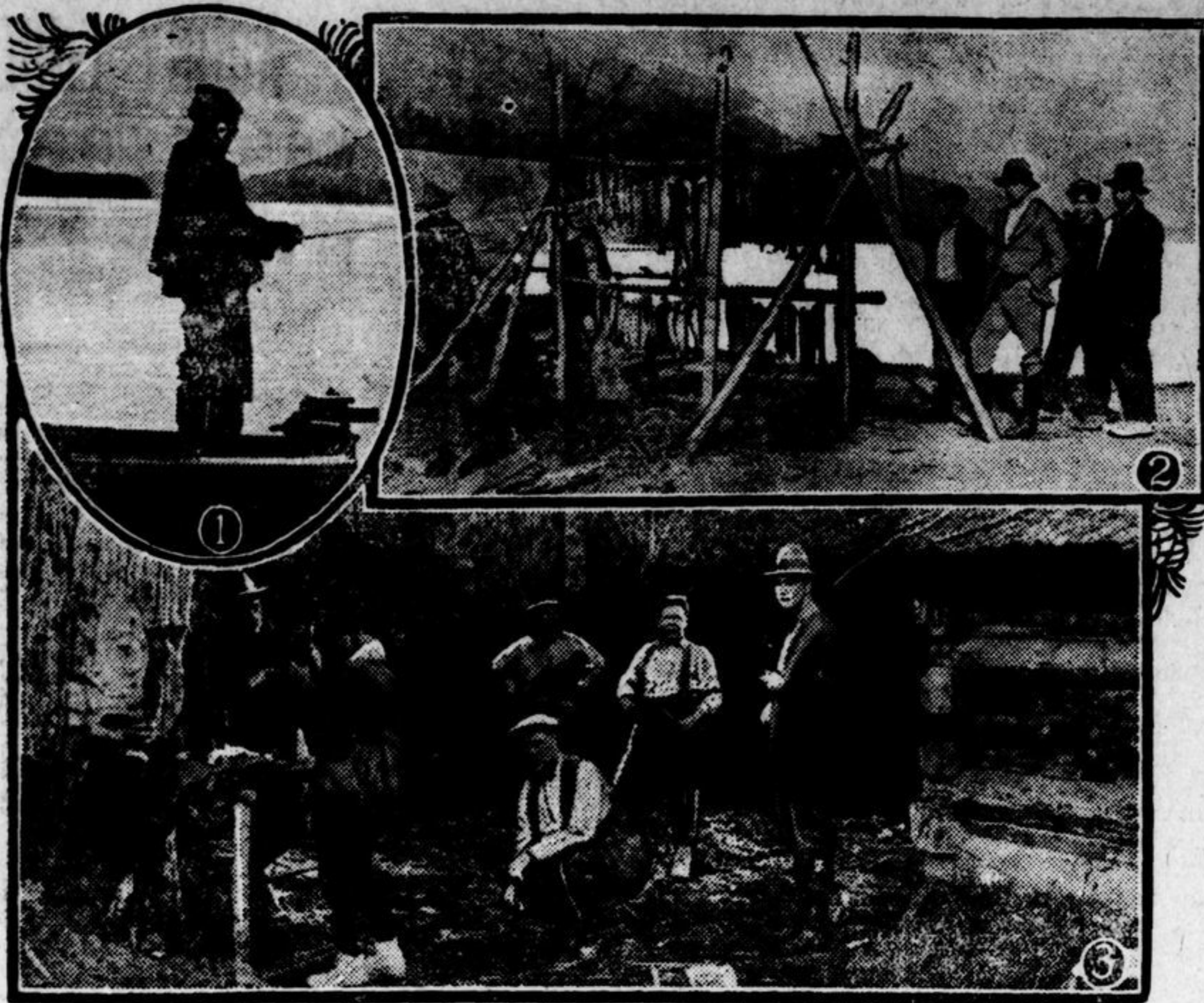


Cariboo and Caribou



1. Casting on Quesnel Lake; 2. A fair morning's catch; 3. Cleaning the gun for the hunt.

WHAT is one of the finest big game and fishing sections of North America and one of the last great stands for big game, lies within easy reach of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the Cariboo district of British Columbia. Here, as nowhere else on the continent, are found in abundance the bear, grizzly, brown and black; the moose and caribou, and the wary mountain goat and sheep. The cougar is often seen and heard and the smaller fur bearing animals make a trappers paradise of this vast virgin territory. As will be seen from the picture above, the fishing is superlatively good; it is the fishing country of the west.

