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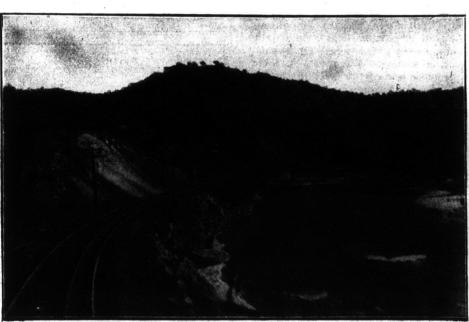
Fritz on the Sea Shore

A Story for Boys. By Bonnycastle Dale

Photographs by the author

AKE a lad from the great plains of the Northwest, or even of Ontario or part of Quebec, and turn him loose on this wondrous rugged Pacific Coast and watch his eyes stick out. Now Fritz had never seen the ocean, had never heard the dull deep rythm of the surf as it beat on the syenite and sandstone rocks, the foundation stones of the mighty ranges that hedged us round about. He soon proved its power to play "Hide and Seek" with his belongings, as he left many of his boyish treasures on the sands at low tide and awoke me in the morning with the complaint that "some one had stolen his fishing rod and landing net and his nice new tackle box." He will never play at raft-building again, as we

The fat black and white marked animal scampered off at our approach and I had Fritz dig immediately beside the hole the animal had been working in. It took the lad fifteen minutes, aided by a sharp stick, to dig out an equal number of clams—nine. I snapped Fritz as he worked away beside the disturbed "coons" pile. From the honeycombed appearance of the sands, and the steady squirting of the clams as we walked—they send streams of salt water so high that our boots and trousers bottoms were thoroughly soaked in the first half mile—there were thousands of baskets (fifteen pounds means a basket) on this mile long beach. These big Horseclams are not a choice edible clam, although the Inrescued him a mile out in a very nasty | dians and some of the white men eat



The River in the Royal George

tiderip, with his raft only held together by his clinging arms. Now he paddles in such shallow places that he says he has to carry the water ahead and pour it over to get along at all. Forsaking his shore play the lad took the big camera and we started on our pleasant sea-shore studies and adven-

Skirting a bay whose sandy shores still lay in the shadows of the big fir woods we came upon a raccoon clamming for his early breakfast. He worked just at the edge of the retreating tearing up the soft clay that lay immediately beneath the sand, soft though this Miami clay was it was tightly packed, but the animal's sharp claws soon had a hole dug large enough to work in, out of this with great rapidity he lifted clam after clam, tearing open the ones with the long sucking tube left outside-these were "horseclams," the tube extends up to



Picking up the Clams

the top of the sand when the shellfish is feeding, and is as large as a man's middle finger and about five inches long. The shells that had withdrawn the sucking tube and were tightly closed he nipped with his sharp teeth and rapidly fore them open, swallowing the contents as he anxiously watched the bayshore for a possible enemy.

them. We have watched the "klootchmen"-squaws-bite off the long muscular sucker that extends far outside the shell, there they opened and ate the rather strong tasting inside. We have come across isolated whole families, ones that will not live on a reservation (as they cannot procure liquor there) that live for days on clams alone, without even a bit of bread. They willingly spend every cent for liquor. For as one old time-withered klootchman jabbered at us "Hi-ue-lukut-chee, lum si-ah." Which, being interpreted means—many clams, very little rum.

Another charming cove, surrounded by fir and cedar forest, had in the foreground a great glacial deposited rock far out on the edge of the retreating tide. Working around it were a numof native boys and men, busily raking in the shallow water, catching large edible crabs. Later, we watched them scrape from the face of the rock bushels of mussels. Truly the inhabitants of this beautiful island group have little trouble to secure the most dainty of shellfish-with a common rake for their fishing outfit.

Did you ever go after fishes and catch rats? Well, Fritz and I did. We took a "flutter-tail"-a stern wheeler, I should say, and after some really remarkable steering, especially when they took this big boat through "The Hole In The Wall," a passage through great granite island cliffs, not at any part wider than the boat was long and sin-uous as the letter S. These Pacific Coast waters need wizards not wheelsmen. I thought at one place they would have to bend the boat to get her around the turn but they managed to do it without having recourse to this heroic means.

At last we approached the old deserted town of Utsalady on Camano Island. Once a prosperous town when the reverberations of the falling forest giants filled the air, now, alas, only ruined mills, empty houses and mosscovered



You don't care if it snows-

or rains, or freezes, or hails either, so long as there's a bowl of Edwards' Soup steaming on the table when dinner-time comes.

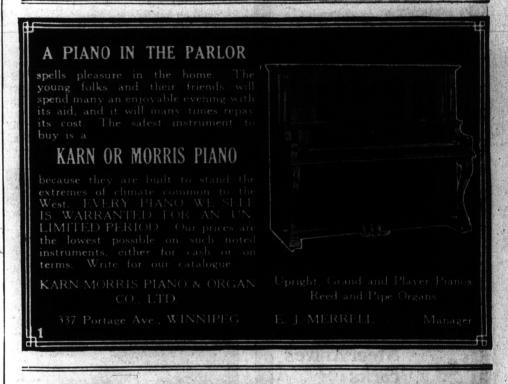
Rich, tempting, nourishing soup—that's the stuff to keep the cold out these win'ry days. As long as there's any in the basin, there'll always be some ne to say—" More of that, please." Remember that Edwards' must be boiled for half an hour. Get a few packets to-day.

5c. per packet.

Edwards' Desiccated Soups are made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup trepared from beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups. Lots of dainty new dishes in our new Cook Book. Write for a copy post free.

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Gasoline is 3 Times Too Costly In buying your farm engine, remember this: gasoline has become terribly expensive, and you can't use anything in a gasoline engine BUT gasoline. In six months, the price of gasoline has nearly doubled. Still going up and up. You would not buy a horse that would eat ONLY OATS—WHY, then, buy an engine that uses ONLY ONE FUEL? World's Supply of Gasoline Running Short Automobile users are fast exhausting the world's supply of gasoline. Hence the enormous and constantly increasing price. The 1,200,000 autoists in 1913 will use up almost HALF A BILLION GALLONS OF GASOLINE. Think how that will further push up the price! Kerosene—the Perfect Fuel Kerosene is cheap—costs but two-fifths as much as gasoline—and the price remains about the same—yet two pints of kerosene furnish the same power as three pints of gasoline. That's 50 per cent more power and 60 per cent less price. Kerosene isn't dangerous—no need of an insurance permit. It won't explode—it won't evaporate, either. Not so with gasoline.

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