



HAMILTON ALERTS, SENIOR CANADIAN RUGBY CHAMPIONS

From left to right they are as follows:—Becker, Leckie, Carr, Manager Marriott, Harper, Trainer Lermer, Secretary Bleakley, Flannery, "Husky" Craig, Grey, Ross, Craig, Smith, Fickley, Sheridan, Fitzpatrick.

# The Party of the ...Second Part...

(By S. A. White)

Many months Durk Seeley had lived with sin and in poverty, grubbing along the streams of the Fortymile from Poker Creek to No Luck Camp. Now he purposed to live with grace and in opulence. For the gold that blinked up at him from the pay-dirt paralleled the Yukon at some distance inland, was coarse and flat and of a dirty high-grade color.

He came in the red morning glare of the Northern Lights through the new-christened camp of No Luck, littered with snarled rubbish and emblazoned with loud canvas signs, wearing a grin on his smutted, frost-cracked lips and carrying hope of a high assay at heart.

"Where you avortin', Durk?" asked Smiling Samson, Keeper of Saloon and Saloon, the most pretentious beer tent and dance hall in the place.

"Recorder's office. And later, Seattle."

Samson's smile became a gurgle as he stared at Seeley from the steps of his huge Arctic marquee. His was not a pleasant figure. He had a tub to a woman, long yards of yellow-striped shirt above it, and a face like a ruby glass wine-cask overtopping that.

"Struck it?" he blurted.

Durk nodded. He wondered how Samson, hatless and coatless, could stand outside with the mercury forty below.

"Holy beans! who'd have think it! What? Over on Bear? Now who in Old Nick's harem would have think it! Come and have a drink." He opened the door, letting out heat, music, and the smell of stimulants.

"Thanks, Smiling," grinned Seeley, "but I've quit."

The saloonkeeper's mouth opened like a spigot. "Eh? You've quit?"

"I sure have. Hereinafter the party of the first part, which is me, goes straight. Understand? The transgressor's is a hard old road, Smiling, and my feet are sore. Now and hence-

forth I stick to Easy street, pink teas and revivals. There's a girl in Seattle is walks that way, and she's been waitin' certain years for this strike. See? And I cut the woman crowd with the booze. Scarlet Annie and all the rest."

Samson closed his jaws slowly and gulped. It was the first time the miner had ever seen him without his smile. "Shoot my shadow!" he exclaimed. "If I don't believe you're right. It never hit me like that. Come and have a farewell drink."

"How?"

"Come and have one single solitary farewell. You say you're givin' wide open days the shake. Show me. Show the rest. We all have distant relashuns in Missouri."

Seeley twisted his heels from the loops of his snowshoe thongs. "Sure," he laughed. "A farewell! That's a good idea."

Several men and women, among them Scarlet Ann, were dancing to the jangling tune, "I Don't Know Where I'm Going, But I'm On My Way," respout by a thin-backed fiddle and a tiny banjo. These came willingly at Durk's call to drink with him.

"It's a late-ye-well," he pronounced, holding his liquor aloft.

"Heh? You don't say?" they cried, eyebrows raised in surprise. And then, tossing off: "All right, old pard. Here's luck!"

But over the rim of his glass Seeley saw Scarlet Ann's eyes mocking him, glinting black like her coiled hair. Hair and eyes gave the only dull tints to her make-up. Otherwise she formed a color scheme in scarlet from the hem of her gaudy dress to the curve of her full cheek.

She laughed, but the laugh was devoid of mirth. "I heard your preachment out there. You're forgettin' me?"

"That goes," Durk confirmed. "My past is reelin' behind me at a mile a minute and draggin' my score of sins so fast that the paper'll be all wore out before I strike Seattle. After this, the narrow way for mine!"

"Mush," sneered the woman. "Don't

bank on gettin' off any easier than the rest of us. You talk nonsensicals. Why, you ain't done penance for your sins."

"I don't have to—since Palestine."

"Wait and see!" She frowned through the curtains that screened half the floor.

Durk warmed a numbed heel, that had suffered frostbite on the Sixty-mile, before going forth into the cold to fasten on his snowshoes. Smiling Samson and the other men and women crowded to the doorway, clamoring good-byes.

"Maybe you'll have to race a shade," announced Scarlet Ann, with a shrink. "California Dave's just pulled out for the recorder's office."

Seeley whirled in black anger. "You cursed little vampire," he yelled.

He took one step with hand upraised as if to mar her handsome face, then turned and bounded over the snows.

Across the Divide he met an old-timer coming into No Luck Camp for supplies. The grizzled, gray-haired giant was plodding wearily with the cord of an empty Yukon sleigh looped around his shoulders.

"Seen California Dave?" Durk hurried at him.

