

### Laddie Jr. sees many a law-breaker on our long trip

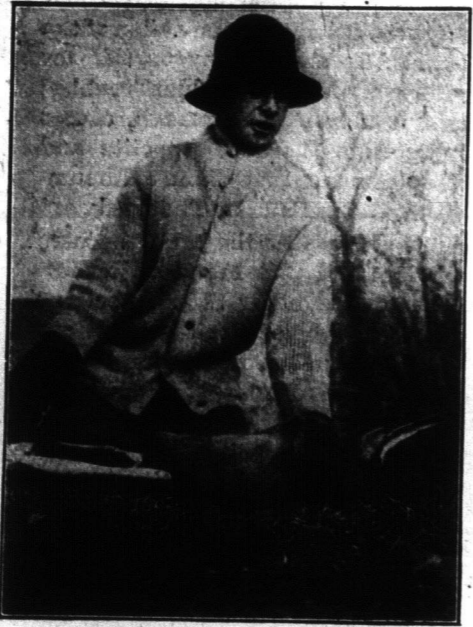
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picked up some things and ran away along the sand, stooped down and resumed their creeping. Within ten minutes I saw them again wringing the necks of some smallish birds. So we walked down the hill to get closer to the strange performance.

"Kla-how-yah," said Laddie Jr., as we got near the three little almost nude boys.

"Kla-how-yah" ("good day" in Chinook), the eldest one answered shamefacedly. Then after some by-play they went through their performance once more. The old, old story of man supplying his stomach's needs.

The hunting implements were crude, three long double sticks of cedar about half the length of a lath and half as long and thick. All along these sticks were rude black hair slip nooses standing up; quite evidently hair from the mother's head too. They formed a three-sided square of these noosed sticks in the sands and slowly but surely herded some of the many feeding flocks of shorebirds towards it. On hands and knees, with many a careful side creep, many a swift or slow wave of the hand; they drove the devoted flock on. There!



Laddie Jr. and a Bittern

some are picking worms up out of the sand right within the fatal sticks—a wild flutter, a swift rise and fall, a rush of little brown Indian boys and three more sandpipers were speedily killed.

Another day, while the boy and I were drawing our loaded canoes along over the snow-covered ice of a northern river, we saw a dark patch on the snow ahead of us. I raised my finger and leaving the canoes, we walked silently ahead until we came right beside the cow-skin covered body. Pretty soon a brown face, poked up with a contortion of the shoulders and a fine ten pound maskinonge sprawled struggling at our feet. Laddie laughed, then I did and the big law-breaker guffawed with a silly grin. He had gaffed the fish over a wooden decoy in the hole in the ice. Every lake or river seems to have its man who would rather take a fish than a day's work. In this case it was an Indian I admit, but the white man does it to make a living and beat the law, when he has plenty of chances to obtain work, while the Indian does it to feed his family and from that old, old, in-born hunting spirit. I tell you, if potatoes dodged the spade and fled away from the hoe the Indian tribes would be great gardeners.

Once, when on the northern lakes of Ontario, the boy and I heard a tremendous "bump—bang!" Just around the next long point we could see the ripples spreading out and we put speed into our paddles and flew along. Too late; all I saw was a leg disappearing into the bush and a lot of dead bass on the top of the water. In this case, dynamiting. We did complain to the next game warden, but he was too late—and the lawbreaker too soon—as the next stick

went off premature and, as the warden said: "We never did bury all of that there man." I am sorry to record my observations, but there are a great number of game law breakers all over this Canada of ours.

It is a common sight, all through the great drowned lands of Canada to see the man with the spear. I wonder if he knows how many times and how often I have seen him through the glasses, but it is a different thing to catch him. The spear is thrust down into the mud and he is looking for a ten dollar bill that blew away, or some other likely story. It is often the department's fault for having a farmer as warden who is too busy or who favors his friends.

We never met a sea otter hunter along the outside Pacific Coast who was not after cod or devil fish or some other harmless amusement. I remember sitting behind the shelter of a rock on a wild reef trying to picture a sea lion and, at the same time, keeping my weather eye on an Indian who was keeping his on a sea otter that was diving and fishing along the shore. I was jolly glad, too, when I saw him give up the hunt, even if he did come my way and scare off my old wet country lion. I feared if he got the otter he might try for me, as a witness to its capture might mean the loss of five hundred to a thousand dollars to the brown-faced hunter, as it is very much against the law to take this, the most valuable fur bearer on earth or water.

