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"You forget, Harold, that it was Bill that brought you back. The thirty days he was hired for were gone long ago." But she softened at once. "It's your duty to help him, and I'll help him, too, if I can." In the next few days Bill mostly left

grave displeasure came into her face.

BEGIN HERE TODAY. Bill Bronson has led Virginia Tre-mont into the Clearwater of Northern Canada to find her finnee, Harold Lounsbury, who vanished there six

the two together, trying to find his consolation in the wild life of the forest world outside the cabin. Harold had taken advantage of his absence and had made good progress; Virginia's period of readjustment to him was al-She did not, however, go frequently into his arms. Some way, an embar-rassment, a sense of inappropriatness and unrest always assailed her when

ne tried to claim the caresses that he "Not now, Harold," she would tell m. "Not until we're established gain—at home." were his due.

Finally his habits and his actions ild not quite meet with her approval. The first of these was only a little hing—a failure to keep shaved. The stubble matted and grew on his and jowls. Bill, in contrast, shaved with greatest care every evening.

A more important point was his avoidance of his proper share of Bill's



THE FUNERAL

tention of going along.

Bill took rather a new course today
He bent his steps toward a stream that

he called Creek Despair—named for the fact that he had once held high hopes of finding his lost mine along its waters.

only to meet an utter and hopeles After proceeding a long distance Bill

glanced back in warning and pointed to an entrancing wilderness picture, a

In a little glade and framed by the lorest stood a large bull caribou, flashing and incredibly vivid against the

Incidentally he made a first-class target—one that it seemed impossible

"I'll take him," Harold shouted. "Let me take him."
In a flash Harold realized that here was his opportunity; in one stroke, one casy shot, he could focus Virginia's ad-

miration upon himself.

But it was not the way of sportsmen, wandering in file in mountain trails, to

wandering in the in mountain trans, clamor for the first shot at game. Whatever is said is usually in solicitation to a companion to shoot; and Virginia felt oddly embarrassed.

Harold's gun leaped to his shoulder. The target looked too big to miss, but his bullet flung up the snow behind the autimal.

The caribou's powerful limbs pushed

out in a mighty leap. Frenzied, Har-old shot again; but his nerve was broken and his self-control blown to

the four winds. The animal had gained the shelter of the thickets by now. "My sights are off," Harold shouted. "They didn't shoot within three feet of

"They didn't shoot within three feet of where I aimed. Damn such a gun."
"I think we'd better look for something else," said Bill dryly,
"Then I want you to carry my gun awhile, and let me take yours. It's all ready, and here's a handful of extra "BILL'S EYES SAW THE BEAR FIRST."
shells. You ought to be willing to do that, at least."
Harold had forgotten that this man was not his personal guide, subject to his every wish. He held out gun and shells; and, smilling. Bill received them, giving his own weapon in exchange.

giving his own weapon in exchange. But Harold's miss had not been his greatest sin. The omission that fol-lowed was by all the codes of the hunt-

ing trails unpardonable. He supposed that he had refilled his rifle magazine with shells before he put it in Bill's hands. In his confusion and anger, he

had forgotten to do so; and the only load that the gun contained was that the barrel, thrown in automatically when the last empty shell was ejected.

SEVERAL seasons before there had

been a fatality on the hillside above Creek Despair. An ancient spruce tree had languished, withered and died from sheer old age. On the day that the three hunters emerged on their snowshoes in search

of meat for their depleted larder, the

of meat for their depleted larder, the wind pressed gently against it. Because its trunk was rotted away it swaved and fell heavily.

The falling tree had made a frightful grizzly, hibernating for the winter, and crash just over the head of a great even the deep coma in which he lay was abruptly dissolved.

Like grants up, ready to fight.

He sprang up, ready to fight. His little, fierce eyes burned and smoldered with wrath, he grunted deep in his throat, and he pushed out sav-

agely through the cavern maw, It was only a step farther through the spruce thicket, into the sunlight.

Three figures, two abreast and one behind, came mushing through the little pass where the creek flowed. The grizzly recognized them in an instant as hipperdivary foes.

hundred yards in front.

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As he stepped, his forefeet swung out, giving to his carriage an arrogance and a swagger that would have been amusing if it hadn't been terrible. His wicked teeth gleamed white in foam, and the

hair stood stiff at his shoulders.

Bill's keen eyes saw the bear first.

It was the last sight in the world that

Bill had expected.

There was no waiting this time to offer the sporting opportunity to Harold.

Virginla was not aware of a lapse of time between the instant that Bill caught sight of the bear and that in which his gun came leaping to his shoulder.

Haroid spoke tolerantly, patronizingly.
"Those fellows are apt to take an advantage of any familiarity. They're all right if you keep 'em in their placebut they're mighty likely to break loose from it any minute. I'm sorry you over in the rifle magazine.

Lounsbury, who vanished there six years previously. Disaster separates them from the rest of their party, Kenly Lounsbury, Virginia's fiance's uncle, and Vosper, Bronson's cook. The man and girl are snowed in in Bill's trappling cabin beyond Grizzly River.

