

her. They look so harsh and ugly this morning. After all, Maggie is a young girl too, and she must have interests outside of her work. If she has a sweetheart, she colored delicately, "she'll like something pretty to wear. I'll give her my pink waist with the lace collar," and she ran downstairs to the kitchen.

"I was a-prayin' to the Virgin, Eva, I'd be after makin' her an altar cloth if she'd give me back me b'y," Maggie was saying.

But Eva, scratching her woolly head, answered meditatively, "I don't know about that, greeny—I ain't a church goer—but I kinder think that that yaller fellow, to say nothin' of m'self, had something to do with findin' James." She paused suddenly, as Amy Dean smilingly entered: "Merry Christmas, Miss Amy. Look yere, greeny, what she's brought yer."

Either Mrs. Dean was too happy to be worried, or Maggie was slowly improving, for the Christmas dinner passed off with fewer blunders, and at the conclusion Mrs. Dean sought the new maid with benevolent intent.

"Maggie, you are improving a little, I think that you may be a good waitress in time. If you will try hard not to be so forgetful and not to nick the dishes, I'll keep you. Miss Amy is to be married soon and I don't want to make another change if I can help it."

Maggie twisted her apron strings through her fingers.

"I'll be after tellin' you, mum, that I'll have to be lavin'. I'm a-goin' to get married myself."

"Married! Whom can you know to marry! I thought you'd not been here a week?"

"I've a b'y in Baltimore, mum, and he's sinit me the money to come to him. 'Twas thinkin' of him took me from the ole country," she smiled broadly. "He's just been made a policeman."

Mrs. Dean's eye wandered; she was not interested in Maggie's prospects as compared to her own comfort. She walked slowly back to the living room and announced tragically:

"Maggie is going to leave."

"What's the matter?" Amy questioned.

"Matter! the same old story! After I've made up my mind to endure her deficiencies, she gives notice. Prefers to leave a good home like this, with every comfort, and become the drudge of some policeman. She's going to be married! What did she take the place for if she didn't intend to stay?"

But all unconscious of her mistress' displeasure, wholly ignorant of her share in augmenting the vexations of the servant problem, Maggie, her heart filled with eager anticipation of the future, sat by the kitchen table dreamily listening while Eva reread the letter. And, far from resembling a mischievous disturber of domestic peace, she looked, with her work-worn hands crossed quietly on her knee, her luminous eyes staring unseeing at the snow, like some pilgrim, pausing ecstatically—the Golden City at last within her reach.

The Swiftest "Moving" Picture Camera.

By Bonnycastle Dale.

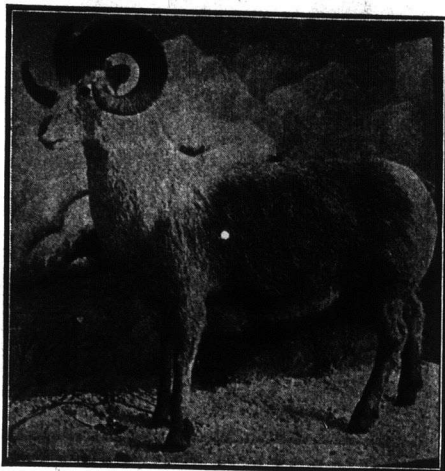
Illustrated by Fleming Brothers.

WHEN you look at the tame sheep shambling off over the field of the lower levels of the inhabited valleys of British Columbia, then raising your eyes and scanning the mighty snowcrowned mountains on either hand, which you know to contain the native Bighorn Sheep in its wild state, you do not wonder that Felix Concolor, our native panther, prefers to hunt these well placed titbits of the cultivated plateaus to the swift, watchful, white specks on the very summits of the lofty peaks.

Here we were on the levels. Some seven thousand feet of virgin forest, ridge, terrace and peak lay between us and our much desired game. The scene was of impressive grandeur. The everlasting hills were clothed on their north sides with a deep mantle of bright green and bronze and golden mosses and lichens. The trails of the whitetail deer made an upward path to these rugged heights of the Kootenays. The tell-tale sands on the edge of the clear brawling mountain stream near our shelter tent told, that since the sun sank so early yesterday behind the great shoulder to the west, the inhabitants of this primeval wilderness had been astir. In one place the arrow prints of a band of deer were deeply imprinted, the sharp front sunken in the sand where they had stood to drink, then all confused where they had leaped instantly into a desperate rush—and the soft big pads of the panther that missed them told the cause.

