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THE EVENING TIMES-STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1923

## EVENING TIMES-STAR MAGAZINE PAGE FOR THE HOME

### A MATING IN THE WILDS

ILLUSTRATED BY OTT WELL BINNS  
—BANKS—  
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#### BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Hubert Stane rescues Helen Yardley when her canoe travels toward dangerous waters. Together they start to walk the trail to the camp where Helen is staying with her uncle, a governor of the Hudson Bay Company. The camp is near a northern post of the company. Stane is a discharged convict.

#### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

The meal was finished without any further reference to the past, and after a smoke, Anderson threw on his furs and went outside. Presently he returned and announced his intention of going up the lake to the Indian encampment.

Stane looked at Helen, then he said: "We will accompany you, Anderson."

When Anderson had harnessed his dogs they started off, making directly up the lake, and within two hours sighted about half a score of winter tepees pitched near the shore, and with sheltering woods on three sides of them.

As they drew nearer the camp, two or three men, and perhaps a dozen women, came from the tepees to look at them, and when the dogs came to a halt, one of the men stepped forward.

He was an old man, and withered-looking, but with a light of cunning in his bleared eyes.

"What want," he asked. "Me, Chief George."

The policeman looked at the chief figure clothed in many-looking furs, with a dirty capote over all, and then gave a swift glance at his companions, the cyld nearest to him fluttering down in a slow walk.

He was addressing the chief in his own tongue.

"I come," he said, "from the Great White Chief, to take away one who is a slayer of women. It is said that she has refuge in thy lodges."

The Indian's dirty face gave no sign of any resentment. "There is no such man in my lodge. A second later he was addressing the chief in his own tongue."

"But I have heard there is, a man who is the son of thy sister, with a white father."

The old Indian looked as if considering the matter for a moment, then he said slowly: "My sister's son was here, but he departed four days ago."

"Whither went he?"

The Indian waved his hand northward. "Towards the Great Barrens. He took with him all our dogs."

"Done!" said the policeman with a quick glance at Stane. "It is certain there are no dogs here, or we should have heard or seen them."

He turned to the Indian again, whilst Stane looked at Helen. "You heard that, Miss Yardley? Our exile is not yet over."

"Apparently not," agreed Helen smilingly.

Stane again gave his attention to the conversation between his friend and the Indian, but half a minute later, happening to glance at the girl, he surprised a look of intense interest on her face.

She was looking towards the tepee that stood a little apart from the rest, and wondering what it was that interested her, Stane asked, "What is it, Miss Yardley? You seem to have found something very interesting."

Helen laughed a little confusedly. "It was only a girl's face at a tent-door. I was wondering whether the curiosity of my sex would bring her into the open or not."

Stane himself glanced at the tepee in question, the moose-hide flap of which was down. Apparently the girl inside had overcome her curiosity, and preferred the warmth of the tepee to the external cold. He grew absorbed in the conversation again, but Helen still watched the tepee for the face she had seen was that of Mikodeed, and she knew that the thought she had entertained as to the identity of the woman of mystery, who had fled from the neighborhood of the cabin, was the right one. Presently a muffled hand drew aside the tent-flap over so small a way, and Helen smiled to herself.

Not till Stane addressed her did she take her eyes from the tepee.

"Anderson's through," he said. "His man has gone northward; and, as you heard, there are no dogs here. We shall have to go back to the cabin. Anderson tried to persuade the chief to send a couple of his young men with a message down to Fort Malau, but the fellow says it is impossible in this weather to make the journey without dogs, which I dare say is true enough."

"Then," said the girl with a gay laugh, "we have a further reprieve."

"Respite?" he said wonderingly.

"Yes—from civilization! I am not absolutely yearning for it yet."

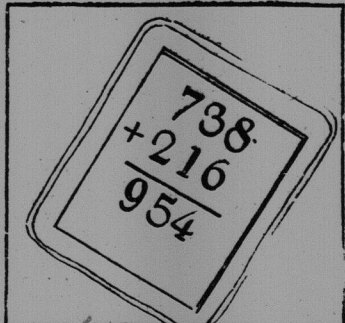
She laughed again as she spoke, and when she looked back she flashed at the closed tepee. Then Anderson turned abruptly from Chief George.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I have done what I could for you two, but this noble red man either won't or can't

### A PUZZLE A DAY

A certain clock made three strokes while a cuckoo clock made two. On one occasion, both clocks started at the same instant; the ringing clock made its last stroke on a "cuckoo," and two more "cuckoos" followed. What time was it?

Saturday's answer:



The answer to the problem is shown above. 738 plus 216 totals 954; and in addition, every figure, from 1 to 9 is used, once only. Other combinations are possible.

help you. I shall have to push on, but the first chance I get I'll send word on to Factor Redwell. If only I could turn back—"

"Please don't worry about us, Mr. Anderson," interrupted Helen cheerfully.

He pointed to the wall, where an arrow quivered.

"We shall be all right."

