

HUDSONS BAY STORE NEWS

(See Cuts on Opposite Page.)

- 200—Handsome Fall Capelines, as cut No. 200. Made from prime Astrachan skins. Collar of sable coon; long stole fronts, trimmed with sable coon; 6 inch storm collar. All satin lined. Price \$10.50
- 201—Handsome Capeline of prime all Astrachan skins, as cut 201. Deep warm cape; short new style; front finished with tails; full 6 inch storm collar. Price \$7.50
- 202—Handsome Capeline of American Opposum. Guaranteed fast dye; long stole fronts; finished with tails and silk ornaments. This garment has a very deep cape and high storm collar. Black satin lined. Price \$10.00
- Same as above, made of Dyed Coon, with inlaid Russian Lamb yoke. Price \$18.00
- Other Capelines, not pictured above, in Persian Lamb, Grey Lamb, Sable, Electric and Near Seal, Thibet, etc., and also combinations. Prices \$3.50 to \$75.00
- 203—Misses' Capeline, made of black Kid skins; very soft, even curl, glossy skins; has deep cape and warm storm collar. Finished with ball ornaments. Price \$3.75
- 204—Misses' Grey Lamb Capeline, made from selected even curl, whole skins; extra deep storm collars; short, broad fronts. Finished with ball ornaments. Price \$4.00
- 205—Handsome Ruff of finest grade Sable skins. Rich color, heavy full furred skins; finished with four tails. Price \$17.50
- Same style in Dyed Coon. Price \$14.00
- 206—Handsome Ruff of finest Sable Coon; rich heavy skins; perfectly dyed; finished with four tails. Price \$8.00
- 207—Handsome Stole of best grade Sable, 90 inches long; very full around neck; fronts finished with 10 tails. Price \$28.00
- 208—Handsome Ruffs of finest grade Sable skins. This is a very comfortable neck piece. Finished at bottom with 6 Sable tails. Price \$11.50
- 209—Pretty Neck-Piece of finest natural dark Mink; finished with head and paws and natural Mink tail. Price \$9.00
- Many other handsome garments of Mink, including Muffs, Caps, Ruffs, Stoles, etc. Prices \$13.50 to \$175.00
- 210—Woman's Cap, made from best black Opposum; fine satin lined; wedge shape; very warm and durable. Price \$2.75
- 211—Woman's Cap, made from high grade Russian Lamb skins; very fine curl; rich, glossy skins; satin lined; sizes 6 1/2 to 7 1/2. Price \$5.00
- 212—Misses' Grey Opposum Cap, made from prime full furred skins; rich grey color, all satin lined; wedge shape; all sizes. Price \$2.50
- 213—Child's Iceland Lamb Cap, wedge shape; satin lined; dainty small curl; best grade skins. Price \$1.40
- 214—Child's Iceland Lamb Cap, with ear laps and square top. Price \$1.40
- 215—Woman's Cap. Cut from high grade Astrachan skins; neat, small curl, rich and glossy; all satin lined; all sizes. Price \$2.50
- 216—Misses' Cap. Cut from prime whole Grey Lamb skins; fine even curl; all satin lined; wedge shape. Price \$3.00
- 217—Woman's Muffs. Cut from highest grade Sable Coon skins; round or cushion shape; full large sizes. Price \$5.50
- 218—Woman's Muff. Made from Astrachan skins; round shape; small rich curl. Price \$3.50
- 221—Woman's Muff of high grade Sable; rich full furred skins; round shape; large full size. Price \$12.50
- 21—Woman's Mitts of Black Opposum. Soft kid faced palms; fur trimming at wrists; satin lined; sizes 7 to 8 1/2. Price \$3.50
- 223—Misses' Mitts. Cut from high grade Grey Opposum; kid faced palms; rich full furred skins. Price \$3.75
- 224—Woman's Mitts of best grade Grey Lamb skins; palms kid faced; quilted silk linings; sizes 7 to 8 1/2. Price \$4.50
- 225—Woman's Mitts. Made of high grade Persian Lamb; kid faced; cut from whole skins; bright, glossy even curl. Price \$10.00
- 226—Woman's Mitts. Of high grade Electric Seal; kid faced; satin lined; heavy full furred skins; sizes 6 1/2 to 8 1/2. Price \$4.50
- 227—Child's Coat. Cut from best quality Grey Opposum skins; deep storm collar; quilted linings; length 24, 26 and 28 inches. Prices \$17.50 and 22.50
- 228—Child's Coat. Cut from White Iceland Lamb skins; quilted satin lined; deep collar; soft rich skins; length 24, 26 and 28 inches. Prices \$12, 13 and 13.50
- 229—Child's Coat. Made from imported White Coon; long quilted sateen; rich full furred skins; will give excellent service. Ages 5 to 8, 8 to 10, 10 to 12 years. Prices \$10.00

HUDSONS BAY COMPANY

THE VINDICATION OF FRED GILBERT

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Horace De Geer.

