

The Prospector
A TALE OF THE CROW'S NEST PASS.
BY RALPH CONNOR
Author of "The Sky Pilot," "Black Rock," "The Man From Glengarry," "Glengarry School Days," etc.

A new spirit seizes the men. Savagely they press the enemy. The fate nearer of the two follows it as hounds a hare, and they fling themselves so fiercely at their foe that in every tackle a McGill man goes down to earth.

At length, however, the opportunity comes. By a low, swift pass from Brown, Martin receives the ball and immediately transfers it to the Don. Straight into the midst of a crowd of McGill men he plunges, knocking off the hands reaching for him, slipping through impossible apertures, till he emerges at the McGill line with little Carroll hanging on to his shoulders, and staggering across falls fairly into the arms of big Mooney.

Down they go all three together, with hands on the ball. "What is it? Oh, what is it?" shrieks Betty, springing upon the scene. "It is a maul in goal, and it is a pesty we cannot be seeing," replies the dauntless old lady.

"Oh, it's the Don," exclaims Betty anxiously. "What are they doing to him? Run, oh, run and see!" and Loyds runs off. "It's a sure enough. Two of them have the Don down," he announces, "but he'll hold all right," he adds quickly, glancing keenly at Betty.

"That's right," says the captain. "Begin steady and pass to Martin and then to the Don. First while, and then everyone give the Don a shove." "And Shock," says little Brown, "don't be a fool, and stop fighting."

"Well," says Campbell, "we're going to give you a chance now. There's only one thing to do, men. Rush 'em. They play best in attack, and our defence is only a bluff. What do you say, Brown?"

to the cry and fall in behind Campbell and Shock, who, lacking arms about them, are showing him through fear life. There are two minutes of fierce struggle. Twenty men in a mass, kicking, straggling, fighting, but slowly moving toward the McGill line, while behind them and around them the excited spectators wildly, madly yelling, leaping, imploring, and shouting in kinds of weird oaths to "shove" or to "hold."

"Down! down!" yells big Huntington, dropping on his knees on the line in front of the tramping, kicking "Varsity" players. A moment's pause, and there is a mass of mingling arms, legs, heads and bodies, piled on the ground. "Held! held!" yell the McGill men and their supporters.

"Will it be a win, thank ye?" anxiously inquires Shock's mother. "It will hardly be that, I doubt. But, eh-h-h, you're the lad." "Down! down!" cries the "Varsity" captain. "Get back, you man! Get off the man! Let him up, there!"

"Get up, men! Get up! That ball is down!" yells the referee through the din, into the ears of those who are holding the ball. "That man get up!" With difficulty they are persuaded to allow him to rise. When he stands up, breathless, bleeding at the mouth, but otherwise unharmed, he is greeted with admiring glances and a riot of rapture, throwing up caps, hugging each other in ecstatic waltzes, while the team who were the quietest and the most reserved, and resisting the efforts of their friends to elevate them.

"I claim that ball was fairly held, but that the referee is wrong in holding the Don. Balfour was brought to a dead stand." "How do you know, Huntington?" returns Campbell. "Your head was down in the scrum, and you were holding the ball. I know his boots." "It is true that the Don has a peculiar way of kicking, and he has kicked before them, but they have never yet faced in all their football career."

"It is Varsity kick. Campbell takes it as he usually does, and he touch well within the McGill twenty-five. He throws in, the teams settle down to scrimmage as steady as at the first. With the ball in the hands of the "Varsity" shows perceptibly. He is back-step by step their scrimmage is forced toward the centre, the retreat comes to a dead stand. The Don's splendid individual bearing of Campbell and Shock. But both teams are alert and swift at the quarters, fierce in combat and playing with amazing steadiness.

"Why, certainly," cries Campbell, "half a dozen men can't handle a ball who is right behind him, who in turn passes far out to Brown, who in left wing. With a beautiful catch Bunch, never slackening speed, runs round the crowd, dodges the quarters, knocks off Martin, and with a volley of men of both teams close upon his heels, makes for the line.

continental railway, and even those who favored the scheme based their support on local political rather than upon economic grounds. It was all so far away and all so unreal that men who prided themselves upon being government supporters, and who were wont to boast of western enterprises, waiting in calm assurance for their certain collapse. Still, here and there men like Robertson were holding high the light that fell upon prairie and foot-hill, mountain peak and canyon, where knowledgers, adventurers, broken men, men with shamed names seeking hiding, and human wolves seeking their prey were pouring in.

"Great ball!" replies his friend. "We'll hold them yet. I've often seen a ball forced back two feet off the line." "It is still the 'Varsity ball. The crowd is leaving the ground, and the policeman and field censors are vainly trying to keep the field decently clear." "The Don resigns the ball to the captain and he sends it to the Don, but a dozen men are upon him and he is shoved back a couple of feet.

