

## Save Food

In a time needing food economy many people are not getting all the nourishment they might from their food.

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The addition of a small teaspoonful of Bovril to the diet as a peptogenic before meals leads to more thorough digestion and assimilation and thus saves food, for you need less.

5-18A

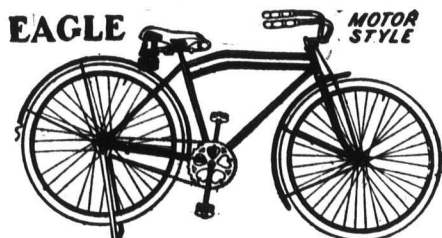


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**E. R. PAGE, 330A Main St. Marshall, Michigan**

but his partner pushed him off the verandah.

"You'll get your blooming head knocked off, you ding-dong coyote!" muttered Don, who accurately judged the real state of affairs.

"Let me alone," retorted Mack. "I'm just beginning to enjoy myself."

But Don barred the way, his ugly pine club held aloft. That he would use it without hesitation both men knew. After a pause he turned to Francoise. "Go into the cabin," he commanded. "I will see you later. And you, Mack, come home."

He clutched Mack by the arm, and began to drag him off, wildly expostulating, while the Frenchman obediently retired without a word. At the edge of the clearing the partners seated themselves on a moss-covered log, and with the glories of the sunset over the forest, the scent of the balsam fragrant in their nostrils, the good-night cry of the grouse birds sweet across the stillness, they discussed matters man to man. Finally Don rose and trudged back to Druille's cabin while Mack, thoughtful, penitent, but still angry, went back to the peaceful spot where the fir tree spanned the mountain creek.

The interval was brief, but not too brief for Madame, whose anger was as quickly forgotten as it was roused, to place hot cakes and wonderful coffee on the table ready for Don's return. They had no quarrel with Don, and did not mean to quarrel with him. He was too much of a friend, and his big, jovial being meant too much to the happiness of their children. So, when Don returned, his grave but jovial face bore no signs of what had happened—his manners carried no suggestion of the affair of twenty minutes ago. The two little girls, pretty, black-eyed little creatures, dressed in the customary crimson and blue of the French-Canadian backwoods, ran out to meet him, each embracing one stalwart leg, while Don, with an action as sincere as it was courteous, stooped and kissed them with old world decorum.

"Ah mon ami, you are back at last—ah?—back at last?" cried Francoise, slapping Don's shoulder. "You must be hungry—sure—ah? When last did you eat your breakfast?"

"I have not troubled with food much to-day. I knew Madame would have something ready for me, something really good. Ah, Madame, I have thought of your cakes and coffee ever since I left Nelson! It is good to be back."

"Ver' good!" repeated Francoise. "Our sorrow is that we have so little to give you." And so, the clouds of a moment ago forgotten, the crimson lights of evening shining in over the wreckage of battle at the open door, they sat around Don while he ate his evening meal.

And when the meal was over Don went to his pack sack, at which the children, wide-eyed and expectant, gathered round. Don had mixed so much among French-Canadians that he had partaken liberally of their manners. "Madame," he said, "I have remembered your candied peel and your raisins and your cereals, but—goodness, me!—I have forgotten this time the togs for the children!"

Madame clasped her hands to her bosom, Monsieur flung his arms towards the roof, Don clutched his hair in a gesture of wild regret. But the bit of acting, clever though it was, did not suffice to do more than cast a momentary shadow over the cherub faces of those it most concerned.

"You have not! You have not!" cried a joyously shrill voice. "We know you too well, Monsieur. You never forget. Where are our presents?"

Don, by means of a conjuring trick, conveyed something from his own palm to the palm of Francoise, but hunting through the contents of the pack, he reassured himself that he must have forgotten the presents for the children. And just when hopes began to sink to zero, the squeal of a "dying pig" sounded from the verandah, Monsieur had escaped with one of the presents, and then ensued a hunt for Monsieur, who must be found and brought to book ere it was possible to locate the remainder of the mysteries which lay somewhere amidst the assorted contents of Don's huge packsack.

It was not till the merriment was

over, the children in bed, that Don referred to "the regrettable affair." Then it was that he saw that Monsieur and Madame could not forgive his partner. He knew by their refusal to discuss the matter that henceforth, so long as they lived as neighbors, a bitter feud must exist between them.

