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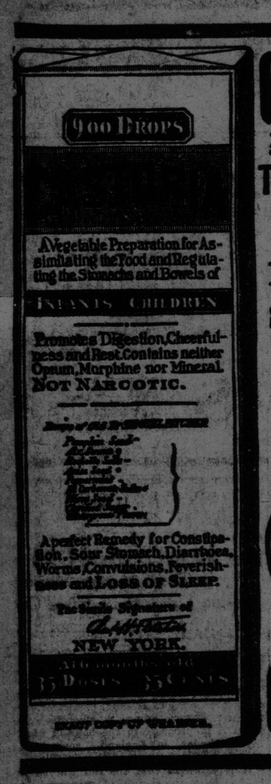

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CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

The HONOR of the BIG SNOWS

By James Oliver Curwood

Author of THE DANGER TRAIL

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(Synopsis of Previous Chapters)

As Melisse, wife of John Cummins, lies dying in her cabin home in the far Canadian north, she hears music. Presently the door opens and Jan Thoreau, with his violin, enters. After the death of Melisse, Jan, who soothed her last moments, is invited to stay on in the cabin with Cummins, who is a hunter.

The mother has left a little girl, also named Melisse, for whom Jan feels a supreme love.

In the frequent absence of the little Melisse's father, Jan cares for the little baby, prevents her Indian-sante from bringing her up as a papoose, and often plays to her.

Cummins, first becomes suspicious. He tells simply that he came from the Barren Lands.

(CHAPTER VI.—(Continued).

"Yes, we started from the Etawney just a week ago today."

Jan had come very near. The stranger interrupted himself to stare into the thin, fierce face that had grown like a white cameo almost within reach of him. With a startled cry, he drew a step back, and Jan's violin dropped to the snow.

For no longer than a breath there was silence. The man wormed himself back into the shadows inch by inch, followed by the white face of the boy. Then there came shrilly from Jan's lips the mad shrieking of a name, and his knife flashed as he leaped at the other's breast.

The stranger was quicker than he. With a sudden movement he cleared himself of the blow; and as Jan's arm went past him, the point of the knife ripped his coat-sleeve, he shot out a powerful fist and sent the boy reeling to the ground.

Stunned and bleeding, Jan dragged himself to his knees. He saw the dogs turning, heard a low voice urging them to the trail, and saw the sledge disappear into the forest. He staggered from his knees to his feet, and stood swaying in his weakness. Then he followed.

He forgot that he was leaving his knife in the snow, forgot that back there about the fire there were other dogs and other men. He only knew that once before he had seen a sledge slip off into the wilderness; that its going had left him a life of hatred and bitterness and desire for vengeance; and that this was the same man who was slipping away from him in the same way again.

He followed, sickened by the blow, but gaining strength as he pursued. Ahead of him he could hear the sound of the toboggan and the cautious lashing of a whip over the backs of the tired huskies. The sounds filled him with fierce strength. He wiped away the warm trickle of blood that ran over his cheek, and began to run, slowly at first, swinging in the easy wolf-lope of the forest runner, with his elbows close to his sides.

The dogs lowered their heads again, and licked their chops at the odors in the air. With a yell Mukee and three Crees dashed toward the fire, long-hooked poles in their hands; and as the caribou carcasses were turned upon their huge spits, and their dripping fat fell sizzling into the flames, the wild chorus of men and dogs and Jan's violin rose higher, until Cummins' great voice became only a whisper in the tumult.

The third caribou had been twice turned upon its spit, and Mukee and his Crees paused in waiting silence, their hooked poles gripping the long bar that rested horizontally across the arms of two stout posts driven into the earth close to the fire. At this signal there was a final outburst from the waiting horde, and then a momentary silence fell as Cummins sprang upon one of the bread-boxes and waved his arms frantically above his head.

"Now!" he shouted. "Now! 'Ze caribou-oo-oo-oo—' "

With eyes flashing with excitement, Jan stood before Cummins, and his violin shrieked out the wild tune to a still wilder response of untamed voices.

"Now!" yelled Cummins again.

The wilderness song, that was known from Athabasca to Hudson's Bay, burst forth in a savage enthusiasm that reached to the skies:

"Oh, ze cariboo-oo-oo, ze cariboo-oo-oo,
He roas' on high,
Jes' under ze sky,
Ze beeg white cariboo-oo-oo!"

