



The Famous Sun Flowers of Sunny Alberta. Six Miles from Mirror on the Farm of Thomas Rider, Buffalo Lake.

I saw he was an old man, yet, by his clear skin and well-formed features, brawn hands and clear blue eyes, evidently in the full vigor of old age. His first word as he looked up was "Thanks." I assured him of how happy I was to see him, doubly happy as I was alone in this northern wilderness. Then I pressed him to eat, but he wearily shook his head, shaking it again when I proffered to heat the camp kettle and brew him some tea. Again when I offered to help him to unload and draw the canoe up—the same weary shaking of the head answered this question. Was the old man mad? Certainly not, his eyes showed the full possession of his senses.

Silently I watched him as he sat there with drooping head and downcast

A FRIEND'S ADVICE

Something Worth Listening To

A young man was advised by a friend to eat Grape-Nuts because he was all run down from a spell of fever. He tells the story:

"Last spring I had an attack of fever that left me in a very weak condition. I had to quit work; had no appetite, was nervous and discouraged.

"A friend advised me to eat Grape-Nuts, but I paid no attention to him and kept getting worse as time went by.

"I took many kinds of medicine, but none of them seemed to help me. My system was completely run down, my blood got out of order from want of proper food, and several very large boils broke out on my neck. I was so weak I could hardly walk.

"One day mother ordered some Grape-Nuts and induced me to eat some. I felt better and that night rested fine. As I continued to use the food every day, I grew stronger steadily, and now have regained my former good health. I would not be without Grape-Nuts as I believe it is the most health-giving food in the world." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Read the book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human in-

glance. Then, as the night was growing very cold—there had been a slight snowfall while I dozed—I urged him to wake his chum and bring him into the tent. Have you ever seen a strong man break down? I watched the fine old head droop until the white beard was almost hidden by the peak of the hunting cap; then the shoulders, that dreadful tell-tale sobbing shaking the entire frame, dry sobs shook him as the Northwestern shook the trees about us. Finally I saw the firelight sparkle on the tears that trickled through his fingers and I knew that Nature's blessed relief for the overstrained heart had come. There was a wan smile on the old face as he looked up, a smile of apology for the alarm he thought he was causing me—our thoughts were as transparent as crystal to one another now, so in the same mute way the simple wave of my hand relieved him, and he bowed his thanks.

"I thought I was dying . . . but it passed . . . when I saw your fire. . . . I had sung every old-time song I could muster up . . . Just to sort of keep me company . . . my head was pretty light; I have not eaten much this last week . . . then the fire spoke of men. . . . Oh! how I have longed for one human being, one living soul to tell my trouble to. . . . I have struggled from daylight to dark, yes, and long after dark, hoping against hope that I could keep ahead of the ice and reach the frontier. We left Jackfish a month ago, Bert"—here the old head fell again and the voice sank to a whisper—"and I—we made all the portages to Red Deer, as we called the wide waters of Little Current, in fine shape. There was a bit of metal we were looking for and we intended to shoot a bit, too. After we got our wee shanty up we started to hunt, for the supplies were getting low, the lad"—again the voice fell—"took his way along the western side of the lake, instructing me to meet him where an old pine had fallen with its top in the water. Here, from the numerous tracks, was the drinking place of the deer; and from here evidently they crossed the lake if driven to it by the wolves or other danger, for never a white man had hunted on that lake before. It was an hour before daylight when I took up my position. I knew Bert"—he pronounced

the name with soft loving inflection—"was far up the side of the lake by this time, far on the opposite shore, as he had an hour's start. Sir, I can remember every item of that morning's wait. Several times I heard animals in the scrub. Once a mink swam past me and I could just catch a glimpse of its trailing tail. Then, as the first dim light began to appear a big deer jumped to his feet right behind me. The lad and I have hunted in many countries. It is needless to tell you that I am an Englishman. Well, towards daylight I heard animals moving off, and far away over the lake I saw a doe swimming. As yet there were no sounds of the lad's shooting; then suddenly I was conscious that I was staring straight at a big buck. Before my brain sent the message to my fingers he was gone—right down the trail that led to the watering place. I knew just where he would reappear, close beside some black alders. With my finger on the trigger, I watched; then I saw a bobbing reddish looking head just at the top of the bushes, instantly I fired. As I leaped over the trunk of the pine I heard crashing and scrambling in the bushes. I leaped over the scrub and carried my rifle through the alders—and this world has never looked the same to me since—there on the shore, with his rifle lying beside, lay my boy. Yes, sir—and his voice rose hysterical—"I had killed him with these hands, this finger that had learned so cunningly to press the trigger"—and he held his hand out towards me—"had fired the shot—he was my only lad, sir. Bert was a good boy. I sat beside the body and made up all my plans. First, I hid his rifle and mine under the alders, they would be too heavy to trek out; then I carried the boy, with many a rest, to the shanty. I only put a bit of flour and salt in the canoe. I have lived since, as the animals do, on that which I could find. Day after day I paddled rapidly over lakes and down rivers, making many portages. At night, sir, I would always think of the poor lad's body, fearing it would be attacked by wolves. Then I found myself talking to it, and I feared I was going mad. It was all so lonely, lying there at night, tending the watch fire, always thinking of what was under the overturned canoe. I think I had just about given up when I

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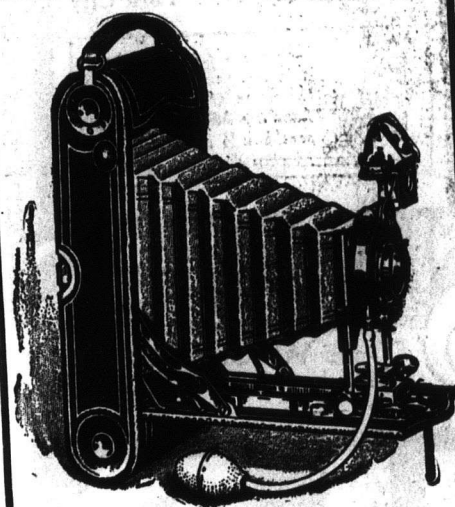
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