

it is all fair game if you get them with a spear. Now every sealskin hunter carries a spear in his canoe, as well as a rifle, the latter evidently for defence in case the seal steps into the canoe and attacks him, and it is really a work of art the way one of these innocent children of the coast can make a spear thrust completely obliterate the passing of a bullet. I know whenever I met any of the men returning with seal-skins, and asked for a picture, the spear was very much in evidence, and no matter how much I praised the rifle laying in the bottom it never got into the picture. Ah! the good old days, when a two thousand dollar sloop, with a crew of native hunters and a few canoes, could make a swift trip up into the Behring Sea and fill the skin room, and sometimes fill the skins of the Russian guards at the breeding islands. The only time I ever ate of the Alki Mackerel was in a beach comber's shack on the northern coast. These fish were then, and are now, running in millions through the passes of the Aleutians, uncaught, uninjured, save for the few the natives take. I should estimate that a million cases could most easily be taken each year without at all affecting the "run." It has been tried by the barreling and salting method, but the long steamer trip gobbles up all the profit for freight rates, and the fish are only about a thousand miles from our nearest port. Maybe, some enterprising men are alive to the chance, they were not in 1912.

Now, I am a long way from Laddie Jr. and his Mink; but, as you no doubt know, distant pastures are always the greenest, and our Pacific Coast work overshadows all else. One thing I had to laugh at. The lad, after killing the two Mink and stripping off their coats, bought himself a hunting coat with the

proceeds. Why is it that we sons of men must always covet the coat the other chap wears?

As I write this the mild glorious winter of 1919 is drawing to a close. We are again preparing for our trip over the ice to our Spring Camp on the good old Migration Island. Now let me hold myself up as an object lesson. It is not wise to let the growing youngsters have full swing in this Natural History field; its appeal is too strong, and they are apt to want to follow it. They must



His bag of ducks.

follow the true course of the animal man, get intensive education suitable for the vital struggles of the Twentieth Century. True, the camera and the notebook, the rod and gun and trap, are very alluring, but they will find, as we do, that the strangle hold they obtain prevents us accepting very flattering offers to return to the cities and enter in the race. These most excellent Natural History studies are fitted only for the naturalist, and for the annual holiday time.

As the foxes have been running past our camp the lad has spattered the snow with his traps, and set out many

wonderful baits of fish and wild fowl, but the canny fox would have none of them. He has anxiously sniffed the swinging wild duck and gone swiftly by with alarmed feet. He has made close detours near the fish bait, but you can't skin a detour now, can you? Then the rain came and froze and the traps were solid masses. Laddie fixed them up

oh! so nicely; then along came the snow and buried them just a trifle over two feet deep. Even then, with the traps so deeply covered, and all trails and human marks gone, that wily fox passed on and did not even sniff the duck. I took a snap of the patient young trapper digging up his deeply buried traps, but he still has hopes.

Canada's Khaki University

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Miriam Elston

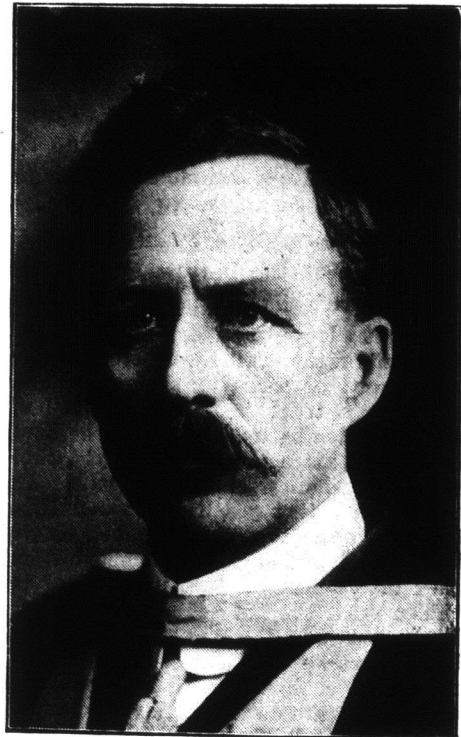
CONSPICUOUS amongst Canada's public benefactors of the present day are the men who refused to accept the commonly called "after the war problems" as such, and who sought, amidst the strain and stress of war times, to stem the tides that threatened an overwhelming accumulation of such problems. "No after the war problem," said they, "must be allowed to develop because we neglect to grasp a present opportunity. The fact that there is a present opportunity makes it essentially a present-day problem."