Cummings drew his revolver and blazed fiercely into the air.

"Now!" he shrieked.

"Oh, ze cariboo-oo-oo, ze caribou-oo-oo,
He brown'n' juice'n' sweet!
Ze cariboo-oo-oo, he ver' polite—
He roas' on high,
Jes' under zes sky,
He ready now to come'n eat!"

With yells that rose above the last words of the song, Mukee and his Crees tugged at their poles, and the roasted caribou fell upon the snow. Jan drew back, and with his violin hugged under one arm, watched the wild revelers as, with bared knives flashing in the firelight, they crowded to the feast. Williams, the factor, who was puffing from his vocal exertions, joined him.

"Looks like a fight, doesn't it, Jan? Once I saw a fight at a caribou roast."

"So did I," said Jan, who had not taken his eyes from the jostling crowd.

"It was far to the west and north," continued Williams; "beyond the Great Slave country."

"Far beyond," said Jan, lifting his eyes quietly. "It was ver' near to ze Great Bear."

The factor stared at him in amazement. "You saw it?" he exclaimed.

But Jan turned away, as if he had heard nothing, and passed beyond the packs of waiting dogs to restore his precious violin to its peg on the cabin wall. The factor's words had stirred deep memories within him, and for the first time since he had come to the post he spoke no word to Melisse when he found her wakeful and friendly in her cot.

Neither was it the old Jan Thoreau who returned to the excitement about the great fire. With his long hunting-knife flashing above his head, he plunged in the throng around the caribou, crowding and jostling with the others, his voice rising in shrill cries as he forced himself through to the edge of the fire. Cummins was there, kneeling with turned-up sleeves and greasy hands beside the huge roast, and when he saw Jan he stared at him in wonder. There was neither laughter nor song in Jan Thoreau's voice. It was vibrant with a strange savageness which was more savage than the wildest yells of the half-breed Crees, and his great eyes burned fiercely as they rested for an instant upon Cummins' face.

Close behind Cummins stood Williams. Jan saw him, and his knife dropped to his side. Then, so quickly that the startled factor drew back a step, Jan sprang to him.

"Ze fight at ze Great Bear!" he cried in swift eagerness. "For who you fight at ze Great Bear?"

The factor was silent, and the muscles of his arms grew like steel as he saw the madness in Jan's face. Suddenly he reached out and gripped the boy's wrists. Jan made no effort to evade the clutch.

"For who you fight?" he cried again. "For who you fight at ze Great Bear?"

"We tried to kill a man, but he got away," said Williams, speaking so low that only Jan heard. "He was—" The factor stopped.

"Ze missioner!" panted Jan.

The wild light went out of his eyes as he stared up at Williams, and the softer glow which came into them loosened at once the factor's grip on the boy's wrists.

"Yes, the missioner!"

Jan drew back. He evaded meeting the eyes of Cummins as he made his way among the men. There was a new burst of song as Mukee and his Crees pulled down a second caribou, but the boy paid no attention to the fresh excitement. He thrust his knife into its sheath and ran—ran swiftly through the packs of dogs fighting and snarling over the scraps that had been thrown to them; past Maballa, who was watching the savage banquet around the big fire, and into the little cabin, to Melisse.

At that pace he could have followed for hours, losing when the pack took a spurt, gaining when they lagged, an insistent Nemesis just behind when the weighted dogs lay down in their traces. But there was neither the coolness of Mukee nor the cleverness of Jean de Gravoie in the manner of Jan's running. When he heard the cracking of the whip growing fainter, he dropped his arms straight to his sides and ran more swiftly, his brain reeling with the madness of his desire to reach the sledge—to drag from it the man who had struck him, to choke life from the face that haunted that mental picture of his grinning at him and gloating always from the shadow world, just beyond the pale, sweet loveliness of the woman who lived in it.

That picture came to him now as he ran, more and more vividly, and from out of it the woman urged him on to the vengeance which she demanded of him, her great eyes glowing like fire, her beautiful face torn with the agony which he had last seen in it in life.

