

into Blanche Riviere behind their band. Jimmy told his Indians to stand erect—attention—and salute when he did.

The Colonel of the battalion saluted in response and then ordered:

"Battalion—mark time!"

They closed up while the band beat a tattoo in unison with the tramping of a thousand feet.

"Who's in charge of this squad?" the Colonel asked Jimmy, smiling.

"I am, sir," answered Jimmy, approaching him. He then told the Colonel what had happened and asked him if he would lend a hand to restore order while his troops were there.

"I certainly will, my boy," the Colonel promised, kindly. "By Jove, that was a lucky accident, after all. We're a Western battalion, as you see. Our train is stalled two miles west of here. We expect to be here about four hours while they get another engine. The boys need a stretch, anyway. Most peculiar accident. A plug blew out of the boiler and the engine discharged all her steam in about two minutes. Now, you say these thugs have some of your possibles down at the dock on a scow? Captain Calling," he hailed. "Take your company down to the dock and just detain every man of military age you happen to see. Captain Keller," he waved, as one company fell out and the ranks closed up. "I see a bridge yonder. Take your company there and head off any up-stream traffic. The band will try musical tactics to allure these wanderers back. We'll parade the town and see if we can awake a military spirit. The Marseillaise!" he called to the bandmaster, and to the thrilling notes of the greatest of battle hymns they went marching through the streets. Jimmy, at the head of his Indians took up the rear. Men, women and children joined the ranks and sang as the band played. When the tune was changed to Tipperary the strangest thing of all happened. The two scouting detachments returned with a crowd of men with bludgeons and a crowd without, slapping each other on the backs and cheering like boys let loose from school. Then they all sang Tipperary.

The band was indefatigable. Air after martial air charged the atmosphere of Blanche Riviere with a sentiment so alive that it seemed the most patriotic spot in the world. And all the while, Jimmy, Wickers and the doctor passed recruits or culled the defectives. The disappointment of these latter was pitiable. The net results was half a battalion and they all marched out of town behind the Colonel of the recruiting depot thirty miles away. Some demurred at being whisked away at so short notice.

"That's the spirit," cheered the Colonel. "You'll get a few days leave when you learn a little drill. Sergeant Jimmy Linedare, you are to be congratulated."

"Not me, sir—the cheers go to the Battalion from Alberta. Whoop her up—one, two, three—!"

An explosion of voices cracked out three resounding cheers and the overcrowded troop train moved slowly eastward.

Up to the Hills

Written for The Western Home Monthly by J. H. Arnett

Up to the hills I go
Looking for strength and power;
Up to the silent heights
That far above me tower.

But the way is long and hard
That leads to that distant green;
There is many a stony slope,
And many a deep ravine.

The snowy showers of May
Bring to my heart a chill;
But on and up I go
With my eye on the topmost hill.

Time with fetters firm
Binds us down to the clay;
And I cannot reach the height
In the spang of one brief day.

But my spirit leaps beyond
To a freedom ever new,
And brings the strength and power
As the distant heights I view.

Maid of the Mountain Mist

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Edith G. Bayne

ROD McCartney looked out of his cabin door to where far down in the valleys the morning mist rose in thick white billows that hid all but the tops of the tallest pines. It was early and the air was chill for the sun, which by noon would be scorching the pine-needles of the trail and sending tremulous heat-waves shimmering across the canyons, was still in hiding behind the peaks of the eastern range.

He turned back to his little stove and resumed preparations for breakfast, continuing meanwhile a sort of monologue for the benefit of Kitch, his dog, who lay at his feet wagging a lazy tail and anticipating the rind of the bacon with eager eyes.

"Yes, she looks like another hot day old boy, just as you and I prophesied from the sunset last night. Here! Catch this! Good dog!"

McCartney now placed two slices of cornmeal mush into the pan beside the bacon and fell to musing while they browned. Then, with the single deft movement that is born of long practice he

hint of the merry soul within, he might have passed for a melancholy wight who, tiring of the world and all its works had sought a hermit's seclusion. On very cool days McCartney even affected a velvet jacket, dark brown in hue and much bespattered with paint.

"If I am any judge of weather," he now observed to the dog. "We are going to sizzle all week. Oh, well, 'happy is the bride the sun shines on'." * * * Odd, but as a prospective groom, Kitch, I find myself—shall I confess it?—thinking of the morrow with a fatalist's indifference. Sit back and beg for this crust now! You'll appreciate it the more. The man or dog to whom the tidbits of life come without effort * * * and to think that I, a struggling artist with only two commissions to my credit so far and lung trouble into the bargain, should have secured the prize of prizes. I'm a lucky devil, all right!"

He glanced up at a photograph of a handsome, high-spirited-looking girl, which graced his rude chimney shelf.

"She's a pippin, Kitch, only that reminds me! I'll have to keep you in the

after she had gotten over the novelty of the tinware plates and cups.

Then she and her uncle had admired some of McCartney's sketches and later the lovers had gone to the spring for a pail of water, where a small incident had frightened the girl almost into hysterics. As they had bent over the pool watching their flickering images the girl's engagement ring had suddenly slipped from her finger into the water. In a twinkling the ever resourceful McCartney had dropped to his knees by the fern-bordered box and with the aid of a poplar switch soon recovered the ring. But as she tremblingly put it back where it belonged she murmured that it was an omen, and quoted:

"Be it alive or be it dead
You two will never wed."

