

(Continued from page 12)

RESERVE FUND

| | |
|---|------------------|
| Balance at Credit 30th November, 1917..... | \$ 14,000,000.00 |
| Premium on New Capital Stock issued to Northern Crown Bank Share-holders..... | 500,000.00 |
| Transferred from Profit and Loss Account..... | 500,000.00 |
| Balance at Credit 30th November, 1918..... | \$ 15,000,000.00 |

H. S. HOLT,
President.EDSON L. PEASE,
Managing Director.C. E. NEILL,
General Manager.

Montreal, 18th December, 1918

In the Muskeg

A Story of Homestead Days in Northern Alberta

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Floyd T. Wood

JIM," said Mr. Austin, "I want you to run over to LeRoy's and tell his boys we will be all ready to start at the haying in the morning."

Tim looked up in surprise. He was helping his mother prepare the vegetables for the noon-day meal.

"But, dad," he protested, "Joe Main and I were going fishing this afternoon. You remember you told me we could go once more before haying started, and this afternoon will be our last chance. Joe said he would be over right after dinner. Can't Jerry go, dad?"

Mr. Austin pulled out his big silver watch and consulted it.

"No, Jerry can't go," he said. "Jerry and I will have plenty of work getting the racks in shape for to-morrow. It's only ten-thirty now; you can take Billy and the light saddle and be back here by one o'clock. If you hurry your dinner a little you and Joe can get away in plenty of time to catch all the fish you'll want."

"But, dad," Tim began, "I don't want

"Tim," his father interrupted him rather sharply, "I have told you what I want done. Run along now and do as you're told. The sooner you start the quicker you can get back. But mind you, no abusing old Billy; he's too old for any wild west foolishness."

Tim saw that his father meant exactly what he said, and he knew it would be quite useless to argue further with him. He picked up his cap and hurried toward the little pasture where the saddle horses were kept. Ordinarily Tim would have been glad of the chance to saunter over to LeRoy's and deliver his father's message. But to-day was different, of course. At the best fishing trips were none too plentiful, and Joe and Tim had planned on this one for weeks.

The LeRoy's buildings were in plain sight from the Austin farm, as the crow flies not more than three miles away. By trail it was six miles or more. This seeming waste of distance was made necessary by the peculiar conditions surrounding the LeRoy's home. Their farm, in fact, was very much like an island. In shape it resembled strongly a huge frying pan. All around the large portion—the bowl of the pan, as it were—was a wide and treacherous swamp—a real muskeg. The narrow portion—the handle—was bounded by two narrow arms. These outlets or arms led eventually into the Yellow River. In the melting days of spring they were rivers themselves, swift and deep. Although only a few feet wide they were treacherous, never really safe only in the dead of winter. Down near the little settlement at Yellow River ferry, a rude, home-made bridge spanned these arms. It was this bridge that one had to use to make a safe journey to LeRoy's.

Tim caught up old Billy with a handful of oats, threw on the saddle and trotted off down the road. To tell the plain truth, Tim's state of mind was anything but pleasant. He considered his father very unreasonable, and himself a much abused boy. Tim was not yet old enough to realize that even his small help was needed in helping his people to wring a living from this raw, new, prairie land.

It was a beautiful day in early July. The sun was shining, clear and warm and bright—a regular "Sunny Alberta" day. The air was sweet with the fragrance of wild peas and roses. Tiger-lilies nodded in conscious magnificence. Hundreds of wild ducks, old and young, scattered away as he passed the ponds. The prairie was alive with groups of grouse and

prairie hens. Fat, prosperous looking gophers chirped and whistled from mounds of their own building.

About a mile from the house Tim started up an old coyote. She did not seem at all inclined to run either very fast or very far. Tim was wise enough to know that these actions meant but one thing—young ones somewhere near. He turned off from the trail. Fifteen minutes' search up and down through the tangle of grass and scrub, and he plumped right into the little family. There were four of the baby wolves, none of them much larger than a good sized cat. With little frightened barks they scurried away for the next cover with Tim in wild pursuit. For the moment his grievance and his errand were both forgotten. He followed them here and there, through clumps of scrubby willow and tangled, fragrant rose trees, up the hills and down through the gullies.

At first the frightened pups kept close together, as though gaining comfort from each others' company. But as they began to tire and the chase became hotter, it was everyone for himself. A little in the background the mother circled about barking sharp protest at the boy intruder. Before long Tim lost sight of all but one of his quarry. This one he kept doggedly in sight, and with heels and voice he urged old Billy to the best speed he could muster. A young coyote has only a small portion of the staying powers of a full-grown one. This little fellow was tiring rapidly. His sides were heaving with the pound of the tired baby lungs, and his long red tongue was hanging almost on the ground. Tim gained now; he was only a few feet behind. And then, the tired pup plumped straight on an open burrow, dived down it and was lost to view. Tim reined in his panting horse. Nothing but willing men and spades could get that coyote now; he knew that quite well.