To Jan Thoreau there seemed almost to come from that face a living voice, crying to him its prayer for retribution, pleading with him to fasten his lithe, brown hands about the throat of the monster upon the sledge ahead, and choke from it all life. It drove reason from him leaving him with the one thought that the monster was almost within reach; and he replied to the prayer with the breath that came in moaning exhaustion from between his lips.

He did not feel the soft, sun-packed snow under the beat of his feet. He received the lash of low-hanging bushes without experiencing the sensation of their sting. Only he knew that he wanted air—more and more air; and to get it he ran with open mouth struggling and gasping for it, and yet not knowing that Jean de Gravois would have called him a fool for the manner in which he sought it.

He heard more and more faintly the run of the sledge. Then he heard it no longer, and even the cracking of the whip died away. His heart swelled in a final burst-ing effort, and he plunged on, until at last his legs crumpled under him and he pitched face downward in the snow, like a thing stung by sudden death.

It was then, with his scratched and bleeding face lying in the snow, that reason began to return to him. After a little while he dragged himself weakly to his knees, still panting from the mad effort he had made to overtake the sledge. From a great distance he heard faintly the noise of shouting, the whispering echo of half a hundred voices, and he knew that the sound came from the revelers at the post. It was proof to him that there had been no interruption to the carnival, and that the scene at the edge of the forest had been witnessed by none.

Quickly his mental faculties readjusted themselves. He rose to his feet, and for a few moments stood hesitatingly. He had no weapon; but as his hand rested upon the empty knife-sheath at his belt, there came to him a thought of the way in which Mukee had avenged Cummins' wife, and he turned again upon the trail. He no longer touched the low-hanging bushes. He was no more than a shadow, appearing and disappearing without warning, trailing as the white ermine follows its prey, noiseless, alert, his body responding sinuously and without apparent effort to the working commands of his brain.

Where the forest broke into an opening lighted by the stars, he found blood in the footprints of the leading dog. Half way across the open, he saw where the leader had swung out from the trail and the others of the pack had crowded about him, to be urged on by the lashings of the man's whip. Other signs of the pack's growing exhaustion followed close.

The man now traveled beside the sledge where the trail was rough and rode where it was smooth and hard. The deep imprints of his heeled boots in the soft snow showed that he ran for only a short distance at a time—a hundred yards or less—and that after each running spell he brought the pack to a walk. He was heavy and lacked endurance, and this discovery brought a low cry of exultation to Jan's lips.

He fell into a dog-trot. Mile after mile dropped behind him; other miles were ahead of him, an endless wilderness of miles, and through them the tired pack persisted, keeping always beyond sound and vision.

The stars began fading out of the skies. The shadows of the forest grew deeper and blacker, and where the aurora had lightened the heavens there crept the somber gray film that preceded the dawn by three hours.

Jan followed more and more slowly. There was hard-breathing effort now in his running—effort that caused him physical pain and discomfort. His feet stumbled occasionally in the snow; his legs, from thigh to knee, began to ache with the gnawing torment that centers in the marrowbone; and with this the beginning of the "runner's cramp" he was filled with a new and poignant terror.

(To be continued).

The Evening Chit-Chat

By RUTH CAMERON

"THERE, here's all the money I owe you, at last," said sister.

Big brother held out his hand for the bills. "Let me see, how much was it?" he queried.

"Six dollars, wasn't it?" said sister.

Big brother started to speak, then thought better of it and merely looked quizzically at sister.

"Now, what's the matter," said sister, answering the look, "did you think it was more?"

"Well, by my reckoning, it was seven-fifty," said big brother, "but it doesn't make any difference."

"Yes it does," cried sister, warmly. "But I don't think you're right Bob. Don't you remember I borrowed five dollars, and then I paid for your share of auntie's present, and then one day you let me have four more, and then I paid for the express on all the packages for you?"

"I thought I paid you for that express," expostulated Bod.

"No, you started to, and then you said you'd let that go towards what I owed you."

"Did I?" said Bob. "All right then, we won't say anything more about it."

A woman convinced against her will is of the same opinion still. Incidentally, so is a man. And although Bob's words were all that could be desired, he looked the most unconvinced man that ever happened, and sister naturally refused to let the matter drop there.