"Who is the man with soul so dead and bent on irksome chores, who hath not sometime to him said, 'I'll seek the Great Outdoors?'" Each year an increasing number of hunters and fishermen are absorbed by the district, but so vast and extensive is it, that there are yet parts of it that have never been visited by the hunter, and streams that have never had a line thrown-over-them. To reach the Cariboo district one usually leaves the railway at Ashcroft from

which place, arrangements having previously been made, one starts out by automobile over the famous Cariboo road to Quesnel Lake, Harpers Camp, Horsefly Lake or one other of the numerous camping sites. The road, which winds among the foothills for hundreds of miles, climbs to an elevation of 5,000 feet and drops gradually to below the 2,300 foot level by the lakes, was made famous by the horde of gold seekers who passed over it in the days of '49. The old road houses built in those days are still there, and while many of them are used as headquarters for the large ranches in the district they afford simple but comfortable accommodation on the trip.

From the camps one can just paddle along the still, black, green bordered streams and lakes over which the snow capped ranges tower, or one can sit at ease by the camp fire and watch the sun sink behind the hills set ablaze with its glory, listening the while to the soft rustle of the wind in the tree tops and the gentle splashing of the water on the crags. If one is of a more aggressive nature one can, accompanied by a

careful and well tried guide, strike through the wilderness in search of its natural denizens, or, armed with rock, fly and other bait, angle to the hearts content. One may spend weeks, making short trips by boat, canoe, or saddle horse, fishing in the lakes and streams near by, and getting back to camp each night, or travel with the necessities for bivouac and commune with the wilds for days or weeks at a time.

The Cariboo hunting and fishing grounds are located in the Great Interior Plateau, lying between the Rockies and the Cascades, east of the Fraser River. Ashcroft, the jumping off place, is on the main line of the Canadian Pacific 203 miles east of Vancouver. Equipment for trips can be purchased there or at one of the various hunting centres in the district close by. Guide and outfitting companies cater to every necessity and the "Cariboo" and other lodges adequately care for the wants of the business or professional man who does not care for an extended hunting or fishing trip but desires to get away from something or everything for a while.

would exist between parents and children.

In the winter of 1853 my father chopped nine acres of a fallow, assisted by my older brothers. The next summer he got a good burn and got his nine acres cleared. In the spring of 1854 he sowed it all with China spring wheat, had an extra good crop, got it cut with the sickle and threshed with the flail. Of the nine acres, he sold \$100.00 worth of flour, besides keeping what the family used and enough for seed. As the northern part of Egremont and Proton were being settled by newcomers, they were glad to get the flour, which they carried on their shoulders to their homes in the woods. Some of those veterans' descendants are the most prosperous farmers in Egremont and Proton to-day.

In 1852 the late James Edge was collector of taxes in Glenelg. On the old homestead on the Durham Road the taxes were 4s., 6d.—no gravel road to pay, no school tax, no railroad, no teacher, and some were wondering what the taxes were for.

In the year 1856 my father got his first horse, bought from the late Jas. Walsh of Concession 4, N.D.R., Glenelg, a nice little black mare. She was six years old before she had a collar on and didn't care to work. But with all her faults she left a good stock of horses in future years, so poor old Doll died a natural death at 25 years of age.

In the year 1854 the old home, yet as sound as ever was erected—all rock elm logs my brothers hewed when they were 16 years of age. It is questionable to find a boy at that age nowadays who would do the work as workmanlike as they did. Under this roof in future years assembled six sons and four daughters and father and mother. Around the old family table all sat at meal-time to partake of a substantial menu prepared by the good mother and oldest sister. At the end of the first table sat the good father asking the blessing. The evening and morning devotions were not forgotten by the dutiful father and it is a matter of fact that the younger generation deviated from the example set by their forefathers.

I must now close. When now I visit the old home of long ago, of a large family I find one brother and sister, both many years my junior. I visit the old cemetery at Priceville—there I find the mounds of father and mother, two brothers and one sister. I also visit McNeil's cemetery at the town line and there I find the mounds of two brothers and two sisters, all younger than me. But my allotted time has not come yet and I must submit to the call when it does come.

Now in conclusion I wish all the little boys and girls long life and prosperity and when they can say they have seen March twice forty times return it will be a reminder to them in a score of years of the sketch of old John A. McDonald sixty or seventy years ago.

Thanks, Mr. Editor, for space and wishing the readers as long a life as I have had.

Man feels more efficient but he can't slip eight ounces of cloth over his head and call himself dressed.

MRS. (CAPT.) W. J. MACNAB

Mrs. (Capt.) W. J. MacNab (nee Jessie Stewart) passed away at the home of her sister, Mrs. R. H. Abernethy, Cleveland, Ohio, March 19, 1923, at the age of 47 years.

Death was due to high blood pressure and other complications.

