhaps boiled our kettle by the same camp fire, many were the broken-hearted tales which they related of a wife and bairns waiting patiently on the lone homestead, looking anxiously forward to the return of the husband and father with the summer's earnings. Alas, they were returning; but except for the small portion of beans and rice, which they carried to provide food for the journey, they had little else. Oft repeated were the tales of the futile search

for work; and when work was to be had, in many cases, the employers had taken advantage of their men to such an extent that when the expenses were paid, there was very little left.

I did not have an opportunity of seeing the Peace River Country as thoroughly as I might have. The soil seemed more fertile than in Grande Prairie, there was more hay, less brush, and the country is more level. The water, also, is much better. I am convinced that when the railway penetrates the north country, the Peace River Country will be developed very rapidly. There is bound to be at least one large city in this country.

The Indian names and the Indian traditions still cling to the north country. Indeed, such names as Pieskwaskau (Split Tongue) and many others which might be quite familiar to the old settlers, prove almost too much for the vocabulary of a tenderfoot.

In summing up my trip through the north country, I would say, that although there is considerable good land there, the time has not yet arrived when it is advisable for homesteaders to locate. It is altogether uncertain when the country will be reached by a railway, and when that time arrives, there will still be good homesteads within a reasonable distance of the railway. Under present conditions, the trip into the country is very expensive, and provisions so high, (flour \$8 per sack), that it is no country for a poor man; and a man who is supplied with money is not called upon to go through the privations and hardships which he necessarily must encounter in taking up a homestead at the present time. It is difficult to realize the vastness of the country which lies to the North, and, as the country is all to be divided into homesteads, it will eventually be the poor man's country, and there will be little speculating in the land as in the rest of the Province.

keep the room very warm. But the next day the child was worse, and he continued to fail very rapidly.

Whether from inexperience, or carelessness, or the arrogance of youth, the young doctor did not even seem to consider the probability of a wrong diagnosis, but continued with the same treatment. The little boy was an only child, and the parents were almost frantic with fear. Finally they decided to consult another physician and called in a well-known child's specialist. The new physician hardly looked at the child before he pronounced the disease to be diphtheria. Then, noting the closed windows and hot packs, he said:—"Who did you have here, a horse doctor?" He worked over the child for an hour or more, entirely reversing the treatment, but he confessed to little or no hope for success.

My poor patient tried to make me understand his shame and humiliation as he slipped out of the room. He said that he had never been able to understand why he did not recognise the disease, for it is almost impossible to mistake diphtheria. At first he was alive only to the professional stigma, but gradually the possible consequences of his mistake overwhelmed him. He was horror-stricken. Perhaps he had killed the child. He could not tell, and he was afraid to find out. And he had been afraid to find out ever since.

The next day he left the city and for two years he tramped the earth trying to forget. When he returned back home, the family had moved and he made no inquiries about them. But he never practised medicine again. He decided that he was not fit to be entrusted with the fate of a human life. He opened a chemist's shop, but he never presumed on the knowledge of his lost profession and never allowed himself to advise even for the slightest ailment.

"I had only one case, you know," he said; "it was my first and my last." He was silent for a moment after finishing his story, and I confess I was too choked with pity to say anything to him. Then he turned to me, his eyes big with hopelessness and pleading. "Do you think he lived? Or, if he died," and he shuddered, "could his parents forgive me? Tell—tell me! I cannot face my God with this sin upon my soul."

That afternoon, when his brother came, I told what I had learned. Of course, the brother knew all about it, and then I unfolded my plan. He was to make every effort to find this family which had had the sick child, and if possible, to bring the father or the child to see the patient. If it was impossible to have one or the other come in person, then he was to bring in writing an affidavit either of the recovery of the child, or in case of its death, of the parents' forgiveness, for I felt sure that after all these years they could not refuse to grant it to the man when they heard that he was dying and how he had repented and suffered.

The brother willingly agreed to follow my suggestion and to leave no stone unturned in his efforts to find this family. It is needless to go into the details of his search, which was successful. He found the father and learned that not only did the child live, but that when he grew up, he himself took up the study of medicine. The father and mother, moreover, had really almost forgotten about the whole incident. Neither the man nor his son was able to come to the hospital, but the brother brought to us a paper which plainly stated that the boy had completely recovered from the illness and that neither he nor his parents bore any malice toward the doctor for his blunder and freely forgave him for any worry he had unwittingly caused them.