"On my word, I believe you will, Miss Yardley," answered the policeman in admiration. He looked down the lake and then added: "No use my going back. It will only be time wasted. I will say good-bye here, keep cheerful, old man," he said to Stane. "You'll work clear of that rotten business at Oxford yet. I feel it in my bones."

Helen moved a little away and the policeman lowered his voice, "Lucky beggar! You'd ask me to be bot man, won't you?"

CHAPTER XVI:  
An Arrow Out of the Night.

The short Northland day was drawing to a close, when Stane and Helen reached the cabin again. For the first

### OUR BOARDING HOUSE

HAA! HEY MAJOR—HERE'S A NOTE IN THE SOCIETY COLUMN THAT MAY INTEREST YOU—

"PARROT TIPS OFF PROHIBITION OFFICERS—DRY AGENTS TODAY RAIDED SPEAKEASY AND CONFISCATED QUANTITY OF MOOCH—PET PARROT IS CAUSE OF ARREST WHEN ITS LANGUAGE AROUSES SUSPICION OF OFFICERS."

"HMF! I FAIL TO SEE ANY PARTICULAR SIGNIFICANCE IN THE ITEM, THAT IT SHOULD BE CALLED TO MY ATTENTION!!"

"GREAT CAESAR! IT WAS MARTY'S PLACE—AND THAT PLAGUED PARROT!"

"SAY—SNAP OUT OF IT!—THAT'S THE SAME PARROT YOU HAD AROUND HERE!—LUCKY YOU WEREN'T IN THAT CYCLONE CELLAR WHEN THE LAW GAVE IT THE WALTZ!"

"INSIDE HEADWORK."

THE PARROT THE MAJOR HAD, BREAKS INTO PUBLIC PRINT.

time since he had known it, the man felt that the place had a desolate look; and the feeling was accentuated by the sombre woods that formed the background of the cabin.

Things were just as they had left them on their departure, and he drew a little breath of relief. Why he should do so he could not have explained. A few minutes passed, and soon the stove was roaring, filling the cabin with a cheerful glow. Then whilst the girl busied herself with preparations for supper, he went outside to bring in more wood.

On the return journey, as he kicked open the cable-door, for a second his slightly stooping form was outlined against the light and in that second he caught sounds which caused him to drop the logs and to jump forward suddenly.

He threw the door to hurriedly and as he hurriedly dropped the bar in place. Helen looked round in surprise.

"What is it?" she asked quickly. "There is some one about," he answered. "I heard the twang of a bowstring and the swish of an arrow whizzing over my head. Some one aimed—Ah, there it is!"

He pointed to the wall of the cabin, where an arrow had struck, and still quivered. Going to the wall he dragged it out, and looked at it. It was ivory tipped, and must have been sent with

great force. The girl looked at it with eyes that betrayed no alarm, though her face had grown pale.

Calmly, as if hostile Indians were part of the daily programme, she continued the preparations for supper, whilst Stane fixed a blanket over the parchment window, which was the one vulnerable point in the cabin. This he weighed with the top of a packing case, which the owner of the cabin had improvised for a shelf, and by the time he had finished, supper was almost ready. As they seated themselves at the table, the girl laughed suddenly.

"I suppose we are in a state of siege?"

"I don't know, but I should not be surprised. It is very likely."

He considered a moment, then he said: "We must keep watch and watch through the night. Not that I think there will be any attack. These Northern Indians are wonderfully patient. They will play a waiting game, and in the end make a surprise attack. They will know that now we are on the alert, and I should not be surprised if for the present they have withdrawn altogether."

"You really believe that?"

"Honestly and truly!"

"Then for a moment we are safe."

"Yes! I think so; and you can go to rest with a quiet mind."

"Rest!" laughed the girl. "Do you think I can rest with my heart jumping with excitement? I shall keep the first watch, perhaps after that I shall be sufficiently tired—and bored—to go to sleep."

Stane smiled at her words, and admiration of her courage glowed in his eyes, but what she suggested fitted in well enough with his own desires, and he let her have her way, and himself lay down on his couch of spruce-branches, and after a little time pretended to sleep. From where he lay, he could see the girl's face, as she sat in the glowing light of the stove.

Helen was thinking of the face of Mikodeed as she had seen it over her shoulder when they were departing from the encampment up the lake. She had read there a love for the man who was her own companion, and in the dark, wily beautiful eyes she had seen the jealousy of an undisciplined nature.

A sound of movement interrupted her reverie, and she half-turned as Stane rose from his spruce-couch. "You have heard nothing?" he asked.

"Nothing!" she replied. "I will take the watch now, Miss Yardley, and you lie down and rest."

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

By AHERN

### Your Health

BY DR. CLIFFORD C. ROBINSON

#### DEFECTIVE HEARING

By far the largest number of cases in defective hearing result from the conditions brought about by inflammation of the mucous membrane of the nose and pharynx. Adenoid in the nasopharynx is another chief cause. Especially is this true in the time of childhood and youth.

Parents are advised not to overlook that little ailment in their children. It may result from acute rhinitis, in which the ears are often affected and just as often wholly neglected. Other contributing causes are influenza, measles and typhoid fever, and such constitutional diseases as rheumatism, gout and syphilis.

