

# "KAZAN"

THE WOLF DOG, By OLIVER CURWOOD

(Continued from last week.)

Today he placed the tallow and bran before Kazan, and the smile in his face gave way to a look of perplexity. Kazan's lips had drawn suddenly back. A fierce snarl rolled deep in his throat. The hair along his spine stood up. His muscles twitched. Instinctively the professor turned. Sandy McTrigger had come up quietly behind him. His brutal face wore a grin as he looked at Kazan.

"It's a fool job—tryin' to make friends with him," he said. Then he added, with a sudden interested gleam in his eyes, "When you start in?"

"With first frost," replied McGill. "It ought to come soon. I'm going to join Sergeant Conroy and his party at Fond du Lac by the first of October."

"And you're going up to Fond du Lac—alone?" queried Sandy. "Why don't you take a man?"

The little professor laughed softly. "Why?" he asked. "I've been through the Athabasca waterways a dozen times, and know the trail as well as I know Broadway. Besides, I like to be alone. And the work isn't too hard, with the currents all flowing to the north and east."

Sandy was looking at the Dane, with his back to McGill. An erudite gleam shot for an instant into his eyes.

"You're taking the dogs?"

"Yes."

Sandy lighted his pipe, and spoke like one strangely curious.

"Must cost a heap to take these trips o' yours, don't it?"

"My last cost about seven thousand dollars. This will cost me five," said McGill.

"Gawd!" breathed Sandy. "An' you carry all that along with you! Ain't you afraid—something might happen?"

The little professor was looking the other way now. The carelessness in his face and manner changed. His blue eyes grew a shade darker. A hard smile which Sandy did not see hovered about his lips for an instant. Then he turned, laughing.

"I'm a very light sleeper," he said. "A footstep at night rouses me. Even a man's breathing awakes me, when I make up my mind that I must be on my guard. And, besides—he drew from his pocket a blue steeled Savage automatic—"I know how to use this."

He pointed to a knot in the wall of the cabin. "Observe," he said. Five times he fired at twenty paces, and when Sandy went up to look at the knot he gave a gasp. There was one jagged hole where the knot had been.

"Pretty good," he grinned. "Most men couldn't do better'n that with a rifle."

When Sandy left, McGill followed him with a suspicious gleam in his eyes, and a curious smile on his lips. Then he turned to Kazan.

"Guess you've got him figured out about right, old man," he laughed softly. "I don't blame you very much for wanting to get him by the throat. Perhaps—"

He shoved his hands deep in his pockets, and went into the cabin. Kazan dropped his head between his forepaws, and lay still, with wide-open eyes. It was late afternoon, early in September, and each night brought now the first chill breaths of autumn. Kazan watched the last glow of the sun as it faded out of the southern skies. Darkness always followed swiftly after that, and with darkness came more fiercely his wild longing for freedom. Night after night he had gnawed his steel chain. Night after night he had watched the stars, and the moon, and had listened for Gray Wolf's call, while the big Dane lay sleeping. Tonight it was colder than usual, and the keen tang of the wind that came fresh from the west stirred him strangely. It set his blood afire with what the Indians call the Frost Hunger. Lethargic summer was gone and the days and nights of hunting at hand. He wanted to leap out into freedom and run until he was exhausted, with Gray Wolf by his side. He knew that Gray Wolf was off there—where the stars hung low in the clear sky, and that she was waiting. He strained at the end of his chain, and whined. All that night he was restless—more restless than he had been at any time before. Once in the far distance, he heard a cry that he thought was Gray Wolf, and his answer roused McGill from deep sleep. It was dawn, and the little professor dressed himself and came out of the cabin. With satisfaction he noted the exhilarating snap in the air. He wet his fingers and held them above his head, chuckling when he found the wind had swung into the north. He went to Kazan, and talked to him. Among other things he said, "This'll put the black flies to sleep, Kazan. A day or two more of it and we'll start."

Five days later McGill led first the Dane and then Kazan to a "packed canoe. Sandy McTrigger saw them off and Kazan watched for a chance to leap at him. Sandy kept his distance, and McGill watched the two with a thought that set his blood running swiftly behind the mask of his careless smile. They had slipped a mile down-stream when he leaned over and laid a fearless hand on Kazan's head. Something in the professor's voice, kept Kazan from a desire to snap at him. He tolerated the friendship with expressionless eyes and a motionless body.

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known. Every ounce of strength in his splendid body gathered itself for the spring. And then he leaped. This time the chain did not pull him back, almost neck-broken. Age and elements had weakened the leather collar he had worn since the days of his slavery in the traces, and it gave way with a snap. Sandy turned, and in a second leap Kazan's fangs sank into the flesh of his arm. With a startled cry the man fell, and as they rolled over on the ground the big Dane's deep voice rolled out in thunderous alarm as he tugged at his leash. In the fall Kazan's hold was broken. In an instant he was on his feet ready for another attack. And then the change came. He was free. The collar was gone from his neck. The forest, the stars, the whispering wind were all about him. Here were men and now there was—Gray Wolf! His ears dropped and he turned swiftly, and slipped like a shadow back into the glorious freedom of his world.

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A hundred yards away something stopped him for an instant. It was not the big Dane's voice, but the sharp crack—crack—crack, of the little professor's automatic. And above the sound there rose the voice of Sandy McTrigger in a wild and terrible cry.

