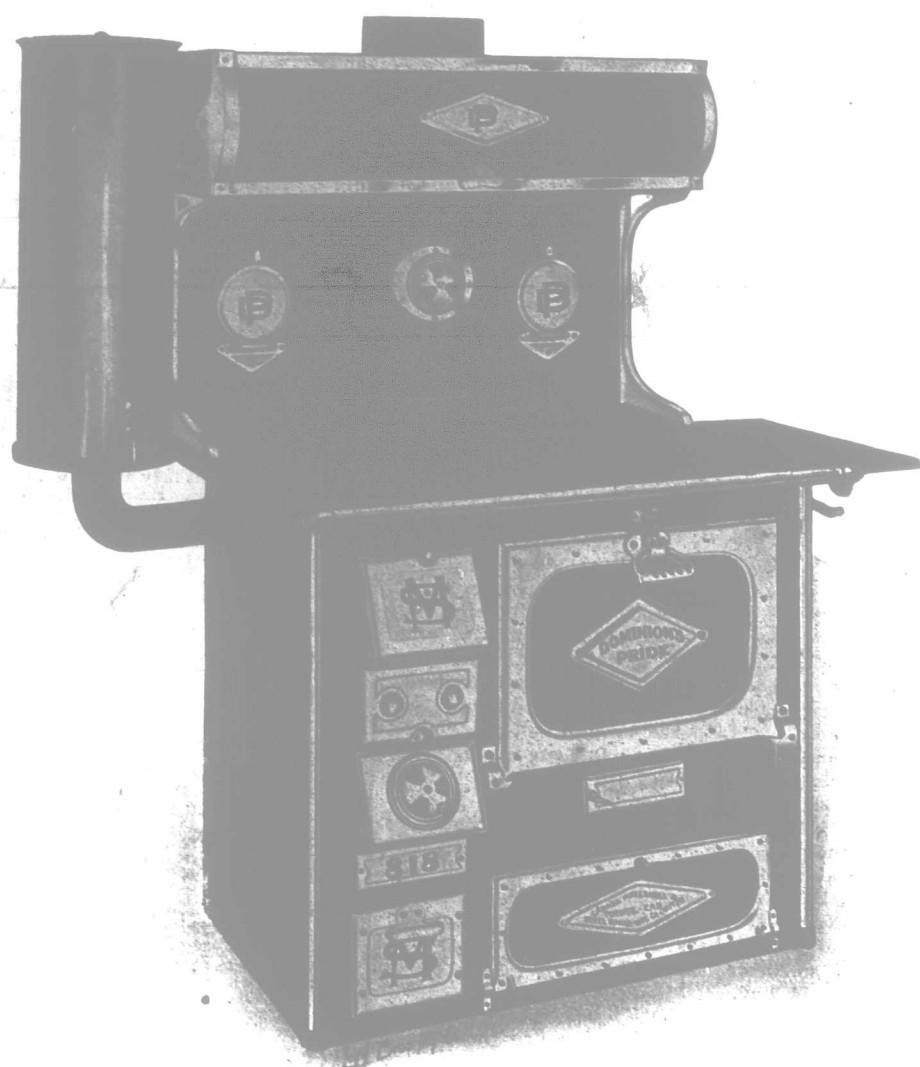
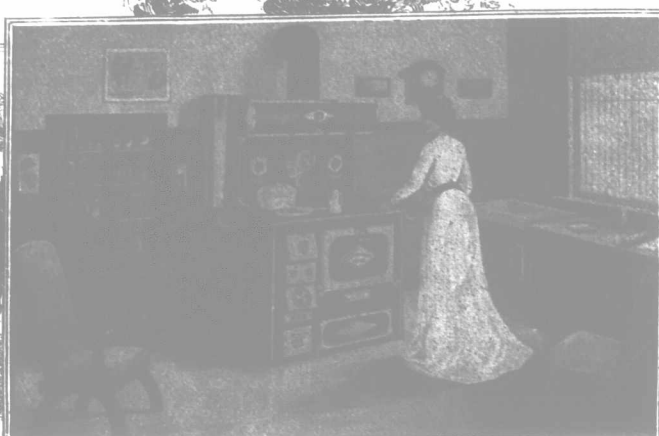
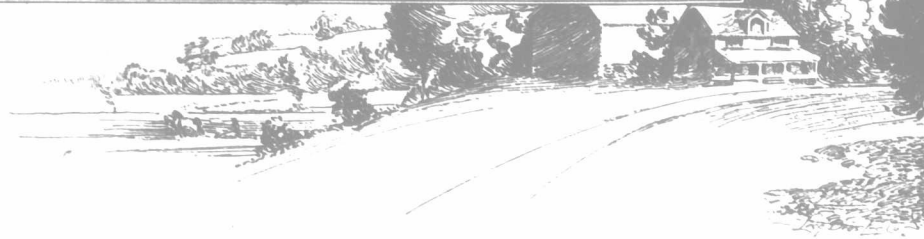


DIRECT *from* FACTORY to KITCHEN



NO. 818 ELEVATED TANK "DOMINION'S PRIDE" RANGE.
PRICE: CASH, \$39.00; ON NOTE, \$44.00.

