

cence—suddenly, as we passed over the bar into the tide current, we left these natural ocean lights and passed through a space of intense blackness. We had lost all sight and sound of our guide and his fellow tribesmen now, in fact I did not know just where the Pass was, and I had no mind to be swept down its dark rapid waters at midnight.

"See the torches!" called Fritz from the bow. Ahead, like some ancient rite, rose and fell on the smooth roll of the Sound, the fires of the fleet of fishermen, each a gleaming pile of pine knots on the sanded decks of the bows. Soon we swept with the tide into this strange scene—imagine the awful blackness of oceanside midnight. I could just dimly see Fritz in the bow, so you can tell something of the murk about us, people; this vast pall of gloom with strange glaring fires that leaped and fell convulsively, above each fire stand the

copper figure of a naked Indian. Watch that sinewy figure in the nearest craft as we sweep along—up leaps the long yellow arm, out flashes the bright steel spear, down plunges arm and weapon both—"splash" flies the ruddy water, up—up sweeps the arm—out into the red circle in the intense black quivers and struggles an impaled fish, the water, running down the spear and along the arm, falls in drops of gleaming blood into the hidden sea beside—then the flames lower and the scene passes—to be renewed in a dozen places at once.

We had neglected to sand our bow so Fritz took off—well a part of his raiment, and leaped over into the shallow water and paddle splashed some onto the bow, then he legged out a bag of fir roots and piled some on it, scratched a match—on my coat—and soon we had our own torch. Fritz replaced part of his well-attire—removed other parts

and stood up in the bow spear in hand. "Splash" and a flat-fish fell into the canoe—splash and he sent his small spear clean through a fine eating grey crab—ignoring the myriad salmon—poor spawning things—that leaped and spat-tered on every side, turning not aside even when an inquisitive harbour seal poked its human looking face up right beside us, not even raising his head when wild fowl, even our favorite wid-geon, rose calling loudly from some tide runnel. No! he was watching for a sturgeon or a halibut, he might as well have looked for a sea elephant as the latter, but ignorance is bliss. We were still running along rapidly with the tide, and flatfish and crabs and one small eel had flapped to their end on the canoe's bottom, when the lad spied, or yet thinks and swears he did, a small mud shark on the bottom. Up! leaped the hand, down shot the spear!—he struck it as true as the arrow to

the bulls-eye, struck it so hard that the spear lodged and remained fast—on—on swept the canoe—out—out leaned the fat boy's dark figure—out—out until spear and handle and boy were one straight line nearly level with the water, then there came a "splash" and the fish and I were all alone in the canoe.

I could hardly check the canoe for laughing. I could hear Fritz say, "Oh—laugh! you wouldn't laugh if you were walking on barnacles and Ouch! sharp ones, too." I got the canoe about finally and poled up to the dark figure, he had not yet pulled the spearhead out of the rotten, sand-incrusted log, but he swears the shark was "hovering just over the log, see!"

The early morning stars were twinkling as the flotilla swept into the Indian village bay and, lest we might have to eat some more raw dainties of the Pacific, Fritz and O'poots and I continued on our travels.



### The Boys Like Them

"We like Buster Brown Stockings because we are not afraid to play hard and then have to go home and show mother the holes we have rubbed or torn in our stockings. And the stockings are mighty comfortable too."



### The Mothers Like Them

"Every spare minute used to be taken up with the darning basket before I bought my boys Buster Brown stockings and the girls Buster Brown's Sister's stockings. They are the nicest looking stockings they have ever worn, and they have certainly saved money for me."



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### The Good Time Coming

Come hither, lads, and hearken  
For a tale there is to tell,  
Of the wonderful days a-coming  
When all shall be better than well.

For that which the worker winneth  
Shall then be his indeed,  
Nor shall half be reaped for nothing  
By him that sowed no seed.

Then all mine and all thine shall be ours  
And no more shall any man crave  
For riches that serve for nothing  
But to fetter a friend for a slave.

And what wealth then shall be left us  
When none shall gather gold  
To buy his friend in the market  
And pinch and pine the sold?

Nay, what save the lovely city  
And the little house on the hill,  
And the wastes and the woodland beauty  
And the happy fields we till.

And the painter's hand of wonder,  
And the marvelous fiddle-bow,  
And the banded choirs of music,  
All those that do and know.

For these shall be ours and all men's,  
Nor shall any lack a share  
Of the toil and the gain of living  
In the days when the world grows fair.  
—William Morris.

### Low Fares and Tourist Cars to Pacific Coast

In connection with the low fare excursion tickets on sale to Vancouver and Victoria on January 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th, and February 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th, it is officially announced in passenger circles of the Canadian Northern Railway that they will operate through Tourist Cars from Winnipeg to Vancouver on January 12th and 14th and again on February 9th and 11th. Connecting trains for these cars will leave Regina and Saskatoon January 13th and 15th, February 10th and 17th; and cars will leave Edmonton January 14th and 16th, February 11th and 13th.

This announcement should occasion no small amount of interest among those many who show a preference for this economically comfortable mode of traveling.

That the ever popular Tourist Car has lost none of its favor with the traveling public, was afforded ample proof by the great rush for reservations during the past week or so on the cars of this type now operating between Winnipeg and Toronto.

It is a source of great satisfaction to the passenger officials that the Tourist Cars—which, to have properly equipped and added to the now famous Eastern Canada Express, they have gone to considerable pains—are finding such great favor with a judge so critical—the Western Canadian public.

These Tourist Cars provide all the luxury of the Standard Sleeping Car at almost half the cost.