

COMFORT SOAP
"IT'S ALL RIGHT"
 More Soap for LESS MONEY
 Less Money for MORE SOAP.
POSITIVELY THE LARGEST SALE IN CANADA

THE MOUNTAIN SNOWS

(By Enos A. Mills in the Youth's Companion)

My work as snow observer on the Rocky Mountains gives me many exciting experiences, but a three-day trip, made last winter, was the most thrilling and adventurous that has ever entertained me on the trail. One February morning I set off alone on snow-shoes to cross the "range," for the purpose of making some snow measurements. The nature of my work for the state requires the closest observation of the character and extent of the snow in the mountains. I hoped to get to Grand Lake for the night, but I was on the east side of the range, and Grand Lake was on the west. Along the twenty-five miles of trail there was only wilderness, without a single house.

The trail was steep and the snow very soft. Five hours were spent to gain timber-line, which was only six miles from my starting place, but four thousand feet above it. Rising in bold grandeur above me was the summit of Long's Peak, and this, with the great hills of drifted snow, out of which here and there a dwarfed and distorted tree thrust its top, made timber-line seem weird and lonely.

From this point the trail wound for six miles across bleak heights before it came down to timber on the other side of the range. I set forward as rapidly as possible, for the northern sky looked stormy. I must not only climb up fifteen hundred feet, but must also skirt the icy edges of several precipices in order to gain the summit. My friends had warned me that the trip was a foolhardy one even on a clear, calm day, but I hated to receive the fury of a storm while on the most broken portion of the trail.

The tempest came on with deadly cold and almost blinding violence. The wind came with awful surges, and roared and boomed among the crags. The clouds dashed and seethed along the surface, shutting out all landmarks. I was each moment in fear of slipping or being blown over a precipice, but there was no shelter; I was on the roof of the continent, twelve thousand five hundred feet above sea-level and to stop in the bitter cold meant death.

It was still three miles to timber on the west slope, and I found it impossible to keep the trail. Fearing to perish if I tried to follow even the general course of the trail, I abandoned it altogether and started for the head of a gorge, down which I thought it would be possible to climb to the nearest timber.

Nothing definite could be seen. The clouds on the snowy surface and the light electrified air gave the eye only optical illusions. The outline of every object was topsyturvy and dim. The large stones that I thought to step on were not there; and when apparently passing others, I bumped into them. Several times I fell headlong by stepping out of a drift and finding a depression.

In the midst of these illusions I walked out on a snow cornice that overhung a precipice!

Unable to see clearly, I had no realization of my danger until I felt the snow giving way beneath me. I had seen this precipice in summer, and knew it was more than a thousand feet to the bottom!

Down I tumbled, carrying a large fragment of the snow cornice with me. I could see nothing and I was entirely helpless. Then, just as the full comprehension of the awful thing that was happening swept over me,

THIS is a HOME DYE that ANYONE can use
DY-O-LA
 The Guaranteed "ONE DYE" for All Kinds of Cloth.
 Clean, Simple, No Chance of Mistake. TRY IT! Send for Free Color Card and Booklet.
 The Johnson-Richardson Co. Limited, Montreal

the snow falling beneath me suddenly stopped. I plunged into it, completely burying myself. Then I, too, no longer moved downward. My mind gradually admitted the knowledge that my body, together with a considerable mass of snow, had fallen upon a narrow ledge and caught there. More of the snow came tumbling after me, and it was a matter of some minutes before I succeeded in extricating myself.

When I thrust my head out of the snow mass and looked about me, I was first appalled by a glance outward, which revealed the terrible height of the precipice on the face of which I was hanging. Then I was relieved by a glance upward, which showed me that I was only some twenty feet from the top and that a return thither would not be very difficult. But if I had waited for the top a few steps farther back I should have fallen a quarter of a mile.

One of my snowshoes came off as I struggled out, so I took off the other and used it as a scoop to uncover the lost web. But it proved very slow and dangerous work. With both shoes off I sank chest-deep in the snow; if I ventured too near the edge of the ledge, the snow would probably slip off and carry me to the bottom of the precipice. It was only after two hours of effort that the shoe was recovered.

When I next struggled to the surface of the snow on the ledge, I looked at once to find a way back to the top of the precipice. I quickly saw that by following the ledge a few yards beneath the unbroken snow cornice I could mount to the top over some jagged rocks. As soon as I recovered the shoe, I started round the ledge. When I had almost reached the jagged rocks the snow cornice caved upon me, and not only buried me, but came perilously near knocking me into the depths beneath.

