The Peacemakers

Written for The Western Home Monthly



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A food because made with milk; and Junke actually makes milk more easily and completely digestible.

Delicious, easy to make. Affords a wide variety of dainty, attractive desserts that everybody will enjoy. May be frozen into exceptionally wholesome ice cream.

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IG BEN is a household word because he's a clock of his word. He runs on time, he rings on time, he helps folks live on time.

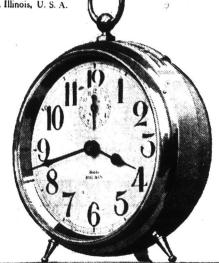
These are family traits. All Westclox alarms run true and ring true. They're all good looking, too. You can tell them by the family name, Westclox. on the face of each clock.

The Western Clock Co. builds them in the patented *y'estelox* way. Needlefine pivots of polished steel greatly reduce friction. *Westelox* make good in the heart of the steel of the steel

reduce friction. Westelox make good in the home.

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before, but in a different sense, for that was in the half-for-British Columbia was a region under a an abrupt full stop. different name. McHick was sick of Druille's dog, firstly because it was move some of the more refractory roots, Druille's dog, secondly because it was a and a charge was already laid under the mangy, wolfish beast, with the sneaking very root on which he sat. Well, he manners of a wolf. Last Thursday it would make that Frenchman hop it! had skulked into the shanty and stolen two pounds of best sugar-cured bacon; to-day it had tried to pull down the venison, fleeing like a streak of light "Fire!" he exclaimed coolly, and the venison, fleding like a streak of light when McHick suddenly appeared to investigate the noise.

McHick decided that he must teach Druille's pup to respect its neighbors. He would catch it red-handed, but this time the beast would not escape unpunished.

Don Cary, McHick's partner, had gone to Nelson to buy stores, so Mack had the shanty to himself. He propped a board over the window, and by means of an ingenious deadfall arrangement consisting of a rope, a huge stone and a stiff cedar wand, he fixed the door open in such a way that a large animal could not very well enter without displacing the cedar wand, which propped the door open, and thereupon the latter would swing to, imprisoning the trespasser inside the hut. These preparations completed, McHick threw a few bacon rinds on the top of the stove to give forth an appetising odor, then repaired to the edge of the clearing to proceed with his task of levering up tree roots.

Scarcely twenty minutes had passed when McHick heard someone coming along the trail towards the hut, whistling shrilly. There was only one man in the vicinity who could whistle like that— Mack's next door neighbor, Druille. Druille originally hailed from sunny France. He was large and fat and extremely volatile. His shanty, where he lived with his wife and children, was a mile away on the other side of the creek, and though Mack's partner and he were the best of friends, Mack and the Frenchto get on very well. They had quarrelled once over a shovel, and now were barely on speaking terms.

There was no time to remove the gear which was obviously set to catch someceeded to the shanty.

his short ginger hair bristling savagely. "If he runs foul of the gin it's his own

The fat Frenchman bundled across the threshold, unset the willow wand, and was promptly smitten straight across the nose by the retreating door. The force of the blow sent him staggering, and at last recovering he beheld Mack, a wide grin on his sun-tanned countenance, humorously contemplating the incident from an adjacent tree root.

To say that Druille was angry would be putting it mildly. His first impression was that this was a joke at his For some seconds he could not speak, Scot, his fists clenched.

You do that to me, ah?" he blurted out. "You see me coming, you set trap, you break my nose-ah?

