

OUT WEST

seded by the iron horse of the C.P. R. Even before the good old staging days, men made their way up on foot with pack on back; and some of the old legends are really the *raison d'être* for this story.

I know one man who had a rather remarkable experience. Absolutely 'broke', with not even a 'grub stake', he worked his weary way up to 'Hope,' a small town, and with a significant name so far as he was concerned. He still had faith, but charity had fallen by the wayside. Here he paused, hungry, penniless, and exhausted, but he still had hope.

Almost in despair he looked about him that bright cloudless morning for succour, the grinding pangs of hunger making him desperate,