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Boys and Girls.

(We are glad to publish from month to month contributions by boys and girls provided they are worthy. Remember this magazine is for everybody in the home. If you do not see what you want ask for it.)

Give Us Men.

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoil of office does not buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking;
For while they rabble with their thumb-worn creeds
Their large professions and their little deeds—
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

A Run For Life.

I had not met my old friend, Casper Bush, for more than two years, and when, one night, he unexpectedly called upon me at my house, I was unfeignedly pleased to see him. I knew he had been away on a botanical expedition into Central America, and was prepared for a face as brown as a berry. But instead, his skin was white and drawn, and I noticed that he walked with a slight limp.

"You look," said I after our greetings were over, "as if you had come from a hospital rather than the open out-of-doors."

"I have," he said. "Thank you, I will sit down. I ran into an adventure down there that's left me pretty weak." He sat down and held out his hands to the warmth of the fire.

"I suppose you'd like to hear about it," he said, with a whimsical smile. "You always were a great fellow for yarns."

"Well, to skip a lot of unnecessary details, I was out on foot one day, searching the high table-lands for a certain orchid, when I came to a large, treeless savanna of probably three hundred acres or more in extent, and about a mile across. The surface of this cleared and gently rolling plain was covered with long grass, across which I resolved to make a short cut to the forest on the further side.

"I was quietly wading through the rank growth and had reached the middle of the savanna when I came upon a shallow slough containing very little water, but a great deal of deep black mud. This slough was nearly circular in form, and in diameter perhaps more than one hundred yards.

"As far as I could see along its margin there was a hard, well-defined path, apparently made by wild animals in coming to drink. Exactly in its centre a small pond of water still remained, and on this was floating a solitary wild duck, its head turned inquisitively toward me.

"I had a repeating rifle on my arm, and without reflecting that I could not retrieve the bird, even if I should hit it, I fired. The duck immediately sprang up and flew off unhurt, but a shrill squeal showed me that my bullet had found an unexpected mark in the tall grass on the opposite side of the slough. The next moment a large herd of collared peccaries rushed out of the sedge, and catching

sight of me, came for me at once.

"You may think there was no reason why a hundred or so of little, wild, pig-like creatures, none of which would weigh more than sixty pounds, should alarm an armed man.

"But I knew enough about these savage little brutes to be well aware that if they overtook me before I could reach a tree, I should be torn to shreds in a moment.

"It was to be a simple, straightaway race for life, and I stood not on the order of my going, but went at once. The nearest timber was distant nearly half a mile, and for this I struck out at top speed.

"There was one thing in my favor. The slough being about one hundred yards in diameter, one-half of its circumference was, of course, about one hundred and fifty yards; and as the peccaries had to come by way of this half-circle to get on my track, I should have so much start of them.

"I believe you saw me run once down in old Virginia, with a dozen of the boys in gray after me. Well, the gait I made was nothing compared with the gait at which I now raced for the woods. My present pursuers were far more to be dreaded than a whole army of soldierly foes.

"I had covered perhaps about one-half of the distance, when I heard a sound as of heavy rain beating upon the forest leaves, and glancing back, saw the broad grass going down in a broad swath as if before a score of scythes. The whole drove was within sixty yards of me.

"I experienced, then, only with greater keenness, the feelings of some poor hunted fox who realizes that he cannot escape from the pack behind him. I knew I could not reach the forest. My legs moved automatically, with no diminution of speed; but my mind, which before had been firmly fixed, like my gaze, on the line of trees ahead, ran hither and thither in confusion.

"At one moment I was tempted to stand at bay, while some strength and wind remained in me, and sell my life as dearly as possible. The next moment I searched the savanna wildly with my eyes for some place of refuge.

"Suddenly I caught sight of a dead tree just topping the tall grass to the left. It was such a small tree, and so neutral in coloring and broken down, that it was not strange I had not remarked it before. But the moment I saw it I changed my course and ran toward it.

"With the sight of it I gained new hope, and I flew through the grass as if it had been gossamer. I did not know whether the little tree was too small and too rotten to sustain my weight or not. There was no time to think about that. I had but one idea, and that was to reach it.

"In the burst of speed I actually outstripped the herd of little black fiends pursuing me. Then an unforeseen accident happened. The tree stood in a little bare soft spot, two or three feet in diameter. Running against the pressure of the grass as I had been, when I burst out of it into the clear space, I lunged forward as if someone had pushed me violently from behind. My foot slipped in the slimy ooze, my rifle flew from my hands, and I fell forward on my face.

"I was up again in an instant, but only to be bowled over by a savage blow on the leg from a peccary that had outrun his mates. His sharp tusk caught me just above the left ankle, and cut through my trousers and the calf of my leg as a knife cuts butter.

"It was fortunate that I found myself then at the base of the tree, otherwise I should not be here to tell this story. My excitement was so great that I felt no pain at all. I