You did it to yourself," responded

Mack coolly, striking another match Francoise, waving his handkenchief, dancing from one leg to the other, was overcome by a second speechless paroxvsm, "You sit there-like one hen-on its duck's eggs—waiting for its pullets to hatch," he yelled. "I blow your nose—by hang I will! You are—one—big

cabbage

Mack began to warm up. It was not his way to take things lying down. His thither Mack headed. Reaching the edge hair bristled again. He swore, "What of Druilles clearing the place was apparyou want to come monkeying around here for, anyway " he demanded, "Come

HICK was sick of Druille's it's your own funeral if you go sticking dog. He had been sick of dog your ugly face in another man's cabin." "Ugly face!—what about your own dirty head?" bawled the Frenchman. gotten days ere motor boat But at that moment a new move on transportation was thought of, and when Mack's part brought the conversation to

Mack had been using dynamite to re-Calmly he lit the fuse—a perilously short one-and as it spluttered into life

way in which Francoise took to his heels was truly laughable. Scarcely were they both safely clear when a terrific explosion littered the whole clearing with twigs and earth.

Then, as the smoke cleared, Mack caught sight of a huge, round, frightened face emerging cautiously round a corner of the shanty. Francoise, realizing that the danger was passed, shook his fist and bawled-"You cabbage!"

Mack blew him a kiss. "Allez vous en, mon petit!" he murmured. "Go and play with votre chien, you ugly pomme-deterre!"

For long the feud between Mack and Francoise had simmered, and fate had apparently decided that it should reach its crisis that day. Scarcely had Francoise taken his departure when Mack was disturbed by a loud cackling, and looking round he beheld the Frenchman's dog in full cry after one of his roosters the only Plymouth Rock within a twenty mile radius, the pride of the Scotchman's heart. Mack did not interfere, for he felt that the horny old rooster was capable of taking care of itself, but muttering angry cuss words he stole quietly to the shanty, and obtained his little gopher rifle. The dog, however, had seen him, and with wolfish cunning had effaced itself, so that when Mack stole out, Francoise's dog was nowhere to be seen. At length he spotted the tip of a black nose protruding from behind the trunk of a neighboring pine, man were too much alike in disposition and knew that the dog was standing motionless behind the tree, wolf fashion, cunningly watching him. Up went the little rifle, then came a

sharp report. The dog leapt straight into the air with a fearful yell, rolled body's dog, so Mack lit his pipe and over and over and bolted for the trail, squatted himself on the root he had been yelling and pawing at its muzzle as it levering to await developments. Druille ran. Now, Mack was anything but a strolled into the clearing, mopped his hard-hearted man. He had acted in forchead, nodded uncommittingly to anger, but the sight of an animal in pain Mack, and looked around for Don. Failing to see him he ignored Mack and proken. he had inflicted a terrible wound, and "Be hanged to him!" muttered Mack, his conscience told him that it was now up to him to see the matter through. Francoise would not have the heart to put a fly out of misery, far less a dog, so Mack, suddenly grave and thoughtful, took the big rifle from its shelf.

That rifle was "some gun." It was designed to knock a deer off its feet, or to pulverize a caribou so that it dropped on the spot. It had been used, on occasions, for opening bully beef tins, and thus armed, Mack set off on the trail of the mangy wolf dog, determined to follow it to its end.

Now there was but one way to and from the shanty which Don and his partexpense, and a joke at one's expense is a ner shared. At the back was the imnever soothing, especially when it hurts. pregnable eternity of the mountain side, but at the bottom of the clearing was then he lumbered towards the fiery little the creek. It was not a wide creek, but deep and tumultous, carrying an enormous volume of water, and across it, as the sole way to and from the cabin, lay a fir tree, its branches trimmed in such a way that they formed, as it were, a railing for the natural bridge.

There, across the fallen tree, were signs indicating that the dog had crossed. and slinging his rifle Mack followed, the sweet scented spray rising from the water as it crashed and surged among the boulders at his feet.

From the other side the trail led straight on to Druille's shanty through the grove of second growth balsam, and ently deserted, then he espied the dog lying at the edge of the verandahto borrow something. I expect. Well, clawing at its muzzle and rolling.

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proacl dog, 1 slouch hand. No now a or no matte -acts occasi find s to hit weapo frying pan, v about explan

verand even t swipe side o °To to go of con the tw Width