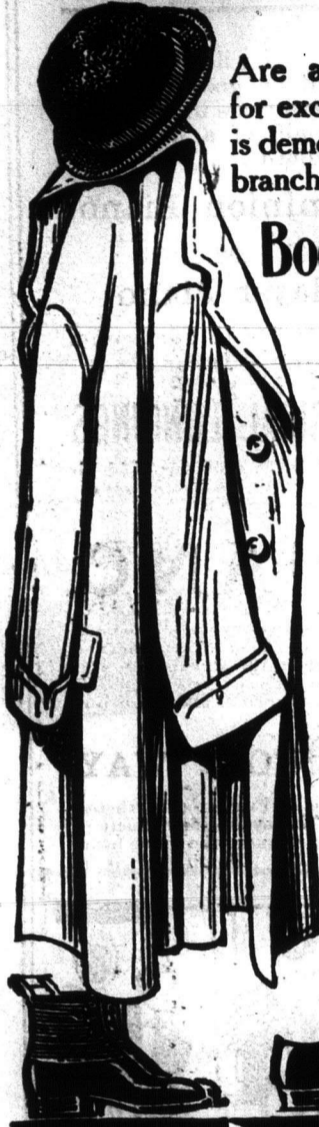


Jacksons'

LTD.



Are all-one-price Boot specialists. The reputation for excellence and thoroughness they hold in England is demonstrated by the enormous trade done at their branches situated in every large town in the country.

Boots & Shoes all one price \$2.75

There are also **HATS all one price \$1.00**
Macs. and Raincoats \$5.25 & \$7.50

Boots and Shoes, Macs. and Raincoats in ladies' styles at the above prices.

The Mail Order Department now offers you an exceptional opportunity to obtain any one of Jacksons' specialities at exactly the same price as if you lived next door to a branch plus the very small postage charges.

Nowhere in the world are there more dependable goods than those sold at Jacksons'. Not only do they save money on the first cost, but their greatest economy lies in their wonderful wearing qualities. Once you have bought a pair of Boots, or a Raincoat from Jacksons' none others will just so well satisfy you in price and quality.

Send a Post Card to-day for illustrated style catalogue. You will find in it articles exactly suited to your requirements in price and quality. Write to

JACKSON'S LTD.

Victoria Works
STOCKPORT, ENGLAND

one hungry beast could eat all of this seventy-pound deer; most likely it had made two meals.

In the springtime, when the horns are in velvet, when they are just soft masses of blood vessels, growing rapidly, an inch a day, from the adult's head, and again in the fall, during the rutting time, I understand from all the hunters that I have met that the slaughter of our black-tail deer by the panthers is very great. The increased bounty may decimate this source, but take my word for it, Vancouver Island is the spot any bounty man should make for. There is a noble chance here to make money from the numerous marauding panthers that live on our sheep, and the great number of wolves, almost black ones, that roam this island.

If you carry a pair of heavy field glasses with you—we use a telescope—it will astonish you the number of animals one can see in a few trips, especially in the morning and evening. All the sands of the river's points and also along the seashore are criss-crossed with the deer and the bear, as well as the big, soft paws of the panther—these at fifteen dollars bounty, and an additional five dollars for the pelt should tempt many a rifle out this winter.

We British Columbians do not rush out after our game, hair, feathers or

in photographs of the feather game, game fishes, and small fur bearers. So Hawk, my Mississaugan guide and I turned our canoes towards the frontier, following the isotherm of 35° as rapidly as our paddles could urge us. It was impossible to believe he now deliberately deserted me, but from the night I strained my eyes to follow his canoe on one of the unnamed lakes, mere widenings of Little Current, I had searched and waited in vain, waiting was a dangerous game with the frost line rapidly advancing. Already I had to break the thin shore ice to launch out in the early morning. Food was getting scarce. I relied almost entirely on my rifle and trolling line to supply me. Luckily the woods and waters were well tenanted, so I secured present food without delay, killing my next meal from the canoe as I threaded the lakes and rivers we had traversed some time before, waters that had rarely, if ever, reflected a white man's face. Tonight I had landed on the south shore of Springwater, so deadly tired after an exhausting portage that I hung my tent up to the first convenient tree, careless that the cold north wind blew directly on the almost unsheltered position; then I lighted my camp—aye, my signal fire—and cooked a grouse Mississauga style. I remem-



Deer Hunting in B.C.

scales, as our Ontario friends do. Many thousands of licenses are granted to men to hunt deer in a hundred-mile square patch in Nipissing, Parry Sound and Muskoka Districts. So crowded has this favorite hunting ground become that many accidents happen and many fool tricks are done. Can you imagine a deer hunter stepping up to a fence and shooting at a farmer and his two sons that were digging potatoes in their field? Yes, and after killing the father, this idiot tried to kill one of the boys. Can you imagine sane men firing at everything they see moving in the bush and at times putting a bullet through the top of a friend's head? The danger has become so great to the hunters that they urge the wearing of a bright red cap or coat.

Read this true tale and hesitate when the trigger finger trembles aiming at poorly seen objects.

The Cross Upon The "Height of Land"

It was in November, all the marshes of the Kawaskagama were aglitter with rime, keen nipping winds were blowing; it was a race now, a race between a man and the southward advancing line of ice and snow, with the odds in favor of the latter, and death the price of defeat.

I had penetrated the Thunder Bay District as far north as 51°. On the Little Current I met the first south-bound migratory flocks. Nature's warning, never to be disregarded by the Naturalist. I had secured a fair amount

ber spreading out my guide-map—Devilish Lake, another hard portage; then Long Lake with its clear run of forty miles. If the ice did not make too hard I might win out yet—then I must have dozed, for when I woke the moon was high and I heard, borne on the wind, the words of the Canadian Boat Song—"Row brothers row, the stream runs fast,—and daylight's past"—clipped as it was by the gusts, it disproved my first thought. Truly it was not Hawk, as the words came from English lips. Faintly I discerned the craft in the white smother of foam the wind was raising outside the rocky point. Instinctively I waved the map, for two weeks of one's own company makes the heart glad to welcome a fellow-man. Across the waves, around the point into comparatively smooth water, the dark object crept. Soon as the canoe's bow grated on the sand at my feet—it was a birch bark, heavily laden, in the bow a covered load showed the form of a recumbent man—I greeted the paddler astern. He stepped over the load ashore in response to my invitation, and together we lifted and partly drew the craft up a foot or two. He shook his head when I proposed awakening the bowman; shook it again when I urged him to bring him to the fire, rudely intercepting my outstretched hand and rapidly rearranging the covers that had partly fallen off the reclining head. Then he followed me and silently took a seat beside the fire.

As he rested against a tamarack root

IT MATTERS NOT what heating system you use—Steam, Hot Water or Warm Air, you cannot get that much-desired, gentle, restful and wholesome atmosphere without proper humidity.

WATER SHOULD BE EVAPORATED FREELY, and the

GOOD CHEER

WARM AIR FURNACE

with its big **CIRCLE WATERPAN**, holding from four to six gallons, presents the one heating medium which does afford a really comfortable and healthful warmth. Catalogue mailed on request.

THE JAMES STEWART MFG. CO. Ltd.
WOODSTOCK, Ont.
Western Branch: WINNIPEG, Man.