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Sole Price, \$14.50.
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First Quality Egg Coal, per ton, \$15.50
This size is not much larger than stove,
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Nut, per ton, \$16.00
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W. W. MILLER REEVE.

[Special to London Advertiser.]

BRIDGES, Jan. 4.—The Moore
Township elections resulted as follows:
Reeve, W. W. Miller; deputy Reeve,
William Edwards; councillors,
Duncan, George Mason, James

Ladies' Hat Sale

\$2.98

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What would you do without
it?—and you might just as
well have the best that is
made. Ask your grocer for

Parnell's
Quality Loaf

and be sure that the label
is on every one you buy.

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Wholesome—Delicious—
Appetizing—Pure—
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In justice to yourself and
family, try this delicious
Bread today.
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Diamonds of Quality
AT REASONABLE PRICES.

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for the quick, safe relief of rheumatism,
lumbago and sciatica. They work
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upset the stomach; 50c box. Sold in
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Students obtain excellent positions.
Winter term from Tuesday, Jan. 3. b

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Trusses to fit
all needs.
Our fitters
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\$15.00 to \$10.00.
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You always
were a brick! I
can't tell you how
grateful I am to you
for that tip about

Campanio
Italian Balm

It has restored the
beauty and whiteness
of my hands, and
quickly they have
chopped and since
I used it I should
thank Peggy dear.

Mme

Not a Laxative

Nujol is a lubricant—not
a medicine or laxative—
so cannot gripe.

When you are constipated,
there is not enough
lubricant produced by
your system to keep the
food waste soft. Doctors
prescribe Nujol because
its action is so close to
this natural lubricant.
Try it today.

Nujol

For Constipation

The Snowshoe Trail
Edison Marshall
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BEGIN HERE TODAY.
Bill Bronson and Virginia Tremont
find themselves forest prisoners in Bill's
cabin in the Clearwater of Canada. Bill
was hired by Virginia to guide her in
her search for her fiancée, Harold
Lounsbury, who vanished in the Clear-
water six years before. Her fiancée's
uncle and a cook, Vesper, completed the
party. Bill and Virginia were engulfed
in fending Grizzly River. Bill saved
Virginia's life. The others, left on the
opposite shore, deserted. Bill hopes to
look also for the lost mine of his father,
murdered by a partner.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.
VIRGINIA found the days much
happier than she had hoped.
She liked the hours of sober talk in
the evenings. Sometimes they would
play through the records, and so well
had Bill made his selections that she
never tired of them.
She had her lonesome hours, but not
so many as she had expected. When
time hung heavy on her hands she
would take out one of the old maga-
zines that Bill had brought up to read
on the winter nights.
She had abundant health. The ex-
perience seemed to build her up, rather
than injure her. Her muscles develop-
ed, she breathed deep of the cold
mountain air, and she had more energy
than she could easily spend.
She fought away the tendency to grow
careless in dress or appearance. She
kept her few clothes clean and mended,
she dressed her hair as carefully as in
her city home.
Their cabin life was redeemed by
their frequent excursions into the wild.

The study of nature was constantly
more absorbing to the girl.
In these excursions Virginia learned
to use her pistol with remarkable ac-
curacy. Her strength increased; she
could follow wherever Bill led.
They did not forget their graver busi-
ness. Ever Virginia kept watch for a
track that was not an animal track, a
blaze on a tree not made by the teeth
of porcupine or grizzly, a charred cook-
ing rack over the ashes of fire. But
as yet they had found no sign of human
wayfarers other than themselves.

Bill never ceased to search for his
mine. He looked for blazes, too; for a
sign of an old camp or a pile of wash-
ings beside a stream. When he found
an open stream he would wash the
gravel, and it seemed to him he com-
bined the entire region between the two
little tributaries of Grizzly River indi-
cated on his map. But with the deep-
ening snow search was ever more diffi-
cult. Unlike Virginia, he was almost
ready to give up.

Every day winter strengthened its
shackles.
Even the rapids of the river had
begun to freeze.
But now the snowshoe frames were
done, wrought from tough spruce, and
the moose hide cut into thongs and
stretched across to make the webs. For
a few days Bill and Virginia had been
captive in the cabin, and they held
high revels in celebration of their libera-
tion. Now they could go forth into the
drifts again.

