

# THE GUARDIAN

BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

They continued along the bank of the stream, which grew smaller and smaller as they passed one tributary after another, until they reached its true source, the upper spring. Here again they rested. The spring itself was tucked away in a clump of denser foliage than that which lay outside its magic circle. Alders and birches pressed in close, as though to protect it. The waters, however, had kept clear a three-foot margin around it, green with grass and moss, so that once inside they were as sheltered as though in a tent. But it was a wonderful tent, richer in coloring than that of any Arab chieftain. Its roof was the blue of the sky overhead; its sides the white and silver of the young birches; its floor the emerald velvet of the tender moss. Near them a white-throated sparrow furnished music with his clear, plaintive whistle of "Pea, pea, peabody, peabody, peabody." In tones sharp as flute notes, the bird voiced the sweet isolation of higher altitudes. Over all the sun shone down in soothing benison.

She was the first to break the golden silence.

"Nat," she asked, "do you think we'll ever get to the top?"

"I reckon," he answered. "But you won't find anything up there better'n this."

She shook her head with a shy, embarrassed laugh.

"You don't know what I'll find up there," she answered.

"I oughter know better'n you, 'cause I've been up there."

"But you've looked through your own eyes, Nat."

"O' course."

"And I—oh, I shall see the ocean and Rio de Janeiro, and I don't know what all in that little strip of blue."

Nat glanced up at a ball of fluffy cloud which was scudding across the sky. She followed his eyes, saw it, and sprang to her feet.

"We must hurry," she exclaimed. "Suppose it should get cloudy?"

He smiled.

"No great harm done," he answered.

"But, Nat—Nat!"

She grew petulant at the indifferent way he took this possibility. She turned and came up here for nothing else but to see the mock ocean. She stamped her foot.

"Hurry, Nat," she cried.

"Better take it easy," he replied.

She started off ahead of him, and he had nothing to do but leave his Arab tent.

He soon took the lead again, for the trail became increasingly difficult. The big pines changed to a stubbler growth of small firs. At the end of an hour the setting had changed again to a barren surface of rocks and bushes. The last stage was as steep as a flight of stairs, and he tried to take a slower pace, but she urged him on.

Julie, during the last half-hour had been gripped by a strange superstition. She felt that unless she arrived to see that blue line unclouded by mist she would be responsible for some dreadful fate overhanging "Gene"—probably a tempest at sea. She tried in vain to throw off this fear, but the nearer she came to the summit the more it harried her. She blamed herself for having rested at all on the way up. She accounted for her desire to make this climb as a call from "Gene." Far at sea and in danger, he had perhaps prayed for her to come nearer to him. Her physical fatigue left her still more open to obsession. Finally she grew hysterical. To herself she cried, "Coming—coming, Gene!"

At the last one hundred yards she reached her hand imperiously towards Nat.

"Help me," she exclaimed.

He waited for her to catch up.

"Take your time," he said coolly.

"Nat, give me your hand," she cried.

He grasped her hand.

"Run," she demanded.

"So—so!" he warned, trying to calm her.

She broke free from him with a mad, mad groan and scrambled ahead. Near the top she twisted her ankle and fell. He was at her side in an instant.

"There—ye see," he chided her.

She reached for his shoulders.

"The top—carry me to the top!" she demanded.

He lifted her lightly and easily and bore her the next ten yards. She turned her eyes towards the east. The horizon line was blurred with a line of gray mist.

For three seconds she stared, speechless. Then she began to sob.

"So—so," he comforted her, as she still lay in his arms.

"Put me down!" she commanded.

He hesitated. She struggled passionately, fiercely. He lowered her to the ground. As she caught sight again of the dark horizon line, she turned upon him in a final outburst.

"Oh!" she shuddered, "how I hate you for this!"

## CHAPTER X.

### Where the Stars Judge.

Nat was helpless. In a sad little pile he squatted at his feet, moaning and shrinking away from him. He felt responsible for her unhappiness, though he couldn't, for the life of him, tell how. He stared blankly at the gathering clouds, but they offered no solution. He looked down at her again, but from the silky hair at her temples to her shy boots, she was a mystery—a deep, unapproachable, lovely mystery. He concluded that she was tired. He blamed himself for that, too. He shouldn't have let her climb, though she wanted to come. He slowly shook his head.

The gray of the sky line had deepened to black. Already a few dark masses had detached themselves and were sweeping higher, where, caught by the sun, they were transformed into big white balls, like corn which has popped. The brisk breeze which always blew over the summit was stifling. It looked probable that they might get caught in a shower. He glanced down to see if she had stopped crying.

