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SUITS for PROGRESSIVE MEN must be of good material, perfect in fit and style, ideally tailored, moderate in price—in a word, value all round.

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389 Tweed Avenue, Winnipeg

SYNOPSIS OF DOMINION LAND REGULATIONS

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties.—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. **Duties.**—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. **Duties.**—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.

are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamp. W. F. Young, P.D.F. 138 Lyman's Building, Montreal, Can.

tioned Shal to follow her. She led him to a wretched little hovel, behind the houses of the main avenue. A painted face appeared at the window as they knocked. The child's clothes were hastily thrust into a pack, and the child himself, wrapped in a blanket and peacefully sleeping, was committed to Shal's charge.

As daylight wakened Shal drew rein above the ford, the boy on the saddle before him. He looked down into the valley at Lilloet's home. The sweet

scents of the dew-drenched prairie filled the air, and the lazy laughter of the river floated up to him.

"I ain't going to drag you up there, little girl," said Shal, nodding towards the north. "I got too much respect for you to make you the wife of a wanted man. I'm taking the kiddy along with me instead, and I kind of fancy he'll make the way easier."

Then Shal Morris turned his face northwards, and that was the last the prairies ever saw of him or the child.

Many Tales of Many Dogs

by Bonnycastle Dale

GET-UP kaw-ka-wak kaw-ook."

It sounded to us as if O'poots, our Kwakiutl guide was trying to say an Indian version of "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers," but no! he was saying in Chinook, the common jargon of the Coast Indians, "Get up, yellow dog."

Literally a yellow dog, and of all the natural hunting beasts of prey these are most to be dreaded. The little Indian village we were studying our Natural History work near was deserted for the summer. All the males, and most of the women and children of the tribes that live along

it, and of all the foods that man is blessed with fish fed pork is least to be desired.

Now, although I can tell you a certain amount about the best kind of dogs to own, do not mistake me for a dog fancier. I only know of a few breeds from having owned them and used them in my work. Of all the big, gracious pets commend me to the St. Bernard. The one I picture is Champion Victoria Chief, one of the prize winners of the Coast. Mine was out of Bruno, a Chicago dog. This magnificent pet was 34 inches shoulder high and weighed over



Indian Dog—Mongrel. A fish-catching, deer-chasing, game bird-eating animal.

the seashore in British Columbia go to the great salmon canning factories in summer and leave all the tribal dogs at home to gather their own living—and they are well able to do it. To see several of these mongrels hunting a beautiful little fawn of the Blacktail deer along one of these rivers' shores is to make you wish for your rifle. One would think that the swift little thing would escape as it came to the shores of any of the sheltered ocean bays where the river runs into the sea, as it can bound through shallow water at a great speed—but, the moment it takes to swimming it is doomed, as these packs swim very rapidly. Soon there is seen a plunging, snarling mass of dogs and a dead deer is drawn ashore and rapidly devoured.

See the big black dog standing beside the Indians that are fishing in the shallows of the stream. It is a common sight, if these dogs are starving, to see them go fishing for themselves. At this time of the year the rivers in B.C. are literally filled with salmon. I have seen a thousand fully grown fish in a pool no larger than a common living room, the latest arriving and the best fish on top, the emaciated below, next the dying and finally the dead—as all salmon in the Pacific Ocean die at maturity, four years. So it is a common sight to see a wild dog or a tame pig "pawpaw" a salmon out and devour

200 lbs. In common sense he was almost human. It was delightful to see him, when some vulgar little street dog, that weighed about as much as his tail, came bounding out on assault intent. Bruno would proceed with the utmost concern along the street. The cur would nip him and get just a large mouthful of hair for its pains, and the unruffled St. Bernard would turn and gravely upset the enemy with his huge paw and follow me with a canine smile on his very open countenance. The boy that cared for Bruno used to have all sorts of romps with him. One was wrestling. In this the dog could throw the boy every time by his superior weight. I was obliged on the eve of a long trip to sell the big beauty and the new owner left him with his old father as a watch dog.

