

and as the boy sat, dazed and numbed, a sound which at any other time would have struck instinctive terror to his heart, floated over the tree tops. Tonight he merely listened with vague interest, knowing it to be their death knell.

Kaswin possessed no vivid imagination, nor did it need any to form a mental picture of what the first men to visit Lombert's cabin would find—the window crashed in, the shanty a chaos, while certain grim remnants would strew the floor.

Nearer and nearer came the ghost voices of the hunting pack, till suddenly the boy awakened, as the bedlam of sound reached a wild crescendo, which shook the very shadows around him. Kaswin rose, stooping forward, every nerve of his slim body tense and alert. It seemed that, in the twinkling of an eye, the mask of civilization dropped from him, and he became the true savage—hunting or hunted, widely awake to the primeval battle for life.

What Kaswin's keen senses had discerned was that the creature the wolves were running was following the lake margin, so that it would pass within easy range of the cabin. Attempting to rob a hungry pack at this season, and in this locality, was to say the least, a form of suicide, but there are men who prefer to die fighting than to freeze sitting.

A new light was in the boy's eyes, new strength seemed to possess his limbs. He slipped across to the window, took down a sporting Merlin from its hooks, and tottering under his load, crept out into the moonlight, softly closing the door behind him.

All was very still and silent, and the cold percolated through his clothing as though he were immersed in water. Then came the sound of snow brushed from a branch—perhaps fifty yards distant, yet seeming loud and terrifying. Scarcely had it subsided when the whole night became hideous with frightening sound. It seemed to come from overhead and every side, enveloping him in a tumult of eerie echoes. The hunting pack was literally all around him!

But if for a moment Kaswin's courage wavered, it was only for a moment, for ere the echoes subsided a dark, ungainly shape burst from the edge of the clearing and struggled into the moonlight—a moose—a full grown cow moose, floundering weakly in the drifts.

Up went the sporting Merlin, and the trigger clicked. No report! It was like the spell of a nightmare—game so near, survival once more within sight, and—the harmless click!

Kaswin knew his weapon was useless—knew that the intense cold had, in those few seconds, paralyzed its working parts after the warmth of the shanty, yet he too was paralyzed by the peril of the moment, by the sight of that monster of the forest wallowing straight towards him, as though to seek his protection.

Then, as the moose drew near, Kaswin caught the gleam of the moonlight on white, extended nostrils. This hunted and exhausted creature was Moosewa, who, hard pressed by the wolves, had headed back towards the only place of safety she had ever known! For just as the redskin boy believed that the white man he served possessed some heaven-born power, so Moosewa, in the hour of her direst need, pinned her life on the same subtle belief, and sought the protection of man's omnipotent hand.

Straight towards the boy the cow moose came, ears extended, eyes wide and pleading, as an animal will so often go to man when hard pressed by other foes. Only a few paces away she stopped, breathing heavily, forelegs wide apart, and the two children of the forest stared into each other's eyes by the pitiless rays of the Hunger Moon.

Then the unexpected happened. Here, the dumb creature had felt—here, at her home—was safety and protection, but she had used up nature's narrow reserve in getting there, for even as her eyes met those of her master, a dullness of the long sleep overshadowed them. Her trembling flanks, caked and jewelled by the frozen breath from her nostrils, seemed to contract, her straddled forelegs lost their grip of the snow, and struggling a moment she fell, still and lifeless, at the feet of Kaswin—her friend of old.

I have said that Lombert chuckled his claim, but the why and the wherefore I

have not made clear. It was when, on their return to the city, Kaswin learnt that in the white man's world gold dust is the elixir of life. Still it was not till their slender store was all but used, and Lombert, still weak and sick, became anxious, that it occurred to the boy to speak.

"Plenty of dust in Land of Little Trees," he announced simply, and when questioned further he explained in effect that his own father, who apparently died of a mixture of consumption, tobacco smoke, and whisky, periodically became tired of bush life, whereupon he would shovel the necessary quantity of dust from a certain creek, and partake himself to the city for another jamboree!

Anyhow, Lombert risked his last few dollars on a trip to Kaswin's native land, and to-day he owes his existence as a mine owner to a simple act of charity extended towards two starving children of the woods, one of the two being to-day a highly educated Indian—a partner in the Kaswin Mines. But still Kaswin cuts the bacon, and still Lombert tells him—"If you cut it thick, I'll sure cuff you silly!"

A Strenuous Hour

(Continued from page 5)

when I get home I shall get a job in one of the services. Now tell me about yourself."

"Well, Mr. Wendover—"

"I said 'Hugh' to my friends," he interrupted.

She looked at him, laughed and blushed, and then began shyly:

"Well, Hugh—since you insist, my name is Eva Gaythorne—"

"Gaythorne," he broke in. "Have you a brother? Was he at Wadham four years since?"

