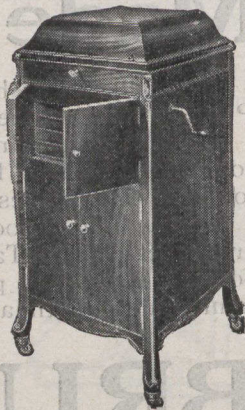


Every home can enjoy the world's best music in this day of the Victrola. It is a source of entire pleasure to the entire household.

Get a Victrola now, and enjoy its splendid entertainment, through the long winter evenings.

Go to the nearest "His Master's Voice" dealer and let him show you the many styles of Victor-Victrolas and play your favorite music for you. Victrolas cost from \$20.00 to \$300.00 and are sold on easy payments, as low as \$1 per week, if desired. Victor records are 90c for 10-inch double-sided. Write for free catalog, listing over 5,000 Victor Records.



Victrola XIV, \$200
Mahogany or Oak



**Berliner Gram-o-phone
Company, Limited**

Dept. T. MONTREAL

Dealers in every town and city.

THE DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1901

HEAD OFFICE 26 KING ST EAST TORONTO.
MONTREAL LONDON, E C ENG

ONTARIO MUNICIPAL DEBENTURES

CITY OF TORONTO	1948	4.90 per cent.
TOWNSHIP OF BARTON	1933	5 1-4 per cent.
TOWN OF WELLAND	1943	5.30 per cent.
CITY OF FORT WILLIAM	1933	5 3-8 per cent.
TOWN OF LINDSAY	1917 to 1932	5 1-2 per cent.
CITY OF PORT ARTHUR	1932	5 1-2 per cent.
TOWN OF STEELTON	1923	5 3-4 per cent.
TOWNSHIP OF OLIVER	1914 to 1942	6 per cent.

Complete particulars on request.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL AND CORPORATION BONDS

7% INVESTMENT With Additional Profit-Sharing Features

SERIES: \$100, \$500 and \$1,000; TERMS: 5 YEARS

Interest paid twice a year on Bonds of a well-organized, successful company which has been established 28 years. Send for Special Folder "C."

NATIONAL SECURITIES CORP'N, Limited
Confederation Life Building - TORONTO, ONT.

By Virtue of Flitters

(Continued from page 9.)

the spoil of rod and gun, seeing no human being, hearing no sound but the chug-chug of his own paddle, the drumming of partridge, and sometimes the trumpet-like call of a bull moose. The weather continued fine, but the tang of freshness that made the air like champagne, gave place to a hazy languor, and in comparison to that first glorious morning, the weather seemed heavy — almost opaque.

On the third night, sitting by his camp fire, laboriously plucking a partridge, he looked up suddenly, not because he heard any unusual sound, but because he felt he was not alone, and saw an Indian. Three months ago he would have reached for his gun. Now he merely nodded and said, "Boo joo!"

"B'joo, B'joo!" grunted the Indian, and in response to a gesture of invitation, moved into the firelight and sat down.

Evan pushed some bannock and bacon towards him. "Help yourself," he said hospitably.

"Ugh!" said the Indian, "Meg-waitch," which, for an Ojibway, is positive garrulity.

Silence reigned for half an hour, broken only by an expletive from Evan when the feathers got into his mouth and eyes. At the end of that time the Indian grunted, and, sniffing the air, muttered something in his own tongue.

Evan looked at him with interest. "Oh, so you notice it, too," he said, "then it's not my imagination that makes me think the air is thick enough to cut in slices?"

The Indian rose from the fire, and beckoning Evan to follow, moved away from the trees to the shore, and began to climb a rocky point that jutted out into the river. Reaching the top, they were some thirty feet above water level, and in daylight would have been able to see a distance of twenty or more miles.

The Indian pointed to the north-east. "Ishkoodah!" he said.

Evan stared across miles of velvety darkness. He could see nothing but a faint glow in the sky. "Northern lights, I suppose," he said aloud, "and not a very good show at that."

The Indian watched him intently, and pointed again in the same direction. "Ishkoodah!"

"Yes, I know," Evan answered irritably, "you said so before, but I don't know what you're driving at. Come on down, there's something in the air to-night that makes my eyes ache, and—why, what's this?"

Something—light and delicate as a snowflake, touched his face.