Bruno tried faithfully to teach the old gentleman how to wrestle, with the result that the ancient one spent a good many hours prone upon the floor before his son returned at night. So poor Bruno was sold again, alas! They did not understand that he was but playing, for of all the gentle, watchful, honest, semi-human things I ever came across the St. Bernard stands at the head.

My next experiment was with Gordon Setters—beautiful beasts, kindly, unfaithful, liable to follow any man, good hunters, awful thieves among your neighbors, as full of play as a kitten,

always desirous of sleeping near their master, swift of foot, grand swimmers, clean bodies, except when they are changing their coat, very prolific at breeding time. My pair were called Dash and Daisy and among the many rare things we brought ashore to dissect and picture, there were some that caused them much amusement, as well as ourselves. The first sea lion they saw was one I had brought to our little pebble beach and had fastened there the night before. Early in the morning, when the tide was out the two silky haired dogs went bounding down the shore and out onto the flats. Here they gave tongue and I drew up the curtain beside my bed and watched them. Dash, with every hair on his back erect was daring the intruder to come on—the sea lion rested against a rock, dead, of course, but in a lifelike position. Daisy nobly backed her lord, just as far as the tip of his big black bushy tail. Not succeeding in arousing the huge thing Dash tried a nip at his front flippers. No response. Daisy sailed in now and got bravely as far up as the dog's forearm. He took another and a sure hold and his tug dislodged the leaning sea mammal and down it slid onto the pebbles. Dash tackled it involuntarily, but Daisy fled ignobly and, seeing my window open, leaped in, wet and muddy as she was, and sought shelter under my arms. Some weeks later she gave birth to nine vari-colored pups and as usual she developed into a very cross, irritable mother. I raised one of the pups and you can see his interest in Natural History descended from his mother. Look at him daring to get within six feet of a very dead shark. It took him a long while, remember he is but a pup and the huge thing weighed several hundred pounds and smelt like a whole fish market, but before the morning was over he had so much increased his bravery that he would leap over the carcass while on the full run. Yes! and every hair on his body seemed to leap erect with fright while he was in mid-air. His mother had been very fond of going hunting with us, but her insatiable appetite for dead salmon wore her to a shadow. She was very proud of finding out dead brant but would not pick up a waterfowl, she only stood and marked it down.

I can also say a kindly word for the other two setters. The Irish, most lovable beasts. I have travelled through lonely isolated places with a pair of these—also called Dash and Daisy, my favorite names—and they guarded me with intense interest. At night she used to cuddle up after I went to sleep and put her cold nose under my beard. Dash slept on my feet at the door of the tiny tent. One night, while on a northern lake, where I did not expect to see signs of any man, I was awakened by Dash's rumbling growling, by Daisy's sharp yelp, and off both dashed out of the tent and down the forest path and then down the island shore to the water's edge, here they struck danger, by the loud, savage barking I could tell they were facing it. Yes! and backing up, as the loud, angry snorting yelps came closer and closer. The night was sultry and pitch dark and I was only half awakened. I just had time to grasp my revolver and make up my mind to shoot low, as if it was a man he would be erect and an animal crouched. I called and called but no voice could be heard above that insistent barking. Then, both dogs, with their long brushes waving in anger backed into the tent and crowded up on top of me. It was impossible to hear or see or shoot, there was too much noise and darkness and dogs tails for that.

"Ah-tuh-yah! naumdomogodwin ohnemoosh" ("call those dogs, Oh!"). was cried out in pure Ojibwayin. I had an awful time quieting "those dogs," naturally they hated the natives of any province I took them to, but finally I beat and petted them into submission and found an Indian trapper wanting a few supplies. He had seen my camp fire and like all his brethren approached both island and tent in perfect silence. My hair has a tendency to grow erect ever since.

I can only show you one English