She had raised her head and was staring, as though in fright, at the deepening gloom in the east. The on-creeping rim of black dazed her. It was as though she were witnessing some great tragedy. Tired and excited as she was, the storm took on tremendous significance. It was as though she were standing by "Gene's" side on shipwrecked, helpless to make him see or hear that she was there in this hour of peril. She covered her face from the sight, and, trying hard to control her sobbing, gulped sobs.

The clouds continued to gather. They appeared almost miraculously, as though born in the blue itself. They swelled up from two points of the compass in great rolling puffs like smoke from cannon. From a distance, coming from a thousand miles away, a muffled, rolling roar tumbled to their ears.

Nat stirred about uneasily. He would know what to do with a dog or a horse or even a man, but such experience didn't help him any in the present emergency. He couldn't pat her head, though in that way he had steadied many a colt and pup through moments of panic; he couldn't even rest his hand upon her shoulder, though this had been enough to calm

## How to Shed a Rough, Blotchy or Faded Skin

[From Beauty's Mirror.]

This is what you should do to shed a bad complexion. Spread evenly over the face, covering every inch of skin, a thin layer of ordinary mercurized wax. Let this stay on over night, washing it off next morning. Repeat daily until your complexion is as clear, soft and beautiful as a young girl's. The result is inevitable, no matter how soiled or withered the complexion. The wax literally absorbs the filthy surface in, expelling the lovely young skin beneath. The process is entirely harmless, so little of the old skin coming off at a time. Mercurized wax is obtainable at any drug store; one ounce usually suffices. It's a veritable wonder-worker for rough, chapped, reddened, blotchy, pimpled, freckled or sallow skin. Pure powdered sassafras is excellent for a wrinkled skin. An ounce of it dissolved in a half-pint witch hazel makes a refreshing wash-lotion. This renders the skin quite firm and smooth; indeed, the very first application erases the finer lines; the deeper ones soon follow.

many a drink-crazed woodman. She shrank away from him every time he moved. Staring at the black storm squadrons now maneuvering for battle, he finally spoke.

"Julie, we must get out of here."

"Why didn't you hurry? Why didn't you hurry? Why didn't you get up here before the clouds came?" she moaned.

He faced the wind which was fast increasing to a hurricane, and his mouth hardened.

"There's a cave down below," he answered. "We'll have to reach it before the storm strikes."

She made no reply, but rocked back and forth. The sight went to his heart.

"Come," he said.

"Go away!" she answered.

He hesitated a second, and then, stooping, lightly touched her shoulder. She shrank back from him, and though the act was like a blow across his face, he repeated his command.

"Come!"

"Don't touch me! Don't come anywhere near me!" she cried.

"Come!" he said for the third time.

She held her breath in a final effort to contain herself. Then, to her surprise and indignation, he stooped and lifted her into his arms. Losing all control, she struck at his face. He never even drew back his head, but accepting the pattering of blows as he would the preliminary sprinkling of a shower, started down the crest. She tried to squirm free, but his arms held her without effort. They tightened about her firmly but gently, so firmly and gently that she soon ceased her struggling. It seemed as foolish to protest against that hold as against fate. Indeed, after the first shock she didn't feel so much that she was in his arms as in the power of some outside impersonal force. It wasn't necessary even to hold on. She was being moved without either physical or mental effort on her part. Dazed and exhausted, she relaxed completely, and, closing her eyes, allowed her head to drop to his shoulder. She fell into a sort of dreamy swoon, conscious of nothing except a sense of welcome relief from all further personal responsibility in the matter.

## THE BIGGEST BERG

Sighted by Bark During Strenuous Trip Around Horn.

[Canadian Press.]

Portland, Ore., Jan. 3. — A huge iceberg, four or five miles long and over a thousand feet high—the biggest seen in years—was sighted by the crew of the British bark Metropolis, Capt. John Abbott, which has reached the port of Astoria, after a passage of 133 days from Buenos Ayres. The huge berg was seen in the vicinity of Cape Horn, and according to the officers of the ship the boom of the breakers on its windward side sounded like a rockbound coast in a hurricane. The berg is described as a solid mountain of ice, and it was by no means the only one of vast proportions sighted. The Metropolis was in their midst for six weeks waiting for a chance to make the passage round the Horn, and the danger of collision made perpetual vigilance necessary.

While the ship was blocked by ice, a terrific storm arose and disabled the steering gear. The topsail yards were carried away, and only the most heroic efforts on the part of the crew saved the ship from being dashed to pieces against the walls of ice, which extended out of the ocean on every hand. To add to the difficulties of the situation the weather became icy cold and the 22° below temperature turned the Metropolis herself into the semblance of an iceberg. She drifted out of her course, and three times was she in sight of the Horn, finally entering the Pacific.

Advertiser Patterns  
Beauty Pattern Company.



No. 9411—A Neat and Desirable "Dress Protector."