One afternoon, a few years after its romantic erection, Fort Walsh lay sweltering in the unusual heat of a pitiless autumn sun. The sap oozed from every log of the long, square stockade, from the logs of the four corner bastions, and from the peak of which the Union Jack fell in heavy, drooping folds. The Commissioner's house, the barracks, the opera house, the traders' stores, the various houses and tents of the people who were temporarily under the protection of the fort, lay as if uninhabited. The only sign of life was the constant sound, which came from the open doors of the stables, of the restless stamping of the warm, fly-bitten horses. From all sides the ancient, precipitous, bush-clad hills, unmoved by the heat, frowned down upon the unwonted signs of civilization in the valley beneath. The hot, dusty trails, leading in bare, well-worn lines to the fort from every point of the compass, bore witness that it was an important supply point.

In the evening, when it became cooler, a watcher would have been surprised to have seen the difference in the scene. The three hundred families of temporary residents went out to take the air, to seek amusement at the opera house, to talk to the police, or to watch the races frequently arranged between the officers or the hunting Indians who now and then visited the fort. The latter had signed a treaty, and had kept it very well, with the exception of the Milk River Assiniboines, who, supplied with whiskey by unscrupulous traders, or, it was suspected, by some American fort, occasionally made raids on the bullock trains, which came from Montana bearing provisions, and letters and news from the outside world. Every day gave a chance for duty and there was just enough danger in the life to render it spicy and adventurous.

In the barracks, on this autumn afternoon, several officers and residents were chatting. One of the former, a handsome, athletic young fellow of educated and many appearance, was listening rather impatiently to the conversation of a young trader, a dark, handsome man. The latter was a French-Canadian, who, if the truth had been known had left Montreal in the night to escape the payment of some gambling debts. Jean Maudgendre always had plenty of money, was something of a dude, good-looking, daring, a good rider, dancer, and player on the guitar; therefore a favorite with the ladies. He had done well at Fort Walsh, but his business dealings would not always have borne the light of a strict examination, for at heart Maudgendre was unscrupulous, revengeful and cowardly, though he managed to hide these traits of his character under a neat, gentlemanly exterior.

The other young man was Fred Gilbert, the son of an English merchant. The latter had always been generous to Fred, had given him an excellent education, and had sent him to medical college to study for a doctor; but the old gentleman became the victim of unlucky speculations, lost all his money, and died from the shock. Fred's mother had died, and he had no relatives, so when he had found himself penniless, he had come West and joined the Northwest Mounted Police. He found the life active and pleasant, the remuneration fair, and he was quite contented. He was one of nature's noblemen, and was one of the best educated men in the camp, so he was a general favorite.

"I repeat," said Maudgendre, lighting a cigarette and wiping his white hands

with a dainty handkerchief, "I repeat that the race was not a fair one to me or to my Marat."

"I do not understand why not," one of the officers answered. "The course is a straightaway one, and races are always run fairly at Fort Walsh. For my part, I think Gilbert here won the race unquestionably. Mando was fresh at the finish, while Marat and the others were quite badly blown."

"Of course, Jackson," replied Maudgendre, "you officers stick together like niggers. But I still say, that if Marat had been in better condition, and if events had been more favorable, Gilbert here would not be bearing the victor's honors so proudly."

Gilbert's face flushed hotly at the concealed sneer in the other's tones. But he replied quietly enough, "It seems to me, Maudgendre, that you have no reason to complain. The race was certainly a fair one. It was your fault if Marat was not in condition. However, if you think you have the better horse, I am ready to ride Mando against you—"

"Not to-day," responded Maudgendre with a light laugh and wave of his hand; "it is too insufferably hot for anything. Let us have a game of cards," and he drew his chair up to the table. The others were following suit, when suddenly someone cried: "I have it! Gilbert and Maudgendre shall play. If Gilbert wins, the race is to be considered his; if Maudgendre, the race shall be run over again at his convenience!"

"Splendid, my friend!" quoth Maudgendre. He prided himself on his skill at cards, and he really wanted the race run over again. The fact of the matter was, that on the night before the last race, his man had got drunk and had stupidly forgotten to put that little condition powder into the feed of Gilbert's horse. The result was that Mando had been in prime condition the next day, and Marat had been beaten! Maudgendre promised himself that Mando should get his powder before the next race, if he won the game.

