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than Alice had known him to for many a year.

First at one camp and then another the hikers devoured beans, bacon and flapjacks piled on long tables ranged between forest giants; and tumbled into bunks from which they glimpsed weird shapes in the nightfall. Henry began by dreaming that he was "falling" a tree in the New Brunswick woods, and he finished by actually falling one in the North-western forest. The lumberjacks discovered that "he knew more about falling trees and working them up than any city guy they had ever run up against," and at once they yielded him respect and cordiality. The trees, especially the older ones, recognized in him a friend, and responded with a welcome. In the distant city, a woman continually generated and sent out to him loving thoughts, thereby creating for him an atmosphere of protection.

Irvine gathered in the money so rapidly that his supply of buttons gave out. He knew that the men in the remaining camps would clamor for their buttons on the spot, therefore he must go to the second largest settlement in this district—a town of some three hundred inhabitants—and send a long distance emergency call for buttons. It was difficult to locate Henry that time, and when Irvine did find him he was sawing as though his life depended on it. Irvine advised that they would start immediately, and he became impatient at Henry's delay. Most regretfully the foreman relinquished his new helper. Into Henry's hand he jammed some crumpled paper, with the injunction to be sure to come and help out again, and Henry promised. Henry did not wait long to examine the crumpled paper—his earnings. Neither was he long deciding what to do with them.

"Send me more buttons—more subscribers than we anticipated," repeated Irvine slowly and distinctly. From his chair near the hotel window, Henry heard with indifference the fragment of telephone conversation. All at once he became interested, for Irvine was saying, "Fine! Fine! He's a great old scout. Mighty glad he came along, mighty glad. He's all right."

The last camp had been solicited, the last button handed over. At night two men picked their way along a ten-mile uneven mountain trail. Ahead tramped Henry, steering the course by means of a flashlight. Behind came Irvine, bringing out the results of the expedition—fifteen thousand dollars in currency.

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Alice left home early on Saturday, the last morning of the campaign, and made straight for the church with the open door. The previous afternoon Mr. Farmin had called her into his office to tell her good news. He had heard from the district chairman that Irvine, who had phoned in for more buttons, had reported that "Osborne was a great old scout, and that he was mighty glad Osborne had come along." There was a link between Alice and the unobtrusive church, and within its walls her heart sang a song of thanksgiving.

A general half-holiday was proclaimed, for a parade, including those who had taken part in the drive, was to wind up the campaign in the afternoon. Upon phoning to the apartment building, Alice ascertained that her husband had returned, so she hurried home. On the small buffet lay an envelope on which was written, "Will be home to get dinner. Henry." Inside the window hung an additional Victory Bond card.

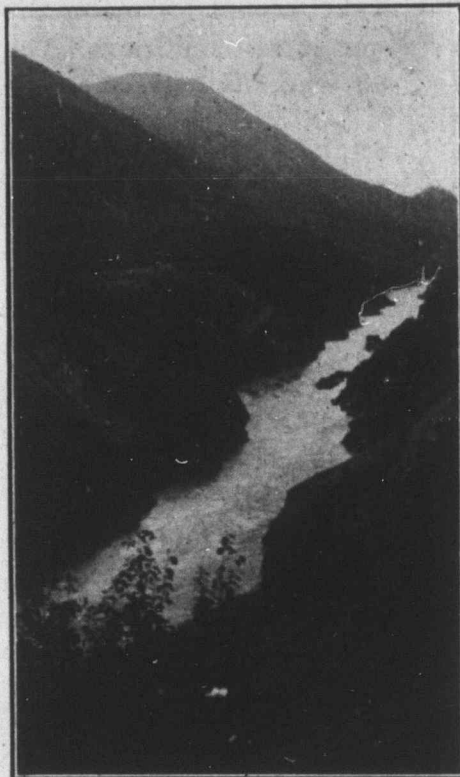
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In step with the sprightly music marched men and women, each wearing a Victory Bond button. Some of them represented places in the province that had gone "over the top." Many carried Union Jacks and banners.

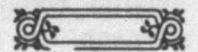
About the middle of the parade, a man of large frame but scant flesh bore a small banner different from any of the others. He was the "great old scout" of the logging camp

## THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY

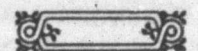
trail. Only two people beside himself understood the full significance of his banner: one was a participant, the other a spectator—the district chairman marching in the front ranks, and Henry's wife standing on the curb. The banner read, "Won by a Victory Bond."



### B. C. Beauty Spots



The First Prize Winner for this month is Miss M. H. Nicholson, 843 Cardero St., Vancouver, B. C., who sent in this picture of the Fraser River at Lillooet, B. C.



The BRITISH COLUMBIA MONTHLY wishes to reproduce one or two original pictures each month of the unsurpassed scenery of our Western Homeland. Pictures sent in may be of any size, but they must be suitable for fine-screen engravings. Prints in black of photos taken in good light are preferable.

A prize of \$2.50 will be awarded each month for the photo which is considered the best, or the sender of the picture may have choice to the value of \$3.00, of the books by British Columbian authors, noted elsewhere. When two prizes are awarded, one of these books will be given as the second prize.

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