

What soap to keep skins youthful?

THE pores of the skin are the "workshop" of skin-beauty. And unless they are kept free and active the skin cannot be kept fresh and young.

Fairy Soap creams up into a velvety, soothing lather. This lather does not remain in the pores to clog them and diminish their activity. Fairy Soap leaves pores cleansed and freshened. It rinses away—easily—completely.

Make friends with pure Fairy Soap for your complexion and your bath. Its day-by-day use will help to keep your skin soft, fresh and young.

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Laddie Jr. sees many a law-breaker on our long trip

Written and Illustrated for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale

WHATEVER are those Indians doing?" asked Laddie Jr., as we stood by the bank of a brawling Pacific Coast stream. "What are they setting the dogs on?" questioned the boy.

Now a peal of yelps broke out and all the long, lean, hungry, half-wild beasts darted out into the ferns that grew just next to the pebbly beaches of the river.

These ferns were over a man's height and we could not see what the prey was—but they were coming towards us—

"I see it!—it's a deer!" burst from the boy. Here was a sight to make your heart swell with sympathy, for the poor hunted thing. A thrashing, splashing mass of baying mongrels plunging into the water, and one lithe, slim, young blacktail fawn dashing ahead in

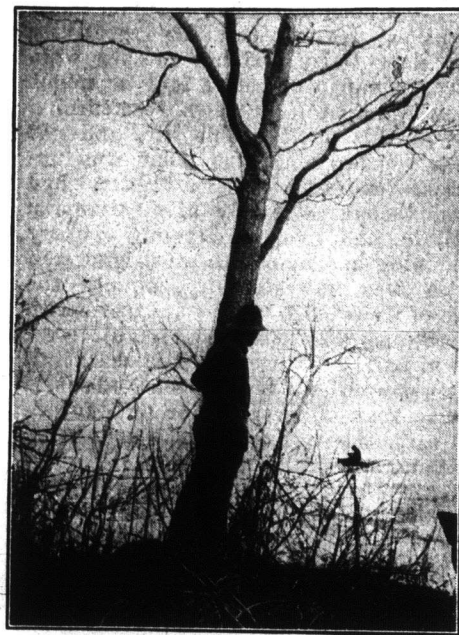
lad as we paddled up the river one day. He pointed at the skins of several deer caught and swinging on the bushes on the side of the cliff near the reservation. We took the lowest one for a mat and called the chief's attention to the new way the tribe had of advertising their guilt.

"Cultus mahsh," was all he said—"bad throw."

All along the way wherever our expeditions have led have I seen the lowest and poorest in the population visibly breaking the law—and teaching their own boy to be a thief. No! I don't mean Indians alone, as the whites break the game laws constantly. I cannot see how a father, in this age of great chances for his boy, can make him a thief for a few cents' worth of fin, fur or feathers.

It is remarkable the temptation that assails the honest trapper or hunter or fisherman. When the long line of traps are out so many of the most protected of the game birds get a foot in and often survive until the owner of the trap comes. Every man knows that amputation will save the bird, but how many will let it go? An odd thing occurred to Laddie Jr. He caught a big Black duck in one of his spring set traps and brought it home to me. I promptly set him to work amputating its leg. His knife slipped when he took the poor injured leg off and it cut a tiny mark in the web of the remaining foot. The bird promptly dived from his releasing hands into the water and swam away off; alarmed but safe. That fall, while I was shooting along the shore behind our island, I flared a black duck and promptly killed it. When I came to pick it up I found it minus one leg, and later found the gash in the web, so that in October we ate the bird we had liberated in April.

I thought the youngsters of the Coast



Game warden watching illegal ice fishermen

noble bounds, throwing the shallow water aside in spurting, sun-glinting masses.

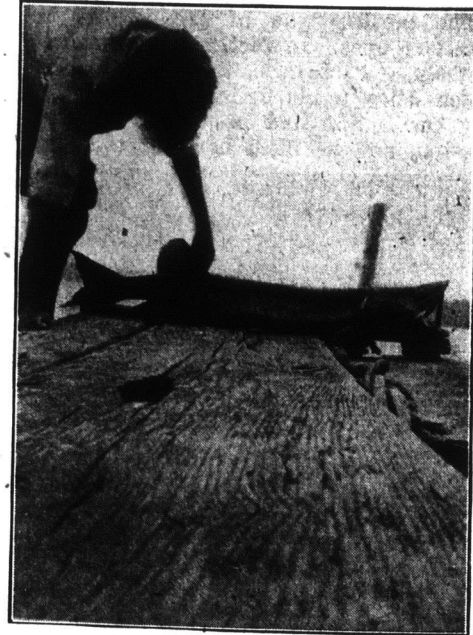
"They'll get her!" screamed the boy as the wild procession passed us—true the dogs were gaining; and the Indians were now in their canoes firing their rifles.

"Good!" squealed Laddie, as "ping" went a rifle and a dog turned feet up as if he had been connected with it. The white and yellow beast never even wriggled—just drifted dead with the stream. Now the fawn felt the hard sands of the tideflats beneath its shapely feet and it made most wonderful bounds, its feet flying into groups and then streaming away like tails—on came the howling host not more than fifty feet behind.

Now the deer has reached the end of the spit and the deep water. It made valiant way for a few yards but no doubt it was tiring—the dogs were gaining, and the yelling Indians were sending bullets that cut the water into tiny fountains all about the puffing, panting little thing. Now it is a race between the dogs and the canoes, and the dogs win and pile on top of the sinking deer. Now the canoes dart in and one man beats the savage beasts away—for they are dangerous to man and deer now. A flail of paddles glint in the sunshine, and we too paddle down and see the body of the deer lifted into the canoe—and we paddle ashore beside it, begging them not to kill it. A very tired, but not quite dead deer, was lifted out and I pictured its poor tired head; and a wee bit later snapped it, very much alive, at the end of a rope in the reservation. Now it is distinctly against the law to hunt deer at this date yet no one prosecuted the guilty parties.

The lad and I had many a laugh at the denseness of these Indians. I knew they took deer for food all year and managed to hide or destroy the skins in case a game warden came along. One way was to throw the hide over the cliff bank into the deep river.

"What is it, wash day?" queried the



Laddie Jr. and the Muskallonge

Indian tribes with their unique nets and snares were the boldest lawbreakers I had seen (always excepting the dear innocent little chap I met early one morning coming out of the pond in one of our great city parks with his young bath tub under his arm. Dear, clean, little innocent, up thus early to purify his body. Not a bit of it! The little rascal had tubbed across to rob some wild fowls nests in the park). But these little brown-faced chaps of the outer coasts knew no game laws.

"Take the glasses!" said the lad to me one day. "What are those kids doing?"

Well might he ask, for it was quite a game. On the sand, half a mile below the shoreside cliff we were on, some dark figures were creeping—through the glasses I could see them on their hands and knees approaching one another. Then I saw them jump up and run in and seize some struggling birds and wring their necks. Then they hurriedly

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The Health of our Children.

The world belongs to those who come last, and it is for us to see that our children have their full heritage of health. Careful choice of the stockings and socks worn by children is by no means an unimportant detail of hygiene, and there is no more sanitary and comfortable hosiery than Cotton or Thread Stockings and Socks, dyed with "The Deepest Dye"—the Dye that will not come out in wash or wear.

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