

The King Of The Rockies

WITH his back broken by a lucky or unlucky shot the big mountain billy of a section of the Rockies in the headwaters of the Kootenay River, sits awaiting the dogs, the first of whom can be dimly seen in the background, scouting cautiously to learn if it is judicious to fly at the bearded throat of the crippled denizen of the heights.

It all came about through his imperious temper and a long successful warfare waged against opponents. No sympathy ever saved the old buck's life. From his infancy, when his mother taught him to dash to the rocks and turn his sharp little horns skyward when the shadow of an eagle flitted across the sun-blessed rocks on high he had battled fearlessly, and with profit, as testified by his beard and his magnitude. In time he became the biggest and most sought-after mountain goat in the reaches of the westward peaks above the stretches of beaver-dams that go to assist in starting the Kootenay River.

Bears and mountain lions he had escaped in his youth, through his own agility, and the watchfulness of his mother and other relatives. When maturity came he met other dangers the fighting fury of older bucks who saw in him a coming interloper in the happy home circle. These he fought, and won or lost or drew.

Then he became lord of a band. Their cares were his cares. Other and more selfish interests also called him. More than once he had ripped the life out of ambitious bucks, or had tossed them over sheer precipices to perish on the jagged rocks hundreds of feet below. At dawn he led his band down to the first grassy flats of the upper meadows, at night he headed them back. Frequently, according to judgment, he took them to the lower plateaus at nightfall and fed them during the dark hours, slipping back in the safety of dawn and sleeping in safety on the sun-warmed pinnacles.

Tourists and hunters sought him eagerly and earnestly, for he was a fine specimen. Sometimes they lost him in the rubble of a great slide, sometimes he went down a precipice like a fly down a wall, sometimes his short tail flicked around an edge of granite as the steel-tipped bullet chipped splinters from the face of the ledge.

But finally he met dogs. First it was the trail-mate of a trapper that had gone on a foraging trip of his own. The dog charged boldly. The goat received him on his sharp black spikes, and then trampled him to pulp. Again it was a group of distant hunters, led by a pair of Airedales. These he shook off by slipping up the face of a sheer height, and then down the further slope, leading his band to more inaccessible peaks ten miles further south where the higher peaks gave view as far as the entrance to the Vermilion Pass.

One day a man from New York, skilled in hunting in all his game countries, arrived at Leacholl station, on the C. P. R., with a pack of six powerful dogs. He was going after bear and anything else that the Canadian Rockies had to offer. His guide knew the Kootenay country like his favorite book, and the prospects were bright for a big hunt. The bears were on the slides, the goat and goats were working down, and the dogs were jumping in the



river. Forty hours later the dogs were baying as they scrambled over the loose rubble on the trail of the big goat. Two miles behind and below tolled the men—the dogs had gone beyond control. The goat band scattered, and the big billy, stilly loitering, was pinned in a corner of rocks where even his sure feet could find no way out except through the first and toward him aside, he ripped the second wide open, he drove his spikes deep in the shoulder of another. The other dogs sheered aside like water from a rock, and the goat rushed away through the gap by whence he had come. Two dead does and a wounded one was had medicine for the hunting pack. The hunters doctored the injured one and in a few days it was able to take its place again. Then the men decided to make another try for the big goat. They took the dog who had been hurt and turned it loose, holding the others in leash. They climbed the heights. In an emerald sea of grass, flanked by the grey cliffs of the summits they first spied the white dots of the herd. The baying of the loose dog started the goats toward the rocks, all excepting the leader. He loitered again, for he had heard the sound before and knew he could treat it with contempt. The dog came up, and the goat stood with lowered head, making short, angry rushes. But the canine had learned. He ran around the white figure, and did not come to grips. Meantime the men drew nearer. From out of the clear sky something struck the goat just in front of the hips with numbing force. He sat down. No sound was heard. A white man hunter had fired, and wind and distance had amplified the report, but a vagrant fortune had guided the bullet. The dog crept nearer, the other dogs were loose, and still the goat sat helpless, his head armed with its needle-pointed daggers being still an active menace from which all the dogs sheered as they circled. Then the men came, and a merciful bullet put an end to the biggest mountain goat in the upper east Kootenays in the history of the guiding fraternity. Another king now lords it over the band of nannies, and kids, and growing young males.

