

since recognized what B. C. does not recognize, that as a food apples reach their standard of value at 1½ to 2 cents per pound. Certain markets may demand and pay for apples packed in a certain way at higher prices, but they do so to their loss. Sooner or later this will be accepted by them.

In the Maritime Provinces the writer bought a barrel of Nova Scotia Gravensteins, excellent apples, for 75 cents. Would B. C. farmers and orchardists feed so much fruit to their stock, or leave it on the trees to perish, if a Vancouver housewife could get good apples at \$1.60 to \$2.50 per barrel instead of that much per box? Would Vancouver homes be better fed, healthier, if such could be done? Barrel shipment would do it! Are the Maritimes so blameworthy after all, Mr. Webb? Are there not two sides to the barrel question?

Natural laws of human life, of trade and commerce, of supply and demand, have created the Maritime problem. Natural laws properly applied can solve it. It needs only a careful, sympathetic treatment, horse sense,

human sympathy and good feeling. The scars will remain long with us. The weaknesses, if developed, will be sometime in passing away. There is, however, nothing to grow despondent over, nothing to presage failure. The spirit that made Canada possible has overcome many difficulties. It will not halt on palsied feet when faced by the problem of the Maritimes. Just over the hill lies victory, bathed in the golden light of a better understanding, a new and broader vision of what Confederation really means and has meant, a truer appreciation of the virtue and ideals that made it possible. If we are right in our opinion of them none will be found so glad of the new day, so forgetful of their losses, as the Maritime Peoples.

One of the most hopeful of all things is the manner in which Parliament received the Commission Report. Discordant notes may come later, but at present the Dominion-wide attitude of the members is most pleasing to well-wishers of Canadian Unity and Canadian Progress.

Told by Campfire—The Kaffir and the Ox

(By Roderick Random)

It was after the Pow Wow was over, of thrills to be had, which was what I that annual celebration of the Trail was after.

Riders of the Canadian Rockies, and we were enjoying a final smoke stretched out on the pineneedle floor of our tepee, before creeping under the blankets for what was left of the night season. After the revelry has subsided, the quiet satisfaction of talking it over puts the crown upon a day's enjoyment. There were four of us in the tent, Joyce, an artist from New York; Begbie, a cattle rancher from Calgary; Elkins, the adventurer; and myself. I call him the adventurer, as he seemed to have been everywhere and to have had more thrilling experiences than any other man I have known.

The conversation had turned from the events of the evening to the ride that had preceded it and then to tales of endurance in the saddle. We were all horse lovers and initiates to the free-masonry of the order. Begbie had been recounting with enthusiasm thrilling stories of stampedes in his home city, where bronco busting still flourishes, and of fair foothill lasses who could ride bucking steers with grace and abandon.

"Yes, I've seen them," broke in Elkins, who, till now, had been puffing his pipe in silence, "but they only ride them for fun for about thirty seconds. I'll bet you never saw a steer ridden as I have."

Elkins is hard to get started yarn-ing, but when he does he is always interesting, so we did not fail to press him to tell more.

"You know," he said, "when I was serving in the Griqualand West Border Police. A hard enough service and short enough commons but with plenty

One morning early, I was detailed to go to a Kaffir kraal not very far from Groot Boetsap, our headquarters, to arrest a Kaffir for stealing an ox, belonging to a man named Jack Ellotson, who ran the only store in that place. My instructions were that when I had made the arrest, I was to take the prisoner and the ox to the nearest jail, which was at Barkly West, a little over fifty miles away.

"I found the Kaffir and made the arrest and proceeded on my journey. He was a big fellow, lithe as well as muscular, and I saw I would have to keep my wits about me on the trip. I considered that the best and quickest way to reach my destination was to mount the kaffir on the ox, as most of the animals in that part of the country were accustomed to be ridden. This I accordingly did, and getting behind him and his rider with a long stick, I made great progress. These oxen have a kind of shuffling trot when ridden; and I kept him at that gait, with occasional lapses into a walk. All day, I travelled this way, and as I had nowhere to put the prisoner for the night, it was necessary to make the entire journey without halting for any length of time.

"As night approached, I was still a considerable way from my destination, and, as I could not take any chances, I handcuffed the prisoner. It would have been easy for him to have slipped off the ox into the bush, which was very thick on both sides of the trail, had I not taken this precaution. The kaffir got very tired and sore from riding the ox bareback for so many hours. He was sulky, moreover, and begged

me several times to let him get off and walk; but to look after him, and drive the beast at the same time would have been too difficult a job. I could not afford to take chances so I steeled my heart to refuse him, though I was sorry for the poor beggar. The ox, too, began to slow up, so that I could scarcely get him out of a walk, but I forced him to keep going.

"That night about nine o'clock, I arrived at Barkly with the prisoner and the ox, having travelled over fifty miles with them that day. It would be hard to say which was the more tired of the two. After handing the prisoner over to the jailer, and getting a receipt for him, I drove the ox to a kraal and left him there. The following day, I returned to Headquarters.

"When Ellotson returned from Barkly, where he had gone to prosecute the kaffir, he said to me, quizzically smiling on one side of his face in a funny way he had: 'What did you do to that ox?'

"I asked him, 'Why?'

"'When I got to Barkly,' he said, 'the ox was lying down in the kraal, and they told me that he had never got on his feet since you left him there.'

"I did not tell him the reason for the extreme lassitude of the animal, but thought that it was wise for it to have a good rest after the journey."

"Your story makes me feel sore myself," said Joyce, stretching himself stiffly. "After that ride down the mountain to-day, I have a fellow feeling for that poor kaffir, also for his mount. I'm sore enough but they must have been worse. I think after that we'll better turn in. If I ever steal an ox, Elkins, I hope you'll not be the cop to run me in."