"Ridiculous!" Rad had returned cheerfully. But the remembrance of Lawrence Hopewell his old rival, who had health and wealth and a pleasing personality—everything in fact which he had not—had bothered him sometimes, ever since.

Rod commenced his packing at once, for by noon he expected to be well on his way to Henniker's Crossing, the nearest railway point.

It was with mingled feelings that he tramped down the mountainside two hours later. The dew still lay thick upon the ferns but the lower strata of the mist was lifting so that presently he was able to discern the blue and purple and wine of the shadows at Mount Murphy's base. When the racy little river tumbled into view he set his two pieces of luggage down and turned to look backward and upward for the last sight of Mountain Mist Cabin. It was now but a small dark patch on the ledge of the highest shoulder of the mountain, which thrust itself from out the mist-clouds like a Titan rising from the sea.

Some day he would come back. He would sleep once more on his odorous pine-needle bed, smell again the smoke of the fires in the valley on frosty autumn mornings, hear the call of the caribou, watch the daily miracles of dawn and sunset.

He took off his hat and waved it at the rude little hermit abode.

"Good-bye little old cabin!" he cried aloud. "Some day—yes, some day—till then, good-bye!"

Kitch had scampered on ahead and was hot on the trail of a rabbit. There was a clutch at McCartney's throat and a mist in his eyes as he swung on down the trail, and crossed the little floating bridge that he himself had made.

Two miles further east there dwelt an old half-breed and his wife and it was to their cabin he was making his way for he had hired one of the cayuses belonging to their simple outfit, for the nineteen mile journey to Henniker's Crossing. Down here in the valley lands the heat was intense. Already the June sun was high in the heavens and there was no sign of a breeze.

Once or twice McCartney stopped short, sniffing the air.

The mountain on which stood the fire-ranger's old cabin that he had occupied for the past two summers curiously enough was an island, in the sense of being entirely surrounded by water. Up there he had been secure from forest fires and he had been in the mountains long enough now to recognize the infallible portent of this menace. So that rounding a sudden bend in the trail he was scarcely surprised to find that his nose had not deceived him. On a slope of heavy timber to the left rose smoke plumes in half a dozen spots. He could even hear the hiss and crackle of the flames. At the same moment he discerned in the distance far down the trail the figures of the old half-breed and his wife mounted each on a cayuse. They were travelling westward as rapidly as the difficult paths along the mountainside would permit and Rod knew that their little cabin must have been devoured. Suddenly, as he stood there, wondering whether to proceed or turn back and await the travellers at the point where they would cross the shallows of the little river, very suddenly a deep roar behind him settled the question. Turning he saw that the fire had crossed the cedar swamp that he had skirted half a mile back and was eating its way with almost lightning velocity up the red pine slope of Mount Murphy.

He could only go forward then, which he did at a rate of speed that he would not have believed possible, ten minutes before.



The interesting map that is reproduced here shows the country that is traversed by shells from the big German gun, in the Forest of St. Gobain, in its daily bombardment of the City of Paris. It is shown by the map that the actual distance is 116 kilometers, or 71.92 miles. It will be observed that the flight is in a southwesterly direction, and the range will require an elevation that will take the projectile eighteen or more miles high at the crest of its trajectory. British and Allied ordnance experts have not determined the exact character of this gun, and there are many interesting speculations as to its plan and construction. The Paris reports say that the shell is 9.5 inches in diameter, and that it costs about \$7,000 to fire each shot. One shot from this gun killed five American women who were worshipping in a Paris church on God Friday.

seized the handle of the pan and tossed the contents lower side up.

"Of course the main thing is that we have fine weather for to-morrow," he went on in thoughtful voice. "To-morrow, Kitch—dost thou know what day to-morrow is? No? Then I will tell thee. It is the day we receive our life sentence, old boy."

McCartney smiled wryly at his own witticism and essayed to whistle Mendelssohn's wedding march the while he poured out a cup of coffee from the tin pot which had been sending up a fragrant aroma for the past ten minutes.

"We three are going to be married to-morrow, Kitch. Why don't you wag your tail and leap upon me at the joyful news, you ungrateful old scout? There's the sun at last! Now we shall be more cheerful, methinks."

Somewhat of the picturesque Bohemian was Rod McCartney up here in his element. Almost he partook of the characteristics of the beloved Samoan philosopher, in outward aspect, at any rate. Pale, broad of brow, with deep-set dark eyes whose sombreness gave at first to

stable or garage, for my lady dislikes dogs. Also she—let's be honest on this last day of our bachelor liberty—she lacks soul, I'm afraid. It means far more to her to engage in a bridge tea than to spend an hour up here at Mountain Mist Cabin, communing with nature. Oh, well—cynics say that soul, after all, is a deucedly uncomfortable piece of baggage."

As McCartney noisily washed the tin dishes of this and also his previous meal he smiled at the memory of his betrothed's one and only visit to this mountain top. It had been in the previous autumn and she had come with her uncle, a wealthy cattleman of the neighborhood of Calgary. Treading the winding, slippery trail in dainty white kid shoes, she had been so thoroughly occupied in clinging to Rod's arm and maintaining her balance that the glory of the view about them had quite escaped her.

"A horrid, wild, rough spot!" she had designated Rod's shrine up here at the top of the world. But she had dined on pork and beans, flap-jacks and maple syrup, with tea and coarse corn bread. I had pronounced the fare heavenly."