

METROPOLITAN FASHIONS FOR WOMEN EVERYWHERE.

A new and convenient means whereby women in all parts of Canada may avail themselves of the latest styles shown in Montreal—and at very low prices—is provided by Almy's Limited, the biggest store in the Eastern metropolis. They have just issued a "Summer Bargain Bulletin" showing a bewildering variety of the very latest things in women's and misses' shirtwaists, blouses, skirts, summer dresses, smart hats, lingerie, and dainty garments for children and babies. This interesting little book, filled with items of greatest interest to women, will be sent free upon request, and articles ordered from it will be sent promptly by parcels post, with an absolute guarantee of the purchaser's satisfaction. Almy's Limited are now conducting a Department Store in the location formerly occupied by Scroggie's Limited, who went into liquidation, October, 1914, and the new management has brought the service of Montreal's largest store up to a very high standard. Request for the "Summer Bargain Bulletin" should be addressed to Almy's Limited, Montreal, Department B.

Now, with five little black foxes in his possession, and the haunting dreams of many seasons clamoring for fulfillment, he decided to start next day for Northtown.

Realizing that the gunny sack, though serviceable and easily handled, was impossible for a long trip if he wished to keep alive his delicate charges so suddenly whisked from their natural home. Etienne spent half of the following morning constructing a rough box in which to tote his living freight. On this he fastened straps for shoulders and forehead after the fashion of a packsack. This completed, he installed and fed the foxes which, being almost six weeks old, readily ate of the bits of raw rabbit thrown to them.

Finishing the feeding, Etienne slipped his arms through the shoulder straps, raised the box in place, then adjusting the head strap upon his forehead, struck the trail that led to Wabiscaw and the city beyond.

The little trodden bush path even to his experienced moccasin feet made travel slow. His load was cumbersome. The roughly made box, unlike a packsack, fitting ill to his shoulders, sent its jagged untrimmed edges digging cruelly into his back as he swung along. But with his thoughts upon that distant horizon, Etienne trudged on, unmindful.

Came memory of that red glassed bottle filled with amber liquid for which, nearly six months ago, he had paid thirty ermine skins and one beaver. Once the bottle had adorned a shelf in a Northtown liquor store, but the contents that Etienne had so dearly purchased from a stealthily moving bootlegger were not the original. North of 55 the Mounted Police, represen-

tatives of law and order in the wild, forbade the sale of gladdening spirits, making it necessary that what little of the pure article the smugglers did get through, should go a long way to sufficiently pay them for the risk taken; thus, what reached the Northern purchaser was a strangely doctored, amplified concoction, bearing small resemblance to the original product.

Out there were great buildings in which flowed endless rivers of purest whiskey blanc; a bottle of it could be purchased for only a few pieces of silver. The comparison brought thoughts, variegated, roseate; and, in keeping with his simple savage ideas of blissful things, he piled anticipatory pleasures one upon another till the heat and his aching shoulders seemed small price to pay for those things to come.

On his arrival at Wabiscaw next day, conquering his fear of the Factor's anger which he knew would be aroused by his going away from the Post to trade—a defiance of one of the oldest mandates of the company—Etienne marched boldly up to the Post and called the furman forth to view his find.

Thinking that the breed had brought them to sell the Factor came languidly. With secret pleasure he viewed the little creatures. They were perfect specimens. Finally, when the trapper made no move toward barter the Factor ventured as a starter: "I'll give you three thousand for the lot."

Etienne eyed him quietly, scornful. "No, I go to the outside with them."

Taken back at this unexpected manifestation on the part of a long faithful henchman, the Factor scowled. Too, knowing that no one from the outside had come into the district recently, he was puzzled, for he, alone, in all the Wabiscaw district received the semi-yearly mail that brought the prices prevailing on the outside market. So, viewing the breed's contemplated action merely from the angle of trade, no conception of an ulterior motive came.

Unwilling to let go five such fine specimens the Factor presently raised the bid to five thousand, then eight, then ten; but Etienne, smiling slowly, continued his refusal, repeating stolidly: "I take them to the outside."

Thinking this threat might be a new thought, trade trick and wise from many years of trading, the Factor finally desisted and went within, believing later, the breed would return for further bartering. But Etienne did not tarry. Swinging his load once more upon his shoulders he started off for the farther end of the village where lived Jacques Reynaud, owner of many boats.