"Man, man," ejaculates the old lady, "will you not be careful!" "Yes," exclaims old Black to a McGill man, "I'm a McGill man, and I'll fight in the famous championship battle four years ago. This is something like it." "Great ball!" replies his friend. "We'll hold them yet. I've often seen a ball forced back two feet off the line."

"That's true enough," said Lloyd in a tone of calm superiority, "but there is other work to do and other places to do it in." "The Park church, for instance, eh, Lloyd?" suggested the voice stily. "Why not?" answered Lloyd. "The centres must be manned—that's a safe principle in strategy."

"Very well," he replies, turning away. "I'll agree with you, Lloyd," said The Don emphatically, "if any fellows need to be, ah—well—shaken up, you know, it's up to poor devils who attend the city churches. For my part, I would like to see you in the Park church, and I promise you I would go regularly."

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said Mrs. Macgregor a little impatiently, "for there's no want of them what-so-ever when a congregation falls vacant." "That's so," replied Brown; "but you see he wants only first-class men—men who are anything in the way of hard-ship, and not to be daunted by man or devil."

"But it must be a great country," went on Brown. "You ought to hear him tell of the rivers with sands of gold, running through beds of coal sixty feet thick." "The old lady shook her cap at him, peering over her glasses. "You're a gay calaver, and you will be taking your fun off me."

"Well then," said the old lady, even more impatiently, "let them put up with it, as better before them have done to their credit, say, and to their good as well." "Meanwhile the saloons and worse are setting them," replied Shock, "and fine fellows they are, too, he says."

"Well, mother," he ventured, "the cause will be needing money and the people will need to hear about it, surely." "Oh, as to that," she answered in a relieved tone, "it is not much that we can give, but what we can we will, and indeed, there are many of them in the city who are ready to do the better of giving a little of their money. But, lad," she added as if dismissing a painful subject, "you must be at your books."

"Which means I must go. I know you, mother Macgregor," said Brown, using his pet name for the woman who had for two years been more of a mother to him than his own eyes could be wishing, as well, that someone had set you to your books, for the examination will be on Saturday night, and I am going to hunt up the Don."

"Indeed, one does not require eyes to see some things, and you laddie is daft enough." "That's the word," said Brown, "and has been for the last three years. Is not it astonishing and profoundly humiliating," he added solemnly, "to see a child of a girl, just because she has brown curls and brown eyes with so twiddle a man? It passes my comprehension."

"Wait, you, my laddie. Your day will come." "I hear The Don has got the offer of a great appointment in connection with the new railway in that country and I fear that means trouble for him. There are those who would be delighted to see him out of the way for a couple of years or so."

SMALL GREAT
WANTED-MALE HELP
Advertisement under this heading a word each insertion.
WANTED-A waiter. Apply Times Office.
WANTED-A bright young man. Apply Times Office.
WANTED-Boy to learn the business. Apply T. R. Cannon.
ENERGETIC MEN WANTED
Locality throughout Canada and our goods, tackling up show trials, fences and all sorts of tributing small advertising in mission of salary, \$8 per week, expenses, \$4 per day. Steady work, no experience necessary. Write Wm. R. Hart, Victoria Co., London, Canada.

ANY INTELLIGENT PERSON
earn \$5 to \$10 monthly commission.
HELP WANTED-The above offer classified "want" advertisement attracts the attention of many persons.
WANTED-At an office boy in hand writing. Apply in hand writing to D. Victoria.

WANTED-MALE HELP
Advertisement under this heading a word each insertion.
WANTED-Ladies to do plain sewing at home, whole or part time.
WANTED-Messengers boys.
HELP WANTED-The above offer classified "want" advertisement attracts the attention of many persons.
WHEN ANSWERING advertisement under this heading please say saw this advertisement in the Times.

WANTED-FEMALE HELP
Advertisement under this heading a word each insertion.
WANTED-Lady ironers, at Laundry.
WANTED-Ladies to do plain sewing at home, whole or part time.
WANTED-Messengers boys.
HELP WANTED-The above offer classified "want" advertisement attracts the attention of many persons.
WHEN ANSWERING advertisement under this heading please say saw this advertisement in the Times.

WANTED-TEACHER
Advertisement under this heading a word each insertion.
WANTED-Teacher for Ashcroft.
WANTED-Teacher for Victoria.
WHEN ANSWERING advertisement under this heading please say saw this advertisement in the Times.

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PREPARED BY DR. J. C. DODD
BRIGHT'S DISK
A TALE OF THE CROW'S NEST PASS.

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Canadian Wheat Flakes
Each packet contains a very fine premium of fine chinaware.
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