"DOMINION'S PRIDE"

RANGES!

Perfect Cookers and Bakers. Are the Best and Least Expensive. Made of the Best Polished Blue Steel and Malleable Iron.

The most vital part of a range is the oven. It is necessary for the oven to be air-tight, otherwise satisfactory results are impossible. Our ovens are made of heavy STEEL PLATE, reinforced on top and bottom, and riveted to body of range, prevents warping, and range cannot get out of plumb, also makes the oven air-tight, and will not admit gas formed in fire-box; neither will our oven crack or ashes fall into it, and is, therefore, always clean, pure and dry; and with our fire-box made of heavy iron linings, with air chambers behind them, and our double-walled flues interlined with heavy asbestos mill board, and with our tight steel ovens, makes a perfect baking oven with a moderate fire, and saving at least 30% of fuel.

Will Last a Lifetime with Ordinary Care

Why not buy direct from the manufacturer and save the middlemen and retailers' profit? This range, if sold through the retailers or traveling salesmen, would have to be sold for \$69.00 on note, or \$64.00 cash. Our price, direct to the consumer, as follows: "DOMINION'S PRIDE" RANGE 818, with ELEVATED COPPER TANK, same as shown on our cut, with piece of ZINC to go underneath range, 8 joints BLUE POLISHED STEEL PIPE, 2 ELBOWS, delivered to any railway express station in Ontario (we to pay the express charges) for the sum of \$44.00 on note upon the conditions as follows: \$2.00 to be sent in with order, \$3.00 when range is delivered to you, and upon payments of \$5.00 per month until paid in full. A DISCOUNT allowed of \$5.00 if paid in ONE MONTH. RANGE, without the elevated copper tank, \$5.00 less. Malleable water fronts for pressure boilers, \$3.50.

"DOMINION'S PRIDE" RANGES are sold under the following GUARANTEE: If any of the castings prove defective in twelve months from date of purchase, we to refund same free of charge.

Manufactured and Sold by the **Canada Malleable and Steel Range Manuf'g Co., Ltd.**, 1240 Dundas Street, TORONTO, CANADA.

The climax of Nature's irony in the arctic is the cotton-plant. Wherever cotton blooms, declares the miner, ice is not far below. One may trudge for miles through fields of cotton, the white, silky tops swaying defiantly in the arctic breeze. The blossom is silky, dainty, illusive as the down of our own yellow dandelion on its way to seed. From June until late August the tundra is white with the cotton-plant. Unlike the cotton of the Southern States, the fiber is short and soft, having more of the texture of silk than of cotton. The cotton-plant will, in all probability, some day be the means of developing an Alaskan industry giving employment to thousands. To-day, however, the cotton-fields are purely decorative—a splendid sweep of immaculate bloom in a bleak, timberless landscape

guarded by hills ever hung in veils of deepest purple. In great bouquets it is occasionally met in a miner's shack, while not a few housewives gather the cotton for pillow-filling.

Throughout the cotton-fields flowers bloom in abnormal splendor, as becomes a country in which the sun shines continuously during summer's voluptuous reign. It is an intoxicating joy for the flower-hunter to gather great armfuls of purple larkspur, bluebells, monk's-hood, primroses, sweet peas, beautiful purple and red asters large as the most cultivated, lilies of the valley, baby-breath, yellow arrow, sage-rose, pink and white straw-flower, gentians of many hues, arctic geranium, crimson rhododendrons, and giant fireweed, all growing on the hillsides—to enumerate further is to reproduce a florist's catalogue.

Never have I seen forget-me-nots like unto those of the arctic. With stems the length of American Beauty roses, their pastel coloring of baby blue and sea-shell pink recalls the skill of French millinery rather than nature in its perfection.

Often the sun beats down fiercely on the flower-gatherer, and clouds of mosquitoes of abnormal growth threaten to force one to retreat, when suddenly from over the tops of purple-veiled hills sweeps an icy breath—a veritable blast from the north pole, to which the flowers bid defiance, but before which the mosquitoes magically vanish.

The one inharmonious break in the solitude of an arctic flower-hunt—the one recall to civilization—is the occasional chortle of the "chesty" little logging-engine of the Nome-Arctic Railroad,

which crosses the tundra from Nome on its way to the Kougarok country, to which it has just laboriously gained access. Its ribbon of steel, like the inflated yellow canvas pipe which brings Nome's water-supply from Moonlight Springs—a natural geyser in the heart of the mountains—is a compass for the chechako, the tenderfoot. To stumble upon a leak in a Moonlight Springs pipe and slake one's thirst in the good old primitive way is not unlike encountering an oasis in a desert. For mining, drinking, or domestic use, water is one of the Northland's scarcest commodities, a positive luxury, which retails at twenty-five cents a five-gallon can.

Moving flower-gardens are the Nome-Arctic freight-cars as evening brings back to Nome the track-laborers, miners, hewers of wood and carriers of water, with