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Think of any soup in the recipe-book — think of your favourite soup—arrange to have it for dinner to-day and make it better than ever before, like this:—

Prepare your soup in the ordinary way, and before you put it in to boil add a packet of "Edwards"—either the Brown, Tomato, or White variety.

When the soup is served you'll find it better and thicker and more nourishing; in short, you'll like your favourite soup so much better that you'll want to improve every Soup-recipe in the book by adding "A little Edwards." You can use Edwards' Soup as a basis for practically any soup you make. Although splendid by itself, Edwards' Soup blends so naturally with other soups that it seems like a part of the original recipe. Get a few packets of Edwards' Soup to-day.

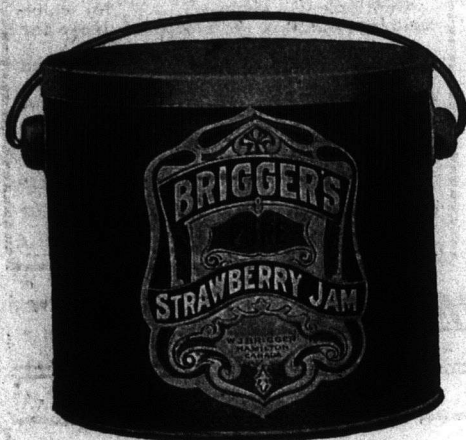
EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUPS

5c. per packet.

Edwards' Desiccated Soups are made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

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Flatstone as he passes. Now we go on to camp. Heap feast; people miss the Lynx. Tomorrow Lynx go to Detroit; come back in two sleeps.

The conversation he had overheard drove all thought of sleep from the young Canadian's mind. He must warn Flatstone of the tribesman's treachery; and he must inform the colonel. After sharing a hasty meal with the dog, he arose to return to Detroit. As he stepped into the pathway he found himself face to face with a keen-featured Indian.

"The White Shauman!" cried the latter in pleased surprise. "Gray Wolf!" The two clasped hands.

"My brother comes to our lodges to-night? Our young men have killed a bear. Make much feast."

To decline such an invitation would be a grave affront to the band. Donald reflected a moment. "I will go; but when the moon rises Gray Wolf must go to Detroit on a message."

"Gray Wolf goes where his brother sends," was the ready reply.

Returning to the fire, the doctor scribbled a hasty note in cypher to Col. Proctor, warning him of the Lynx's treason and advising that on his arrival at Detroit he be held until McIntyre's return.

"This paper must be in the commandant's hand before tomorrow's sleep."

Gray Wolf uttered an affirmative "Ugh," and the pair set out for camp.

The Fox encampment had been moved about eight miles nearer Detroit, and a brisk half-hour's walk brought them to the edge of the meadow where the teepees stood.

Their approach was heralded by a savage rush of snarling, wolfish dogs. Snap, nothing daunted by the odds, closed with the curs, tossing the first over his head, and nipping the next so severely that it limped howling away. Then the fight resolved itself into a wild confusion of rolling, snarling, biting animals. Several Indians rushed forward and, clubbing indiscriminately, parted the combatants. The dogs limped away, turning every few yards to bristle and snarl defiance, while Snap, lame, but undaunted, followed his master without deigning another look at his foes.

The Reynards gathered about to welcome the White Shauman and conduct him to a seat of honor in the feasting booth. Here Lynx presided in the absence of Flatstone, and greeted Donald with honeyed welcome. "My heart sings when my white brother comes to our feast. Does he bring good words from the White Chief at Detroit?"

"The White Chief has nothing but good words for all his loyal-red brothers," replied McIntyre as he took a seat in the inner circle.

The bear feast among the western tribes takes the form of a religious festival to appease the angry spirit of the slain animal. It is a point of etiquette to devour the entire carcass at a sitting—a custom which often gives rise to incredible feats of gastronomy. This time, however, there were about sixty persons present, including women and children, so that the average of each was the comparatively easy task of about five pounds of meat.

