



LUX

Won't Shrink Woollens Because it's Different

Here you have a preparation—tiny, satin-like wafers of the purest essence of soap—that actually makes woollens as fresh and light and fleecy as when new.

Socks and stockings—sweaters and sweater coats—white flannel suits—underwear—blankets—all come out of the gentle LUX bath absolutely unshrunk and CLEAN. Get a package, read the directions, it will be good news if you want your woollens to last.

Won't Shrink
Woollens

10c. All grocers



WONT SHRINK
WOOLLERS

British made, by
**Lever Brothers
Limited**
Toronto

Start The New Year Well

by joining the vast and ever-increasing multitude of those who find in Life Insurance the one sure way of protecting dependent ones—while making timely provision for their own future at the same time.

Join the ever-increasing number who have found, in the Policies of the Great-West Life Assurance Company, all that can be desired in profitable Life Insurance.

Thus you will obtain protection at low cost, and will secure a share in the remarkable profits that are being paid to Policyholders of

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

Dept. "Q"

Head Office: - - WINNIPEG

In requesting information ask
for a Desk Calendar for 1917

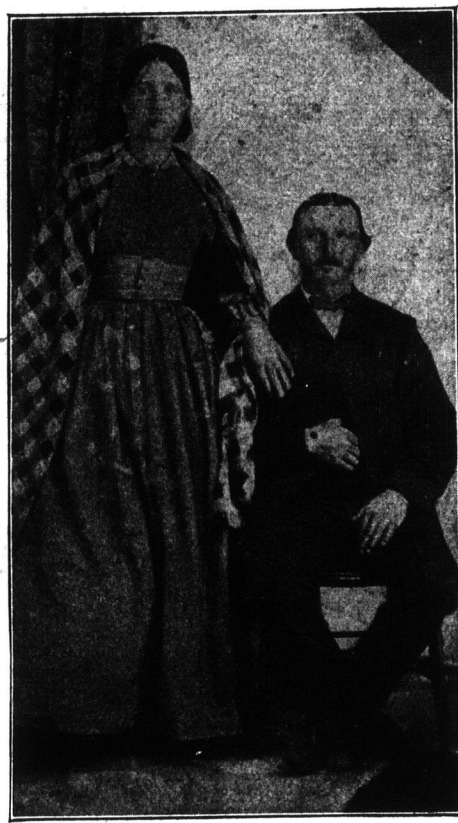
When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

met my Highland cousin, Donald Dhue McDonald. We then crossed the Rockies by the Crow's Nest Pass and at Pincher Creek, Aycappo made across the plains for the Moose Woods (South Saskatchewan River), while I came to Little Red Deer River and from there came on with Hugh Munro to Edmonton and wintered there 1863-64.

In June, 1864, I met the celebrated Arctic traveller, Dr. John Rae, at Fort Garry, and went with him via the Yellowhead Pass to Fort George, Fraser River, where I left him and returned to Edmonton by the same route. From Edmonton I went by boat down the Saskatchewan and on to Red River Settlement.

The gold was still being found in paying quantities on the river near Edmonton and Murdoch McLennan (one of the finest and hardest Scots I ever travelled with) and I started as miners from Fort Garry on 7th February, 1865, with dog sleds. We went by Lakes Manitoba and Winnipegosis, Fort Pelly, Touchwood Hills, Moose Woods, Eagle Hill Creek, Tent Stands and crossed right to Fort Pitt on snowshoes. After striking the North Saskatchewan, we found buffalo numerous. The Vermilion valley was crowded with them and all the way on to the present Fort Saskatchewan.

There was good pay on the bars near Edmonton and we made \$800 in one month. Not satisfied with that, I made



Joe McDonald and wife.

a poor prospecting trip to the Athabasca. McLennan did better. When the Saskatchewan rose over the bars I took a contract from the Hudson's Bay Company and cut 500 loads of hay. After which I entered their service as clerk and was stationed at Lac Ste Anne, where I married Margaret Fraser, daughter of Colin Fraser, the Highlander who blew the pipes before Governor Sir George Simpson on his historic journeys, and who afterwards was postmaster at Jasper House and Lac Ste Anne. I may say here that our eldest son, John, is married to a grandchild of my father's companion in the Peigan camps, Hugh Munro. I served at Rocky Mountain and Jasper House and other posts before retiring from the service, to start freighting between Edmonton and Fort Garry.