It did not mean, however, that the
time was ripe for them to take their
sled and mush into Bradleysburg. The
snow was still too soft for long jaunts.
Came a clear, icy night, and the

Northern Lights were more vivid and
beautiful than ever. Bill thought Vir-
ginia was watching their display; if he
had known the real subject of her
thoughts, he would not have come and
stood in the doorway with her.

"We're not the only ones to see it,"
Virginia told him softly. "Somewhere
I think—I feel—that Harold is watching
it too. Somewhere over this snow."
Bill did not answer, and the girl
turned to him in tremulous appeal.

"Won't you find him for me, Bill?"
she cried. "You are so strong, so
capable—you can do anything, any-
thing you try. Won't you find him
and bring him back to me?"
The man looked down at her, and his
face was ashen.

emerging all at once upon a human
habitation.
It was a lean-to rather than a cabin.
A fire smoldered in front. And his
heart leaped with indescribable relief
when he saw that neither of the two
men that were crouched in the lean-to
mouth was the stranger who had pass-
ed his camp six years before.
Bill had old acquaintance with the
type of man that confronted him now.
One of them was Joe Robinson—an In-
dian who had wintered in Bradleysburg
a few years before.
His companion, Pete the Breed, a
half-breed with a mixture of French,
was a man unknown to Bill.
There are certain laws among the
northern men as to trapping rights.
Mostly they are unwritten, but their
influence is felt clear beyond the Arctic
circle. They state quite clearly that
when a man lays down a line of traps
for a certain distance on each side of

VIII.
ONE clear, icy night a gale sprang
up in the east, and Virginia and
Bill felt to sleep to the sound of its
complaint. And when Bill went forth
for his morning's woodcutting he found
that his snowshoes did not break
through the crust.

The wind had blown and crusted the
drifts during the night.
This permitted him to make a dash
over to a certain stream further down
toward the Yuga River in search of any
sign of the lost mine.

When about two miles from the cabin
he saw, through a rift in the distant
trees, a human train in the snow.
He stood a moment in the drifts, torn
by an inner struggle.

All his fondest hopes, his dreams, all
the inner guardians of his own happi-
ness, told him to keep his search, to
journey on his way and forget he had
seen the tracks. Every desire of self
spoke in warning to him.

But Bill Bronson had a higher law
than self. Long ago, in front of the
ramshackle hotel in Bradleysburg, he
had given a promise—to find Harold
Lounsbury!

He turned and went over to investi-
gate the tracks.
He followed swiftly down the trail,
anxious to know his fate at the first
possible instant. He saw that the trail
was fresh, made that morning; he had
every reason to think that he could
overtake the man who had made it
within a few hours.

He did not catch up with the traveler
in the snow. But shortly after the noon
hour his keen eyes saw a wisp of smoke
drifting through the trees, and his heart
leaped in his breast. He pushed on,

him, the district is his, and no one shall
pouch on his preserves. And these
Indians had lately been partners in an
undertaking to clear the whole region
of its furs.

They had no idea but that Bill had
discovered their trap lines and had
come to make trouble.
So they were considerably amazed at
Bill's first question. "Did one of you

make those tracks out there?" he
asked.

"No," Joe grunted. "Our partner made
it. Follow it down—pretty soon find
another cabin."

IX.
BILL only had to turn to see the
snowy roof of the cabin, two hun-
dred yards down the glade.

It was a new cabin, just erected, and
smoke drifted faintly from its chimney.
Bill rapped on the door.

"Come along in," someone answered
gruffly. Bill did not have to glance
twice at the bearded face to know in
whose presence he stood. Changed as
he was, there was no chance for a mis-
take. This man was Harold Lounsbury,
the same man who had passed his camp
years before, the same lost lover that
Virginia had come to find.

Bill saw that the man was frightened.
His lips were loose, his eyes nervous
and bright, his hands did not hold quite
steadily. Here was one that the wilder-
ness had crushed in its brutal grasp.

This did not mean that his health
was wasted, for a suspicious network
of red lines in his cheeks and a yellow
tinge to whites of his eyes, he would
have seemed in superb physical condi-
tion.

The evidence lay rather in the ex-
pression of his face, and most of all in
the surroundings in which he lived.
He was utterly unkempt and slovenly.

His coarse beard covered his lips; his
matted hair was dull with dirt, his skin
was scarcely less dark than that of the
Indians themselves. The nails on his
hands were foul; the floor of the house
was cluttered with rubbish and filth.

Yet, leering through his degeneracy,
his identity could not be mistak-
ed. Here was the man Virginia had pier-
ced the north to find.

