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saw your camp fire. You see, sir, he was my only child." The old white-bearded man sank from very weakness on the sand. I carried him and laid him on my rude couch and listened until his deep breathing assured me that he was sleeping from utter exhaustion. It was not the first time I had heard a man snore from deathlike weariness and the rattling gasp of the breath made me rejoice when daylight broke.

The next day all the broad lake was skimmed with ice. Hurriedly we decided that the only chance of our escape was to bury the lad's body here. I left the old man a short hour beside the grave. Then we hastily loaded my canoe and paddled across to the portage, leaving the rude cedar cross I had

made to tell of another of those heart-breaking fatalities of the deer shooting season.

Five days later, after breaking our way many a time through the thin ice, we found Hawk looking for me. He had mistaken other signs for mine until he caught up with a trapper, then he turned on his trail to seek me. Helped by the Indian, and aided by a timely fall of snow, we mounted our craft on rude runners and reached the frontier in safety. A letter from the old man later informed me that he had secured guides and had brought his son's body out over the ice for Christian burial. This fearful object lesson has taught me to be absolutely certain of the identity of the object before I pull the fatal trigger.

Told on Christmas Eve

Or a Tragic Event in Manitoba's History Recalled

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by J. D. Evans, Crystal City

Spending the Christmas season a few years ago with an old friend away in the thick pine woods of southeastern Manitoba, "the days of the long ago" were brought forward on Christmas Eve. The friend of the writer was born in Point Douglas (Winnipeg), and at the time of the stirring events of the '70's was a man of some thirty years of age. His account of the tragic death of Scott and the disposal of his remains, always a matter of conjecture to any but those who know what really did become of them and kept their counsel, is now told by the writer.

OUTSIDE it was cold, extremely so, the usual weather the Manitoban experiences at Christmas time, but within the cosy shack of Gouteau there was warmth, and plenty of it—good cheer without limit. Gouteau's shack stood beneath a juniper-covered sand hill away in the pine woods, possibly within a three-mile radius of Hargrave Spur, a flag station on the main line of the Canadian Northern Railway in southeastern Manitoba.

There were a trio of us at this place of Gouteau's, homesteader and Winnipeg citizen; McMutrie, likewise from that city, and the writer, also numbered in those days amongst its residents. It was Christmas time—that period of the year when all the world is living beneath "the peace upon Earth and Goodwill to Men" banner; the writer, meeting Gouteau upon Main street in the early part of December, was invited to spend Christmas at his place, as he described it, "right in the big woods against Minnesota."

It would be a novel method of spending Yuletide—far away from the madding crowds on Winnipeg's streets; hence it happened that on the twenty-fourth day of December (yes, it's some years ago now) the writer stepped from the train at Hargrave Spur, where, upon the rude planks serving as a station platform, Gouteau was awaiting his guest. After a hearty welcome, there was a walk through the woods to his place. The snow was deep, yet crisp; the tree tops were swaying gently in the evening wind; we were in the huge pine forest stretching far away into the United States. Occasionally a light would beam forth amidst the trees when we were passing the home of a settler; but after a brisk walk Gouteau's shack was reached and we entered.

Preparing the evening meal, was McMutrie; he was spending a few weeks with Gouteau. When full justice had been done to the excellent supper, chairs were drawn to the stove, pipes filled—conversation the programme.

Gouteau, after a short while, stretched himself upon the bed. Occasionally he would break forth into a weird kind of dirge. The writer sat listening to the quaint melody which, in the early days of Manitoba's history, was a tune without which the musical portion of a dance upon the Red River's banks would be considered incomplete—in these years its lively strains are seldom if ever heard.

"What's that tune you are humming, Gouteau?" enquired the writer. Its sound was familiar to his ears; he had heard it upon previous occasions; presumably its music is a relic of the good old times in Manitoba days when the smoke of the Indian's tepee curled over Fort Garry, which view of the matter was corroborated by Gouteau in

the statement that he had heard it when he was a boy—and that was many, many long years ago.

Fort Garry! wherein the pioneer history of Manitoba was laid; wall-encircled buildings within which Indian and trapper assembled in the days now passed into memory! There is something pregnant with interest to the Manitoban of today whenever the name of Fort Garry is mentioned.

"Suppose you know a bit of deal concerning old times in this country, Gouteau?" queried the writer. "Must have been great days all right."

"Ought to," answered Gouteau, smiling, as he jumped from the bed to replenish the stove. "I was born on the river bank down in Point Douglas, and—"

He was interrupted by McMutrie remarking that there were good times in the early days, but no person ever dreamed that there would be anything here more than there was then.

"We all got badly fooled on that idea," Gouteau continued. "At all events, after 1870 things commenced to be different. I guess there were reasons all right."

"The seventies," responded the writer, "that was about the time that Manitoba passed through troublous days; at least that's what I've heard."

"In the early days of the seventies there certainly were," Gouteau replied with a laugh. "I guess you've heard of Wolseley. If he could only see Winnipeg now he'd just wonder where he had got off at. I remember the very day he came into this country. I suppose you know where the Dawson Road is over in St. Boniface? That is where he and his troops marched in from Rat Portage."

"Kenora you mean?" suggested his listener.

"Yes, nowadays," Gouteau answered, and for a few minutes he seemed wrapped in thought. He refilled his pipe slowly; perhaps the archives of memory were being stirred up? It was Christmas eve; at this time of the year thoughts are apt to enter our minds which never transpire at any other season.

Continuing his remarks, Gouteau said: "When we heard that Wolseley was coming into the Fort, a whole lot of us walked over to St. Boniface and waited at the corner of the Dawson Road. It was in the August of '70. Riel, with some of his men, had gone off to the States. They knew that Wolseley was coming to straighten matters up; there had been the killing of Scott, and this had caused a lot of dissatisfaction, even amongst those who had sided with Riel in what he did. Things wanted fixing up—you can take that statement from me."

To these remarks the writer suggested that little is ever heard nowadays



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