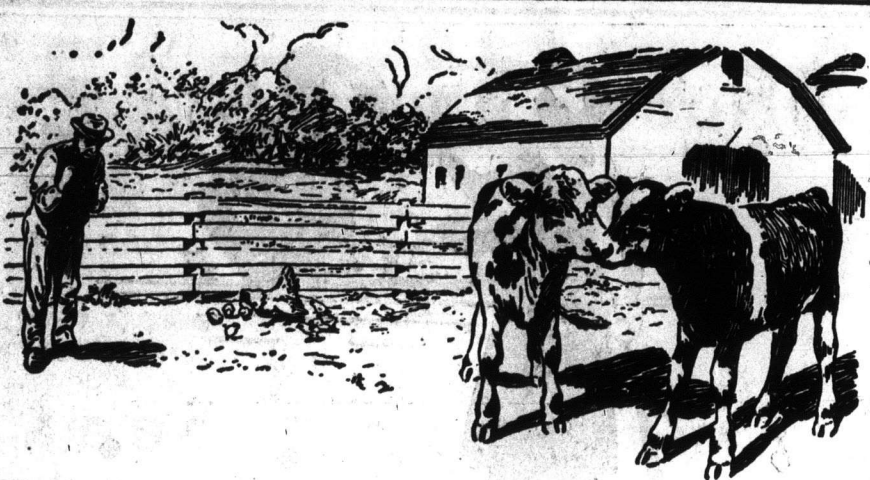




Keep a Kodak Record

Photographs showing the growth of your stock and crops, the conditions of your buildings and drains, will prove more than interesting—they will prove valuable.

And when it comes to selling live stock a photograph is almost as good as showing the animal itself. And picture taking is both simple and inexpensive by the Kodak system.

Ask your dealer, or write us for a copy of "Kodak on the Farm." A beautifully illustrated little book that will interest the whole family. It's free.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited

610 King St. W.

TORONTO



Will your district be next?

This thought has occurred to you many times when reading of the enormous damage done by hail storms—and it has worried YOU.

Your worries are gone with a
Canada Hail Insurance Policy

Now is the time to insure, and not wish you had when your crop is destroyed. Our rates are low. Our policy gilt-edged. Our reputation is of the highest.

Investigate just what our protection means to YOU.

Full information from our Branch Recording Offices: P.O. Box 366, Regina; P.O. Box 232, Calgary, or our local agents.

CARSON & WILLIAMS BROTHERS LIMITED
UNION BANK BUILDING, WINNIPEG

General Agents Canada Hail Insurance Company for Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

The Panther's Claw

By H. Mortimer Batten

PART II—Chapter V.

I HAVE told you how, tortured by his own conscience, Sam Ravenstone became a changed man in the brief space of five months. During that five months he had learnt the utter folly of playing the fool. He had been a wild shaver, even as wild shavers go in the mining camps of the north, but now he had bidden adieu to the gambling den, the drinking saloon, and the dancing halls. That part of his life was finished, he was determined now to live straight, and for all this he had to thank his young partner. Had it not been for Frank Ward, the brand of Cain would have been upon him. Sam Ravenstone had received a fright which would last him his lifetime, and the last five months, which had made a man of him, were to prove the saddest he would ever know. But this terrible experience had taught Sam a second lesson, almost as great as the first. They had taught him the meaning of the word partner-

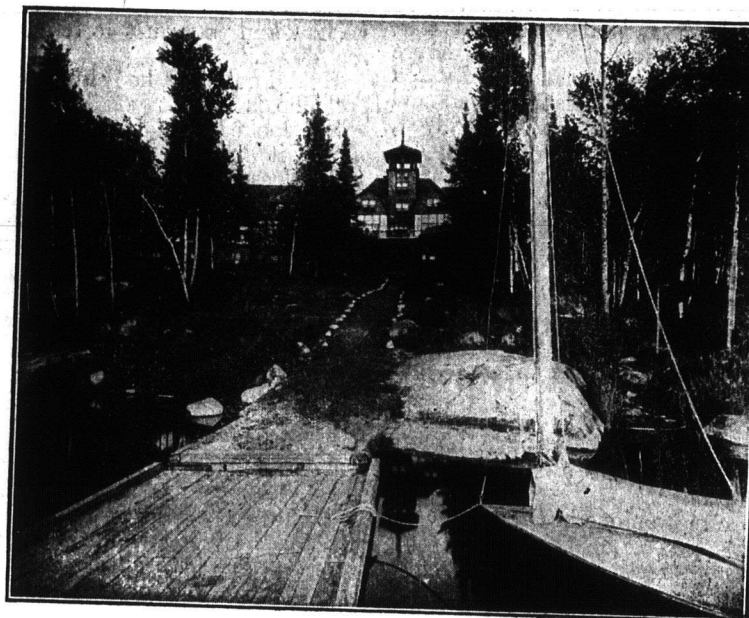
other man was Sam's partner. Halman believed that Sam Ravenstone had meant to take his life, and believing this he had sworn to kill Ravenstone ere he himself crossed the great divide.