Don did not argue the point. He saw that it was of no use. Mack, who was full of high and noble intentions, had no control of himself, and the feud, now thoroughly roused, might live a generation or more. What was Don to do? This was the question he asked himself as he walked home down the scented balsam grove, but alas he found no answer.

"Don," said McHick, late that night, "I guess we got to split."

"Why?" queried Don, knowing full well the answer.

"Them French folk," answered Mack, jerking his thumb towards the creek. "You seem to like them—I don't know why. There's no accounting for tastes. I can't see 'em a mile off without feeling kind of riled."

"Race prejudice," observed Don coolly. "I like Francoise's children. They're the only kids we got in this part. They kind of cheer things up."

Mack thumped the bench, and rose to his feet. His short red hair was beginning to bristle. "Then you want to choose, pardner, between them kids and me," he stated. "I got to get. A feud ain't worth while when you're only a mile apart, and no neighbors between. I got to quit. You want to make up your mind right here and right now whether you hit out for Athabasca with me, and we sell the property, or whether you buy me out, and remain behind with your kids."

Don thought for some moments. He thought of little Annette, with her laughing eyes, and of little Maya, who, slow in speech, loved him the greater of the two.

"My partner," he said, "if you rob me of them childer, life wouldn't be worth living."

Mack thought. "Which means," said he, "that if you come along with me you will be a miserable cuss at the best of times. No, partner. You stay right here where your fool heart aches. It's your blame show. I'll go out alone. It's the only way."

And for the rest of the evening the two men, each with nothing to say, each with his heart heavy, sat with their chins on their chests in silence. They loved each other, and a breach of the partnership was hard—almost impossible—but, so fate had ordained. There was no other way.

It was four days later. Dawn awoke with a stiflish breeze and a sickly orange sunrise. When Mack went out to haul his gear to the canoe he paused on the verandah and stared at his sleeve. Several particles of white dust had settled upon it, and as he looked, still more specks collected. He blew them lightly and they disappeared, then he looked at the sky, moistened his finger and held it up to the wind, and finally he muttered—"Blow me tight if I didn't think so!"

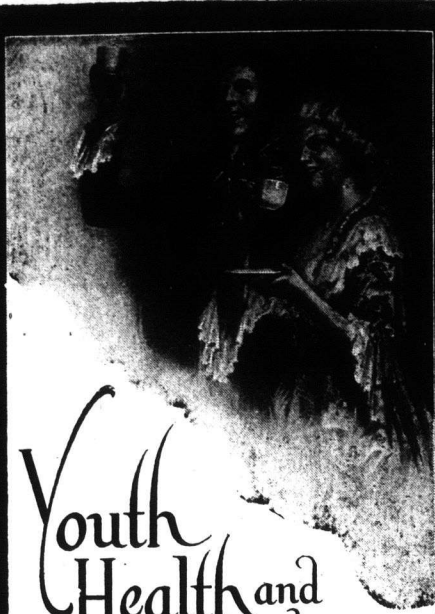
He stole leisurely back through the door. "No hitting out to-day," he observed simply; but somehow it seemed that there was a shade of relief in his voice. "Fires burning over Arrowhead way, and it's freshening."

Don left his pots and went out. He returned with the brief observation, "Maybe she'll be here in less than two hours."

Mack nodded. "Noticed flocks of spruce hen last night flying high—due east. The Indians at Fork River cleared out two days back. It can very easy be a hell of a blaze up."

An hour later it was almost dark, and the air was acrid with cedar fumes. White flakes could now be seen floating in the air—curling and eddying about the caves and under the verandah. An indistinct rumbling—faint, yet of vast volume, could at intervals be heard, and a brown haze shut the sky from view. The two men, without comment, had hauled all their possessions out of the hut, and dumped them in a pit dug for that purpose near the door. These they covered with a blanket, and tossed the soil and clay over them.

"Reckon that's all we can do," ob-



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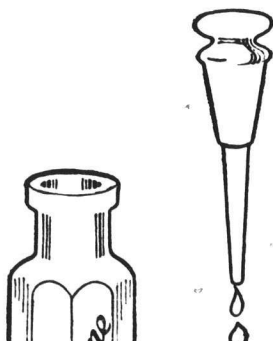
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