

verandah edge while he brought meat and coffee.

The Indian ate hungrily, but in silence. He had evidently come a great distance, for his wretched clothing was in rags. When he had eaten and was filled he handed Sam his pipe. Sam filled it, lit it, and handed it back to him.

"Speak now, little brother," said the white man. "I am listening."

The Indian did not speak, but he took the battered scarf from his neck, and unfolding it he displayed several wonderful samples of gold bearing quartz before Sam's eyes.

"Gee!" cried the Portage Agent. "Some samples those! Where did you get them from?"

The Indian did not answer. Sam knew that the man had struck the pay streak, and was aware of it. Here was luck, if you like.

VI.

The Indian sucked at his pipe for some moments then he said: "You famous as great traveller?"

"I suppose I am," said Sam. "I wouldn't mind going anywhere if there was gold like that at the end of it."

"Gold there," answered the old Indian. "It creep up the hillside, like great snake. Plenty gold, but long way away."

"Where?" questioned Sam.

The old Indian looked at him keenly. "Promise just to give me share," he stipulated, with usual Indian cuteness.

"I promise that," said Sam. "We'll have it all down in writing." And going into the hut he wrote in a sheet of paper: "The bearer has found gold. I am financing him. I agree to pay him a one-fifth share, according to common custom." Then he signed it.

The Indian took the sheet, pretended to read it, and then, like the simple child of the forest he was, he pinned his faith in the white man's word and thrust the sheet into his wallet.

"Gold in Land of Many Rivers," he stated finally, blowing a long whiff of smoke into the air. "Jingo!" quote Sam. "That's a long way off. Two months' journey at least. You take me there?"

The Indian shook his head. "I too old," he stated. "My son take you there. Him meet you at city landing stage daybreak to-morrow. That do?"

"It's a bargain," said Sam, shaking the old Indian by the hand. "We'll be there."

That Indian was not so old as he looked. It was Halman! Unlike most Indians, he was a born schemer and plotter. He had twice the brains of most of his tribesmen. Where he could not win by strength, he would win by strategy. Sam Ravenstone had made a bad enemy.

That night was a busy night for Sam and Frank, but they worked with energy, for they knew that they had something good on hand. Promptly at sunrise they arrived at the main landing stage, their long birchbark canoe piled up high with food and equipment for the long journey into the unsurveyed. And there, awaiting them on the landing stage, was a strapping warrior, a shade past the prime of manhood, but in the bloom of his hardihood.

The three shook hands, and the Indian took the place at the stern of the canoe. He was to be the pilot. Many unknown lands would they see, many untraversed rivers would they navigate, ere they again beheld the haunts of white men. But at the other end, somewhere in the heart of the unknown, lay gold enough to build a second Dawson, and ere the next snow came they themselves would be gold kings!

Little did Sam guess, however, that the strapping warrior who was to be their guide was the broken brave he had talked to yesterday. It was Halman, the Indian. Sam did not recognize him, because one Indian of the far back forests is much like another to the white man's eye. He had never known the man well, and seldom seen him by daylight. Most of their dealings had been by the light of the moon. Frank did not recognize him because they had met but once before, and then they had met in the darkness and parted at dawn. Halman was unrecognized. His great plan was to succeed. Once again his people would realize his cunning and cleverness.

VII.

The weeks past by in a long succession of toil. Creek after creek was negotiated, watershed after watershed crossed. They travelled silently and steadily, as Indians travel. Not a moment was wasted. From daylight till dusk they pursued their way, and so they came at length to the Land of Many Rivers.

It was a wonderful region of pine-capped ridges and great limestone buttes towering to the sky. A new alertness and watchfulness now possessed the Indian. For days past he had toiled as apathetically and mechanically as a machine. Now, from time to time, his eyes would scan the shadow with a new watchfulness. He was in the land of his own people.

"We are nearly there, little brothers," said the Indian at length. "One more portage, and our long journey will be ended."

Sam and Frank broke the silence with a loud "hurrah." The canoe fairly shot down the next line of rapids, but they reached a point where the creek narrowed, becoming more rapid every yard, and here it was necessary to shoulder the canoe and progress on foot till the worst part of the rapid was past.

They were so used to it that it took but a minute to shoulder the kit, but ere Frank had dragged the canoe out of the water he was horrified to see their Indian guide wheel in his track, and strike a terrible blow at Sam's head with the rifle. Sam dodged in the ace of time, but even as he dodged, two other Indians appeared from the bush immediately behind him, and closed upon him.

Frank grasped the state of affairs in an instant. There was treachery of some kind afoot. But the boy did not go to the rescue. Like a true woodsman, he kept his head. He stepped back into the canoe, gripped his paddle and shouted to Sam to shake himself free and join him.

Sam possessed the strength of a panther, ere their guide could join in the fight he had sent his two new opponents staggering, and almost at a single bound he gained the canoe. Skilled in the art of quick launching, his right foot shot the frail craft far out into the creek, and Frank was ready with his paddle to "take the helm."

But ere ten seconds were passed they realized that they had escaped from the frying pan into the fire. What was the plan of the Indians they did not know, but they knew that, as sure as winter follows summer, they would be swept to their doom unless they could again effect a landing.

VIII.

The current caught the birchbark as though it were a straw, and some moments elapsed ere Frank could pull her nose down stream. Next moment they were racing at terrifying speed between the jagged teeth of the limestone crags. There was nothing for it but to attempt to "shoot" the rapid. To land a second time was now too late. They had gone too far. They must now race on with the tide, and trust to luck there was no waterfall. Only luck indeed, combined with marvellous canoeing, could save them, for Sam was without a paddle.

The boy saw the danger, and realized it. He was not afraid. If his skill could pull them through, they would live. If not, he would have done his best, and his partner and he would "go out" together, as they had many times sworn to do.

"Hold on, Sam," cried the boy. "I guess this is our last joy ride."

"I guess it is, sonny," answered Sam. "But we'll put up a fight for it."

And so they raced on. Was it to their doom? (To be continued and finished in August issue.)

In buying an incubator the purchaser should first consider the size of machine suitable to accomplish the work necessary for the flock kept. Many makes of incubators are on the market giving satisfactory hatches. When they fail the difficulty can usually be traced to some deficiency in the flock, such as inbreeding, breeding from immature stock, disease, insanitary quarters, or the care of the eggs and the handling of the incubator.



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