But at last I stood upon the top in safety. A short walk from the top brought me out upon a high hill of snow that sloped steeply down into the woods. The snow was soft, and I sat down in it and laid "blue streak", my wet blue overalls recording the streak, for a quarter of a mile and then came to a sudden and confusing stop; one of my webs had caught on a spine of one of the dwarfed and almost buried trees at timber-line.

When I had travelled a short distance below timber-line, a fearful crashing caused me to turn; I was in time to see fragments of snow flying in all directions, and snow-dust boiling up in a great geyser column. A snowslide had swept down and struck a granite cliff.

As I stood there, another slide started on the heights above timber, and with a far-off roar swept down in awful magnificence, with a comet-like tail of snow dust. Just at timber-line it struck a ledge and glanced to one side, and at the same time shot up into the air so high that for an instant I saw the treetops beneath it.

But it came back to earth with awful force, and I felt the ground tremble as it crushed a wide way through the woods. It finally brought up at the bottom of a gulch with a wreckage of hundreds of noble spruce trees that it had crushed down and swept before it.

As I had left the trail on the heights, I was now far from it and in a rugged and wholly unfrequented section, so that coming upon the fresh trail of a mountain-lion did not surprise me. But I was prepared for what occurred soon afterward.

Noticing a steamy vapor rising from a hole in the snow by the protruding roots of an overturned tree, I walked to the hole to learn the cause of it.

One whiff of the vapor stiffened my hair and limbered my legs. I shot down a steep slope, dodging trees and rocks. The vapor was rank with the odor from a bear.

At the bottom of the slope I found the frozen surface of a stream much easier walking than the soft snow. All went well until I came to a rapid where, with no warning whatever, the thin ice dropped me into the cold current among the boulders.

I scrambled to my feet, with the ice flying like broken glass. The water came only a little above my knees, but as I had gone under the surface, and was completely drenched, I made enthusiastic moves toward the bank. Now snow-shoes are not adapted

for walking either in swift water or among boulders. I found this out thoroughly after they had several times tripped me, sprawling, into the liquid cold. Finally I sat down in the water, took them off, and came out gracefully.

I gained the bank with chattering teeth and an icy armor. My pocket thermometer showed two degrees below zero. Another storm was bearing down upon me from the range, and the sun was going down. But the worst of it all was that there were several miles of rough and strange country between me and Grand Lake that would have to be made in the dark.

I did not care to take any more chances on the ice, so I spent a hard hour climbing out of the canon that the stream was in. The climb warmed me and set my clothes steaming.

My watch indicated six o'clock. A fine snow was falling and it was dark and cold. I had been exercising for twelve hours without rest, and had eaten nothing since the previous day, as I never take breakfast. I started a fire and lay down on a rock by it to relax, and also to dry my clothes.

In half an hour I started on again. Rocky and forest-covered ridges lay between me and Grand Lake. In the darkness I certainly took the worst way. I met with too much resistance in the thickets and too little on the slippery places, so that when at eleven o'clock that night, I entered a Grand Lake hotel, my appearance was not prepossessing.

The next day, after a few snow measurements, I set off to recross the range in order to avoid warm bear dens and cold streams. I took a different route. It was a much longer way than the one I had come by, so I went to a hunter's deserted cabin for the night.

The cabin did not have any door, and I could see the stars through the roof. The old sheet-iron stove was badly rusted and broke most of the night. I spent chopping wood, and I did not sleep at all. But I had a good rest by the stove, where I read a little from a musty pamphlet on palmistry that I found beneath the logs of the cabin.

I always carry candles with me. When the wind is blowing, the wood damp and fingers numb, they are of inestimable value in kindling a fire. I do not carry firearms, and during the night, when a lion gave a blood-freezing scream, I wished he were somewhere else.

Daylight found me climbing toward the top of the range through the Long's Peak and Medicine Bow forest reserve, among some of the noblest evergreens in Colorado. When the sun came over the range, the silent forest vistas became magnificent with bright lights and deep shadows. At timber-line the bald summit of the range rose a thousand rounded feet, like a gigantic white turtle. The slope was steep and very icy; a gusty wind whirled me about. Climbing to the top would be like going up a steep, ice-covered horse's roof. It would be a dangerous and barely possible undertaking.

But as I did not have courage enough to retreat, I threw off my snowshoes and started up. I cut a place in the ice for every step made. There was nothing to hold to, and a slip meant a fatal slide.