The Post of Wabiscaw lay on the southern end of the greater lake of that name. From the lake, at this point, Sandy River ran south for a distance of

ten miles where it poured into lesser lake Wabiscaw, again having an outlet on that lake's lower end. From here it flowed on to Sandy Lake. At the southern end of this latter body, separated only by a portage of a few hundred yards, was Mud Creek which stream in turn poured into Pelican Lake. Across Pelican Lake was Pelican River. This, in turn, poured into the mighty Athabasca River. So for two hundred miles on the way to the outside Etienne had almost a straight course of navigable waterway.

Arrived at the house of Jacques Reynaud, Etienne had no trouble in getting a boat. In fact, so impressed was Jacques by the trapper's possessions, potential evidences of coming wealth, that he advanced the finest canoe in his fleet and by nightfall, Etienne made a camp on the northern shore of lesser lake Wabiscaw, where Sandy River entered it.

The settlement at this point was small, consisting of a dozen impoverished breed families who subsisted mainly by bargaining in provisions. Yet within half an hour after his landing, news having flown of his arrival, Etienne was surrounded by an eager crowd curious to view his cargo. Old Donald McIntosh, independent trader, canny and dour, was among these. A month previously he had received a two months' old Northtown newspaper wherein was featured, with heavy headed headings many columns wide, a story of a fox transaction in which, one pair of old ones, trapped and brought in from the wild alive, had brought their lucky captor fifteen thousand dollars. Added to this had been considerable comment predicting for some time the prevalence of high prices for these animals. Inspired by the reading of this old Donald had come and after an hour's careful beating about the bush, he advanced tentatively an offer of five thousand dollars. Nettled by the quiet scorn with which this was met and his avarice fired by that three months' old newspaper story, Donald, by hundreds, then thousands slowly raised his bid till he reached fifteen thousand. At fifteen thousand his cautious nature asserted itself overcoming even the desire created by the newspaper story, and, too, realizing the highly speculative nature of successfully attempting to move these youthful progeny of the wild over eight hundred miles of river route, he ceased bargaining and returned to his store.

Upon old Donald's departure, weary of the crowd's attention, Etienne stowed his captives away beneath one end of his upturned canoe, following which he rolled himself up and went to sleep.

Early morning found him again on his way and for ten body-wearied days he paddled, seeing no one till he camped on the tenth evening at the point where the Pelican emptied into the Athabasca. Here, only seven weeks out from Northtown, he found camped a party of capitalists, looking over the workings of a prospective oil well. Viewing his prizes, they at once began bidding.

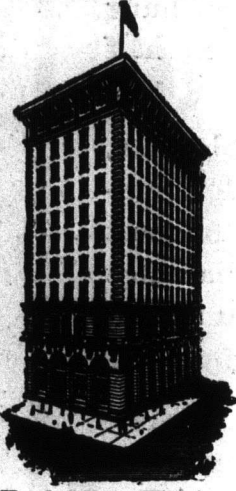
With the experience of every rising prices the half breed was insolent in his demands till, by leaps and bounds, the capitalists raised their offer from five to seven, to ten, then by degrees to fifteen, finally jumping the amount to twenty.

Twenty thousand dollars! As if in a dream, Etienne heard the words. Seated on the river bank near to his upturned canoe, he stared away down the river. Twenty thousand dollars! Within him, whose life-time conception of money had been based upon a view point gained from the handling of silver pieces and smallest bills, the immensity of the mentioned sum, stirred strange quiverings. The three men about him, sensing approaching victory, stood silent.

Glowed in the breed's eyes a great desire; a fierce, avaricious longing gripped. Then suddenly, the light went out. The eyes that looked down the river saw not the rolling water or the rising tree lined banks. Instead, rose a great building of stone, a brain-built phantasy, in and out of the doors of which were men coming and going—and each carried a bottle.

Momentarily dimmed, forgotten, the glorious dreams that had been his all these days of journeying now swept back in a great flood, engulfing, blotting out the quivering thrills the money tokens of these men before him had raised. The thoughts of the city remained, the city of dreams, of flowing rivers of whiskey; a place where, too, were buyers even mightier than these. Presently he turned his head, meeting coldly the men's eager gaze. Then he

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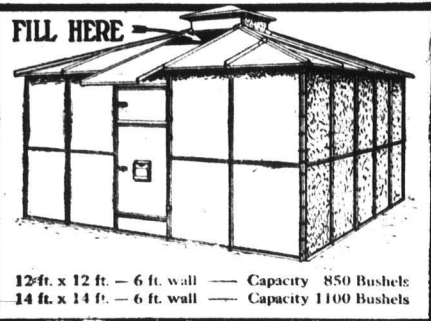
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