

## KALEDEN, B.C.

THINK IT OVER.



**CITY LIFE WITH ITS  
RESTLESS TOIL  
ENDLESS WORRY  
CEASELESS GRIND  
AND WINTRY BLASTS.**

**OR KALEDEN  
WITH ITS FREEDOM  
AND HEALTH. ITS  
BEAUTY AND WEALTH  
OF FRUIT AND CLIME**

IT'S well known among fruit growers that the large profits in fruit farming are chiefly confined to high grade commercial orchards. The demand for quality is never filled. Prof. Lake, Horticulturist, Washington State Agricultural College, visited Okanagan Valley in fall of 1907 and made special trip to Dog Lake (now Lower Okanagan Lake) to secure some of the famous Yellow Accoteron Pippin apples grown in Jno. Mattheson's Orchard, Kaleden. He pronounced them the equal of the Hood River Apple of the same variety which sold at \$3.15 per box (\$10.00 fl.) for the entire district's crop. At the great Spokane Apple Show, November, 1908, one of the largest exporters of England pronounced them superior to the Hood River apple and would buy hundreds of car loads of them at fancy prices. 43 of these trees grow on one acre and Mr. Mattheson says they yield about 15 boxes per tree at 10 or 12 years old—begin to bear in four years. Apricots and Peaches show astonishing results at Kaleden, seven year Apricot trees yielded in 1908 over 20 boxes per tree, 135 trees are grown on one acre. Apricots sell for 75c. to \$1.25 per box wholesale. Figure it out. Peach trees at Kaleden will bear second year and bear all the limbs will carry in third year. The essentials for high grade fruit are

## SOIL=CLIMATE=WATER

We have this combination more perfect at Kaleden than any other place in Canada. The soil we have at Kaleden is extremely scarce anywhere in the world. Man never kicked his boot into a finer loam or one requiring less labor to cultivate. Some so-called fruit lands require four or five years labor and toil to condition them as good for fruit as Kaleden soil is to start with—note also that you have

### FREE WATER AT KALEDEN

till end of 1913—and 50c. per acre will cover cost after that. Write for our illustrated booklet "Kaleden Fruit Lands." It's free

**T. G. WANLESS**

Box 2097 Winnipeg, Man



Apple trees in bloom, Okanagan Valley

lighted pine splinter. Ah, yes, thank heaven! there was his repeating rifle on its hooks—there, too, the cartridge belt. She seized both and hurried downstairs. In the kitchen she paused to extract the ammunition. There were only ten little cylinders in the metal clips—the exact number the weapon's magazine took. She charged it quickly, praying for a steady hand. She inherited her father's gift of straight shooting, but as she had never attempted what she was now intending doing, she felt nervous, hence the spasm of piety. A minute after she was at Mrs. Dubleek's side, aiming for the distant light.

Bang, bang, bang, the reports ringing out one after the other with startling distinctness, and again, more slowly, bang, bang, bang, bang; but yet no change in that yellow spot glittering against the night. Sally muttered what might have been an imprecation, and shifted her position, as she prepared to sight the rifle once more. But Mrs. Dubleek touched her arm.

"Sal," she said, "you're too nervous, that's where it is. Jest you give me the gun an' sit on the ground a bit."

Her daughter obeyed meekly, and for a while there was silence between the two women, in which they could here the fitful stamping of the stabled farm horses, and the caw of a hawk overhead. Before and around was

they can't find a lamp, an' the firin's flusterated 'em. Listen, the train people want to know about that light."

There was a series of short, quick whistles, the twin sparks seemed to go more slowly. The two women listened breathlessly, every nerve tense with excitement. The throbbing of the engine ceased, the lights were motionless.

Not daring to move, scarce breathing, the two women looked on, clasped in each other's arms. There was another whistle, the lights began to advance again, the panting of the engine sounding like the snorts of some terrified creature. Then broke upon the night a patter of shots, first at one point, then at another, crossed by sharper detonations.

"Carbines," remarked Mrs. Dubleek, grimly. "The escort's replyin'. It's win or die with the road agents by this, for the Jagersville Vigilants will be up in a jiffy. Hark! your father 'ud like to have a hand in that, lass, eh?"

The firing seemed quite general now—there were faint, treble cheers with it, too, then shrill counter-cheering, then again the incessant rattling of revolver and musket, then silence, then scattered shots, then silence once more.

Sally uttered a little, sobbing laugh. Mrs. Dubleek understood.

"Come away, gal," she said gently; "what's done is done, an' we can



"SHE DWELT UPON HER AIM BEFORE PULLING THE TRIGGER."

darkness suggesting limitless space. Behind, the kitchen fire threw bright reflections on the broken ground shelving away into obscurity, the lamp in Sally's window farther up making a paler patch beyond. In the distance the light shone steadily.

Gradually a muffled throbbing came to their ears, so faint, so regular, that it might have been the beating of the heart of the brooding night.

"Now, my girl," whispered Mrs. Dubleek, softly, to Sally, who had risen quietly, "rest your arm on this fence rail an' shoot straight, for one o' them shots has got to do it!"

Sighting steadily, Sally fired again three times. At the third she dwelt upon her aim before pulling the trigger, and then instinctively lowered the weapon. No light was shining now. The last lucky bullet had shattered the lamp!

Sally burst into tears. Mrs. Dubleek laughed and patted the girl's heaving shoulders.

A minute passed slowly; then a faint, far-off thread of sound wavered against the languid breeze, and looking across the plain the women saw two red sparks speeding onward towards the dark patch that was Jagersville. The whistle was repeated.

"The dogs! They can't signal back," muttered Mrs. Dubleek. "If they were anyway spry they'd have shown a fresh light, but I dessay

neither mend nor mar now. I reckon the hull country's up by this, an' a drop o' tea will do us no harm."

Sally shivering a little slipped her arm round her mother's waist, and together they went into the house.

The next news they had of the fight was an hour later from a messenger who came to Bull's Toe for lint. The robbers had been beaten off, and the rails having been repaired, the express passed on her way, leaving four of her escort dead at the little station, side by side with Nebraska Ben and six stout fellows who would never ride another raid. "The telegraph chap" was "pretty bad" and in bed.

Sally instantly declared the Jagersville doctor to be "no good," and insisted on setting out at once for the station with all her mother's medical stores, reaching it just as Mr. Jackson in an access of brain fever was striking up. "Annie Rooney."

A month later he retired from the service with a very substantial pension, nor was the company forgetful of what it owed his fascinating wife, formerly Miss Dubleek, for, despite shoe-peg oats, wooden nutmegs, and salted claims, the virtues of courage and fidelity find their warmest welcome in the land of the West.

What is a soldier's definition of a kiss?

A report at headquarters.