

and crept out into the blackness of No Man's Land. Away on the right the big guns boomed dully. Now and then a rifle cracked sharply from some sniper's lair and a bullet whined through the darkness. Every few minutes a flare would shoot up in curving flight from one side or the other, lighting up a small area with a ghastly mockery of moonlight. Then the creeping patrol had to flatten themselves like dead men, with faces pressed to the ground, till the flare had burned itself out. The German trench was but eighty yards away, and even in the darkness the slightest noise would have meant death.

THEY were quickly through the prepared passageway in their own wire entanglements, however. Closely behind the officer, who led the way, came Tom Three Feathers, a sensitive transmitter of any significant sounds that might escape less cunning ears. The others were spread out at several paces interval. Each man of that little party could hear his heart pounding in his ears with a rhythm like the engine-beat of a steam vessel. Nerves were strung taut as telegraph wires and eyes and ears strained almost to painfulness.

Ten yards—twenty yards—thirty yards—slowly, cautiously, like industrious snails, they advanced towards the German trench. There was no sign of enemy patrols. Fortunately, too, flares seemed to be not as frequent as usual to-night. But suddenly a hand was laid on the arm of the officer and the lips of Tom Three Feathers approached his ear.

"Noise," came the almost inaudible whisper. "You wait here. Me go see." None but an Indian's ears could have construed the faint click Tom heard as the drawing of a rifle across a coat button. The officer had heard nothing, but he knew the uncanny endowment of the Indian. By a pre-arranged touch signal the others were halted.

Tom Three Feathers turned off half-left and crept cautiously away. When he had gone about ten yards he stopped, unslung his rifle, put the bayonet in the scabbard at his side, and flattened himself along the ground to the whole extent of his body. In this posture he wormed his way silently inch by inch through the long grass.

As he drew nearer the spot whence the infinitesimal sound had come, other infinitesimal sounds interpreted themselves to Tom's ear. But the German sentry in the listening post remained blissfully unconscious of the silent catastrophe that crept towards him by inches. Suddenly a flare shot up from the German trenches. Tom Three Feathers, frozen into absolute movelessness in the long grass, could see the head and shoulders of the German protruding from the sap-head several feet in front of him. The flare faded and died in its slow descent to earth. All the instincts of his race that had lain dormant in Tom Three Feathers since boyhood, came to the top. His lithe body writhed through the long grass, scarcely stirring a blade of it. His dark eye burned with the intensity of the hunting wildcat close upon its quarry. His muscles were like steel springs ready to uncoil. So his ancestors before the white man came crept down upon some unwary deer or rival tribesman in the shadow of the foothills.

Suddenly the Redskin's body gath-

ered itself into a crouch and his powerful arms shot forward. One hand closed with a grip like a steel trap over the German's mouth, the other clutched him round the neck, thumb pressing upon wind-pipe; at the same time, swift as a cougar, with his whole weight, the Indian bore down. Noiselessly the German, powerful as he was, sank beneath that sudden cat-like spring. The gripping fingers tightened, tightened. . . . Then a bayonet, gripped in the Indian's right hand like a dagger, rose and fell.

At that instant from the darkness came a guttural "Wer da?" The sentry's comrade, a few feet away, awakened from his slumber, scrambled to his feet. But guided by the sounds Tom Three Feathers had already crept closer—stealthy, cat-like, absolutely noiseless. Again his long arms shot forward; again his hands closed over mouth and windpipe; again the bayonet rose and fell. There was not even a groan. . . .

PRESENTLY Tom Three Feathers rose and wormed his way silently back through the darkness, recovering his rifle on the way. Tied to his belt, one on either side, as in former days his fathers bore the scalps they had taken in battle, were two pickelhauben, placed so as to make no noise when he moved.

"Me got 'im," he whispered into the officer's ear. "Listening post. Finish 'em both." In a few words he made his report.

There was no need for the patrol to go further. The enemy's parapet could be made out through the darkness, and the officer was able to observe certain important alterations in the first line trench where unusual activity had been noticed during the day. Cautiously the signal was passed from man to man, and the little party of scouts turned and began to work

their way back to their own trench, each making mental note of what they had seen. None but Tom and the officer knew how narrow had been their escape.

As Tom pulled himself over the parapet with the others and dropped into the trench, several men, anxious to hear of the patrol's adventures, gathered round them.