"Mile ahead an' goin' easy," the gaunt sourdough answered, staring wonderingly at Seeley's haste. "Done anything?"

"Not yet!"

Durk swung over the valley, sweating from heel to scalp. The drippings from his forehead iced the fur fringe that protected his face; the steam of his body worked through his parka and rimed it with hoar frost. But his exertion had its reward when presently he discerned the little form of California Dave in the middle distance. Seeley hated him with all the intensity of his singular spirit. That passion had developed in strength every time the two came in contact, which was very often since they were both atoms pressed together in the same strata of Northland life. For some men's natures are so composed of diverse qual-

ities that their personalities present antagonistic whole, and they invariably become bitter enemies from the moment of first meeting. Such were David Marsfield and Durk Seeley. Marsfield returned Durk's enmity with compound malice. That Scarlet Ann's affections had been usurped by the latter was only one reason. There were others.

When Seeley loped up beside California Dave in the trail which the old-timer had broken, both men slackened speed somewhat and travelled thus for a minute, looking each other in the eyes, watching warily for sign of any abrupt, untoward movement. Then Durk spoke, coldly and with design.

"Goin' far, Dave?"

"Mebbe. Matter to you?"

Seeley chuckled. "No, not now. For I can beat you to it. See? When it comes to trippin' on snowshoes, you ain't in my class. Eh, California? Remember the races at Fairbanks and how you also ran?"

"Oh, I don't know," growled Marsfield, his face darkening, his eyes narrowing dangerously. "You ain't a perfect greyhound, now I come to look at you."

Durk leaped forward on the raquetess with an exultant laugh, but Marsfield spat and breasted him again.

"Why, blast you," snarled Durk, "do you think you can pace me or leave me in the end? I'd kill you now if I thought that." His hand went swiftly to his belt. "But you're hardly worth while. Good-bye!"

He shot ahead at racing speed, losing Marsfield as if the latter had been standing still. He had a stride of tremendous length and the easy hip-lurch of the trained tripper who receives his momentum from the spring of the webbing under the heel. Six of those beautiful, powerful strides he took. In the swing of his seventh the frames of the raquettes seemed to give way suddenly, and he plunged headlong in the drifts. At the same instant, laughing raucously, California Dave ran past and away.

Durkly Seeley sensed a trick. He squirmed to a kneeling posture in the soft side-snow of the trail. One hand dashed the white blur from his eyes, the white smother from his nostrils. The other hand closed on the weapon in his belt, but Marsfield was already beyond range, ironically making gestures from afar. Durk, with more squirming, freed his heels from the snowshoe loops and looked for the cause of breakage. Both shoes had broken in a line with the toe-holes. Looking intently, he saw that the frames of both had been craftily notched with a sharp knife.

At which realization incarnate rage rose up in Seeley as in a man primitive. He dragged himself to his feet and dashed after Marsfield in his shoe packs. But the effort proved futile. In the soggy trail he sank to his hips at every step and floundered like a moose bogged in a niggerhead swamp. Before he had covered one hundred yards, exhaustion, like some crushing monster, oppressed his heart and lungs. He sank in his stride, unable to lift his foot for another stride, gazed fiercely across the waste at a black speck which diminished magically.

Then, sanity and strength returning, he went back to where he had left his snowshoes. It was a particularly barren spot in which he was stranded. Not a stick of timber was visible. For over the Divide timber grew not. And timber, or wood in some form, was essential to Seeley just then. So he polished ahead laboriously a distance of three miles to reach a creek that crossed the trail. It was a small tributary of the Bear, frozen from top to bottom, and ten feet of snow covered its driftwood. The only thing that marred the spotless crust was the jagged end of a broken tree trunk, up-ended and embedded in the ice. And Durk was immensely glad of the disfigurement. His knife took rough strips from it, and using these as splints on the breaks in his shoes, he bound them tightly with twine. Bare fingers alone could handle and tie twine. Therefore the fur mittens came off. And the Arctic cold bit so cruelly that it became necessary to light a fire in order to accomplish his purpose. These operations lost him much time, and the sick snowshoes lost him much more, since he was forced to nurse them through the tedious miles to the recorder's tent pitched temporarily within the Fortymile. There he blew in by mid afternoon and reeled off his statement of discovery on Bear.

"No use," informed Recorderd Well, and, shrugging shoulders three feet

broad. "California Dave filed that claim two hours ago."

Whereat Durk, although he had expected such a salute, filled the office with a haze of sulphurous works. Yet emphatic expressions availed nothing. He might rave the Klondike mountains off the map, but he could not alter those mining records. Then suddenly he grew quiet, took on that dangerous poise of calm, desperate men. His voice held the deep-pitched ring of tempered steel.

"Where is this cursed robber?"