In the end, after half a hour's arguing, Bob had his way, and took only the six dollars. Outwardly, he assured sister that she was doubtless right. Inwardly, he felt convinced that she was not. And sister, knowing just how he felt, smarted under the injustice of being sure that she had paid her just debts, and being equally sure that Bob believed she had not.

All of which I have set down here, because it is so typical of the financial entanglements into which the average family so often gets.

"Well, what of it?" perhaps you say. "What's a dollar and a half between brother and sister?"

Ah, my friends, it wasn't the dollar and a half that mattered, or that ever matters. It isn't the money at all that counts, but the feeling of resentment and injustice that the trouble money may cause.

This big brother, as I happen to know, would gladly have given sister five or ten dollars outright, and often did. It was the knowledge that she didn't believe he was giving it to her that irritated him.

And on her side, it was the feeling that she was really paying all her just debts and that her brother thought he was excusing her from some of them, that bothered her.

Mind you, I don't mean that the resentment which these two felt lasted any time at all, or that the disturbed feelings arising from these financial misunderstandings very often do endure, only it is so foolish to allow them to disturb the family harmony at all.

How avoid it?

Why, simply by doing what these two so evidently hadn't done—by setting down all financial transactions in black and white.

I know a family of three sisters, all wage-earners, who are continually lending and borrowing among themselves in times of financial stringency or prosperity. But they never have the least trouble about such things, because they have made it a fixed rule that both the borrower and the lender shall keep a written account of the transaction.

Of course, you trust those whom you live with and love; of course, you wouldn't mind lending a little money to them and not getting it back; of course, you wouldn't be so vulgar as to fight about money matters anyway—yes, I know all that, but why not avoid the slightest possibility of misunderstanding by business-like methods in money matters, even between house-mates?

I really think it pays.

La MARQUISE de FONTENOY

Austria May Not Welcome Echegary to Order of Golden Fleece — Samuel Hope Morley, One of the New Peers

(Copyright, 1912, by the Brentwood Company).

King Alfonso's action in bestowing the Order of the Golden Fleece upon Jose Echegaray is liable to give a considerable amount of offense at the Court of Vienne, for the Golden Fleece is the principal order of Austria as well as of Spain. Francis Joseph is the grand master within the dual empire, whereas King Alfonso is sovereign of the order in Spain. In Austria, the rules of the order are very strict and its membership is restricted there to men who can show many generations of Catholic and exclusively noble ancestors on both sides of the house, free from any bourgeois stain. Indeed, the action of the emperor in bestowing the Austrian order upon the Duke of Orleans on the occasion of his marriage to Archduchess Maria Dorothea of Austria was condemned as a violation of the statutes of the order, owing to the fact that the duke's grandmother, the late Duchess of Orleans, born a princes of the grand ducal house of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, had lived and died as a Lutheran.

The Bourbon rulers of Spain have always been much more liberal in the bestowal of the Golden Fleece; and the Kaiser, King George, the Duke of Connaught and other Protestant princes and sovereigns who wear the Golden Fleece, have all received it from the crown of Spain. Still a certain reserve is looked for by the court of Vienna on the part of the King of Spain in the bestowal of the Toison d'Or and its grant to Echegaray is certain to be resented on the banks of the Danube. Echegaray, who is of obscure origin and who began life as an engineer, continuing as a professor of applied Mathematics and as a newspaper editor, was one of the leaders of the insurrection which overthrew the monarchy in 1868, and was minister of education under the republic. This did not prevent him, however, from afterwards serving the monarchy as minister of finance.

After the restoration, he developed into the most renowned and successful of Spanish dramatist, his plays being celebrated not only in every country of the world where Spanish is spoken but also in other lands where they have been produced in translated form. Some of them have been violently anti-Catholic and have incited popular movements against Catholic institutions. Indeed, some of the outrages perpetrated in Barcelona a couple of years ago, when convents and monasteries were sacked and even the tombs of the dead Sisters of Mercy profaned and their remains carried around the city in derision, were attributed largely to the effect of some of Echegaray's plays. To give such an essentially Catholic order of knighthood as the Golden Fleece to a man who has shown himself so persistent a foe of the Catholic church, will, to the Austrian Court, seem nothing short of a sacrilege.