On leaving the Hudson's Bay Company at Edmonton in June, 1869, I went with my family on a visit to my friends in Red River Settlement. In the fall I was sent to meet the Hon. William McDougall and to assist him on his way from St. Paul, Minnesota. Before we reached the boundary, eleven determined Metis hunters, under Lepine, met Mr. McDougall and warned him that he would not be allowed to cross the line. I was after that sent with a team of bucking bronchos on ahead with Mr. Provencher of the prospective governor's staff. I carried despatches from Mr. McDougall to Governor McTavish and concealed them in the soles of my moccasins.

We were stopped at the barricade on

Scratching River by President John Bruce and his men, who evidently meant business. We were arrested and taken for a while to the church nearby. Louis Riel at that time was only an understrapper there.

One of the Metis, who gave me a severe poke in the ribs with a flintlock on that occasion, was much more severely reminded of it when I had the gratification of meeting him on the Saskatchewan Trail near Touchwood Hills some time after.

In the English rising against Riel which assembled at Kildonan, I was captain of a company from the Parish of St. Andrews and what I had observed of military matters while with Lord Dunmore in Montreal was of some service to me in that capacity.

I am tired of talking about myself or I would give you more than a mere outline of my travels, and I should tell of my life as a buffalo hunter, trader and freighter on the plains, my experiences about Edmonton and Calgary during the Saskatchewan Rebellion of 1885, also of the founding of this town of Strathcona on my original claim of land.

Choose Ye

A wealthy old gentleman residing in London, on one of his birthdays invited his servants into the house to receive presents. "What will you have," said he, addressing the groom, "this Bible or a five-pound note?" "I would take the Bible, sir; but I cannot read; so I think the money will do me more good," replied the hostler. "And you?" he asked the gardener. "My poor wife is so ill, that I sadly need the money," responded the gardener with a bow. "Mary, you can read," said the old man, turning to his cook, "will you have this Bible?" "I can read, sir, but I never get time to look into a book; and the money will buy me a fine dress." Next was the chambermaid, but she had one Bible, and did not want another. Last came the errand-boy. "My lad," said his kind benefactor, "will you take these five pounds, and replace your shabby clothes by a new suit?" "Thank you, sir; but my dear mother used to read to me that the law of the Lord was better than thousands of gold and silver. I will have the good Book, if you please." "God bless you, my boy! and may your wise choice prove riches and honor and long life unto you!" As the lad received the Bible, and unclasped its covers, a bright gold piece rolled to the floor. Quickly turning its pages, he found them thickly interleaved with bank-notes; while the four servants, discovering the mistake of their worldly covetousness, hastily departed in chagrin.

A Good Sermon

An American contemporary gives the following sketch of a sermon preached at a colored revival meeting in Mississippi: "Now, brethren and sisters, we want mounahs heah to-night. No foolin'. Ef you can't mounh for your sins, don't come foolin' roun' dis altah. I knows ye. You's tryin' mighty ha'd to be converted 'thout bein' hurt. The Lord 'spises mockery. Sometimes you sinahs comes foh'rd an' holds your head too high a-comin'. You come foah you's ready. You starts too soon. You don't repent. You's no mounah. You's foolin' with de Lord. You come struttin' up to de altah; you flops down on your knees, an' you peeps fruh you fingahs, dis way, an' you cocks up you eahs to see who's makin' de bes' prayer. You's no mounahs. Ef you comes heah to fool, you bettah stay away. Bettah go to hell from de pew asleepin', or from you cabin a-swearin', dan from de mounah's bench a-foolin'. Ef you's not in eirnes, keep away from heah; don't bodder us. Do you want us to make ourselves hoas and weah out our lungs a-prayin' for you when you knows you's only foolin' wid de Lord? I tells you to be mighty cahful. I want to see you comin' so burdened by the weight of you sins that you can't hold up you heads. I want to see you so heart-broke dat your knees knock togeder when you walk. You must be low-minded. De Bible lays great stress on de low. You's got to get low down in de dus'. De good Book says: Low (lo!), in de Book it is writ.' Now, mind dat and be low."