

GOOD YEAR

MADE IN CANADA

The Road Has Proved This Tread

ALL experience, all research, simply add proof to our claim that there is no better tread—for rear wheels or front—than the Goodyear All-Weather Tread.

No tread has been subjected to more severe tests—or closer observation.

On the Road—millions of motorists have jealously watched its quality and its work.

In the Goodyear Plant—constant research and continual experimenting aimed at a better tread.

From such observation and study came the Goodyear success. For it showed how to make tires that give more mileage, less trouble. It produced the crowning Goodyear achievement—the Goodyear Cord Tire. Yet the All-Weather Tread stands unchanged, defying improvement.

All-Weather Tires are All-Wheel Tires.

The sharp-edged blocks are arranged to roll like a ribbed tread. But—made of tough rubber—they resist skidding: take you out of ruts, around slippery corners, across ice-bound car tracks.

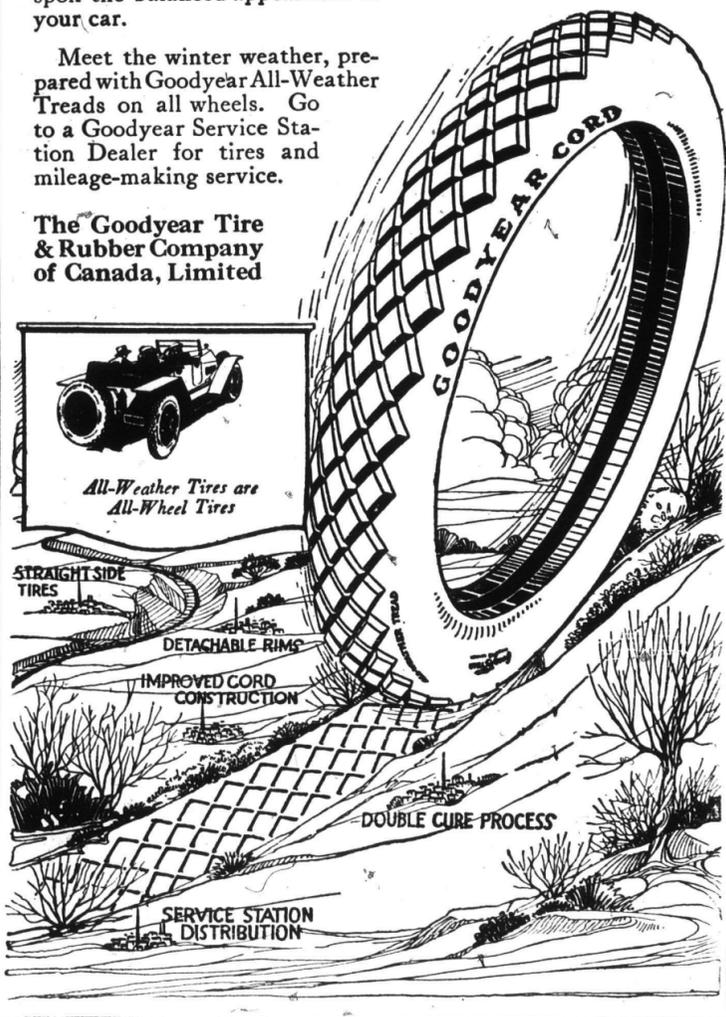
Through soft surfaces they cut to a solid footing.

Front wheels are kept under easy and absolute control.

With Goodyear All-Weather Treads on four wheels, and the spare, changing tires does not spoil the balanced appearance of your car.