Donald had taken the precaution of arranging with a young squaw for a greatly reduced portion. Even this proved more than he cared for, and he slyly passed a part of the meat to Red Thunder, a cavernous-visaged old warrior who sat on his right. Meantime he kept an eye on Ward, who sat nearly opposite, struggling with a huge cut of bear sirloin. At last a happy inspiration seemed to strike the American. Tying a cord around his neck, he secured the other end to the meat, and quickly drew it up under his coat out of sight. He then turned his birch bark platter up-side down, as a sign that he had finished. The Indians ate in solemn silence, and when finished turned their platters in the same manner.

Then the calumet was passed round, each guest taking a whiff. Last of all the Lynx took the pipe and, blowing the smoke to the four points of the compass, made a long propitiatory address to the spirit of the dead bear, pointing out the happy deliverance he

had received from a world full of cold and hunger. He further deplored the necessity the Indians were under of sometimes killing their best friends, not from ill-will, but from the necessity of securing food.

The Lynx then went out, and the feast was over. As Ward stepped out into the moonlight, the doctor followed. A short distance from camp he whistled to Snap, "Sic 'em!"

The dog flew at Ward and seized him by the coat, which he tore in ribbons from the spy's shoulders.

With an oath, the American drew a revolver, but a heavy blow on the chin laid him senseless on the ground.

"Watch him, Snap!" And Donald hastened to the fire with the birch bark sketch he had taken from the torn coat.

In five minutes he had made a facsimile of the chart, and keeping the original, slipped the copy into the jacket. He returned to Ward to find Snap mounting guard over the American, while a pack of Indian dogs growled savagely in a circle about them.

"What is the matter?" called the Canadian, clubbing the Indian dogs right and left.

"I do not seem to remember," replied the man sitting up, "I was attacked by a dog and then I don't know what happened."

"This is my dog guarding you from the curs. Good old Snap!" The dog wagged his tail. "I am much obliged to you," said the American struggling to his feet.

"Don't mention it," replied Donald.

Several Indians came up and pointed excitedly to the meat hung about Ward's neck. When he told his story one of the head men, Black Eagle, gravely replied: "The Long Knife did grievous wrong to take bear meat for own use. No doubt the dogs were guided by the wood-spirit to prevent such wickedness. He is our guest, and he may go this once in safety."

So saying the Reynard councillor cast the bear meat into the fire.

"Where is my jacket?" said Ward suddenly.

The tattered garment was soon found. The American felt in his pocket for the birch roll, and gave a sigh of relief as he felt the sketch in its place.

"This is a nice kettle of fish," snapped Col. Proctor, thirty-six hours later. "Have you taken the Lynx," asked McIntyre breathlessly.

"Yes, I took him, and along came Tecumseh and two Fox chiefs to demand my reasons. I had nothing definite to give. I could not offend them; so I released the prisoner."

The young man gave a whistle of consternation.

The door opened and a tall lithe chief, with strong aquiline but pleasant features, came into the room.

"Tecumseh," exclaimed Donald.

"The White Shauman," and the great Indian's eagle eye sparkled with friendly recognition.

"We must capture Lynx, immediately," said Donald.

"Sir, you forget your rank," shouted Proctor.

"What has the Fox done?" asked Tecumseh, ignoring the commandant.

"He has betrayed his chief to the Long Knives, so as to get his position; he is spying on our forces here; and he has promised to betray you in exchange for a silver medal."

The chief's eyes hardened; his finely chiselled features set like polished copper.

"Have you proof?" he snapped.

Quickly the tale was told, and the bark scroll shown to the astonished listeners.

"He has had half an hour's start," said Tecumseh, and he whistled shrilly in the doorway.

"Take Gray Wolf, he is worth a dozen," said McIntyre as the shawnee warriors rallied to the familiar signal.

"That Indian makes me wonder who is commander," murmured Proctor wearily, as the pursuers plunged into the bush five minutes later.

The doctor then laid his plan before the colonel, for checkmating the American ambush party on the Miami. After much hesitation the commandant gave orders to his officers, and half an hour after sunset the British force of