"What do you want?" he asked.
"You're Lounsbury, of course,"
answered.

"Sure. I ask you again—what do
you want?"
"You've been living on the Yuga. You
came up here to trap my territory."

Lounsbury remembered his stum-
bling, Pete and Joe. "And what I
did?"

"You knew I trapped here. You
brought up Joe Robinson and a lot
with you. You meant to clean up the
winter—all the furs in the country."
Harold's face drew in a scowl. "A
what are you going to do about it?"
"The queer thing is," and Bill spoke
quietly, slowly, "I'm not going to
anything about it—now. I didn't
come to see you about trapping. I came
about Virginia Tremont."

"Virginia?" he cried. "My God, what
do you know about her?"
"All at once he looked, with an air of
dread and anxiety that at first Bill did
not understand, toward the door of the
cabin.
An Indian squaw—for all her
untidiness a fair representative of her
breed—pushed through the door and
came stolidly inside.
Bill's face was stern as the grey cliffs
of the Selkirk when he turned again to
Harold. "Is that your woman?" he
asked simply.
Harold shrugged. "One doesn't marry
squaws," he replied.
"I came to find Harold Lounsbury, a
gentleman," Bill went on in the same
strange, flat voice, "and I find—a squaw
man."
(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

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like the coal they used in England—does not snap or fly and leaves but
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Hudson Seal Coat, 28 inches long, deep shawl collar and
cuffs of dark Canadian beaver, slash pockets, lined with French brocade **\$275**

Electric Seal Coat, 36 inches long, sable-raccoon collar and
cuffs, slash pockets, full belt, lined with Swiss brocade **\$160**

Electric Seal Coat, 38 inches long, large collar and cuffs of
Alaska sable, full belt, slash pockets, lined with Swiss brocade **\$175**

Electric Seal Coat, with dark Canadian beaver collar and
cuffs, slash pockets, full belt, lined with fancy brocade satin **\$185**

Electric Seal Coat, 40 inches long, large shawl collar and
cuffs, slash pockets, full belt, lined with fancy brocade satin **\$150**

Dark Northern Muskrat Coat, roll collar and cuffs of seal
and border of seal around bottom, slash pockets, lined with fancy satin **\$165**

Dark Northern Muskrat Coat, roll collar and cuffs of seal,
slash pockets, lined with figured satin **\$135**

No. 1 Selected Muskrat Coat, 38 inches long, deep shawl
collar and cuffs, slash pockets, full belt, lined with Swiss brocade **\$175**

FUR SETS and NECK-PIECES

Isabella Fox Stoles, double ruff style **\$30 to \$48.50**

Hudson Seal Cape, with sable raccoon roll collar, lined with canton crepe **\$75**

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One only Taupe Fox Mink **\$30 \$16, \$20**

Set, special **\$19.50**

Ermine Chokers **\$19.50**

Russian Squirrel Chokers **\$19.50**

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MANUFACTURERS.

Phone 1319. 196 Dundas Street.

"Never a Cold All Winter!"

"You know our boy Bert—what a spindling kid he used to be—never liked to play out-of-doors.

"It's so cold, daddy," he would say, standing round with fingers all nipped and blue, while the other chaps tore and raced, having the time of their lives.

"His mother tried to say it was because he was so much more refined than the other children, but even she broke down when his teacher sent a note: 'Bert must stay home from school until he gets over his cold.'

"That was the trouble; he never got over it. It was one cold right after another.

"Then one day I heard about

NEAL'S GOOD WHITE BREAD

—how it's made from such good strengthening fuel-foods that it just naturally warms up starved-out tissues—sends new blood and activity tingling and dancing through sluggish veins. That very day I brought a loaf home.

"Why not some milk toast for breakfast, old lady?" I suggested. "All right," said mother.

"All the time Bert was eating his bowlful. I kept an eye on him, and, what do you think? Even by the time he'd finished there was some real, honest red in his cheeks.

"Mother, mayn't I go out to play?" he asked—the first time in months.

"That was the beginning. Now he eats his three bowlful a day regularly—and did you hear about that snow-fort he built? I tell you! Some boy! His colds? Oh, he doesn't have them any more. We're all fresh-air fiends—and bread-fiends—at my house."

For the benefit of other families with delicate young or old people—NEAL'S BREAD is the loaf so rich and pure, it turns to rich, pure blood almost while you're eating it.

"The Best Loaves are Wrapped."

Two good winter rules—
Eat Neal's Superior Bread—
And then out in the open.

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