"Went back with Pug Jordan's dog train to No Luck. Pug's freightin' provisions."

"I didn't meet 'em."

"They took the other trail—round by Caribou Camp. Better eat and breathe yourself."

"No." Durk kicked off his broken snowshoes. "Give me new ones."

Without an hour's rest or shelter, without a shred of food, Seeley darted on the back trail. Again in motion, his calm was deposed. He developed an abnormal energy that carried him, unconscious of fatigue or hunger, through the pallid half-gloom of the wintry day. The fever within fought the Arctic cold without, grew in power, exulting in sheer spirit-fire.

When he sighted the black bulk of No Luck Camp, huddled under the crackling midnight aurora, a veritable frenzy seized him. He flung the last miles of crust behind as a stiff wind might freight them. Like a Chilcotin savage, revolver in fist, he broke into Smiling Samson's place. As before, dancing men and women, among them Scarlet Ann, filled the room. As before, heat, music and the smell of stimulants met him. A weird figure in moccasins and frosted parka, his eyes burning out of his hood with unholo light, Seeley crouched in the centre of the room, his weapon scanning the circle of dismayed guests.

"Where's that blankety-blank Siwash Marsfield?"

"California Dave? Gone to the Outside," answered Samson. "Put up that gun." He moved forward cautiously.

Durk stumbled to the door. Samson caught his arm. Don't be a fool. You're fagged, teetotally fagged, or I miss my guess. You'd take ten steps and collapse and die. Stay right here."

The fever of exertion had concentrated in Seeley's brain. He seemed dazed. "I want that gutter-spawned claim jumper," he asserted.

"You can't get him. He's gone to the Outside. Understand? Bought Jordan's fastest dog team when Pug unloaded here and lit through the Fortymile like a Circle City blizzard. And he's raised the barriers after him. Savvy? Posted your name with the Canadian Mounted on one side of the line and with Uncle Sam's deputies on 'other. Arsked their protection. Arsked them to do the restrainin' act, as he judged you purposed ventilatin' his hide."

"H—!!!" Seeley groaned. He threw his Colt into some dunnage by the stove and stretched his hands to the blaze.

"You're weak," commented Samson, noting his trembling knees. "You need a brace. Wasn't it a smutty Indian trick? If I'd known I'd never have let California Dave vamoose like you. I thought he beat you fair. How do you s'pose he knows that Seattle girl?"

"He certainly does," cried Scarlet Ann, edging up.

"You don't say!" Samson exclaimed. "Hold on, Durk. Steady yourself. You need a brace. Come and have a brandy."

"No," roared Durk, turning away instead. "What I said sticks. Hereinafter the party of the first part, which is me, goes straight."

"Bravo!" shouted Ann, scowling at Smiling Samson. "And take some more refusal, Samson. Take lots of it! No, no, no! You hear me? You understand? Hereinafter the party of the second part, which is me, goes straight."

Aghast they all stood and stared at her.

A great transforming light was on Ann's face. She stepped up to Durk, laying an arm across his shoulders in a comforting way to guide him through the doorway, and not only through the doorway, but along the new Trail, the straight and narrow Trail they both had chosen. "Durk," she whispered, "there's another grub-stake coming and you'll make another strike, and I'll be with you when you make it." Her voice broke; she was laughing and crying at once. "Don't you see?" she faltered. "I played for this, and—

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London, Dec. 18.—(C. A. P.)—Alberta had to pay 5 3/4 p.c. yesterday on \$1,500,000 six months treasury bills to replace those falling due. Rightly or wrongly the London money market does not view Alberta securities with great favor, declares the Daily Mail. The dispute between the provincial government and the railway company is partly responsible. Probably the market has not troubled to enquire deeply into the rights or wrongs of the dispute, but the mere fact that it had existed at all is sufficient to affect the market. Alberta is paying 5 3/4 p.c. for money apart from immediate expense. This is a bad thing for the province but the lenders are to be congratulated on getting so high a rate of such security.

Great Diamond Found.

Johannesburg, Dec. 19.—It has been decided to send the great diamond recently discovered in the Premier mine to England, where, perhaps, it will be presented to King George. The stone was recently found in the same mine where the famous Cullinan diamond was discovered in 1905. It weighs 1,649 carats. When cut the new diamond may prove as large as the Cullinan diamond.

Enormous Price Paid for Jewelry Which Belonged to Lady Linsay.

London, Dec. 19.—There was keen competition for a pearl necklace at Christie's yesterday when the jewels of the late Lady Dindsay, wife of Sir Coutts Lindsay was sold. The necklace was a magnificent single row one, composed of fifty-three round pearls, with a single brilliant sapphire. The opening bid was \$20,000, but within a few seconds \$50,000 was reached, and the jewels finally brought \$75,000.

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