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Winnipeg

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W. Clark

Montreal

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knives, the running water on their arms—all fireblood and copper flesh and flashing weapons one instant—then blotted out by the sinking flames they were but weird phantoms upraised beside the gloomy salmon river.

The tide hurtled us on and we entered the first pool. Have you ever seen the whirlpool at Niagara? Imagine this illumined by billions of tiny phosphorescent atoms until the whole great swirling thing was one cauldron of blue flame. Then you have some idea of this awful pool this Nature's morgue, for here the live fish and the dead and the dying and the bones and fins of those long since dissembled spun around and around in an eye straining circle, all burning and gleaming and sparkling with the mysterious ocean lights. Our canoe entered this giddy carnival of horrors and spun once about the pool. The fresh entering waters had disturbed this mass of ancient, fragmentary fish and the odor! Oh! the fearsomeness of it. Fritz grabbed his paddle and we turned the bow against the tide and urged her homeward, amid fresh manifestations of this most uncanny power of Nature at every stroke.

to the west, we see the rolling foothills, the sunlight playing its jolly pranks as it travels back and forth, and then we follow the shadows on and on, and our gaze at last rests on our grand old Rockies. Range after range standing majestically with their ever changing lights and shades, and their little snowbeds gleaming in the sunlight. It is then that we realise that "Indeed creation is wonderful."

We gaze for a while at the Livingstone Range, and then turning slowly we see Crow's Nest Mountain, with her mighty peak raised so high above the rest. Then, looking again along the range, we discern Old Castle and Sofa, and away around, near the end of the Range, stands Big Chief.

But we turn back again, and our eyes rest lovingly on "Old Sofa." Why? Why, because it was there we had our camping ground. It was there we thought not of "Paradise Lost," but "Paradise Found." It was at the foot of Sofa Mountain we came to the first of the Waterton Lakes. It was there we pitched our tent, and built our camp fire. There, where we sailed over lake after lake, and through narrow after



The usual good day's catch

### A Pen Picture of Pincher Creek District

By A. H. Derrett

Almost every train passing from the East at the time of year leaves with us a visitor, and it is indeed an ideal time to visit the prairie. Most of our towns are dotted with lawns of velvet green, bordered with fragrant flowers, but we will leave these; we have been accustomed to them, more or less since our early childhood, and we will wander out across our vast prairie.

It is when we find ourselves on a steep cut bank, probably of the Waterton River and we look down and down into its deep surging waters, and watch for a time its ever changing shades of green and blue, or the madcap white caps dancing away in the sunlight from the huge boulders sunken so deep in the river bed. And then we raise our eyes to the fields around us and see the fields of waving grain, wheat and rye all headed out. Oats and barley in their deepest coats of green. Great pasture fields with their many lakes, and the groups of cattle here and there.

Brood mares grazing quietly, their baby colts lying out flat in the sunshine, or scampering gaily about, and by the lake a bunch of yearlings, two and three-year-olds, leaning their necks lovingly together, and calmly switching off the flies that dare to light on their glossy coats. The best acres of breaking and summer fallow where the ploughman are preparing their land for the sowing of fall wheat.

Again we raise our eyes, and, turning

narrow. There where we climbed our first mountain, where we found wild flowers of every description. Great large poppies standing higher than our heads. And following the old Oil Trail up to the Falls, we came across a beautiful bunch of young maple trees. With one accord every man of us took "off his hat," and as we climbed on and on there echoed through the old pine trees this sweet refrain:

The maple leaf, our emblem dear,

The maple leaf for ever;

God save our King, and Heaven bless

The maple leaf for ever.

Then we realise that we are still standing on the bank of the Waterton, and looking at our watches we see it is a few minutes after six a.m., and whistling for the dogs we swing into an easy stride and cross the fields for the cows.

We stop occasionally to pick a luscious strawberry and to smile back at the brown eyed Susans growing along our pathway. We inhale the fragrance of the roses and drink in the beauty of the acres and acres of bluebells as they nod and bend in the morning breeze. The gay meadow lark flies hither and thither, calling gaily, "Here we are at Pincher Creek!" "Here we are at Pincher Creek!" The prairie hen scurries out of the way with her little brood, and the curlew circles around and around with its weird call. The greater hawk poised loftily on high, poised yet moves not. Then going down the hill and across the coulee we find the cows and we call.

Come "Daisy," come "Stucky," come "Stouky" and "Curry," come "Nigger," come "Whitie," come "Jersey" and "Mary," and one by one they file into line, and we come slowly back over the old cow path and home to breakfast.