POOR DOCUMENT

THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1918

The King Of The Rockies

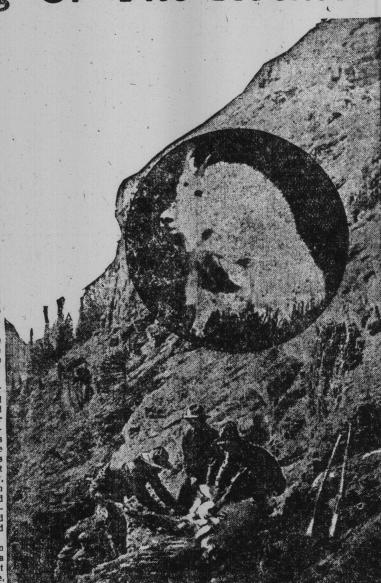
W ITH his back broken by a lucky or unlucky shot the big mountain billy of a section of the Rockies in the headwaters of the Kootenay River, sits awaiting he dogs, the first of whom can be dimly seen in the background, scouting cautiously to learn if it is judicious to fly at the bearded throat of the crippled denizen of the heights. crippled denizen of the heights.

It all came about through his imperious temper and a long, successful warfare waged against opponents. No sympathy ever stirred the old buck's life. From his infancy, when his mother than to dash to the rocks and taught him to dash to the rooks and turn his sharp little horns skyward when the shadow of an eagle flitted across the sun-kissed rocks on high he had battlen earless, and with profit, as testified by his beard and his magnitude. In time he became the biggest and most sought-after mountain goat in the reaches of the westward peaks above the stretches of beaver-dams that go to assist in starting the Kootenay River.

Bears and mountain lions he had escaped in his youth, through his own agility, and the watchfulness of his mother and other relatives. When maturity came he met other dangers the fighting fury of older bucks who taught him to dash to the rocks and

maturity came he met other dangers
the fighting fury of older bucks who
saw in him a coming interloper in
the happy home circle. These he
fought, and won or lost or drew.
Then he became lord of a band
Their cares were his cares. Other
and more selfish interests also called
him. More than once he had ripped
the life out of ambitious bucks, or him. More than once he had ripped the life out of ambitious bucks, or had tossed them over sheer precipices to perish on the jagged rocks hundreds of feet below. At dawn he led his band down to the first grass flats of the upper meadows, at night he headed them back. Frequently, according to judgment, he took them to the lower plateaus at nightfall and according to Judgment, he took them to the lower plateaus at nightfall and fed them during the dark hours, slip-pling back in the safety of dawn and sleeping in safety on the sun-warmed

Tourists and hunters sought him eagerly and earnestly, for he was a him in the rubble of a great si sometimes he went down a precipice like a fly down a wall, sometimes his



short tail ficked around an edge of granite as the steel-rimmed bullet chipped splinters from the face of the ledge.

But finally he met dogs. First it was the trail-mate of a trapper that had gone on a foraging trip of his cown. The dog charged boldly. The goat received him on his sharp black spikes, and then trampled him to pulp. Again it was a group of distant hunters, led by a pair of his cattered, and the big billy, surfly black spikes, and then trampled him to pulp. Again it was a group of distant hunters, led by a pair of hiredeles. These he shook off by slipping up the face of a sheer height, and then down the further south where the higher peaks gave view as far as the entrance to the Vermillion Pass.

One day a man from New York, skilled in hunting in all big game countries, arrived at Leanchoil station, on the C. P. P. with a pack of six powerful dogs. He was going after bear, and anything else that the Canadian Rockles had to offer. His guide knew the Kootenay country like his favorite book, and the prospects were bright for a big hunt. The bears were on the sildes, the sheep and goats were working down, and the fish were jumping in the sheep and goats were working down, and the fish were jumping in the sheep and goats were working down, and the fish were jumping in the sheep and goats were working down, and the fish were jumping in the sheep and goats were working down, and the fish were jumping in the sheep and goats were working down. The hunters doctored the income and the fish were jumping in the sheep and goats were working down, and the fish were jumping in the sheep and goats were working down, and the fish were jumping in the sheep and goats were working down, and the fish were jumping in the sheep and goats were working down. The sheep and goats were working down, and the fish were jumping in the sheep and goats were working down. The sheep and goats were worked the second the fish were jumping in the sheep and goats were working down. The sheep and goats were worked the sheep and goats we baying of the loose dog started the

BEST LIVER AND BOWEL LAXATIVE

FOR FAMILY USE Something About Sir Ros-



NEW SEA LORD GREAT ORGANIZER

slyn Wemyss

as white. Many people even prefer it to the other.

By carefully measuring quantities, by economy from the garbage can upwards, and by strict adherence to the regulations of the food controller, the Alexandra Hotel, Ottawa, has been successful in materially reducing its use of white flour, beef and bacon. One kind of pie has taken the place of two and white bread is disappearing from the table in favor of brown bread, oatmeal cakes, rolled oat buns, cornmeal flour and cracked wheat. Bread that used to be wasted is used in puddings and for frying cutlets and fish. Everything is scraped to the bone and the trimming of bread for toast has been stopped. The suggestion was made in this instance that toast might, advantageously be cut out of the menu. It means the free use of white bread and butter and is an entirely unnecessary item.

At the Windsor Hotel, veal, poultry, and fish are taking the place of beef. The breakfast bacon is missed by many, according to the steward, but people are becoming used, to the new order of things. Tea cubes are being substituted for loaf cubes of sugar and there is a noteworthy saving already in this connection. Smaller side dishes are being good working order and might be de-

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have Palestine, and Armenia, and Arabia, and Mesopotamia returned to them

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REVOLUTION IN

must be sparing with that. So it goes.
The chef is cheerful enough about it, in most cases. "C'est la guerre" with him.

Cough Nearly Gone But hotel patrons are not always so philosophic. The things they cannot have suddenly seem very desirable. Is it human nature or just plain selfishness? Ask the hotel manager and he will

in 24 Hours