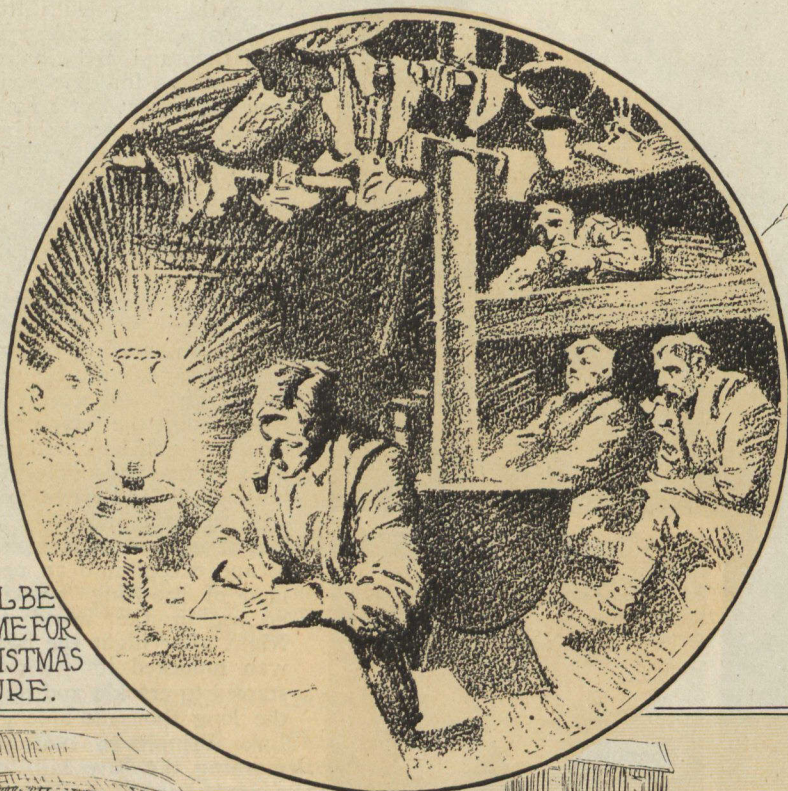


THREE THOUSAND MILES FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER



I'LL BE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS SURE.



ON THE SNOWSHOE TRAIL



FOUR DAYS OUT FROM CAMP.



ALONG THE NORTH SHORE

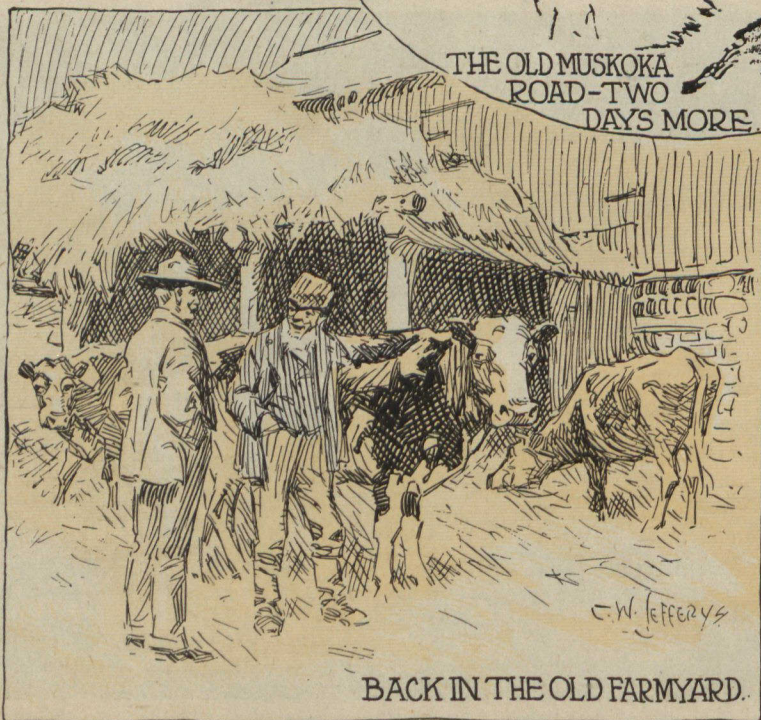
THREE thousand miles for a Christmas dinner—from a lumber camp on the coast ranges of the Douglas firs to the snoozy old farmhouse down in Ontario; it was years since Tom Higgins had been over that trail. He went over it westward in 1900, just when the big treks began over the wheat-lands and the cow-hills; when there was one transcontinental with a few



THE OLD MUSKOKA ROAD—TWO DAYS MORE.

branch lines. He came out—when the construction camp had begun to crawl near up into the solitudes that lie southward from Cariboo; when the wizards of finance are flinging their ropes of traffic clear from the midland lakes to the open plains of the wheat, up by the fur-post rivers a griddle of steel, on into the foot-hills, out by the passes of the Rockies to the cradle of the chinooks and down by the valleys of the coastward rivers to the tumbling sea.

As he snowshoed out from camp, valise on his back, to find the railway, he began to realise that Canada is a huge contract for any one man to get up and yell about as a patriot all in a single breath; but, he got the feeling that Christmas week.



BACK IN THE OLD FARMYARD.



HELLO DAD, MERRY CHRIS —!