



The distinctive Red Rose flavor, aroma and rich, full strength is found in every Red Rose Sealed Carton.

Never sold in bulk.



**STRETCH** out your arms, raise your limbs! If there is no strain, no bagginess, no discomfort, it is the perfect fitting garment that, all other things being equal, will give excellent wear.

Mercury Underwear for men is designed for the "perfect fit"—special fitting neck, neat shoulders, plenty of room under the arms. Closed crotch combinations are an improved style.

Great care is taken in the choice of materials and in the making of all Mercury goods to maintain the popular Mercury quality.

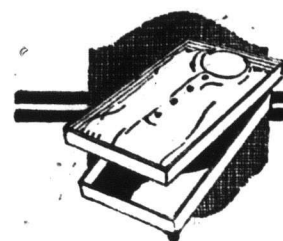
Light garments for office wear, Scotch knit garments for extra warmth and service.

Ask for "Mercury." If your dealer does not have them, send us his name.

MERCURY MILLS, LIMITED, Hamilton, Canada

Makers of Underwear and Hosiery for Men, Women and Children.

**Mercury**  
Underwear



**SELL IT!** THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY CLASSIFIED COLUMNS will put you in touch with all those who BUY in over 42,000 homes. The cost is small 5c. per word—minimum charge 75c. per insertion **IT PAYS!**

### The Simple Faith of Ole

By G. G. Bostwick  
Contd. from page 13

of the stream with deep water on either side, the riffles led into a deep hole.

Ole stepped off into space. He had been wading in water to his chin. It had taken all his strength to keep his head level and above the tearing waves that threatened him at every step. His pack was heavy—he had taken part of his companion's load—soaked with water as it now was, and he could in no way loosen it or cast it from him.

He struck out, trying to swim. The waves caught and whirled him over and over as though he had been a match flung into the stream. They seemed to play with him, to delight in his weakness and inability to right himself. Ole did nothing for a moment, but let himself go. He was not frightened. The water was very cold and he shuddered involuntarily. Then he made a superhuman effort. He threw himself with the current, made a powerful stroke or two—and his feet struck bottom.

He drew himself up, panting and breathless.

He remembered his friend's words on the morning of their first meeting and a faint grin curved his lips. That reminded him of the safety of his companion. He peered back over the water.

There was nothing to be seen. Not a soul within sight. The waves dashed with their usual madness, a huge chunk of ice hurtled past him as he gazed. Gazed at first with anxiety, then with a feverish horror.

The old man was drowned. There was no doubt about that. He had probably plunged into the same hole that had caught Ole and gone down without a word, thought the lad. Though he could have heard no call, however loud, for the roar of the waters was as the roar of an angry sea.

Ole plunged on, sick at heart. He knew what he had lost. He sensed vaguely the bigness of the soul that had taken him in without question because he had been cold and hungry and friendless.

And now he was alone again. He threw his pack from his shoulders. It was soaked, but he saw what he had not noticed before—that it contained blankets and a chunk of bacon. Here was food and covering. Small enough, but something to help him on his way. As he stood up in his wet clothing, the sun came out and shone warmly upon him. The wind had gone down. "As he thought how his companion would have welcomed the change and how pleasant it would have been, musing on together, Ole smothered a sob.

He knew but little of death. Parents he had never known. He had been one of those strange waifs of a country which welcomes to its shores those who come in search of treasure and freedom. His folks had come for wealth and had died penniless. That was the story told him when he arrived at an age of realization, for he had been farmed out to an old couple who had raised him with scant care and still more scant affection. He had slaved for them till they in turn had surrendered to time and change. Then he had taken what appeared—farm work of the most menial kind, performing his duties faithfully if stolidly as he did everything—as, indeed, do most humans who have been denied the natural affections and their outlet.

This was his supreme adventure. Away back in the boy's mind, dwelt upon in a vague, uncertain way, had been for years a magic dream—a dream of some miraculous chance that would bring him all that he had lacked. It was not especially luxuries that he craved. Hardship had meant little to him. It had been his bedfellow for so many years that a little more or less did not seem to matter. But there were other things—things he had been barred from all his life; wonderful, exciting things he could not enumerate.

Together his companion and himself waded upstream till they struck riffles which betokened shallow water. But in the exact centre

Musing upon them, his clothing was warm and dry long before night. The blankets he had laid out in the sun while he ate a couple of raw slices of bacon for lunch, for he had no way to make a fire. He had fallen behind the rest of the party, owing to their late start and their search for a shallow crossing on the great river which had taken them a couple of miles out of the way.

Wrapped in the heavy blankets under the stars, the chill of the night passed unheeded and he dumbly thanked the friend who now lay cold and silent in his lonely grave under the thundering waters.

He was out early and on his way with the morning sun. He passed many of his fellow boatmen during the day, among them two of the three scoundrels who had fleeced him, the remaining member having found an end to his illegal labors in the same stream that had taken his own generous well-wisher. Ole wondered dully if they had drowned him so that they might retain all the winnings and be at less expense.

He forgot them presently in the weariness which attacks the muscles—that deadly cramp which attends extreme exercise and which no amount of rest will entirely alleviate until the strain is past.

It was in this condition, suffering, ill-fed and with sorrow depressing his thought, that Ole faced the goat-trail—a tiny thread of path along the brow of the mountain in which misstep meant almost certain death on the rocks hundreds of feet below—with indifference. It was to be crossed—that trail—and to Ole there was no question about the crossing. Many of the difficult things of life are accomplished with as little real thought as Ole expended upon the dangers before him. Necessity is a teacher of indifference to the pains that attend achievement.

Ole found himself at noon on the highest point of one of those lofty, snow-draped mountains which has made Alaska quite as famed among tourists of intrepid craving for scenic novelty, as the far-famed Alps of the Swiss. He looked about him with interest. It was as though he was at the top of the world. The picture which spread before him was one of a magnificence which even he could not fail to note. Peak after hooded peak stretched away to the hazy distance in a processional grandeur known only in such vast wilderness. The mighty river below wound like a silvery thread and in the valley directly beneath bloomed a carpet of gentians as blue as the sky that stretched above in turquoise loveliness. Millions of jewels blazed from the sun-touched snow about him. His eyes ached with the glare and he rose and turned to the trail ahead.

He stepped to the edge of the mountain and drew back. It was like stepping into nothingness. There was no visible footing beneath the bare four-inch ledge which led to the trail beyond. Ole put out a careful foot and wormed himself over on his belly, dropping till his feet touched solidity. Then he turned cautiously. He found himself on a narrow footing which bore its name, the goat trail, for cause. Icy in spots and painfully steep with the sharp declivity at his right, Ole found that it took every particle of his skill to remain on the perilous way. Once, he slipped on a bit of soft mud and sprawled his length, shooting over the side. Digging his toes in the soft sand that slid dangerously from about his body, he managed bit by bit to pull himself back and was up and on again.

It was nightfall when he reached the willows where he found many campers. Men for the most part, exhausted from the day's work, but who supplied him with matches and invited him to their fires.

It was with them that he entered the diggings two days later. It was a typical gold camp of the North. Tents stretched as far as the turn in the river—inhabited by men of all sorts and conditions, from Seattle capitalists out to grab the most promising ground at all cost, to the seasoned Californian