With rushes from every quarter, the wind did its best to freeze or overturn me. My ears froze and my fingers grew so cold that they could hardly hold the ice-axe. But after an hour of constant peril and ever-increasing exhaustion, I got above the last ice and stood upon the snow. The snow was solidly packed, and leaving my snowshoes strapped across my shoulders, I went scampering up.

Near the top of the range a ledge of granite overtopped through the snow, and toward this I hurried. Before making a final spurt to the ledge, I paused to breathe. As I stopped I was startled by sounds like the creaking of wheels on a cold, snowy street.

The snow beneath me was slipping! I had started a snowslide! Almost instantly the slide started down the slope with me on it. The direction in which it was going and the speed it was making would in a few seconds carry it down two thousand feet of slope, where it would leap over a precipice into the woods.

I was on the very upper edge of the snow that started, and this was the tail end of the slide. I tried to stand up in the rushing snow, but its speed knocked my feet from under me, and in an instant I was rolled beneath the surface. Beneath the snow I went tumbling on with it for a seemingly long time, but I know, of course, that it was for only a second or two; then my feet struck against something solid. I was instantly flung to the surface again, where I was either spilled off or fell through the end of the slide, and came to a stop on the scraped and frozen ground out of the grasp of the terrible snow.

I leaped to my feet and saw the slide sweep on in most impressive magnificence. At the front end of the slide the snow piled higher and higher, while following in its wake were splendid streamers and scrolls of snow-dust. I lost no time getting to the top, and set off southward, where, after six miles, I would come to the trail that led to my starting place on the east side of the range.

I was twelve thousand five hundred feet above sea-level when the clouds broke up, and from this great height I looked down upon what seemed to be the margin of the polar world. It was intensely cold, but the sun shone with dazzling glare, and the wilderness of snowy peaks came out like a grand and jagged icefield in the far south.

After five hours on these silent but imposing heights I struck my first day's trail, and began a wild and merry coast down among the rocks and trees to my starting place.

ZAM-BUK

MRS. A. SAICH, of Cannington Manor, Sask., Writes:—"My brother suffered severely from eczema. The sores were very extensive, and burned like coals into his flesh. Zam-Buk took out all the fire, and quickly gave him ease. Within three weeks of commencing with Zam-Buk treatment, every sore had been cured."

This is but one of the many letters we are constantly receiving from people who have proved the healing powers of Zam-Buk. For eczema, piles, sores, burns, cuts and all skin troubles there is nothing like this wonderful balm. No skin disease should be considered incurable until Zam-Buk has been tried.
 All Druggists, 50c. per Box. Refuse Substitutes.

ECZEMA

CONDEMN'S THE "HAPPYNESS" OF AN UNRESERVED AGE.

Scottish Pastor Talks to Parents and Children—Smarteness is not Wisdom.

Montreal Star, 29th.—Cynicism, irreverence, flippancy, these were the objects of an attack made by the Rev. George Duncan, B. D., in St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, Beaver Hall Hill, yesterday.

"No one will deny," he said "that our age is essentially an irreverent one. A rapid age is not a reverent one. Neither is an inquiring age. Although children today are taught that which their parents did not learn, it is not remembered that head knowledge is not wisdom, and that to be smart is not always to be wise."

The parents, however, did not get off scot-free. The Rev. Mr. Duncan mentioned that there was another side to the question, that the parents of today must partly answer for the prevailing temper of frivolity and irreverence among youth. True, much of this could be explained in the reaction against the stern repression of former years when innocent pleasure was choked off, yet there was today no apparent attempt to put aside flippancy and grapple with life's problems in a more reverent and serious manner. In this the church might also serve its function better, a church at once bright and deep, true to the busy present as well as to the venerable past.

The Rev. George Duncan is one of the prominent divines of Scotland's capital city and the church might Cuthbert's, has one of the largest and most influential followings in the old land.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

NEW STORE
 Call at S. H. EAGLESON'S
 for all kinds of Harness work and Boot and Shoe Repairing
 Second door west of post office
 18 3 mo

Bridgetown Meat Market

Having purchased the Meat Market conducted in the past by Mr. Joseph Moses, I am now offering to the public a choice line of

Meats, Fish, Etc.

