

## BUY Hallam GUARANTEED FURS

BY MAIL DIRECT FROM TRAPPER TO YOU



No matter where you live, you can obtain the latest styles and the highest quality in fur sets or garments from Hallam's by mail. All Hallam garments are high quality furs—yet can be obtained by you direct by mail at lower prices than elsewhere for the same quality—every Hallam garment is guaranteed.

### Why We Can Sell at Such Low Prices

Because, in the first place, we buy our skins direct from the Trapper, and sell direct to you for cash, saving you a great share of the middlemen's profits—high store rent—bad accounts—salesman's salaries. Then you are sure of satisfaction when you buy by mail from Hallam. You see the articles in your own home and can examine them without interference—if the goods do not please YOU in any way—you can simply send them back AT OUR EXPENSE, and we will cheerfully return your money—you are not out one cent—we are thus compelled to give extra good value, as we cannot afford to have goods returned.

The articles illustrated in this advertisement are fair samples of Hallam's great values and will be sent promptly on receipt of price.

**1506—Driving Coat of Fine Muskrat.** 45 inch length, beautifully designed. Skins are of fine quality; even, dark colors, carefully matched, and workmanship is faultless. Lined with heavy guaranteed brown satin—new style collar, which can be worn as a high Chin-chin or flat as in small illustration. Finished at waist line with half belt. In sizes 32 to 42 bust. \$75.00, delivered to you.

**1686—Handsome Manchurian Wolf Set.** Newest design, made from fine, jet black silky skins. The large stole is in two skin style, wide across the back and shoulders—trimmed with heads, tails and paws. Muff is large and comfortable, made over soft down bed—has wrist cord and is trimmed with head and tail—lined with corded silk poplin. Exceptional value. \$13.50 per set, delivered to you.

**1508—Muff to match** in new melon shape (as illustrated), or in pillow style, \$11.50, delivered to you.

**1507—Hat to match,** silk lined. \$7.50, delivered to you.

### FREE

A beautifully illustrated Fur Style Book—giving advance information on furs and fur fashions and containing 125 illustrations of up-to-date furs and fur garments. All these illustrations are photographs of living people—thus showing how the furs REALLY appear; it shows furs for every member of the family.

Don't fail to send for this book TO-DAY—it is now ready for mailing and will be sent as requests are received.

**HALLAM'S 1917-18 FUR STYLE BOOK**

Don't forget to send for Hallam's Style Book to-day—It's FREE—Address, using the number as below.

**John Hallam Limited**

897 Hallam Building TORONTO  
The largest in our line in Canada.

## A WOMAN WHO HELPS WOMEN

I know your need for sympathy and health.

And the treatment that gives me health and strength, new interest in life, I want to pass on to you, that you too may enjoy the priceless boon of health.

I am a woman.

What I have suffered is a far better guide than any MAN'S experience gained second-hand.

Are you unhappy, unfit for your duties? Write and tell me how you feel and I will send you ten days' FREE trial of a home treatment to meet your individual needs, together with references to women in Canada who have passed through your troubles and regained health; or you can secure this FREE treatment for your daughter, sister or mother.

If you suffer from pain in the head or back, obstinate constipation or piles, pain in the sides, dyspepsia, extreme nervousness, depressed spirits, melancholy, desire to cry, fear of something evil about to happen, creeping feeling up the spine, palpitation, weariness, hot flashes, sallow complexion, with dark circles under the eyes, or a general feeling that life is not worth living, I invite you to send to-day for my complete ten days' treatment entirely free and postpaid to prove to yourself that these ailments can be easily and surely overcome at your own home, without the expense of hospital treatment or the dangers of an operation.

When you have been benefited, I shall only ask you to pass the good word along to some other sufferer. My home treatment is for all, young or old.

**MRS. M. SUMMERS,**  
Box 86 WINDSOR, ONT.



### Read My FREE Offer:

To Mothers of Daughters I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually dispels headaches and lassitude in young women and restores them to plumpness and health. Tell me if you are worried about your daughter. Remember it costs you nothing to give my method of home treatment a complete ten days' trial, and if you wish to continue it costs only a few cents a week to do so, and it does not interfere with one's daily work. Write and ask for the free treatment to-day as you may not see this offer again.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