After a little demur, Fred yielded to the persuasions of his friends and sat down opposite Maudgendre. He understood the game thoroughly, but he did not approve of the practice, and had stopped playing on principle.

Maudgendre's face was smiling and confident. Soon the smile disappeared and was replaced by a dark frown. The game was going in Gilbert's favor. He grew uneasy, then angry, and then began to cheat. He thought he was unobserved, but in a few moments his opponent rose and pushed back his chair.

"I won't play any more," said he. "The fun stops when the other fellow begins to cheat!"

Maudgendre was thinking rapidly. He saw plainly that he was caught. Should he apologize or fight? He knew that many of the officers were Englishmen who would insist on a duel. Well, did he forget that proud moment when, cheered by the whole Athletic Society, he had defeated Louveau, the best swordsman in Montreal? Besides, there was Maud Mansfield, the beautiful sister of one of the officers: she had lately shown more favor to Gilbert than Maudgendre liked. If Gilbert were disposed of, and himself the hero of a duel—

"Sacre!" he exclaimed, with a sudden white heat of anger. "You lie! I did not cheat, but you did! Yes, I saw you, I did! And then you tried to turn it off on me! Liar! dog! coward!"

Gilbert was very white. He saw that this meant a duel. He was not afraid: the art of swordsmanship had been a branch of his education that had been by no means neglected. He had taken lessons from a score of

the best swordsmen in Europe. But he was prejudiced against the practice, and wished to get out of his quarrel, if he could do so honorably, without fighting.

Maudgendre mistook his hesitating silence for fear, and this increased his belief that Gilbert was ignorant of duelling.

"Coward!" he cried again. "See how frightened he is! Oui, oui, messieurs, il a peur! Bon! He shall fight all the same!"

"I never fight," answered Gilbert, coldly.

"Your divine Maud would despise you for that," retorted Maudgendre, scornfully. "She will give her darling up if he shows that he is a coward! Never again will she take you in her arms and kiss you! Never again—"

"Stop!" thundered Gilbert. "For daring to take Miss Mansfield's name on your dirty tongue, I'll fight you!"

"You will let me see to this, Gilbert," broke in Tom Mansfield himself, striding through the group. "You have insulted my sister, sir, and I demand satisfaction!"

"She is my betrothed wife Tom," Gilbert said quietly. "And, as this is my quarrel, you must let me go on with it."

He turned and struck Maudgendre heavily on the mouth. Then he faced Mansfield.

"You will act for me, Tom?" "With pleasure," Mansfield responded promptly.

"And you, Pierre, will support me?" inquired Maudgendre of a friend, while wiping the blood from his face with an ugly look.

"Certainly, Maudgendre." The Frenchman made his way to the store in which he had a half interest, while Pierre and Tom Mansfield withdrew to a little room to make the arrangements.

"As Monsieur Maudgendre was struck, he, of course, has the choice of weapons," said Pierre.

"Yes," assented Mansfield, curtly. "Then I select swords."

"It would also be Mr. Gilbert's choice, I am sure." "That is settled then. As to the place: how will the little valley near the Big Rock do, at daybreak tomorrow?"

"I am satisfied," answered Mansfield.

Maudgendre soon made known to his friends that he was going to punish Fred Gilbert for cheating at cards, and afterwards grossly insulting him. He would not kill him, he said, but he would wound him, and make him give up his commission and leave. This, if he knew anything about the matter at all, the poltroon would be glad to do, as he was plainly afraid to fight at all, and was merely doing so from mere bravado.

Contemporaries of Maudgendre had their own opinions of him, but they also knew his skill with the sword, and they judged that things would go hardly with the young officer. They were sorry for this, too, for Gilbert was well thought of, while one only needed to become acquainted with the Frenchman's character to despise him.

Maudgendre made no preparations; he was confident of the result of the duel. Gilbert, on the contrary, while no less confident, wrote a letter or two, and went to see Miss Mansfield, though he was careful to give her no hint as to what was impending.

The news of the affair had been buzzed around, so that about twenty men stole through the morning mist to the spot appointed. Gilbert and Mansfield and the surgeon were the first to arrive. The former walked up and down till Maudgendre and his party came. While the contestants were stripping for the conflict, the seconds chose the ground, and the crowd gathered around it in a wide circle. The swords were measured and tested, and one given to each. Then there was an instant's intense silence.

"On guard!" The two swords rang together. At the word they began to move. Each man felt about for a moment to test