When Halman returned to his people that spring, away back in the land of many rivers, he told his story to the warriors of his tribe, and a great indignation rose up among them. "The man owed me money," Halman told them. "Money that I had worked hard to earn, and when I asked him for it he struck me senseless, without a word, and left me to perish by the wolves."

"This act cannot go unavenged," cried an old warrior. "Halman is a mighty hunter among us. In a year or two he will be our chief."

"Rest assured, brothers," answered Halman, "I, myself will avenge it, ere three snows are passed Ravenstone will be led into our teepees, a captive. I have spoken."

The months slipped by, and Sam Ra-



BEAUTIFUL MINAKI

One of the most picturesque spots in which to spend a holiday is undoubtedly Minaki, whose environments are of unsurpassed scenic beauty and health-giving proclivities. It is situated 114 miles east of Winnipeg and 335 miles west of Fort William on the line of the Canadian Government Railways.

The Inn has accommodation for three hundred and fifty-five guests, and is situated in a beautiful natural park. Every room has an outlook of exceptional attraction, a view over woodland and water vistas from every room in the entire structure. The utmost care has been taken to leave undisturbed the natural beauty surrounding the Inn. The many densely wooded knolls and lookout points in the vicinity afford shaded, cool places on warm summer days.

The Minaki Inn is so situated that the prevailing west wind affords complete coolness on the hottest summer day, and brings with it, not only the health-giving aroma of the spruce, balsam and pine, but also an invigorating element from the thousand miles of open prairie to the west. The altitude is sufficient to warrant immunity or to immediately relieve sufferers from hay fever, and the cool nights assure complete comfort to the tired and overworked, or a necessary change in the rocks, waters and woods, to the resident of the cities and towns of the prairie.

The Minaki Inn has been the first facility provided in exclusively summer resort hotels in Western Canada, and the enterprise shown in providing this facility is the confident expectation that city residents will gladly welcome and patronize this charming resort, which takes second place to none other in Canada. With ready access from Winnipeg, there will no longer be any necessity of sending the family to a remote resort, where through stress of business or disinclination for the long journey, business men will no longer deprive themselves of frequent short or long vacations, and will be constantly in touch with their business or family.

ship, and in the north the bonds of partnership are stronger, even, than the bonds of brotherhood.

So much by the way. Sam and Frank were now sworn partners, and would remain so for life. In time they would forget, or almost forget, the experience that had made them such, but the man who sows his wild oats is sure some day to behold the fruits thereof.

There was one who would not forget. That one was Halman, the Indian. Though an unbroken savage, his ideas of justice were keen. Moreover it is a law among the Indians that when a man is struck by another, and cannot retaliate, his manhood is gone. It may be years ere he seeks his vengeance, but so long as he lives is determined to seek it ere he dies, and to redeem his manhood by fearlessly returning blow for blow, all is well with him.

Halman, however, had more than a mere blow to avenge. Sam Ravenstone had struck him, with all injustice, and had left him to perish miserably in the snow. That another man had rescued him did not matter—even though that

venstone, by his marvellous abilities as a traveller, made money hard. Either as a canoe man or as a dog driver he was far above the average, and now that he lived straight and clean the money teamed in faster than he had ever imagined, while Frank Ward, in spite of his youth, was quickly winning fame as a capable man of the trails. Between the two of them they had more records for hard travelling to their credit than any other woodman of the northern forests.

Eighteen months were past. It was early spring one day, while Sam sat alone at the shanty, he was surprised to see an aged Indian beach his canoe by the landing stage below, and come hobbling up towards the clearing. He was evidently very old. He walked with a slight limp, and with the stiffness of many summers. Hobbling up to the verandah he addressed Sam in a weak and shaking voice. "Are you Sam Ravenstone, the Portage Agent?" he asked. Sam answered him, and the old Indian hobbled a few paces nearer. He had evidently some sort of business to do, so Sam bade him to squat at the