## A Christmas Dinner Amid Hardships of the Trail

by Bonnycastle Dale

LADDIE and I some years ago were working sou'east out of the Peace River Block, aiming for the Peace River and later on the Skeena. We had to raft it a bit as none of our men could speedily make a canoe. O'poots, our head guide, with some old cedar logs and vines, made a really safe raft, even if the bubbles of the swift currents did throw foam over our food spread on our blankets as we dashed down this un-named stream. We had the cameras, a rifle, and a bit of food, enough for ten days for the outfit of six men. It was a bit plain, flour, meat-venison, fish-spawning salmon, or rather a big charr-like the deep water trout—"Namay-cush." We had secured important notes and pictures of the native tribes, past and present, numerous good skins and specimens, our fair share of sport, feathered, furred and scaly. Now, in early November, Jack Frost had played us a scurvy trick by sealing up the small streams and nipping the edges of the big ones. We knew just where we could strike our cached canoes, but the Skeena was two hundred miles west, and there was a big rock about one hundred yards ahead of the raft, a deep sluicing current, only a pole for an oar and others for pushing with; they snapped like pipe-stems when the Thompson River men tried to fend her off. Up, up! she went, there was a sickening rolling motion, a rending grating sound, a gurgling of waters, a snapping of stout vines and the raft was but a tossing drive of logs.

strapped on his back, setting the pace towards the distant R.R. Surveyors' camps we knew were working through from or to the coast.

Of the scrambling up those dreary slopes, living on fish and venison with never a grain of flour or salt, of the desperate raft trips we were forced to take, of the rude camps in bush or snowy mountain side, all I can say is, O'poots acted a born leader, Laddie laughed away the hardships and I became a sort of humble camp follower waited on by two kind hosts. Suppers of old dried berries, breakfasts of lean, so lean when we needed fat, venison (for a few days we fairly swam in fat as the guide walked smack into a black bear on the wild animal trail we were following, and Laddie threw up the 22 and put six bullets in various parts of the poor beast's writhing carcass). Unfortunately for transporting the bear meat we had lately crossed the divide and the going was simply a struggle for life. The skin wrappings over our torn boots were so dangerous that O'poots went one whole day almost barefooted where much snow was to be met. However, we finally met a travelling camp of Thompson Indians and traded a few of our pitifully scarce duds and odds and ends from our pockets for a few much needed things. Later when an empty food bag and the last shell fired sent us to rest uneasily under our brush lean-to we were awakened by the caterwauling of a panther, and in answer to it sounded the ludicrous braying



A B.C. river scene—Indians with grizzly bear carcass and skin.

Instantly we were swept into the shallows, each laden man hugging a log for dear life. I scrambled ashore with the big camera safe in its waterproof cover and Laddie tucked under my left arm, he in turn had a camera and a small rifle, but food, negatives, notebooks, blankets, all were sweeping down stream far ahead.

Some hours later when we were all dried out before an immense fire we took stock of the few bits of things we had snatched out of the swirling waters; and, after many confabs, and much gesticulation, the three Thompson River men decided to cross over to the Parsnip River and raft or canoe down it towards home as the circumstances decided. We divided the matches in my camera match case with them, gave them fair half of the scanty bits of food we had salvaged, made them to thoroughly understand that their wages would be sent from Prince Rupert—if we ever got there—bade them good-bye sorrowfully, watched them plunge off into the cold crackling woods with only one rifle and a few 44's among them, while all we had was our 22 Special and one box of 50, and I remember it was only a partly filled box at that. O'poots promptly took the leadership of us three, as naturally and kindly and firmly as if he had us hired or we were children. These West Coast Kwakiutls are strange people, make them your servants and they obey thoroughly without any offer of thinking out a thing for themselves, literally doing exactly as they are told, yet here was the usually stupid O'poots in my place in front, with my rifle in his hand and my camera

of a jackass, and later the neighing of some horses. We had gone sadly to sleep within a mile of a big surveying party and a rude trail was now open to us right down to Hazelton. We were given each a pair of old comfortable shoes. I bought an older pack animal, to wit the ancient brayer of the night before, a brindled Jack that looked like a cross between a Zebra and a solemn muley cow, but laden with purchased supplies it was a sight to cheer our hearts and lightened our tired feet, even if a rough uncertain trail and a wild river lay between us and the coast.

We ran into another native camp where the medicine man was "curing" a native woman. In the first place he told the hunters gathered about him that she was a victim of witchcraft, here he looked slowly around to find the evil one who had charmed away the health of this poor ragged squaw and, because I had offered her a few drops of a sleeping mixture to make her forget her ulcer tormented body, he did me the honor to plainly intimate that I was old Nick himself (see the jealousy that always exists between medical men). He edged close to me intending to spit upon me so to thus have power over me, but I blew such a volume of smoke into his face that he burst out coughing instead, and Laddie started the laugh that soon became general. But this thin shanked old witch doctor took his goodly potion, dried ground frog and salt water, and drank it himself, then this "shaman," as they call them, started on an ancient

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