L. V. K.

Raising Live Stock In Western Canada



ACCORDING to a recent statement by Prof. W. L. Carlyle, late Dean of the Oshkosh State College of Agriculture, the live stock outlook in Alberta could hardly be described anywhere. Stockmen all over the country are looking to the Pacific slope sections for improvement in breeding, and Western Canada is admirably suited for raising stock. It is generally recognized that increase in live stock in future years must bring an improvement of the present breeding stock. The west was looked upon as the base of future supply for the eastern breeders. The live stock industry in the west was never better than it is today. A recent official report issued by the Minister of Agriculture for the Province of Saskatchewan by the Secretary of the Provincial Livestock Board shows that returns were never so satisfactory. The value of the live stock in Saskatchewan is estimated at \$173,207,548, and these returns deal with conditions only up to April 30th last. There has been a great increase since that date as farmers realizing the value of mixed farming have taken to raising stock. They find that the straw from the wheat can be utilized as a cattle feed in the winter time, consequently there are not so many straw fires to be seen as in former years. A re-

Annual Convention

The District of Jarvis and South Walpole Sunday School Association will hold their Twenty-eight Annual Convention in the Evangelical Church, Selkirk, on Thursday, February 21st, 1918.

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT—J. C. Hare.
VICE-PRESIDENT—John Walker.
REC. TREASURER—Mrs. W. H. Evans.
Superintendents of Departments
ELEMENTARY GRADES—Mrs. A. Lamb
JUNIOR DEPARTMENTS—Mrs. Mary Davis
ADULT DEPARTMENTS—Mr. J. C. Dush
BIBLE DEPT.—Mr. D. W. Hibdon
MISSIONS—Mr. D. F. Kendry.
BENEFICENT DEPT.—Mr. F. Laidlaw.
TEACHER TRAINING—Rev. John Aikens.

NOTES

Let each School send at least two delegates.
The Board of Township and County Work School is asked to contribute a least Three Cents per enrolled member.
Each Department Superintendent is requested to be present and give a verbal three-minute report of his work.
Come and bring someone else with you.

PROGRAM

MORNING SESSION
9.30 to 10.40—Devotional Exercises, Rev. Mr. Dengel.
10.40 to 10.45—Minutes of last Convention.
10.45 to 10.50—Appointing Nominating Committee.
10.50 to 11.10—Reports of Schools.
11.10 to 11.30—President's Address.
11.30 to 12.00—Address, "Elementary Grades," Mrs. R. D. Winger.

AFTERNOON SESSION

2.00 to 2.15—Devotional Exercises.
2.15 to 2.45—Talk to the Department Superintendents, Mr. C. R. Bilger.
2.45 to 3.10—Address, "Our Standards," Rev. E. W. Halpenny.
3.10 to 3.30—Address, "Should Parents Attend S. S. Why?" Rev. H. L. Smith.
3.30 to 3.40—Discussion.
3.40 to 3.50—Reports of Committee and Departmental Superintendents.
3.50 to 4.30—Round Table Conference, Rev. E. W. Halpenny.
Offerings and Closing.

EVENING

7 to 7.15—Song Service, United Chorus.
7.15 to 7.30—Devotional Exercises, Rev. J. L. Gross.
7.30 to 8.00—Address, "Interest in S. S. How awakened," Rev. E. M. Spiler.
8.00 to 8.10—Music.
8.10 to 8.45—Address, "Self Expression in a Life of Service," Rev. E. W. Halpenny.
Discussion.
Offering and Closing.

AMERICAN OPINION

The "Wall Street Journal" publishes a leading editorial on what is described as a "flare up in Western Canada over the agitation for government ownership of all the railways, including the Canadian Pacific."

"Not all of the co-operative socialists, advocates of state socialism and proponents of what is called communalism, from all the farmers, mercantile and lumber associations combined, could transfer the Canadian Pacific Railroad to the Government, even were the Government itself willing," the editorial insists. "They could eat it up, but they could not hold it a single instant, as it is known to-day and at its value to them to-day, after they got it. Canadians need not go one step beyond their own border to decide whether a government-owned road can maintain its most valuable asset. It is just because it cannot be done that part of the prairie press has for some months past wished to make up the deficits of the government-owned roads by expropriating the Canadian Pacific's current profits. The idea is a chimera. There would be no profits to divide up."

"Less than one-sixth of the company's stock is owned by Canadians; less than one-seventh of the share holders are Canadians. Canadians are both honorable and capable in business matters. Certainly they would not disturb that one security which has contributed most to the country's growth, and has by its stability and merits lifted Canadian investments to a position of great repute and strength in the financial markets of the world without at least consulting these shareholders."

"If they did, no one would suffer more than the great farming classes of the west whose exports would no longer receive price stimulation from a growing foreign investment market which constantly rectifies the inequalities of adverse Canadian trade balances. Western Canada's deadliest enemy has been the ghost of single tax. It has successfully withstood that temptation to reaction and decay. On grounds of both good faith and expediency, it will not 'transcend' the Canadian Pacific."

Falls' February Sale Opens Friday morning. This Annual Sale Has Grown Bigger and better for 30 Years. The 1918 Sale will be Larger than Any of its Predecessors. The Supplement in To-day's Record TELLS About It.

To the Patriotic Societies of Haldimand

We have received a limited quantity of very excellent silver grey Yarn. We reserve the right to limit quantity.

H. S. FALLS

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CO. OF SIMCOE, L.L.