One of the New Peers

Samuel Hope Morley, former Governor of the Bank of England, who has just been raised to the peerage, is the son of the late Samuel Morley, who represented Bristol for so many years in parliament, and who on two occasions, refused offers of a peerage pressed upon him by Mr. Gladstone in the name of Queen Victoria.

The Morleys came originally from the Nottingham village of Sneinton and established a hosiery business in the county town of Nottingham, towards the close of the eighteenth century.

There were two brothers, John and Richard. John was the traveler for the firm, and in the course of his journeys he met and married Miss Paulton of Maidenhead. This lady became the mother of the late Samuel Morley and the grandmother of the new peer. She was a woman of character and it was due to her influence that the brothers arranged to open a London warehouse for their Nottingham goods.

They began in a very unpretentious way in Russia Row, off Milk street, in the city, where John and his wife were content to "live over the shop." As the business grew, they took a modest house in Homerton, where their six children were born.

The late Samuel Morley was the youngest of these, and was born in 1809. By that time the firm had an established reputation and the Morleys were conspicuous figures in London Nonconformity. In fullness of time, Samuel Morley became the head of the firm, and in 1841 married Miss Rebecca Hope, daughter of a Liverpool banker, who brought him a considerable increase of fortune. Everything he touched prospered, till he counted his employes, by thousands and his profits by millions of dollars. He was one of the founders of the Liberation Society, an ardent champion of home rule for Ireland, but was most intolerant with regard to Catholicism, absolutely declining to employ anyone belonging to that faith.

The new peer, like his younger brother, Arnold, who a few months ago married Mrs. James Runyon, of New York, achieved fame on the river, while at Trinity College, Cambridge, and rowed for his university in the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. He is also, like Arnold Morley, a member of that ultra-exclusive club the Royal Yacht Squadron, and as a duly qualified navigator won the Queen's cup at Cowes, perhaps the most coveted prize of the yachting world.

He is a member of the Four-in-Hand Club, and the Coaching Club, has won numerous cups in four-in-hand competitions at Ranelagh, and is devoted to golf. He is married to the daughter of the Rev. Royds Birch, and has two sons, both of them over twenty. He is, it is needless to say, a Liberal in politics. He has a beautiful country seat, known as Hall Place, Tonbridge.

A Catholic University

Beaumont College, at Old Windsor, which last year celebrated the golden jubilee of its foundation, may be described as the Catholic counterpart of the nearby Anglican College of Eton, and the list of its alumni contains quite as many well known names as that of Eton. Among them are Don Jaime' of Bourbon, the Carlist Legitimist pretender to the throne of Spain, the Infanta Eulalie's two sons, Prince Fernando and Prince Alfonso of Bourbon, the Spanish Dukes of Alba and Santona, Cardinal Merry del Val, now secretary of state to Pope Pius X.; Lord Granard, master of the horse to King George; Lord Bellew, Lord Emly, Lord Petre, the sons of Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, and of Lord Chief Justice Russell of Killoween. The building was once the home of Warren Hastings. The teaching is entirely in the hands of the Jesuit Fathers.

MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

COUGHS AND COLDS

Are Dreaded by Mothers Who Fear for the Safety of Their Children

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

What a weight of responsibility rests on the mother of the family during the winter season!

In every cough and cold she recognizes the voice of Croup, Bronchitis, Consumption or other deadly throat and lung complications.

Few people, even among those who are convenient to doctors, can afford the luxury of a physician for every cough or cold, even though they realize the seriousness of neglecting such ailments.

For all such Dr. Chase has provided a prompt means of cure known as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

One reason why mothers prize this treatment above all others is because of its suitability for children. It is sweet and pleasant to the taste, and children like to take it. By its soothing, healing action it is wonderfully prompt in curing Croup, Bronchitis and Whooping Cough, and can be used by children with perfect safety so long as directions are followed.

Thousands of families in Canada keep Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in the house at all times for use in cases of emergency. This is the only way to be sure of protecting the bronchial tubes and lungs against coughs and colds. 25c a bottle, family size 60c, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Daily Hints For the Cook

BAKED TAPIOCA PUDDING

To one quart of milk add two large tablespoonfuls of tapioca, two well beaten eggs, two-thirds cup of sugar, a little salt and nutmeg. Bake half an hour and stir often when baking.

