

The Snowshoe Trail

Edison Marshall

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BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Bill Bronson guides Virginia Tremont and her fiancé's uncle, Kenly Lounsbury, in their quest in the Clearwater of Northern Canada, for the Victoria's fiancé, Harold Lounsbury, who vanished there six years previously. Bill also expects to look further for the lost mine of his father, who was murdered by a false partner. Bill saves Virginia from drowning in Grizzly River and takes her to his trapping cabin. Kenly Lounsbury and Vesper, the cook, left on the other side of the river, desert them in the cabin Bill and Virginia find many comforts.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

Virginia smiled, and fished in the pockets of the great slicker coat she had worn the night of the disaster. She produced a little white roll, and with high glee opened it for him to see. Wrapped in a miniature face-towel was her comb, a small brush, and a toothbrush!

Bill then walked, with some triumph, to the bunk on which Virginia had slept the night before, and lifting it up, revealed a great box beneath — bags of rice and beans, dried apples, marmalade and canned goods, enough for some weeks, at least.

"The one thing we haven't got is meat," Bill told her, "except a little jerky, but there's plenty of that in the woods if we can just find it. And I don't intend to delay about that. If the snow gets much deeper, we'd have to have snowshoes to hunt at all."

"You mean—go hunting today?" "As soon as we can stir up a meal." Dressing warmly, they ventured out into the snowy wastes. Bill walked in front, breaking trail. He carried the ancient rifle ready in his hands.

He earnestly hoped that they might run into game at once. Later the moose would go to the winter feeding grounds, far down the heights. Every day they delayed their chance of procuring meat was less.

He led her over the ridge to the marshy shores of Gray Lake. They waited in the shadow of the spruce.

"Don't make any needless motions," he cautioned, "and don't speak aloud. They've got eyes and ears like hawks."

It was not easy to stand still, in the snow and cold, waiting for game to appear. Virginia was uncomfortable within half an hour, shivering and tired.

It was a long wait that they had beside the lake.

Then the girl felt his hand on her arm.

"He still," he whispered, "Here he comes!"

Although she had never seen such an animal before, at once she recognized its kind. The spreading horns, the great frame, the long, grotesque nose, belonged only to the moose—the greatest of American wild animals.

At the roar of the rifle she cried out in excitement. The old bull had traversed the marshes for the last time.

THE shoulder of a bull moose was never a load for a weak back.

Bill skinned out the quarters with great care; Virginia took his gun and led the way back over their snow trail.

Twilight had fallen again when they made the cabin.

Bill showed her how to broil the steak in its own fat, and he cooked hot blauts and macaroni to go with it. No meal of her life had ever given her greater pleasure.

Afterwards he lighted his pipe. "It's strange that I don't want to smoke myself," the girl told him.

"You? Why should you?" "I smoke at home. I mean, I did. It's getting to be the thing to do among the girls I know. Some way, the thought of it doesn't seem interesting, any more."

He had an impression that she was speaking very softly. But he understood when she paused. He was startled to find that the whole tone and key of the night had vaguely changed.

"The north wind," said Bill simply. "Virginia's eyes grew wide.

"What does it mean?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Winter. The northern winter. I've seen it break too many times. There's no chance for doubt any more. Perhaps we can drown out the sound of it with music."

He walked toward the battered instrument. Her heart was cold within her, and she nodded eagerly. "Yes, a little music."

"I haven't any ragtime," the man explained humbly. "I could only bring up a few records, and so I took just the ones I liked best. They're simple things—I'm sorry I haven't any more."

She looked at this man with growing wonder.

He put on a record. She recognized the melody at once. It was Dreda's "Souvenir"—and the first notes seemed to sweep her into infinity.

It was a moment of enchantment. The music rose high, fell in soaring leaps, trembled in infinite appeal, and slowly died away. Outside the storm increased in fury.

And it was well for her peace of mind that she did not glance at Bill. He was watching the girl's face, his eyes watchful as no human being had ever seen them.

The soaring notes, with the dreadful accompaniment of the storm, had brought home a truth he had tried to avoid a truth that ever grew clearer and more manifest—his love for Virginia.

He had told himself he wouldn't give his love to her. He would hold that back, at least. He had reminded himself of the bridgeless gap that separated them. But there was no use of trying further. In the stress and passion of the melody he had found out the truth.

But if he couldn't keep his knowledge from himself, at least he could hold it from the girl. It would only bring her unhappiness. "It would destroy the feeling of comradeship for him that he had begun to observe in her. It would put an insurmountable wall between them."

Virginia was still enthralled by the after-image of the music. But soon the noise of the storm began to force itself into her consciousness.

Vaguely she knew that this night was different from the others. The two previous nights she had been ill and half-unconscious; her very helplessness appealed to Bill's chivalry. Tonight she stood on her own feet.

She was suddenly face to face with the fact that the night stretched before her—and she in a snow-swept cabin in the full power of a strange man.

But all at once she looked up to find Bill's eyes upon her, full of sympathy and understanding.

"You'll want to turn in now," he told her. "You take the bunk again, of course—I'll sleep on the floor. I'm comfortable there. And now I've got to fix your bonnet."

He took one of the boxes that served as a chair and stood it up on the floor, just in front of her bunk. Then, holding one of the blankets in his hand, and a few nails in his hand, he climbed up on the box. She understood in an instant. He was curtaining off the entire end of the cabin where Virginia slept.