Prevention is our only hope. The real tragedy comes when the local aural structures have yielded to these different influences, and have undergone distinct pathological changes. Then little or no help can avail. Ear drops, nasal douches, electric vibrations or even Yellow Mountain rattlesnake oil will not avail.

Here is where a health examination, twice a year or even once, could save a child from lifelong trouble.

### ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By Olive Roberts Barton

#### RIDDLE LAND

"Riddle Land! Riddle Land!" sang Nancy. "We're going to Riddle Land to see the Riddle Lady and I'm glad!"

The Fairy Queen smiled. "I'm glad, too," she said. "Glad you are so happy about it. And I'm sure you won't be disappointed, for it's one of the most curious places in my kingdom—or my

want, bowed in a visitor. A most pompous looking person, dressed in red plush small clothes and a white satin vest. His coat tails were of such a length as to show how important he was. Humpty Dumpty himself—no other—broad of neck and fat of cheek and a stomach of no small proportion.

Humpty Dumpty himself—no other. nine hundred and ninety-nine kingdoms, I should say."

"What are we to do there?" asked Nick, Nancy's twin brother.

"Nothing!" said the Fairy Queen. "That is, nothing but enjoy yourselves. All little boys and girls enjoy riddles, and when the Riddle Lady sent me word that she would love to have you, I promised her that you should go at once."

"Oh, thank you!" cried both Twins together. "How do you get there?"

"By just wishing," said the Queen. "Your magic green shoes know the way. Are they on light?"

"Tight as paint," said Nick, stamping round.

"You'll know the place when you come to it," the Fairy Queen went on to say. "The chimneys are all question marks and that houses in Riddle Town spell What. The people all have pockers between their eyes from guessing so hard and Humpty Dumpty is mayor."

At that minute there was a loud knocking at the palace door and Nimble Toes, the Fairy Queen's servant, leaned forward slightly and straightened—how, no doubt, yet nobody could say that he had bent by an inch in the middle.

"Hearing that our visitors are such important little people," he began, "I came myself to escort them to Riddle Land and to give them the key to Riddle Town. At your service, my dears."

And so saying, he handed the Twins a most enormous key that looked as though it might unlock a mountain. "If it suits your Highness, I shall take these children with me now. The Riddle Lady was writing a new riddle when I left. Indeed it was almost finished. Dick Red-Cap, the town crier, was out with his trumpet and the people were beginning to gather in the square. The person who guesses the riddle first gets a prize."

"Yes, yes! Run right along, all of you."

"Oh, thank you!" said Nick, stamping round.

"You'll know the place when you come to it," the Fairy Queen went on to say. "The chimneys are all question marks and that houses in Riddle Town spell What. The people all have pockers between their eyes from guessing so hard and Humpty Dumpty is mayor."

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### FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—LIVED TROUGH IT



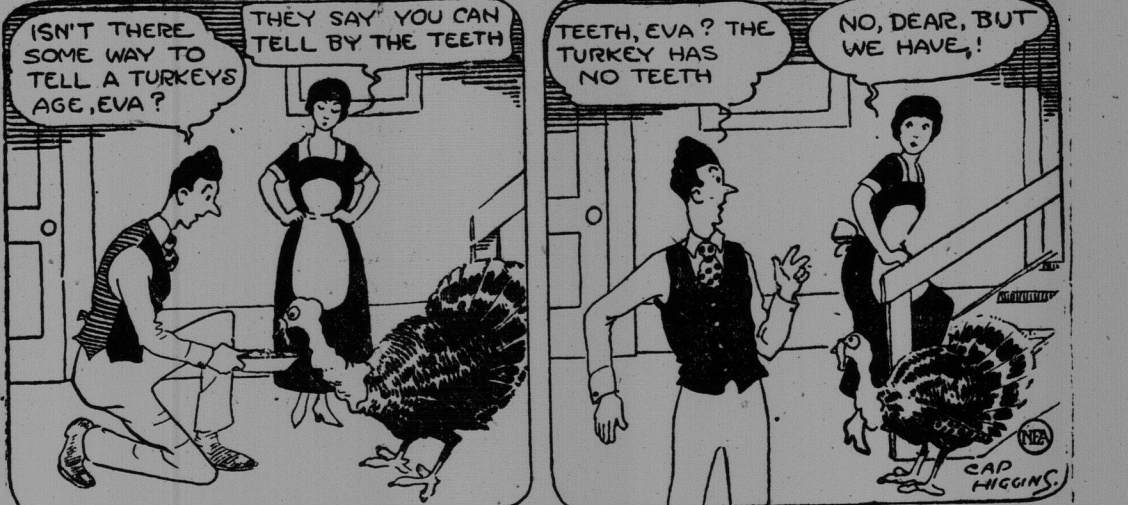
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### ADAM AND EVA—THE TURKEY'S AGE



### By CAP HIGGINS



### DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—THE CADDY WAS SURPRISED



### By ALLMAN