Meet the winter weather, prepared with Goodyear All-Weather Treads on all wheels. Go to a Goodyear Service Station Dealer for tires and mileage-making service.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Canada, Limited



The Bear's Face

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his way down to this pocket o' mine, which was maybe his favorite country residence. I didn't like, one bit, the idee o' his comin' an' findin' me there, when I'd never been invited. I felt right bad about it, you bet; and I'd have got away if I could. But not bein' able to, there was nothin' fer me to do but try an' make myself onpleasant. I grabbed up a handful o' dirt an' threw it at the rattler. It scattered all 'round him, of course, an' some of it hit him. Where-upon he coiled himself like a flash, with head an' tail both lifted, an' rattled indignantly. There was nothin' big enough to do him any damage with, an' I was mighty oneasy lest he might insist on comin' home to see who his impudent caller was. But I kept on flingin' dirt as long as there was any handy, while he kept on rattlin', madder an' madder. Then I stopped to think what I'd better do next. I was jest startin' to take off my boot, to hit him with as he come along the narrow ledge, when suddenly he uncoiled an' slipped back into the crevice.

"Either it was very hot or I'd been a bit more anxious than I'd realized, for I felt my forehead wet with sweat. I drew my sleeve across it, all the time keeping my eyes glued on the spot where the rattler'd disappeared. Jest then, seemed to me I felt a breath on the back o' my neck. A kind o' cold chill crinkled down my backbone, an' I turned my face 'round, sharp.

"Will you believe it, boys? I was nigh jumpin' straight off that there ledge right into the landscape an' eternity! There, starin' 'round the wall o' rock, not one inch more than a foot away from mine, was the face o' the bear.

"Well, I was scared. There's no gittin' round that fact. There was something so unnatural about that big, wicked face, hangin' there over that awful height, an' starin' so close into mine. I jest naturally scrooged away as fur as I could git, an' hung on tight to the rock so's not to go over. An' then my face wasn't more'n two feet away, do the best I could; an' that was the time I found what it felt like to be right down scared. I believe, if that face had a come much closer, I'd have bit at it, that minute, like a rat in a hole.

"For maybe thirty seconds we jest stared. Then, I kind o' got a holt of myself, an' cursed myself good fer bein' such a fool; an' my blood got to runnin' agin. I fell to studyin' how the bear could have got there; an' pretty soon I reckoned it out as how there must be a big ledge runnin' down the cliff face, jest the other side o' the wall o' the pocket. An' I hugged myself to think I hadn't managed to climb 'round onto that ledge jest before the bear arrived. I got this all figgered out, an' it took some time. But still that face, hanging' out there over the height, kept starin' at me; an' I never saw a wickedder look than it had onto it, steady an' unwinkin' as a nightmare.

"It is curious how long a beast kin look at, one without winkin'. At last, it got onto my nerves so I jest couldn't stand it; an' snatchin' a bunch of weeds (I'd already flung away all the loose dirt, flingin' it at the rattler), I whipped 'em across them devilish leetle eyes as hard as I could. It was a kind o' a child's trick, or a woman's — but it worked all right, fer it made the eyes blink. That proved they were real eyes, an' I felt easier. After all, it was only a bear; an' he couldn't git any closer than he was. But that was a mite too close, an' I wished he'd move. An' jest then, not to be gittin' too easy in my mind, I remembered the rattler!

"Another cold chill down my backbone! I looked 'round, right smart. But the rattler wasn't anywheres in sight. That, however, put me in mind of what I'd been goin' to do to him. A boot wasn't much of a weapon agin a bear, but it was the only thing handy, so I reckoned I'd have to make it do. I vankeed it off, took it by the toe, an' let that wicked face have the heel of it, as hard as I could. I hadn't any room to swing, so I couldn't hit very hard.

of the crevice an' stopped on the shelf to take a look at the weather.

"It struck me right off that he was on happened. I sat there figgerin' how I was goin' to git out o' that hole; an' my figgerin' wasn't anyways satisfactory. I knew the bear was a stayer, all right. There'd be no such a thing as tryin' to crawl 'round that shoulder o' rock till I was blame sure he wasn't on t'other side; an' how I was goin' to find that out was more than I could git at. There was no such a thing as climbin' up. There was no such a thing as climbin' down. An' as fer that leetle ledge an' crevice leadin' off to the right, well, boys, when there's a rattler layin' low fer ye in a crevice, ye're goin' to keep clear o' that crevice.