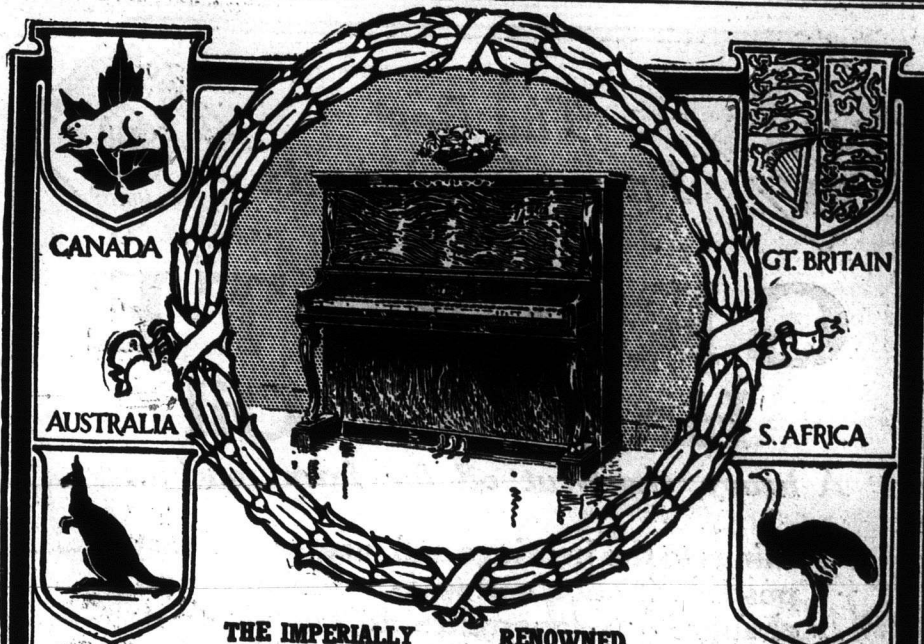
As we trudged upwards we crossed some huge deer trails that must have been caused by the so-called wapiti or elk, now exterminated over so great a part of its range. We found where bears, common black ones, had been tearing into hollow logs after ants and grubs. Did it ever occur to you how many a concealed beast with watchful eyes intently studies us—the only upright standing animal—as we pursue our way through their haunts? And it is the fear of us, in that alarming attitude of attack, that natural fighting attitude of man, that has made us the so-called "Lords of Creation."

As we toiled slowly up the stiff grade we passed from the firs and giant cedars of the lower levels into the stripling growth of the heights. We lunched on a scarred outcropping of granite where the view over the lower hills and drainage streams was one of great magnifi-



Mountain Sheep

cence. We were in an unmapped land, a land clothed to about six thousand feet with a glorious mantle of green, watered by silver streams that glittered in their ribbon ways, a land of absolute silence. From where we sat not a bird was to be seen, not even a common ground squirrel set up its cheery complaint. It seemed to us as if the far reaching scene had been set—stage-like—all ready for the living actors to appear—hist! there is one now—right in front of us, across a deep valley, was an upreared lip of some light grey rock, its crevices clothed with green mosses. On the ledge that ran beneath appeared the lonely actor—the very incarnation of pantomime—a huge grizzly bear, with his summer coat showing a yellowish tinge in the clear September air. Through the glass I watched him play his lonely part. With shambling tread he advanced close to the edge of his high set stage and with slowly swinging head scanned the unchangeable scene below. Once his deep set eyes were raised and it seemed to me, looking through the glass, that he was staring straight up at me out of his deep-set orbs. Suddenly he opened his mouth and called. I could not hear him, but I saw the muscular action of the cry, and out ran two fairly well grown cubs. Intently they all surveyed the scene, then the cubs, following no doubt, the dam's eyes, peered intently in the same direction, and with one accord they all took a downward trail—and left the mighty scene, stage, proscenium, all empty.



DOMINION PIANO

IS USED WHEREVER FLOATS THE BRITISH FLAG

You want a piano to be all these things—good reputation, beautiful tone, an ornament to your home, well made in every way, able to resist changes of time and climate. And you would be exceedingly pleased to find such a one not difficult to buy.

The Dominion Piano is all these. It saves you \$100.00 or more, not taken off the quality, but through abandoning useless selling expenses. No extravagant ware rooms are kept up, no presentation instruments are given to artists, schools, etc., for testimonials. The saving goes to purchasers. Full and definite explanations will be given any inquiries you may wish to make about Dominion Pianos.

The Dominion Piano & Organ Co. Ltd.
Manufacturers of Pianos, Organs and Piano Players
FACTORY AT BOWMANVILLE, CANADA

HORROCKSES' FLANNELETTES

are made from
carefully selected COTTON

The nap is short and close

No injurious chemicals are used

Quality, designs and colourings are unequalled

If purchasers of this comfortable material for Underwear all the year round would buy THE BEST ENGLISH MAKE, they would avoid the risk they undoubtedly run with the inferior qualities of Flannelette.

See the name 'HORROCKSES' on selvedge every two yards

ANNUAL Sale upwards of TEN MILLION yards

Awarded the Certificate of The Incorporated Institute of Hygiene

Horrockses, Crewdson & Co. Ltd. Manchester and London ENGLAND