Bill seeks his murdered father's lost gold mine. One day he finds Harold, who has turned squaw man, and takes him to Virginia.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

Virginia turned back to her newfound lover.

She was a little frightened by the She was a little The grizzly dies hard; he felt that all four of them would be needed to arrest the charge that would likely follow his 'I first shot.

alk He aimed for the great shoulder, the (Continued in Our Next Issue.)

SORES SPREAD ALL OVER

She was a little frightened by the expression on his face. His eyes were and in his fury and malice he made glowing, the color had risen in his the worst mistake of all. "I hope hasn't been too tender—" he suggested, victously. breathless.

"Before he comes," he urged. "We've been apart so long—"

His hand reached out and seized hers. He drew her toward him. She didn't resist; she felt a deep self-annoyance that she didn't crave his kiss. He crushed her to him, and his kiss was greedy.

Victously.

The girl answered only with her eyes; but her answer was unmistakable. Harold muttered something unintellistic file in the something unintellistic file in the standard muttered something unintellistic file in the standard file in the standard file in the sta

She struggled from his arms and he looked at her in startled amazement. In fact, she was amazed at herself!

That first night Bill and Harold made bunks on the floor of the cabin, but such an arrangement could only be temporary.

They might be imprisoned for weeks to come. Bill solved the problem with a single suggestion.

They would build a small cabin for the two men to sleep in. Many times he had erected such a structure by his own efforts; the two of them could push it up in a few hours' work, "The reality not much good at cabin building," Harold protested. "But I don't see why Bill shouldn't go to work at it. I suppose you hired him for all camp work."

For an instant Virginia stared at him in utter wonder, and then a swift look of grave displeasure came into her face. "You forget, Harold, that it was Bill."

THE addition of Harold to their number did not influence, for long. XII.

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THE addition of Harold to their number did not influence, for long. YII when the suff and a few comrades as ever; they talked and the little stove in the bushed nights; they played their favor-ite melodies on the battered phonotetite melodies on the battered phonotetic melodies on the same joyous, over their looked and twenty-five cent please at twenty-five cent please at twenty-five cent please at twen "My children started to break out on

by bad blood, and to get heep it pure you must remove every trace of the impure and morbid matter from the system by a blood-cleansing medicine such as

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WINTER IN THE HIGHLANDS.

WINTER IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Nothing is so invigorating, buoyant and heaithful as the good derived by the out-of-door life enjoying Canadian winter sports, and the most desirable place in Canada for these pleasures is Algonquin Park, 2,000 feet above the sea level, and so easy of access, only 200 miles north of Toronto, and 170 miles west of Ottawa. Splendid skiruns have been made this year, enjoyable routes for snowshoe tramps have been arranged, good skating is available on an open-air rink, and a fast toboggan slide is provided for those who enjoy this exhilarating sport. The "Highland Inn" is the center of the winter life and sports, and good accommodation and cuisine is found at this popular resort. A through sleeping car is run from Toronto to Algonquin Park twice a week (Tuesday and Friday) ask Grand Trunk agents for care to," Bill went on Harold's ears. He announced his in-

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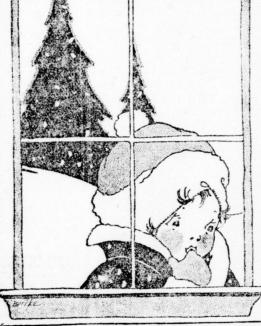
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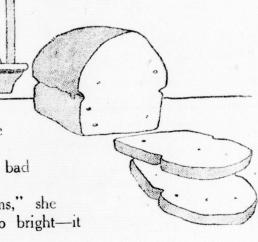
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"What's the matter?" I asked, the minute I got inside the house.

My wife tried to smile, but a pretty bad business she made of it.

"Bobbie's f-failed in his exam-ina-tions," she told me, her lips quivering. He's so bright-it doesn't matter, of course-

"No, of course not," I hurriedly agreed, though a knife went through me. And then she turned on me "Oh, if you want your boy to go through life, f-failing"—and with that she was sobbing in my arms. Well, I didn't want that, and for the next few days I watched pretty carefully what that kid ate. Lamb chops, eggnog, all kinds of "strengthening" stuff-besides iron pills and cod liver oil. But one thing struck me—he ate hardly any Bread.

"How much Bread does Bobbie eat a day?" I asked his mother. "Oh, I don't know," she admitted. "All he wants, of course. That's it. He never seems to want much." That night I brought home a loaf of

NEAL'S GOOD WHITE BREAD

and fixed up Bobbie's lunch-box myself. One egg sandwich, two peanut butter sandwiches, three jam sandwiches.

That afternoon, instead of "staying in" doing his sums, Bobbie was out tussling with a snowman. And after a week he did so well that they let him take the examinations over. Now he's promoted. "V. G." was his last report—and I'm a Bread fan. Do you wonder?

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