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(Made by the Manufacturers of the celebrated LONGCLOTHS, TWILLS & SHEETINGS)

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The nap is short and close. No injurious chemicals are used Quality, designs and colourings are unequalled.

> If purchasers of this useful material for Underwear all the year round would buy THE BEST ENGLISH MAKE, obtainable from the leading stores, they would appreciate the comfort and durability which inferior qualities of Flannelette do not possess.

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Burns 70 Hours on One Gallon

common coal oil, and gives more than twice as much light as the best round wick open flame lamps. No odor, smoke or noise, simple, clean, no pressure, won't explode. Several million people already enjoying this powerful, white, steady light, nearest to sunlight. Guaranteed, \$1000 Will Be Given

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the white mist that hung always above them. His eyes swam and he set his feet more firmly and braced himself for the

Swept onward with the irresistible force generated in the deep ravines packed with melting snow, the raft swirled around the sharp bend. They had accomplished their mission, but the falls lay before them, and the price was hard to pay unflinchingly. They were but mere boys, after all, though this day they were possessed of the souls of men.

Sewall wanted to call out to Pete, but his tongue and throat seemed paralyzed. Innumerable dear scenes flashed across his mind like runaway movie reels. Instinctively, he closed his eyes.

Then high above the vibrating roar that pounded his ear drums came the splintering crash of breaking wood. The raft was gone from beneath him, and he found himself struggling in the icy flood. To his half dazed bewilderment his outstretched hands encountered rough fir boughs, and his fingers closed on them in a convulsive

He opened his eyes just in time to see Pete floundering in the water beside him. Letting go the tree with one hand he twisted his fingers into the wet brown curls just as the lad was being drawn beneath the swaying trunk of the broken tree top to which he was clinging, and there he held. He hardly knew, himself, just what had happened except that the raft

The Return of the Beaver

By S. J. Wigley, Edgerton.

For many years the beaver has been rigorously preserved in Alberta; the close season extended from year to year.

Old dams and watersoaked logs were the only traces to show how numerous this wonderful little worker had once been. Naturalists were inclined to think the place that knew him once would know him no more.

It must therefore be a source of gratification to those who have so persistently advocated protection, to know of the return of the beaver to many of its old haunts in the Battle River and its creeks.

The winding nature of the Battle River is partly due to the dams made by the beavers in olden times, the river having to make a fresh channel for itself as is plainly shown in photograph.

Frequently too were lakes formed as the busy little creatures checked the natural flow of springs from the hills and blocked the ravines and coulees with their dams. Such lakes are usually very deep in places, for the beavers were continually adding to their work as the water rose. These old dams and the beaver cut logs composing them may still be seen and traced back and forth across many of our lakes.

Fish are often found in these beaver

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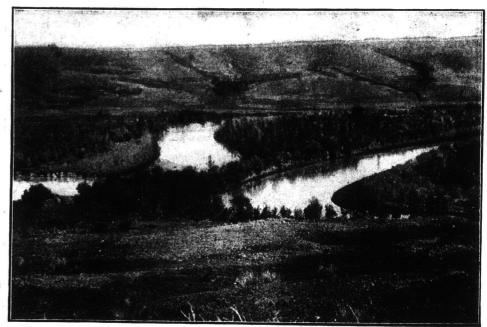
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View of Battle River near Edgerton, showing old Beaver dam

had fouled the upper branches of one of made lakes, and are probably descenhim intensely, and a nauseating faintness almost caused his hold on the tree to relax. Why didn't someone come? 'His eyes closed wearily—the roar of the falls became fainter and seemed to recede into the distance until it finally ceased altogether.

When Sewall opened his eyes he was lying between rough, warm blankets. The noise of the waters was stilled. Dreamily, he allowed his eyes to rove about the rude log walls and shake roof of the cabin in which he lay, then back to the curly brown head on the tick beside him. Pete was sleeping quietly. He tried to remember what had happened. Suddenly, there stole upon his confused senses the soft, plaintive crooning of a tiny baby. With an effort he turned his head, and there in the corner towered the huge bulk of the squatter, a little baby nestled in his brawny arms. Sewall smiled weakly with a new understanding as he watched the strong man and the wee babe. "A man's job," he whispered, and with the smile still on his lips he dropped off into a deep, restful sleep

He Could Supply Specimens

"And what did my little darling do in school to-day?" a mother asked of her young son—a "second-grader.

"We had Nature study, and it was my turn to bring a specimen," said the boy.

"That was nice. What did you do?" "I brought a cockroach in a bottle, and I

told teacher we had lots more, and if she

wanted I would bring one every day."

the attempted foot-logs, the top of which dants of those that once came up the had lodged securely on the further bank. streams to spawn before the beaver dams His head seemed to bulge. It pained cut off all communication. Geology tells us the beavers are an ancient family, and their skill as builders can only have been acquired through a long course of ages. Man should certainly respect the only other animal besides himself that knows how to fell a tree.

The Indians always had a reverence for the beaver, and tried to pacify his spirit with apologies when they took his

In many Indian legends and stories the beaver is often a prominent figure. According to the Chippewyan Indians at Lake Athabasca the king of beavers was killed on the shore of the lake. They point to an area of reddish ochre clay, from which they make paint, as the spot where he died.

The superintendent of a primary Sunday-school said to her classes:

"Now how many of you know the Golden Text? Please raise your hands all of you who can repeat the Golden Text. Only one solitary hand went up and that belonged to a little four-year-old boy

who was just out of skirts. "Now, Carl, I'm glad there is one of you that can give the Golden Text. Come right out here where all can see and hear you and you will put these older boys to shame.

Proudly the little fellow came to the front and was placed upon the table. He stood triumphantly for a moment, then

"Rah, rah, rah! Red Sox, Red Sox! Rah, rah, rah!"