PINEAPPLE TAPIOCA.

Boil 1-2 cup tapioca in three cups of hot water till clear. Cut fine one small pineapple add one and one-half cups of sugar and stir into the tapioca when partially cool.

TOMATO SAUCE.

Boil one cup strained tomatoes, one teaspoon onion juice, one bay leaf, a little parsley and one-quarter teaspoon salt together five minutes, then remove bay leaf. Melt one tablespoon butter, add one tablespoon flour and blend smooth, then slowly add tomatoes. Cook till thick.

STUFFED POTATOES.

Bake good-sized potatoes until soft and cut round piece from top of each. Scrape out the inside carefully, without breaking the skin, and mash contents smoothly with half a teaspoonful butter and the same of cream for each potato. Season with salt and pepper and mix soft with a little milk. Strain one beaten egg for six potatoes, put back into the skins and heat thoroughly.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

CONSOLATION

Birmingham Age-Herald.

"So you are the father of twins?"

"Yes. They look just like me, too."

"Oh, well, I wouldn't worry. Some children when they get older don't look at all the way they did when they were babies."

For regulating the bowels, invigorating the kidneys and stirring up the lazy liver

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

have proved for over half a century, in every quarter of the world, absolutely safe and most effective.

25c. a box everywhere.

SHIPPING

ALMANAC FOR ST. JOHN, JAN. 15.

	A.M.	P.M.
High Tide	8.41	Low Tide 3.—
Sun Rises	8.05	Sun Sets 5.11

The time used is Atlantic standard.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived Yesterday.

Stmr Morien, 490, Burchell, from Sydney

Sailed Yesterday.

Stmr Manchester Commerce, 3,444, Couch, for Manchester via Halifax.

Stmr Lingan, 2,606, Paterson, for Sydney.

BRITISH PORTS.

Liverpool, Jan 14—Ard stmrs Canada, from Portland; Grampian, from St John.

Plymouth, Jan 14—Ard stmr New York, from New York; Amerika, from New York.

FOREIGN PORTS.

New York, Jan 13Ard schr R Bowers, from St John; 14th, schrs Archie Crowell, from San Andreas; Lucia Porter, from St John; Rhoda Holmes, from Shulee (N S.)

New York, Jan 14—Sld schr General Laurie; Caledonia, for Halifax (N S); Helen Montague, for Calais (Me.)

Vineyard Haven, Jan 14—Sld schrs Kar mote, for New York; Ernest T Leeh for New York; Centennial, for New York.

New York, Jan 14—Ard stmr St Louis, from Southampton.

MARINE NEWS.

A move is already being made in Montreal towards a Canadian marine Lloyds, in agreement with the promise of government aid made by Hon. Wm. Pugsley at the Builders 'exchange banquet. It is hoped to form a mutual company, the government guaranteeing it up to a million dollars. At the outset the company would charge the same rates as fixed by Lloyds and at the end of the year, after paying four per cent. on the government loan and a ten per cent. sinking fund, to give back to the subscribers what remained. The management would consist of three men appointed by the government, one an expert underwriter and one a shipping man. At the end of five years the experimental stage would be passed, and rates could be regulated.

The government steamer Stanley, which left here on Saturday for the Magdalen Islands, assisted in towing the St. John schooner Lavonia and the British bark Calburga, out of the ice in the Annapolis River.

WAS NOT A LUMP.

She weighed 224 if she weighed an ounce, and she did weigh an ounce.

The whole rink shook and rumbled as she struggled around in her efforts to master the whirling art.

Suddenly—a terrific roar—a groan—and there, piled up upon the boarding, lay a heap of overbalanced femininity.

The woman opened her eyes.

"You will have to wait but a moment, madam," politely remarked the manager. "We have just sent for the crane. I trust you are not hurt?"

"N-n-o, I don't think so," she gasped bravely back. "But, oh, there are some dreadful lumps in your floor."

"Lumps be hanged, madam," growled a half-smothered voice from underneath. "I'm not a lump; I'm one of the attendants."—Boston Traveller.

Stoves Lined with Fire Clay

Linings Put In and Grates Supplied For All Stoves

"Don't let the fire burn thru to the oven"

Make appointment by mail or telephone Main 1885-21.

Fenwick D. Foley