

hands. Soon, Heaven be praised! he opened his eyes. Now, as they held up his head, he was able slowly to drink. The blessed water, followed by tea and partridge broth, helped him to regain some strength. Finally they cut the boot from the poor swollen foot, bathed it and bound it up. Tenderly they lifted the limp boy upon an improvised stretcher, and thus they carried him to the canoe, and home to the fort.

Ralson never trapped again. That was scarcely an experience that one would care to repeat. Few parents would wish to have a child of theirs risk it a second time, and doubtless Ralson's mother was overjoyed to see him once more in England, after his leg had healed. This story, by the way, is true. It has been condensed from the account of Martin Hunter, who was for years a seasoned woodsman and commissioned officer of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Literally millions of wild fur-bearing animals, in America alone, suffer every year from similar prolonged torture, hour by hour, and sometimes day by day, until relief from thirst, cold, pain, and the attacks of other animals, finally comes through death. Many interesting, beautiful or useful furred animals are threatened with extinction, largely on account of the men who catch them in steel traps, in order that American women, all ignorant of the suffering for which they are really responsible, may be fashionably clothed.

Every year, the prices of furs rise higher, and the trappers go farther and farther into the wilderness after the defenceless animals. Even the squirrels in Siberia, whose skins are too tender to be of the slightest use for durable furs, are killed in large numbers, so that women may wear squirrel coats for a short season, before they tear into pieces, as they do with even the small exertion of driving an automobile. Such wholesale slaughter, pain, and waste has perhaps never before disgraced a supposedly civilised nation! America now leads the world in the fur trade!

It is time to stop and think what we are doing; to think of the empty, lifeless woods to which we, and our children and grandchildren will have to go, when we have fled the noise of our machine-age cities, for a brief vacation in the wilderness! And, above all, to think of the slow torture, which civilised countries no longer inflict upon men, but which is now reserved for wild animals, with the pitiful excuse that these, whose senses are often keener than ours, do not feel pain as we do!

The time is coming therefore when women of fashion and leaders among women will be ashamed to wear furs of wild animals caught in merciless steel traps; and when they will take a solemn pledge to wear only the furs of animals, wild or tame, that have been quickly and humanely killed.