CHAPTER XXVI  
An Empty World  
Mile after mile Kazan went on. For a time he was oppressed by the shivering note of death that had come to him in Sandy McTrigger's cry, and he slipped through the banks like a shadow, his ears flattened, his tail trailing, his hindquarters betraying that curious sinking quality of the wolf and dog steal away from danger. Then he came out upon a plain and the stillness, the billion stars in the clear vault of the sky, and the keen air that carried with it the breath of the Arctic currents made him alert and questioning. He faced the direction of the wind. Somewhere off there far to the south and west, waited for him many times before he

was Gray Wolf. For the first time in many weeks he sat back on his haunches and gave the deep and vibrant cry that echoed for miles around him. Back in the banks the big Dane heard it, and whined. From over the still body of Sandy McTrigger the little professor looked up with a white tense face and listened for a second cry. But instinct told Kazan that to the first call there would be no answer, and he now struck out swiftly, galloping mile after mile, as a dog follows the trail of its master home. He did not turn back to the lake, nor was his direction toward Red Gold City. As straight as he might have followed a road blazed by the band of man he cut across the forty miles of plain and swamp and forest and rocky ridge that lay between him and the McFarlane. All that night he did not call again for Gray Wolf. With reasoning was a process brought about by habit—precedent—and as Gray Wolf had waited for him many times before he

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In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted, and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.  
I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvellous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of "ridding your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but understand I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.  
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No. 555D Gurney Bldg. Syracuse, N.Y.  
Mr. Jackson is responsible above statement true—Pub.  
I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvellous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of "ridding your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but understand I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.  
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# SUPPORT UNION GOVERNMENT

## Women of Canada: "Be True to the Boys At the Front"

Sir Robert Borden in his manifesto says: "The franchise will be extended to women, not chiefly in recognition of devoted and capable service in the war, but as a measure of justice too long delayed. If men die, women suffer; if they are wounded, women heal; if they are maimed, women labor."

The franchise is extended to the women relatives of fighting Canadians, in order that they may help hasten Victory and bring the boys back from the trenches covered with the glory they have won.

## A Vote for a Unionist Candidate Is a Vote for Reinforcements

The Union Government is pledged to carry on its work of raising the 100,000 reinforcements so urgently needed to support the Canadians at the front. Laurier and his adherents would stop this work, take a referendum, and experiment with voluntary enlistment, the possibilities of which have been exhausted. The most clear-headed, right-minded Liberals have gladly and without coercion helped to form the Union Government; they have weighed the pros and cons, they have not allowed politics to interfere with their patriotism, or their promise to our brave boys in France to "see them through."

## WOMEN WHO CAN VOTE

Every woman may vote who is a British subject, 21 years of age, resident in Canada one year, and in the constituency 30 days, who is the mother, wife, widow, daughter, sister or half-sister of any person, male or female, living or dead, who is serving or has served without Canada in any of the Military forces, or within or without Canada in any of the Naval forces of Canada or of Great Britain in the Present War, or who has been honorably discharged from such services, and the date of whose enlistment was prior to Sept. 20th, 1917.

Such women should vote for the Unionist Candidate to ensure prompt reinforcements at the front.

Every ounce of strength in Canada should be exerted to help right a monstrous wrong the Prussian hierarchy would inflict upon the world. That is why the vote is placed in the hands of those most dear to our soldiers, trusting that the wifely love, and motherly devotion, and sisterly care, will vote as the boys would vote to carry on the work begun, and so far continued in the heroic spirit of self-sacrifice.

Unionist Party Publicity Committee

### Ezy-Way Glycerine Washing Tablets

Use Two EZY-WAY GLYCERINE WASHING TABLETS to your usual bath water. It will soften the water, cleanse the pores, and make the skin soft, white and smooth. Why pay high prices for Turkish baths when you can get the same results at home with the Ezy-Way Glycerine Washing Tablets? The secret of good bathing is moral elimination. Don't take our word for it; just give it a trial and be your own judge. It will surprise and delight you.  
Washes dirtiest clothes in from 15 to 20 minutes with very little rubbing, makes the clothes white as snow without bleaching. Ezy-Way contains no paraffin wax, lime, potash or other injurious chemicals. Ezy-Way will not cause the slightest injury to skin or the finest fabrics. We ask you to get a free sample and give it a trial. If out of City send five cents to pay postage and handling and you will receive sample by return mail. Our guarantee, money back if not pleased. No questions asked. Agents wanted. This is the real thing, so get a hold of it at once.  
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"It is with great pleasure I tell you of the wonderful relief received from taking 'Fruit-a-lives'. For years, I was suffering from Constipation, and I was miserable. Nothing in the way of medicine helped me. Then I took 'Fruit-a-lives' and the splendid relief after taking one like a new person, to have those suffering Headaches. Mrs. MARTHA D. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, at all dealers or sent postpaid—Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

### FRANKLYN FARNUM IN "ANYTH"

One of the most ridiculous ever introduced in movie comedy will be presented here on Wednesday, when "Anything Offered with Franklyn Farnum" the occasion. When the made the idea of a waggling ploding fireworks was the producer's plan—but dreamed that the team of the lead of Fourth of lives should run away. cause the team had been sulted and had not been stand still while rocket crackers rang the celebs to their immediate rear, scene was photographed fortunately, enough came upon the team to "get" sequently transpired—a further attended the pro the horses were running country where there could sible accident either to The team just naturally tired with rockets "sw giant fire crackers poppy the advance. The incident of the most spectacular, one of the most hilarious scenes imaginable.

### Cured His R

I was badly ruptured a trunk several years ago. I said my only hope of cure was operation. Trusses did no good. Finally I got hold of some quickly and completely. Years have passed and the never returned, although hard work as a carpenter, no operation, no lost time. I have nothing to sell, full information about find a complete cure vation, if you write to me. Fullen, Carpenter, 308 Avenue, Manassas, Va. out this notice and show others who are ruptured save a life or at least of rupture and the work of an operation.

### Calgary Furniture

We have a very complete stock of Second-hand Furniture and descriptions. Sets for sale and at prices. Our Stock of Stoves are the best to be found. We invite you to see our store buying else. 1312 First Street West

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