I feel that once I have had a peep into Paradise, for I have seen a soul reclaimed. I handed my patient this letter, and as he read it a look of truly heavenly joy and contentment smoothed away all the trouble and worry he had ever known. He looked up at me and just whispered as if the news was too good to say aloud, "It's all right. The boy's alive. They've forgiven me; they've forgiven me. Surely my Lord will not be less kind. I think I shall rest now." Then he gave us such a happy smile and closed his eyes to sleep. He did not wake again, but the smile remained.

A Doctor's Dilemma

Here is one of the most dramatic episodes that has ever come into my experience. My patient was a man of about forty or forty-five, big, handsome, sweet-tempered, highly strung, intelligent, and very likeable. There was no hope for him, he had a cancerous growth, but, though he was suffering intensely, he bore it all with wonderful patience, rarely murmuring, never complaining.

After I had watched him, however, for a short time, I came to the conclusion that some intense mental suffering was the probable explanation of his fortitude; that it made him almost unconscious of physical pain. His mind seemed to be constantly dwelling on very dreadful, all-absorbing thoughts.

These thoughts, whatever they were, gave him no rest. He would battle with them until he was quite exhausted, and then he would beg us for drugs. This was the only time he ever complained. "I'm so tired, so tired," he would say. "Please make me sleep." But even in his sleep the struggle evidently still went on. Often he would moan pitifully, and sometimes cry aloud.

Doctor's Terrible Mistake

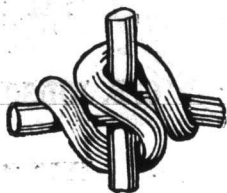
One day he was unusually weak and nervous and the black thoughts would not be drowned. He began by mumbling and muttering, and then he shrieked out: "Did he live, did he live? Oh, God, let me know, let me be sure. I cannot die until I know," broke from him. And then his voice grew weaker, and he sobbed: "I did not know. Oh, God, is that an excuse? I did not know."

Of course, we managed to quiet him, but I was more than ever sure now that my surmise was correct, and I decided that I would get to the bottom of the trouble, and, if possible, find the means of satisfying him. It has always seemed to me that in this troubled world it is every man's due at least to die in peace. And so with the interest and sympathy I had always manifested, it took only a few well-directed questions to bring forth his story.

As a young man, some twenty or twenty-five years before, he had studied medicine. He took his degree, hung out his sign, and his very first call was to a house where the little son of the family had been taken suddenly ill during the night. After examining the child, he pronounced the case bronchitis, ordered hot applications, and told the parents to

IDEAL

THE
"S"
LOCK



THE
"S"
LOCK

The Key-Sign of "Strength" and "Service"

Write for Catalogue and Prices to

The IDEAL FENCE CO., Ltd., Winnipeg

Quality Fence 18c. a Rod and up. We Pay the Freight



WHEN Europe starts rebuilding, what will the price of Lumber be? Yet it is cheaper to-day than in years. Get our prices NOW on

LUMBER

We sell to you in carload lots direct from the mill, meaning still further savings on freight and handling.

Steel Shingles Steel Siding Cement
Plaster and all Builders' Supplies

Order your twine, fencing, implements, engines, vehicles, etc., from the pioneer farmer's company. Prompt and efficient service. We can handle your car of grain to your advantage.

The Grain Growers' Grain Co. Ltd.

Branches at
REGINA, SASK.
CALGARY, ALTA.
FORT WILLIAM, ONT.

Winnipeg-Manitoba

Agency at
NEW WESTMINSTER
British Columbia

EVERY SIZE **REMEMBER!** IT PAYS TO BUY THE **HAWKEY PLOW SHARE** EVERY MAKE

TELL YOUR NEIGHBORS **WITH THE RED LABEL** IT'S A GUARANTEE **TELL YOUR NEIGHBORS**

FULLY GUARANTEED \$2.00 WE SHIP DAILY ANY DEFECTIVE SHARES REPLACED

OUR SHARES WEAR & LAST LONGER

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE **H.R. HAWKEY & CO.** WE SHIP DAILY
WINNIPEG MAIL ORDER SPECIALIST MANITOBA

Please send me free of charge Hawkey's Hardware Catalogue.

Name.....
Address.....



Stem wind and set watch, guaranteed 5 years, for selling 20 art and religious pictures or 20 pins, post card at 10c each. Order your choice. **GATES MFG. CO., Dept. 441 Chicago**