I have known of lawbreakers to hide their pelts, or put their fish on an anchor line, or carry their valuable fur beneath their shirts, but the empty hold of the ocean-going cruiser gasoline boat at the lonely anchorage in an unnamed bay gave us the greatest thrill. There was not the slightest doubt it was the boat which left Vancouver loaded with Chinamen en route for Seattle. The Chinks were to be smuggled into the United States for one hundred dollars per head and there were just a score of them. The wireless got into play and they were headed off from Port Townsend and Victoria by the swift revenue craft. That ill-smelling hull never made a harbor nor launched a boat for those unfortunate smuggled Chinamen. Still when the revenue cutter found it anchored it was empty; the white men had been seen swimming ashore. Where were the orientals? Ask the wild currents of the Straits of Fuca; they alone can answer. So Laddie Jr., and I have made up our minds that it's best to be honest, just so that one may play the game squarely.

### The Fairies' Secret

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came and pulled the coverlet of snow away, woke the babies and told the fairies that Queen Summer was expected back very soon.

Then what a scurry and scramble took place! Baby seeds had to have the sleep washed out of their eyes, be brushed up and have their very prettiest dresses put on, some blue, some pink and white—just about every color and combination imaginable. The fairies certainly were busy for a while. Then they took the babies out into the Gardens of the World to meet Queen Summer who smiled sweetly and exclaimed, "What a lot of pretty flowers we have here!" The babies, who were really not babies any longer since they had grown enough to be called flowers by this time, hung their heads shyly but peeped up every now and then at the Queen who was the most beautiful creature they had ever beheld. How they did wish they could always remain near her!

Just then the fairies began telling the Queen how they had taken care of the seeds all winter under the cosy, white blanket, and she smiled more sweetly than ever before and said, "That is like my dear fairies. I am proud of you. And you shall keep your little seedlings here in my court with you and they can learn to be my ladies-in-waiting." There was a flutter among the flowers and Queen Summer turned to them saying, "Come, children, how would you like to become the Queen's hand maidens?" But the flowers remained rooted to the spot, overcome with shyness, so the Queen laughed gayly and said, "Never mind,

you dear things, the fairies are quite able to look after all my wants and you are pretty enough just to look at where you are, so keep your frocks clean and tidy and I will teach you how to distil sweet perfumes, that you may help to make Summerland a place of beauty, joy and sweetness." The flowers nodded their pretty heads and the fairies were fairly radiant with happiness, for they had learned to love the flowers when they were only little, brown, helpless seeds very much in need of careful nursing, and they were so glad to think that they would still be able to take care of their little charges.

And so, as in other fairy stories, they lived happy ever after, and all was revelry and joy.

There, my story is ended. I hope you enjoyed it, and perhaps you will remember it when next Jack Frost pays a visit to this fair Canada of ours. At any rate you will be glad to know that your fairy friends are safe and comfortable—and busy, as they like to be.

### How to Dress Comfortably

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more about how they look than about how they feel.

We would not wear long, trailing garments and pointed shoes and tight-laced corsets, if we had any sense, because it seems to me such things went with the hysteria which was so common in olden days.

So, when we choose new garments, let us choose them, above all, with a view to comfort: both for ourselves and our girls. Then, there will be more healthy looking, rosy-faced girls and women, and we shall not have to resort to rouge-pots, or lip salves, to make us look presentable.

A healthy woman is always good-looking, no matter what her age, and we all love to see a healthy girl, full of good spirits and vitality. This she will be if she be suitably and comfortably dressed, from the top of her head, all through her garments, down to her sensible, common-sense shoes.

### Starving on Dakota Plains

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not had anything to eat since the night before and our dogs had had nothing for two days. So we slept again and sallied forth next morning to try our luck again.