But a bear's nose is tender, on the tip; an' it was jest there, of course, I took care to land. There was a big snort, kind o' surprised like, an' the face disappeared. I felt a sight better.

"Fer maybe five minutes nothin' else happened. I sat there figgerin' how I was goin' to git out o' that hole; an' my figgerin' wasn't anyways satisfactory. I knew the bear was a stayer, all right. There'd be no such a thing as tryin' to crawl 'round that shoulder o' rock till I was blame sure he wasn't on t'other side; an' how I was goin' to find that out was more than I could git at. There was no such a thing as climbin' up. There was no such a thing as climbin' down. An' as fer that leetle ledge an' crevice leadin' off to the right, well, boys, when there's a rattler layin' low fer ye in a crevice, ye're goin' to keep clear o' that crevice.

"It wanted a good three hours of sundown an' I knew my chaps wouldn't be missin' me before night. When I didn't turn up fer dinner, of course, they'd begin to suspicion somethin', because they knew I was takin' things rather easy an' not followin' up any long trails. I looked like I was there fer the night; an' I didn't like it, I tell you. There wasn't room to lay down, an' if I fell asleep settin' up, like as not I'd roll off the ledge. There was nothin' fer it but to set up a whoop an' a yell every once in a while, in hopes that one or other of the boys might be cruisin' 'round near enough to hear me. So I yelled some half a dozer times, stoppin' between each yell to hsten. Gittin' no answer, at last I decided to save my throat a bit an' try agin after a spell o' restin' an' worryin'. Jest then I turned my head, an' I forgot, right off, to worry about fallin' off the ledge. There, pokin' his ugly head out o' the crevice, was the rattler. I chucked a bunch o' weeds at him, an' he drew back in agin. But the thing that jarred me now was, how would I keep him off when it got too dark fer me to see him. He'd be slippin' home quiet like, thinkin' maybe I was gone, an' mad when he found I wasn't; fer, ye see, he hadn't no means of knowin' that I couldn't go up the rock jest as easy as I come down. I feared there was goin' to be trouble after dark. An' while I was figgerin' on that till the sweat come out on my forehead, I turned agin—an' there, agin, was the bear's face, starin' 'round the rock, not more'n a foot away.

"You'll understand how my nerves was on the jumps, when I tell you, boys, that I was scared an' startled all over agin, like the first time I'd seen it. With a yell, I fetched a swipe at it with my boot; but it was gone, like a shadow, before I hit it; an' the boot flew out o' my hand an' went over the cliff—an' me pretty nigh after it. I jest caught myself, an' hung on, kind o' shaky, fer a minute. Next thing, I heard a great scratchin' at the other side o' the rock, as if the brute was tryin' to git a better toe-hold an' work some new dodge on me. Then the face appeared agin, an' maybe, though perhaps that was jest my excited imagination, it was some two or three inches closer this time.

"I lit out at it with my fists, not havin' my other boot handy. But Lord, a bear kin dodge the sharpest boxer. That face jest wasn't there, before I could hit it. Then, five seconds more, an' it was back agin, starin' at me. I wouldn't give it the satisfaction o' tryin' to swipe it agin, so I jest kept still, pretendin' to ignore it; an' in a minute or two it disappeared. But then, a minute or two more an' it was back agin. An' so it went on, disappearin', comin' back, goin' away, comin' back, an' always jest when I wasn't expectin' it, an' always sudden an' quick as a shadow, till that kind o' got onto my nerves, too, an' I wished he'd stay one way or t'other, so as I could know what I was up agin'st.

"At last, settin' down as small as I could, I made up my mind I jest wouldn't look that way at all, face or no face, but give all my attention to watchin' for the rattler, an' yellin' fer the boys. Judgin' by the sun, which went mighty slow that day, I kept that game up fer an hour or more; an' then, as the rattler didn't come any more than the boys, I got tired of it, an' looked 'round for the bear's face. Well, that time it

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