She leaves as chief mourners a sorrowing husband and one daughter, Christene, also five sisters: Mrs. John McNally, Durham; Mrs. John Mills, Dornoch; Mrs. Dan. McArthur, Durham; Mrs. Alex. MacKinnon, Cumberland, B.C. and Mrs. R. H. Abernethy, Cleveland, Ohio, and two brothers, Donald and Malcolm Stewart, of Deepdale, Manitoba, who deeply mourn her loss.

She was greatly instrumental in doing the Master's work and was of much assistance to her husband in his Christian work in Rochester, N. Y., and during the past two years in Cleveland, where her husband is engaged in the philanthropic and religious work through the Associated Charities and Community Fund.

She was a faithful member of Calvary Presbyterian Church in Rochester for many years.

Interment took place in Riverside cemetery, Rochester, N. Y., after an impressive ceremony conducted by Rev. H. Greensmith. Many friends attended to pay respect to one who was dearly loved by everyone who knew her.

Any Canadian newspaper of 100,000 circulation uses up about 250 spruce and balsam trees for its daily newspaper supply, says the Canadian Forestry Association. Several of the big American Sunday editions are responsible for stripping each week fifteen to twenty acres apiece of Canadian woodland.

WRITE OFTEN IS POSTAL APPEAL

"Write often and keep the family together," is the striking appeal that has been sent broadcast at least half a million times each day for the past month on all letters that pass through the electric stamp cancelling machines at the general post office at Toronto. The type, large and clear-cut, makes an imprint that it would be difficult to overlook, and the "obey that impulse" must have stirred many recipients of the slogan-bearing envelopes.

Inquiring at the Toronto post office as to the reason for the sentimental appeal, officials there stated that it was but one of a series of slogans that were to be used in stamp-cancelling machines, in an effort to give some good advice to the general public along business and sentimental lines.

"Mail early and often," "early mailing means early selling," are also slogans that have been, or will be, used throughout various parts of the country.

Even a cabbage may have a good heart.

Durham Machine Shop
Is Your Machinery Repaired for Spring?
Was your lawn mower dull last fall?
Orders taken for Steel Shafting and Castings.
Saws Gummed. Tools sharpened.
F. W. MOON
Machinist, Etc.
Nearly opposite Post Office

MY FIRST TRIP TO DURHAM MILLS

(By J. A. McDonald.)

Having seen some time ago a sketch by Charles McInnes of Egremont of his first trip to the mill, I thought I could compete with him, although not in such an able manner as Mr. McInnes.

In the year 1848 my father bought a yoke of oxen from a neighbor, Mr. Puthurbough of the 7th Concession of Vaughan, County of York. Mr. Puthurbough, I believe, was an uncle or grandfather of Mr. Puthurbough of Bentinck. The oxen were five years old and he paid \$50.00 for them—all in twenty-five cent pieces. They were named Buck and Berry and my father took them up to the Durham Road, Glenelg, in 1851. We left the 7th Concession of Vaughan on Monday morning, April 25, and landed in Durham on Saturday, coming by way of Fergus loaded with a fanning mill and other truck and an old wagon which was the only one in miles at the time.

My father being a believer in raising fall wheat he let a contract of chopping and clearing ten acres on Lot 41, Concession 1, N.D.R. in the summer and fall of 1850. The contractors sowed it in fall wheat, but being put in too late rust and frost prevented it from coming to proper maturity and it was hardly worth threshing. However, my father threshed a couple of grists of it and fed the rest to the cows and oxen.

My father being used to raising nothing but fall wheat on the old farm in Vaughan thought it would be as good on the hills of Glenelg, but he found out his mistake. The whole contract was done for \$100.00, clearing and fencing the ten acres. Of course my father had to buy the seed.

But I must proceed to tell of my first visit to Durham. My two older brothers accompanied my father on previous occasions to Durham Mills but on a fine evening a few days before Christmas in 1853 it was my turn to go with him to the mill. Just imagine my delight on hearing I was to go to Durham Mills. That night I could not sleep thinking of the pleasure in store for me. My father being an early riser was up a long time before daylight, loaded the little sleigh made for the purpose with five bags of wheat. The oxen, being well fed, felt good, but soon began to get tired climbing up the old Durham Road hills. First hill was Peter McArthur's (grand-

father of Peter McArthur of Durham, and the oxen managed to get up by hard work. But coming to Big Hughie McKechnie's the load was too much for them. My father being a strong, healthy man 45 years of age, shouldered two of the bags to the top of the hill. These hills were as they came from the hand of the Maker. However, we got along well, the rest of the hills being pretty much on the down grade till we got to Peter Watson's hill. Though not steep, it was long; but we got up all right. The road was then down the hill north of the mill and we reached the mill about 1 p.m. My father asked the obliging miller, Mr. Adams (father of the late J. H. Adams of Hanover) when he could get his grist. "Well," said Mr. Adams, "I'll do the best I can. I think you can get it about midnight-to-night." We put the oxen in the shed opposite the mill and fed them with oat sheaves and they were glad to get a rest.