The storm had not abated one iota except that it was not snowing as heavily, but there was just as much snow in the air. Early in the day I saw three antelope, and thought our famine was broken. Creeping up on them I took deadly aim and pulled the trigger. "Click!" It was frozen and wouldn't go off. I must have tried it five or six times, but no go. In a few moments the antelope saw me and away they went. Another night of starvation faced us. We were afraid our dogs would attack and eat us. But we went out next morning, tramped most of the day, and returned at night without a thing. When I came back one of our dogs, a fine big yellow fellow was standing in front of the cabin door. So after I had thawed my rifle I let blaze at him and hit him behind the ear. We dragged him in and soon had him in the kettle boiling. We had a fine feed that night; our only fear was that we had eaten too much and would be sick.

There is an old saying that "Dog will not eat dog," but it is a fallacy. Dog will eat dog if he is hungry enough; at least ours did—all but one, and he refused to eat dog boiled, roasted or fried.

It had been storming steadily for fourteen days and we stayed in the cabin eating dog meat and looking for a relief party every day for that length of time.

### Off in the Storm Again

The party never came, and we had slaughtered eight dogs. We had now four left and that was only enough to carry mail and blankets to Fort Totten. We had concluded that we would never get any assistance, and with the roasted hind leg of one dog we pulled out for Totten. The distance was more than eighty miles, but we had more timber

shelter going this way than going back to Fort Stevenson. We had to leave Bellgarde, of course, but he was well thawed out before we left and made a fairly respectable corpse. To have put him outside would have meant that wild beasts would have eaten him, and we had no tools to dig a hole. He soon froze after we left the cabin, and his body was eventually taken to the military burying ground at Fort Totten.

It was still storming when we left Mouse River, and there was now eighteen inches of snow on the level and bitter cold. We think we have cold snaps here in Alberta, but compared to North Dakota in the 'sixties and 'seventies you'll find this is Florida in winter time. We had no tent or shelter of any kind save the blankets our dogs were hauling. And with this outfit we started sixty-five miles. In the afternoon of the first day out both the boy Mulligan and Guarddey became stone blind. I had to break roads for the dogs and two blind men, who walked behind, holding on to the tail ropes of the sleighs. The second day I was partially snow blind myself. If I had been like the others there would have been three corpses on Dakota plains.

It was storming continually, and we could travel but slowly. We had soon eaten up the hind leg of the dog with which we started out; but for ten days we wandered, frost-bitten, snow blind, and in misery of all kinds, and finally we staggered into a place called Crow Island Lake, fifteen miles from Fort Totten. We had been ten days going sixty-five miles, and had nothing to eat in that time but the dog's leg and some rose berries. The first three days were the worst; after that we didn't feel hungry, but got very weak. The snow gave us plenty to drink, and once we were able to get dry wood enough to make a fire and melt enough to give us water till it froze up. We were taken to Fort Totten the next day and got attention from the cook and doctor, and were soon all right again.

We reported our experiences next day. The day following Guarddey and myself with five half-breeds and a large sleigh-load of provisions, blankets, etc., started back to Mouse River. Two of the half-breeds stayed at the station for the remainder of the winter. The three other breeds wrapped the body of Bellegrade in a blanket, put it on a sleigh, and took it back to Fort Totten. Guarddey and myself took a dog team with provisions and blankets and a load of mail from Totten and went back to Fort Stevenson.

The telling of our experiences to the officer in command at Fort Stevenson got for us a month off duty on full pay, and when we took our route again all danger of blizzards for the winter of '69 and '70 was over. Mulligan was several weeks recovering at Fort Totten, and was afterwards frozen to death near Edmonton. Old Guarddey died of dropsy somewhere in Dakota.

### Love's Memory

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as he disappeared from view round the bend.

"There goes my revenge—and a fine chance I lost to make money. All for what? A bit of something—a bit of something that most of us need, sentiment. I didn't think I had as much. But then—little Maud. There never was a sweeter girl. I'm glad I didn't go with the boy to see her. She's an old woman now, and Guy Smith's widow. No, I prefer to keep the old memories of her undisturbed—little Maud with golden curls and clear blue eyes. Little Maud! I'm glad to have done something for you, to have kept your home together. It's my thanks for the friendship and—and—the pin you gave."

"Now," said the colonel, looking along the line of recruits, "I want a good, smart bugler."

At that, says London Opinion, out stepped a dilapidated fellow who had a thick stubble of black beard.

"What!" said the colonel, eyeing him up and down. "Are you a bugler?"

"Oh, bugler!" said he, "I thought you said buglar."