For the first time Tim noticed that his horse was streaked with sweat. He re-

membered his father's words about using old Billy carefully. He remembered his errand—and the fishing trip. He realized that he had wasted much valuable time in this fruitless chase of the wolves. More, he had tired his horse so much that anything but a very slow jog trot the rest of the way was out of the question. He stood still for some minutes to give Billy a chance to rest. But he was thinking hard, and his thoughts ran about like this:

"If I go straight across country I can go slow enough so Billy will get all dried off, and I can easily get home in time to go fishing. If I go all the way around I'll have to travel so slow I can't possibly get home in time to do anything. I'm going straight." Now Tim knew perfectly well that his father would have instantly forbidden him to take any chances on those muskeg arms. But as many another has figured, Tim decided that what a person didn't know wouldn't hurt them. Thus it was that the boy reconciled himself to wrong, for deep down in his heart he knew that he had done wrong, and that he was going still further along the wrong way to square the first misstep.

Straight across the prairie he jogged. Before many minutes he reached the edge of the danger spot. The creek looked quite dry and harmless. Only for the uneven floor and the peculiar grasses a person might easily have thought it was in truth but the dry bed of a harmless little stream. Old Billy paused of his own motion and stood pawing the ground and snorting in vigorous protest. Billy had been born and raised in the country, and he was far wiser than his young master. But Tim refused to accept his horse's warning. He kicked him soundly in the ribs, and urged him on.

"Giddap, Billy," he ordered sharply. "It's all right. Go on!" Billy stepped forward gingerly, nostrils wide and ears turned forward. The whole bottom of the creek quivered as a great mass of green jelly. Little undulations ran along its surface like the ripples when a stone is thrown into a smooth lake. Billy stopped again and snorted even more earnestly. And again the boy refused to listen. He knotted the reins and struck

At a Disadvantage

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Margaret Minaker.

What makes a fellow long to swear
In stronger words than he should dare,
With wife waiting on the stair?
A collar button.

For first it rushed beneath the bed.
I chased it there, but cracked my head.
Real peevish were the words I said
To collar button.

Then wife sweetly called 'to hurry',
That always gets me in a flurry.
Doesn't she know one should not worry
A collar button.

For then it hid behind the dresser
(I hope my rage did not distress her),
Wife cannot know vexations, bless her,
Of collar buttons.

Though Woman votes in our fair land,
She cannot really understand
Trials that irk Man on every hand
(Like collar buttons).

By gosh! I think it's only fair,
To keep the suffrage on the square,
Let men demand, she also wear
A collar button!

DROP A POSTCARD FOR

McKENZIE'S
NEW

SEED CATALOG

It is better than ever!

Brimsful of useful pointers

about the

BEST SEEDS for the WEST

A.E. MCKENZIE CO. LTD.
BRANDON, MAN. CALGARY, ALTA.Ship
Your
FURS

NOW

This is the Time of
HIGH PRICES

This is a war market and big fur buyers are besieging Taylor. We will pay you the highest price for every pelt and we can take all you ship. Every day is pay-day with Taylor. Your money goes out by return mail. Write for our free Market Reports.

F. C. TAYLOR FUR CO.
International Fur Exchange
For Exchange, Inc. St. Louis, Mo.to Taylor
INTERNATIONAL FUR EXCHANGEPeace Hath Her
Victories

and responsibilities. The duty of every man now is to provide a living for himself and his family, and help in the reconstruction of the world. The great call is still for food. Other industries may collapse, but agriculture must go on.

C. P. R. FARMS
20 YEARS TO PAY

Open the way to prosperity and independence. Prairie Land \$11 to \$30 an acre; irrigated land up to \$50. Get started. Land is being rapidly taken up. Write for free booklets and full information.

Allan Cameron, Gen'l Supt. C.P.R. Lands
911 1st ST. EAST, CALGARYCalf
EnemiesWHITE SCOURS
BLACKLEG

Your Veterinarian can stamp them out with Cutter's Anti-Calf Scour Serum and Cutter's Germ Free Blackleg Filtrate and Aggrassin, or Cutter's Blackleg Pills.

Ask him about them. If he hasn't our literature, write to us for information on these products.

The Cutter Laboratory
Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.
"The Laboratory That Knows How"