"Wipe out the German army, old scout?" asked one banteringly of Tom.

"No," murmured the Redskin, touching the helmets that dangled from his belt. "Scalp two Boches."

Some weeks later, back in the little Western city, Constable Larry McGinnis sat glancing over the columns of the morning paper between bites of his mid-day sandwiches. Suddenly his eye came to rest on a headline, and he forgot all about the sandwich. This is what he read:

WESTERN INDIAN WINS D. C. M.

The Distinguished Conduct Medal has been awarded to Private Tom Three Feathers, a Canadian Indian, for bravery in the field. Private Three Feathers enlisted in this city last spring and went overseas with a draft. The announcement of the award says: "Private Three Feathers, while on a reconnaissance patrol, discovered a concealed listening post, and single-handed overpowered the two German sentries, enabling the patrol to carry out important work in safety. He set a fine example of courage and resourcefulness."

Accompanying the item was a photograph of Tom Three Feathers which some enterprising reporter had secured from the local police records.

Constable McGinnis finished his sandwiches thoughtfully. As he brushed the last crumbs from the tunic of his blue police uniform, there was an odd look in his eyes.

"Well, I'll be blowed!" said he wonderingly.

What of the Apple?

(Continued from page 5.)

markets more than all the other fruit districts of the province put together. The whole output of the fruit and vegetable business of the valley covering the year 1916 amounted to about 3,500 car loads, representing a cash value of \$1,750,000. These were loaded at Penticton alone, which is at the south end of the lake. It is on record that one day last year 46 car loads arrived at Sicamous Junction. These were made up into two train loads and sent up over the Rockies to be distributed over the Prairie cities and towns. Only a few years ago the entire output of the valley was not much more than 46 cars for the whole year.

The C.P.R. has a system of its own for the purpose of handling car loads upon the lake. The cars are conveyed several at a time on ferries, which are drawn by small tug boats, and are run upon the rails at Okanagan landing at the North end of the lake.

The fruit season opens early in July with strawberries, which this year were greedily bought up by the prairie consumers. The supply of strawberries, and raspberries, though large, did not meet the demand. Early and late cherries, of a splendid quality, found also a ready market throughout the adjoining provinces.

The apricot season this year began early in August. Huge shipments of

20-lb. crates were taken off the wharves of the lake growers by the steamers, and conveyed to the landing at the north end.

Summerland, one of the largest and most prosperous towns on the lake, is rightly named. Its summers are lengthy, with a great amount of sunshine, and a minimum of cold rains. To understand it as an orchard community one needs to climb the hills adjacent to the lake and see orchard after orchard in which grow apricots, peaches, cherries, apples, plums and pears; while grape vines trail along like weeds. Orchards alternate with gardens, several acres in extent, which produce tomatoes, cucumbers, red peppers, and cantaloupes by the ton.

Experts agree that this district is the best in the western half of the continent for the production of the apricot. The shipment of apricots in August was exceptionally heavy from Summerland. One day as many as eleven lorries loaded high with crates, stood in a row upon the wharf in the early morning, awaiting the boat. Big piles of crates were also in the shed waiting to be loaded on the boat.

Of recent years there has been an over-production of peaches; and growers are now pulling out peach trees

(Concluded on page 24.)

Among Investments

Both in security and in interest return our Guaranteed Trust Investment plan compares favorably with municipal debentures, Government bonds and other securities commonly used for the conservative investment of money. Interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum is paid on fixed dates half-yearly.

Booklet on request.

National Trust Company Limited.

Capital paid up, \$1,500,000
Reserve, . . . 1,500,000

18-22 King St. East
TORONTO

Your Car's Burnt Up!

Shake hands with yourself if you have one of our policies with liberal features.

Costs little for ample protection.

See about it to-day. Drive around to our agent.



LONDON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

F. D. WILLIAMS, Managing Director
Head Office—33 Scott Street, Toronto

Cosgrave's Beers



Known by discriminating Canadians for over half a century.

PALE ALE
HALF and HALF
XXX PORTER

In original strength
order from
EXPORTERS
LIMITED

489 St. Paul St. West, MONTREAL

To meet Ontario Temperance Act,
order from dealers, grocers, or
direct from Brewery.

THE COSGRAVE BREWERY CO.
LTD.

Toronto: Tel. Adelaide 486-487