



## The Beauty of "Sunlight"

is that it dispels the shadow that once hung over wash day. Your work is done in half the time with half the effort.

Your finest linens, your fleeciest blankets, your daintiest whitewear—all call for Sunlight Soap. The purest of materials, the most careful manufacture and a \$5,000 guarantee of purity make this the soap that you should always use.

# Sunlight Soap

At all grocers 5c.

Baby's First Bath is always an anxious time for mother and nurse.

## WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap

is so soothing, emollient and harmless that it suits even the tender skin of a new-born infant.

Protects from Infection.

12c. per Tablet.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

## A Cruise from Seattle to Prince Rupert

By Bonnycastle Dale.

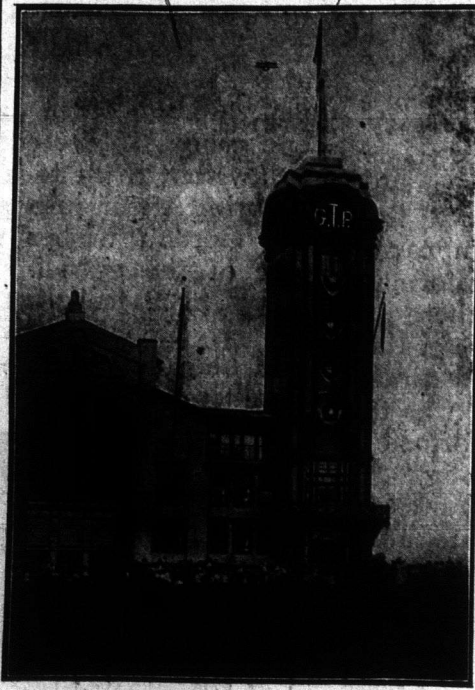
**W**E were staying at the "Bon Ton"—European style—that is you pay extra for everything except the air, the head clerk wears all that, his manners were most condescending. Our room was on the first floor—counting downwards, and I swear most solemnly

canned, all done up nice and smooth none of "a life on the rolling deep" for us, we have had just a wee bit too good measure of the same "rolling deep." I was lost in thought of the beauty of it all,

When we docked at Prince Rupert the sea was as glass in that wonderful harbour and wharves and buildings were going up apace, not as the picture shows, because we print a late one showing the G.T.P. train down at the wharf as this continent wide system is almost complete. In these days it was to the "boom of the blast and the 'bang' of the pile driver" that you approached this most northerly harbour of the Pacific in Canada. This line will solve the fish question for the prairies, all those big cities growing there will have fresh cod and halibut daily, as well as salmon, never mind if one firm has failed, others are succeeding and in the future not all of our fish will be caught by U.S. fishermen in Canadian waters and shipped to U.S. markets.

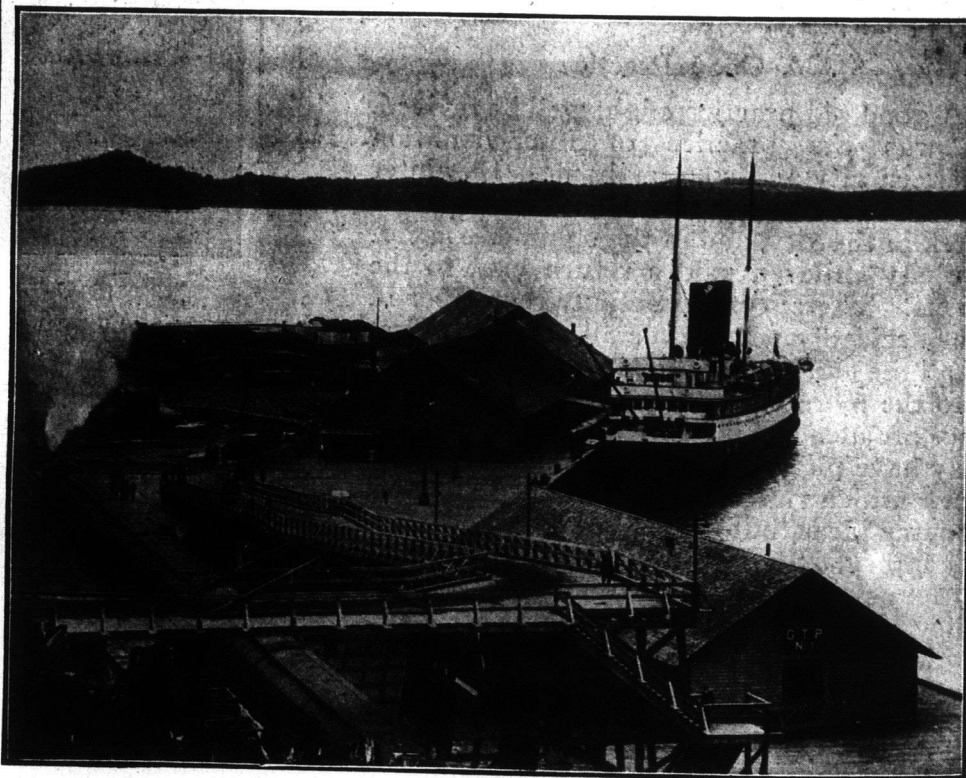
We bid a fair and fond adieu to the old lady. Fritz told me that once in the night, he thinks he had been dreaming, and may have moaned, he angrily rejected my interposition that he might have been seasick, he opened his eyes and there she stood beside his berth, with a most fearsome white nightcap and a very voluminous—well, let us say surplice; something white anyhow, and a half lemon in her hand, she was anxiously enquiring about his stomach when he ushered her out, "and me Lud slept through it all," he finished.

Now I write this about Forrester Island to show you just how the Japanese act out here. When my friend had visited the island, it lies away out in the Pacific north of the Queen Charlottes, there was not a living soul on it. The wild fowl were arriving for their nestbuilding in thousands, mainly sea fowl, guillimots, puffins, terns, shearwaters, auks, etc. He prophesied a very good trip for us with lots of pictures of the wild things. We provisioned, hired a Fraser River model gasoline and sail craft—the owner was



G.T.P. Docks at Seattle, Washington—airship above

they put a different elevator man on every trip for the sole and only purpose of having him tipped. Fritz had long since parted from his last bit of silver—with a most dismal sigh, and I dreaded another week there as leading to incipient bankruptcy when lo! appears a telegraph boy, not hastily, these lads walk nowadays—rule in their Union against running. The yellow paper asked me to "come to Prince Rupert and go out to Forrester Island for wild fowl," so next morning after I had carefully pressed upon the



View at Prince Rupert shewing s.s. "Prince Rupert" and special train

haughty head clerk the majority of our funds behold us drawing away from the dock on the Prince Rupert of the G.T.P. R.R. said dock all flags and bunting for the opening of the service. "They must have known we were leaving," I jestingly remarked to Fritz, "see all the nice decorations."

"Yes me Lud," the lad laughed back—but a Seattle bank clerk caught the aside and passed it around and we were much observed and—as Fritz says—duly admired. Far up in the blue an airman floated along. The day was perfect hardly a ripple on the Sound, really between you and I we prefer the sea

more erratic than the engine if possible—and off we set. Winds were contrary and we hugged the shore or lay in calm bights for seas to subside so it took us over a week to make the trip. As we neared the island, it lay about twenty miles out in the ocean, out from the furthest western tip of all the tips along that coast, Fritz said, "Say, those birds build big nests—take a look," as he passed me the glasses. I saw a row of tents and some beachcombed huts along the shore, tiny boats were dragged up on the rocks, others lay at anchor. Soon we "put-put-putted" in and found about an hundred Japs in possession. It seems that it