So said Dr. Tory, president of the University of Alberta, as he watched hundreds of Canada's young sons lay aside their books and don the khaki. How many of them would return to finish their interrupted course at the end of the war, he wondered. Loss of time and a period of absolute neglect of study would be sure to lead many a promising student to forego additional training on his return to Canada, and to accept a lower standard for himself than the one which he had previously set up.

And there was not only the soldiers' side of the matter to be considered. The intellectual resources of Canada, in the

form of high school, college, and university students was indeed a valuable asset, and Dr. Tory felt that every effort should be made to conserve the same.

But while it was the case of the student that first led Dr. Tory to an earnest consideration of one problem that confronted the soldier, his interest did not end with the case of the student. The condition that confronted the student confronted every soldier in differing degrees. The soldier had been removed, root and branch, as it were, from the place he had made for himself in society. It would at least be months, perhaps many months indeed, before he could return. Was it possible to make those months a stepping-stone, to something better for his future, instead of counting as lost time so far as his place in civilian life was concerned? This question repeated itself so persistently to Dr. Tory that it must be answered, and it was to find the answer that Dr. Tory visited England and France in the early summer of 1917. His visit was made possible through an invitation from the Y.M.C.A., and was given the cordial consent of the Canadian Army authorities.



Dr. Tory, president of the University of Alberta, the man who formulated the plans for Canada's Khaki University.

While Dr. Tory's cherished plan for educational work amongst the soldiers overseas had already taken a somewhat definite shape in his mind, he realized that before plans were formulated it was necessary to sound the feeling of the soldiers on the subject in question. Only with the soldiers strongly desiring the benefit of such a scheme could it be carried out with any degree of success.

And from the soldier, whether private or officer, he obtained a rather definite answer. The men at work in study groups in the Y.M.C.A. huts looked up with a keen interest at the mention of a wider scheme for improvement which might possibly be put into action for their benefit, and there was no reason for doubt concerning their attitude towards the scheme.

Nor was it only the men who were trying to wrest an educational opportunity from somewhat difficult circumstances who showed a keen interest in the proposed scheme. The excitement consequent with their invitation into army service was a thing of the past with the rank and file of the soldiers, and social and civil instincts were again coming to the top. Wholeheartedly engaged in their present business as they were, they, nevertheless, were Canadian



Good Cow's Milk on the prairie

BACK in Ontario where they haven't the room to sow a thousand square miles of wheat, or turn a hundred thousand head of cattle loose on the range, they do breed wonderful milch cows. If you spent your childhood on an Ontario farm, you know how wonderfully sweet and rich was fresh milk from high-grade cows well cared for.

That's the kind of milk we use for Carnation Milk. Just as it comes from the dairy farms we evaporate it to the consistency of cream, taking away most of the water, but nothing else. Then we seal it in air-tight tins and sterilize it so that it keeps fresh for several months.

Wherever you buy groceries, you can buy Carnation Milk and enjoy its goodness and

richness. You can use it in every way you use ordinary milk and cream. As it comes from the can, it is like cream. Add water and it is rich fresh milk.

Order Carnation Milk by the case—48 tall cans (16 oz. size). It will keep for several months in a cool dry place—and will keep for several days when opened. Directions are on every can.

If you send your name and address to us at Aylmer we'll mail you free illustrated booklet containing 100 splendid recipes.

Carnation Milk Products Co., Ltd.
Aylmer, Ont. Seattle and Chicago, U.S.A.

CONDENSED at Aylmer, Canada Food Board
and Springfield, Ont. Licenses 14-96 and 14-97

Remember—your grocer can supply

Carnation Milk

"from Contented Cows"

"MADE IN CANADA"