"Snow in September!" he exclaimed, and struck a match. But it was not snow, it was a tiny flake of ash. Another fell on the hand that held the match, and he stared at it stupidly till the flame burnt his finger. He looked again to the northeast. The baleful glow deepened and spread as he watched it. At last he understood.

The woods were on fire. "God!" he whispered, and stood for an instant, stupefied. Somewhere under that lurid banner the Big Four was fighting death and destruction—perhaps the cheerful little camp was already a blackened ruin.

He hurled himself down the rocks, and flung his gun and blanket into the canoe. "Oh, Bob!" he groaned aloud. "Poor old Bob!"

He turned to the Indian: "Get in. Two can paddle faster than one. Get in."

"Kaween!" grunted the Indian, and did not move.

Evan was in no mood to waste words. He picked up his gun. "Either you get in," he said, "or—that's right. Now, paddle like the devil."

DAWN was breaking when they turned into the creek, having covered thirty miles, not including three portages, in a little more than six hours. The air was heavy with smoke and with the smell of burning wood. They could plainly hear the roaring of the fire, though as

yet, owing to the winding of the creek, they could see nothing but the ominous reflection in the scurrying clouds overhead. The forest on either side was full of strange rustlings and noises. Bright eyes peered at them through the undergrowth. Furry shapes plunged through the shallow water close to the canoe. The wild creatures feared man, but that night a greater enemy was abroad.

"Mah-kay-tay!" grunted the Indian, and a fat black bear came waddling and splashing towards them. He had had a narrow escape. His coat was singed, and his little red eyes were wild with terror. With an ear-splitting yell, two balls of fur shot by, black-tipped tails erect, tufted ears flattened, round pale eyes blazing. Close behind, his orange-coloured teeth and shining quill-points just visible in the murky light, a porcupine came floating down the middle of the creek, whining, mewing and chattering, and emitting, just as he passed the canoe, a kind of querulous shriek that made Evan's spine tingle. Crashing through the bush came a bull moose, followed by his mate. They passed so close that Evan could see the dark bodies and broad flat antlers, deep brown except at the white and polished tips.

When at last they emerged from the creek Evan saw a sight he never forgot. Rice Lake was in the form of an almost perfect circle, with a circumference of about two miles. Two-thirds of this circle had been completely devastated. Where Evan had so lately seen clusters of tents, log shacks, storehouses, and all the paraphernalia of a prosperous and well-established camp, there remained not a single indication of human habitation or human industry. Nothing but a smoking ruin of charred logs, white-hot ash, and twisted stumps. Licking up the landscape as a cat licks up milk, the fire had only paused for lack of fuel. The great volume of flame-streaked smoke was rolling backwards from the place where the camp had been. It had, with all the freakishness of bush fires, leapt the area already consumed, and breaking out again, was still pursuing its devastating course northwards.

IN horrified silence Evan stared at the desolate scene, his paddle lying across the gunwale.

"Cheemaun!" cried the Indian suddenly. "Cheemaun!" He pointed to that part of the shore which had escaped destruction. A canoe was creeping out, with a man curiously huddled in the stern.

Evan shouted with relief and seized his paddle, but when he was within five yards of the other canoe, he stopped. A smoke-grimed figure, with vacant, lashless eyes, and a bloody bandage twisted about its singed head sat looking at him.

"Bob!" he cried sharply. The other leered at him stupidly. "Oh," he said at last, after a long pause, "It's you, is it?"

Evan swung his canoe alongside the other, and put his hand firmly on Ferguson's shoulder.

"Bob," he said quietly "pull yourself together. Is your wife all right?"

Taking his paddle from the water, and laying it across the thwart, the manager slowly lifted his big blackened hands. He looked first at one and then at the other, in a curiously detached way, as if they belonged to someone else.

"I think she's dead," he said at last. "Think? What do you mean?"

An expression of intense weariness passed over Ferguson's face. "Oh, I dunno," he said heavily. His voice fell to a whisper, and he began to tremble. "Evan, have you ever seen a man burn to death? I have—it was Jumbo. He went back to save his store clothes. His tent was under that big Norway pine—the one you said ought to come down—it was blazing then, and I called to him to come back, but he only grinned and shouted, 'Yumbo yump quick!' It's queer how Swedes can't say 'I'—and just as he came out with the clothes in a bundle, the pine toppled down with a crash,