I will continue the cash system introduced by Mr. Moses and will therefore be in a position to sell at lowest prices.
 THOMAS MACK

Preserving Season is Here

We have a splendid line of

Fruit Jars

Mason Improved Jam Perfection Seal

in Pints, Quarts and Two Quarts

A fresh stock of

Pickling Spices and Pure Cider Vinegar

J. I. FOSTER

Highest Reward on PIANOS

There were no prizes offered or given at the Provincial Exhibition just closed at Halifax, but the unanimous verdict of people who examined our stock was that if there had been prizes we would have been entitled to the first place.

Our stock of Gerhard-Heintzman, Gourlay, Brinsmead, Bell and Martin-Orme Pianos and Player Pianos, and the Bell Organs with the pipe tone, were pronounced by competent judges beyond all praise, and we made a large number of sales.

We still have quite a lot of this stock carried over, which will pay you to get prices on WITHOUT DELAY.

The Johnson Piano Co.,
 168 Hollis Street, - HALIFAX, N. S.

Ammunition of all Kinds

Winchester, Remington, Elley's and Dominion

Shot Guns, Rifles, Game Bags and Belts

Everything that is needed to take to the woods to make the trip a success.

See our window display of the above goods. Come in and get our prices.

Crowe, Elliott Co., Ltd.
 THE HARDWARE FIRM, Bridgetown, N. S.

WINTER AND SPRING Tailoring

All the latest cloths now in stock, English Cheviots, Tweeds, Vicunas, etc. STYLE AND FIT GUARANTEED.

T. J. MARSHALL
 Queen St., Bridgetown, N. S.

Bargains in BOOTS AND SHOES

By buying direct from us and paying CASH we can guarantee a saving of from 10 to 15 per cent in FOOTWEAR, due to less book-keeping expenses.

BEST QUALITY GOODS AT LOWEST PRICES GIVE US A CALL.

B. D. NEILY
 Granville St. - Bridgetown, N. S.

FINE GROCERIES

We are offering some HOLIDAY SPECIALTIES

A substantial discount will be given for 30 days on

CHINA AND GLASSWARE

J. E. LLOYD

Phone 56-3 Granville St.

Professional Cards

O. S. MILLER
 BARRISTER,
 Real Estate Agent, etc.
 SHAFNER BUILDING,
 BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

Prompt and satisfactory attention given to the collection of claims, and other professional business.

OWEN & OWEN
 J.M. Owen K.C. Daniel Owen L.L.B.
 BARRISTERS AT LAW

Annapolis Royal
 Office Over Bank of Nova Scotia
 Office in Middleton open Thursdays
 Office in Bear River open Saturdays

Money to loan on Real Estate Security

CHAS. R. CHIPMAN, L.L.B.
 BARRISTER, SOLICITOR
 COMMISSIONER ETC.

Shafner Building, - Bridgetown

AGENT FOR CALEDONIAN INSURANCE CO. Insure your buildings in the largest and strongest company.

MONEY TO LOAN
 Telephone 52.

Roscoe & Roscoe
 Money to Loan on first-class real estate security.

W. E. ROSCOE, K. C., D. C. L.
 BARRY W. ROS OE, L.L.B.

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries and Insurance Agents

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.
 Offices in Royal Bank Building

C. F. Armstrong
 PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR

Blue Printing, etc.
 Transit Work, Levelling, Draughting,
MIDDLETON, - N. S.
 PHONE - 79-21

Dr. F. S. Anderson
 DENTAL SURGEON
 Graduate of the University Maryland
 Office: Queen Street, Bridgetown.
 Hours: 8 to 5.

Arthur M. Foster
 LAND SURVEYOR
 BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA

Chas. F. Whitman
 PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR
 Draughting and Blue Prints
 Carleton Corner, Bridgetown.

Leslie R. Fairn
 ARCHITECT
 Aylesford N. S.

G. E. BANKS
 PLUMBING
 Furnace and Stove Repairs
 Bridgetown, N. S.
 TELEPHONE NO. 3-2

W. E. REED
 Funeral Director and Embalmer
 Latest styles in Caskets, etc. All orders will receive prompt attention. Hearse sent to all parts of the county. Phone 76-4.

UNDERTAKING
 We do undertaking in all its branches. Hearse sent to any part of the County.
J. H. HICKS & SONS
 Queen St., Bridgetown, Telephone 4
 H. B. HICKS, Manager

Now is the Time to Enter
 Full staff of skilful and experienced teachers. Up-to-date courses of study, light, airy, cheerful rooms, complete equipment. Over forty years' experience of the needs of the public, and of success in meeting those needs. Catalogue mailed to any address.

S. KERR
 Principal