This design is suitable for percale, lawn, gingham or cambric. The breasted portion which edges the tuck may be omitted. The design will be found both practical and pleasing. The pattern is cut in three sizes, small, medium and large. It requires 4 yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to:

Name .....

Street Address .....

Town .....

Provinces .....

Measurement—Bust..... Waist.....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern).....

CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration, and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure, you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

## OIL TRUST RETAINS GRIP ON GERMANY

Dooms Plan For Government Monopoly Designed to Oust It From Kaiser's Domain.

Berlin, Jan. 1.—Statements made in America that Germany took great chances in attacking a first-class commercial power like the Standard Oil Company have proved correct, so far as the backers of the proposed German monopoly are concerned, Mr. Teagle, the Standard Oil director, who came to Berlin to defend the company's interests, recognized in Herr A. von Grawert, president of the Deutsche Bank, his logical opponent.

The German financial interests backing the monopoly had given wide publicity to every angle of attack that had been made against the Standard Company in the United States. They warned the public against the crushing power of a great foreign trust which was invading the fatherland, and aroused German patriotism in support of their project.

Refining Company and the Texas Company.

The Standard Company was to be driven out of Germany, according to the agitators favoring the Government monopoly.

Then the Standard began to get busy.

"Of course, you must not be surprised if the price of petroleum goes up," was the hint circulated for the benefit of the Socialists, the strongest political party in the Reichstag, while all parties were advised before taking a final step, to make sure that the Government could get an ample oil supply without the Standard.

When the petroleum monopoly question came up for consideration the expected happened. The pocketbooks of the Socialists had been threatened, and they wanted assurances that the price of petroleum would not increase. They

wanted to know precisely where the Government was to obtain its oil supply if the Standard Company were eliminated, and they wanted to know why the Government proposed to eliminate the Standard, which had the oil, and replace it with another monopoly, the Deutsche Bank, which did not have it.

They have it.

They have it.

They have it.

They have it.

They have it.

They have it.

They have it.

They have it.

They have it.

They have it.

They have it.

They have it.

They have it.

They have it.

They have it.

They have it.

They have it.

They have it.

They have it.

They have it.

They have it.

They have it.

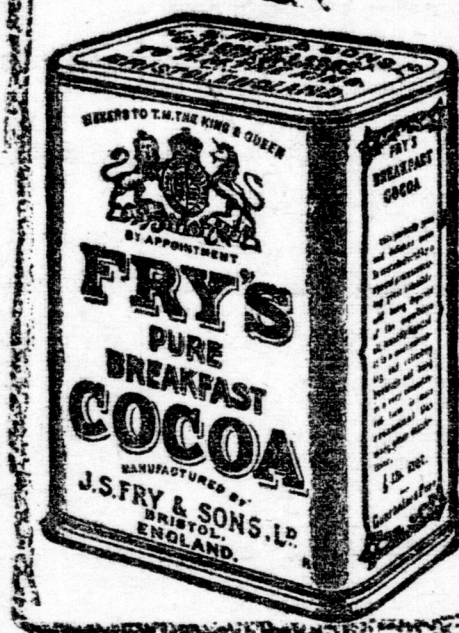
They have it.

They have it.

## "Oh Goody—I'm Glad It's FRY'S!"

FRY'S—purest of cocoas—is one of the few things that children "just love," and want "lots of," that happens to be really good for them. Prepared by exclusive processes developed in nearly 200 years' experience, and of scrupulous purity, FRY'S gets the highest possible food value from the cocoa bean. But no argument speaks so loudly as a cup of the delicious food beverage itself. Its subtle aroma, its enticing flavor, its purity, its entire solubility and economy have made FRY'S the favorite the world over.

Just try it yourself and see. All particular grocers sell FRY'S.



Trade Supplied by J. S. FRY & SONS, Ltd., Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Victoria

## Fun-to-Wash Contest For January

\$100.00 in Cash Prizes

COUNT THE DOTS.

First prize .....\$10.00

Second prize .....\$7.00

Third prize .....\$4.00

Fourth prize .....\$3.00

Ten prizes .....\$2.00 each

Fifty-six prizes, \$1.00 each

Seventy Cash Prizes. Answer Today.

Send in as many replies as you like, but all answers must reach us by 3 o'clock on Feb. 1. At that time the three judges will shake all the envelopes together in a basket, and the first seventy correct replies will be awarded the prizes in the order drawn.

The Only Condition

With each reply must be inclosed one MAMMY HEAD cut from a 5c or 10c package of Fun-to-Wash Washing Powder, and not more than one answer to be included in each envelope. Be careful to address Contest Department.

Standish Manufacturing Co.,

11 Colborne St., TORONTO.

7k-1