However, about 2 o'clock the grist was placed in the hopper and in about an hour all was in flour, bran and shorts. The big stove, six feet long had a roaring fire in it all night, as Lambton street was all bush then. The heat of the big stove and the pounding of the grindstones made me fall asleep and I was awakened by three good old Highlanders singing Gaelic songs. As water was to be fond then nearby stronger than McGowan's mill-pond these good Highlanders were in good spirits to sing songs. I remember well the songs and must confess that I do not remember the first Psalm sung by the late Rev. Alex. Stewart of Durham to the tune of "Martyrdom." But as the strength of the firewater died away the old Scots felt that something more substantial was needed. The obliging Mr. Adams gave them a baking of flour and took some water from the mill-pond and the best cook of the trio made a huge bannock, raking out the ashes in front of the big stove and putting in the cake. It was covered with ashes and red-hot coals on top and in somewhat less than an hour the bannock was baked. They raked the ashes off with their coat sleeves and broke the cake in pieces. Never did King George enjoy eating all the good things imaginable than did those hungry Highlanders eating

that cake. My father and I had a good supply of home-made biscuits made by my good mother the day previous.

We left the mill about 4 a.m. and got home about 9. And if I felt so happy in hearing of my journey to the mill, I did the same on arriving home. And if I didn't sleep the night before I did all the rest of the day and night without even dreaming of the good times I had while away. The poor old oxen felt tired and enjoyed the rest.

By the way, I was my father's favorite boy, although he thought nothing the less of the rest, and I thought no boy in the country had as good a father as I had. This is what every boy should think of his father and every little girl of her mother, then the right relationship

When Sending Money by Mail
PURCHASE a Bank Money Order for safety and convenience. Payable without charge at any branch of any bank in Canada (Yukon excepted) and Newfoundland.
\$5 and under 3c.
Over \$5, not exceeding \$10 6c.
Over \$10, not exceeding \$30 10c.
Over \$30, not exceeding \$50 15c.
THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA
J. A. ROWLAND, Manager Durham, Ont

LADIES!
Are You Prepared for Easter?
We have a splendid assortment of Strap Slippers and Oxfords in all the latest styles for the holiday season. Come in and we will be pleased to exhibit them for your benefit without any obligation on your part.
BELOW we are quoting a few prices:
Women's Patent Oxford and Strap Goodyear welt "Chums" registered at \$6.00.
Women's Patent 1-strap grey buck quarters, low heel, for \$5.00.
Women's patent 1-strap grey foxing Cuban heel for \$4.75.
Women's patent 1-strap 2-button slippers, low heel, for \$4.75.
Women's patent 1-strap 2-button, for \$4.00.
Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done. The Cash Shoe Store.
J. S. McIlraith, Durham, Ont

It isn't natural for little folks to be cross and peevish. When Jerry fusses and Betty cries over her sums, it's only nature's signal begging for more nourishment.
Henderson's Bread
The Home Loaf keeps the sun shining, because it contains nothing to clog or ferment.
It's all food and all good.
Hand it out in great big slices the next time little folks are fussy.
They are growing, they are playing. They need lots and lots of nature's food—pure Bread.
HENDERSON'S BAKERY
Makers of GOOD BREAD

YOU NEED A SPRING TONIC
After the rigors of winter the system is usually in a run-down condition and needs Toning up.
Iron and Cascara with Celery
A NERVE TONIC AND STRENGTH BUILDER
\$1.25
Creophos Builds up your health after influenza. The Tonic you need. \$1.00
Wine of Cod Liver Extract Wampoles, Rexall and Nyala will clear up a cold. Price \$1.00
PEPTONA TABLETS
For that tired, run-down, thin-blood feeling or nervous condition. 100 in a bottle for \$1.00.
Easter Specials
Jontee Talcum, regular 35c. now 25c.
Jontee Talcum, regular 60c. now 50c.
Billie Burk Chocolates, in bulk or boxed, lb. 60c.
Liggett's Saturday Candy, Sat. only per lb. 49c.
FREE! A 25c tin Boot's Meloids Free with a 50c. bot. Riker's Syrup of Tar & Cod Liver Oil.
McFadden's Drug Store
Successor to Macfarlane & Co.
THE REXALL STORE. C.P.R. TICKET AGENT