The girl's relief showed in her face. "You can go in there now," he told her. "But there's one thing—I want to show you—before you turn in."

"Yes?" "I want to show you this little pistol. He took a light arm of blue steel from his belt—the small caliber and automatic weapon with which he had killed the grouse. "It's only a twenty-two," Bill went on, "but it shoots a long cartridge, and it shoots ten of 'em, fast as you pull the trigger. You could kill a caribou with it if you hit him right."

"Yes?" And she wondered at this curious interlude in their moment of parting.

"You see this little catch behind the trigger guard?" The girl nodded. "When you want to fire it, it, you have to do it to push up the little catch with your thumb and pull the trigger. Tomorrow I'm going to teach you how to shoot with it—I mean shoot straight enough to make the head of a grouse at twenty feet. And so it will bring you back, I want you to sleep with it—under your pillow."

Understanding flashed through her, and a slow, grateful smile played at her lips. "I don't want it, Bill," she told him.

"You'd feel safer with it," the man urged. He slipped it under her pillow. "And even before you learn to shoot it well—you could—if you hit to—shoot and kill a man."

He smiled again and drew her curtain.

Bill was true to his promise to teach Virginia to shoot. The next day they had target practice.

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No half-way measures will do! A clean-sweep is what is needed, and a clean-sweep we shall have! All who have waited for prices to drop to bedrock will benefit—on garments that are positively unequalled in this city for Style, Material and Workmanship. The superiority of our stock is, in fact, the very thing that's created the necessity for such unusually heavy reductions.

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Sale Starts Tomorrow Morning THURSDAY JANUARY 5, at 9 o'Clock

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COATS

A superb collection to choose from in All-Wool Velours, Duvetynes, Bolivias, etc.; new shades and stylish; beautifully silk lined; many elaborately TRIMMED.

VALUES TO \$40.00 FOR

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VALUES TO \$90.00 FOR

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Embroidered models, new sleeve effects, rich collars and cuffs, clever belts and tassels—in short, every feature that marks the most expensive creations of the season, is to be found here.



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As these who know our stock are well aware, we feature only the newest style conceptions in high-class qualities, and in a variety providing suitable choice for all occasions.

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VALUES TO \$39.50 FOR

\$19.85

VALUES TO \$45.00 FOR

\$24.85

VALUES TO \$59.50 FOR

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VALUES TO \$75.00 FOR

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Every frock is smart and "different," showing originality in both design and trimming. This sale includes everything—light and dark shades, all sizes and all materials.

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1/2 PRICE ON ALL FURS

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VALUES TO \$60.00 \$29.50
VALUES TO \$95.00 \$39.50

Every suit in stock priced for this sale with utter disregard of its true worth.

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VALUES \$12.00, FOR \$5.95
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TAX CONTINUATION SCHOOL TO LIMIT

43 Lobo Pupils Enroll For Term At Coldstream.

[Special to London Advertiser.]
COLDSTREAM, Jan. 2.—The district schools all opened today with good attendances.

Lobo Continuation School Board at its annual meeting received satisfactory reports.

The report of the inspector of high schools for Western Ontario, G. K. Mills, was as follows:

"The school is now carried on in the township hall at Coldstream. The building is taxed to the limit, and if next year a first-year class as large as the present one seeks admission additional class rooms must be provided."

"The board must prepare to build a new school next summer, unless it can be shown that building costs are so high that it would be a hardship to build under such conditions."

"The school is centrally located in the township, and when a suitable building is provided no continuation school in the province will be carried

on under conditions better adapted to serve the government, county and needs of the children it is intended to serve. The government, county and township grants will maintain the school, and the only expenses to the United States will be the building of the school."

H. D. Johnson, inspector of public schools, reported, "I visited the school on Dec. 7, 1921. There are 43 pupils enrolled; 41 were present. All the pupils in attendance hold high school entrance certificates. All the classes taught or examined did well. The work of the pupils and Science notes are in a satisfactory state. An excellent tone pervades the whole school, and both teachers are doing well."

On motion it was decided to send these reports to the different school boards to be discussed at their annual meeting. This was done.

The school meetings were all in favor of going on to build a new school, but probably another meeting will be called in each section to discuss this ques-

tion alone. The committee appointed by the public meeting (held last year) to visit different schools made a report through Rev. N. A. Campbell, chairman. They had visited several schools and expressed themselves well pleased with the Broughdale School, near London, which cost \$13,000, and the "Chesley School," which cost \$5,500, a pre-war figure.

It was considered by the meeting that these figures could be much reduced now, and money saved by free work done in hauling and excavating.

One member of the board, I. Hamacher, undertook to be responsible for placing the brick on the ground without cost.

The secretary reported a balance on hand, after all 1921 expenses are paid, of \$468, and that some more blackboards had been provided.

Nearly half the meters that have fallen in the United States came down within a 200-mile radius of Mount Mitchell, N. C.

WINTER IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Nothing is so invigorating, buoyant and healthful 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 150 miles west of Ottawa. Splendid ski runs 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 place.

is run from Toronto to Algonquin Park twice a week (Wednesdays and Fridays). Ask Grand Trunk agents for illustrated booklet and all information or write N. T. Clarke, Manager, Highland Inn, Algonquin Park Station, Ont.

The first water mill in the United States is said to have been built on the Dorchester side of the Neponset River in New England in 1634.

GETS 55 AWARDS AT POULTRY SHOW

Aylmer Man Exhibits 54 Birds in St. Thomas.

[Special to London Advertiser.]