"Yes. He is in the I.C.S. now."

"We were chums. He called me Hugh, and he was Dicky to me. I'm more glad than ever that I was about Beira, last night."

"Last night," Eva Gaythorne shuddered. "Oh, that was terrible."

"How did it come about?" he asked.

"I came out here four months ago as a governess to the two children of an Englishman who had married a Portuguese. The woman did not like me, and was at times unspeakably rude. I put up with it as best I could, but after the first month that stout German, his name is Hartzold—began to pester me, and the mother of my pupils, seeing that it worried me, encouraged him. I was helpless, except that I snubbed the German whenever I could. A week ago he asked me to marry, and when I refused, he threatened me, and I began to be afraid. My employer being away on business at Lourenco Marques, I complained to the Portuguese woman, who only laughed at me. I'm afraid I lost my temper, and she dismissed me on the spot. But I didn't care. I was glad to go. For a week I've been living at a cheap hotel, waiting for the steamer. Yesterday morning I sent my luggage down to the steamship offices, and after dinner last night when the steamer came in, I took a trolley, meaning to go on board. Hartzold must have been watching, he must have known, for just opposite the house where you found me, the trolley was thrown off the line, and before I could cry out, I was picked up, and rushed into that house. Where—Where—"

"Yes, I can guess the rest," he said. "Hartzold is a ruffian. I thrashed him two years ago at Mozambique, and I was actually running away from him and from a policeman whom he bribed to arrest me."

"Never," she cried. "Tell me."

Wendover told her what the reader knows, and ended, "By good luck, I must have been unconscious for quite a long time, after I fell from the roof, and having revived, I was actually going back when I heard you cry out."

"It was Providence," whispered the girl.

"Perhaps," answered Hugh Wendover gravely, but a week later, when she agreed to become his wife, he was quite convinced.

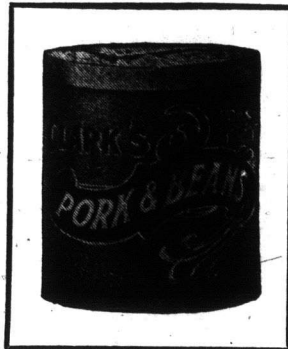
First Lady—"Too bad Mrs. S.—always has such abominable weather for her afternoon teas."

Second Lady—"Yes; she never pours but it rains."—Tit-Bits.

BOVRIL

The Great Body Builder

Clark's Pork and Beans



The value of **BEANS** as a strength producing food needs no demonstration. Their preparation in appetizing form is, however, a matter entailing considerable labor in the ordinary kitchen.

CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest beans combined with delicate sauces, made from the purest ingredients, in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances.

They are cooked ready—simply warm up the can before opening

W. CLARK

MONTREAL

St. Andrew's College

TORONTO
A CANADIAN SCHOOL FOR BOYS

UPPER AND LOWER SCHOOLS

Careful Oversight Thorough Instruction

Large Playing Fields Excellent Situation

Autumn Term Commences Sept. 12, 1917

REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., HEADMASTER

Calendar sent on application

DISTINCTIVE EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGES

AT

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE SCHOOL

For Boys (Resident and Non-Resident.)

RUPERT'S LAND LADIES' SCHOOL

For Girls

Under the direction of

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, WINNIPEG

Chancellor: His Grace the Archbishop of Rupert's Land.

Affiliated with the UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA—NEW TERM commences September 12th, 1917.



1822-1917.

For Prospectus and other information apply to

W. BURMAN, Bursar, St. John's College, Winnipeg.

Telephone St. John 495.

ALBERTA COLLEGE NORTH EDMONTON ALBERTA

RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS, GIRLS, YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

ACADEMIC—Public and High School Courses. Special Classes for backward students.

COMMERCIAL—Thorough courses in BOOKKEEPING, SHORTHAND, TYPEWRITING, GRAPHS in Western Canada.

MUSIC—Largest Music School in Western Canada. Conservatory Courses in PIANO, ORGAN, VOICE, VIOLIN, THEORY, etc.

EXPRESSION AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Lowest rates to first 100 students registering for New Term. 25-30 teachers on staff.

Registration last year 1125. Over 250 positions filled during past year by competent students.

Write for Free Lessons in Penmanship. For calendar and full information apply to

F. S. McCALL, B.A., Principal, 10041-101st Street, Edmonton, Alberta

FENNINGS' The Great PREVENTIVE and CURE

FOR FEVER AND INFECTIOUS DISEASES
SORE THROAT CURED WITH ONE DOSE

Bowel complaints cured with one dose. Typhus and low fever cured with two doses. Diphtheria cured with three doses.

FEVER

Scarlet Fever cured with four doses. Cholera cured with five doses. Influenza cured with six doses.

Sold in bottles at 50 cents each, with full directions by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Montreal. Branches in all parts.

CURER