## God's Country and the Woman

(Continued from page 14.)

sponse to Adare's roaring voice the the skies, Metoosin crouched shiver-pack slunk off. The beaten snow was ingly far back in the gloom of the orimson. Even Adare, ra he faced pilt, wondering if the dogs he had Phillip, could find no words in his loosed had come to the end of the horror. Phillip pointed to the tepe.

"Josephine—is there—safe," he THE END.

As Adare rushed into the teper Philip swayed up to Father George.
"I am dizzy—faint," he said. "Help

He went to Lang and dropped upon He went to Lang and dropped upon his knee beside him. The man was unrecognizable. His head was almost gone. Phillip thurst a had gone. Phillip thurst a had gone to the hospital stangard coat—and pulled out, a long envelope. It was addressed the master of Adare. He stangerer of his man the stanger of the s Father George was close beside him as he thrust the two in his own pocket. He turned to the forest men, who stood like figures turned to stone, gazupon the scene of the tragedy.

"Carry them—out there," said Philip pointing into the forest. "And then—cover the blood with fresh snow."

He still clung to Father George's urm as he staggered toward a near

"I feel weak-dizzy," "I feel weak-dizzy," he repeated again. "Help me-pull off some bark."
A strange, inquiring look filled the Missioner's face as he tore flown a handful of bark, and at Philip's request lighted a match. It an instant the bark was a mass of flame. Into he repeated the fire he put-the letters.

"It is best—to burn their letters," he said. Beyond this he gave no explanation. And Father George asked

They followed Adare into the tepee Josephine was sobbing in her father's arms. John Adare's face was that of a man who had risen out of black de-

Thank God she has not been harmhe said.

Philip knelt beside them, and John Adare gave Josephing into his arms. He held her close to his breast, whispering only her name—and her arms crept up about him. Adare rose and wide Father George.

"I will go back and attend to the wounded, Philip," he said. "Jean is one of those hurt. It isn't fatal." He went out. Father George was about to follow when Philip motioned

him back

"Will you wait outside for a few minutes?" he asked in a low voice. "We shall need you—alone—Josephine and L"

And now when they were gone, he raised Josephine's face, and said:

They are all gone, Josephine-Lang, Thoreau, and the letters. Lang and Thoreau are dead, and I have burned the letters. Jean was shot. He thought he was dying, and he told me the truth that I might better protect you. Sweetheart, there is nothing more for me to know. The fight is done. And Father George is waiting—out to make us man and wife. No will ever know but ourselves— Jean. I will tell Father George that it has been your desire to have a second marriage ceremony performed by him; that we want our marriage to be consecrated by a minister of the forests. Are you ready, dear? Shall I call him in?"

For a full minute she gazed steadily into his eyes, and Philip did not break the wonderful silence. And then, with a deep sigh, her head drooped to his breast. After a moment he heard her

"You may call him in, Philip. I fanguess—I've got to be—your wife." on the And as the logs of the Devil's Nest but a pail of smoke that rose to able

## HOME CLUB

## An Enthusiastic Book Lover Heard From

WAS very pleased to notice Cousin Mae's letter about winter reading. Perhaps the following experience ay interest her and other members of the Home Club

of the Home Clab.

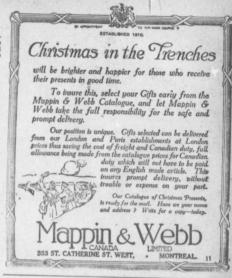
One thing certain, we young people on the farm should use more time for self-improvement. Most of us do not get the chance of the self-improvement of the college education, but well as should on college education, but with a strength and active minds, which is afterngth and active minds, which is more than can be said of many in the cities. The long winter evenings are more than can be said of many in the cities. The long winter evenings are at times rather a trial. Many young men have their lady friends, and two or three of what is known in our parts as "calleo nights," but some of us have no such charms to drag us away from the warm, comfortable fireaide.

the warm, comfortable fireside.

"Cousin Mae" sure is to be congratulated on the success of her little club. It is to be hoped more will follow her example, for even if one has many other duties, one night out of six can surely be given for such an important purpose. It is quite a misportant purpose. It is quite a misportant purpose. important purpose. It is quite a co-incidence, but I had a somewhat simi-lar experience to "Cousin Mae's" last winter. I am fond of reading, and got to know three other like-minded young fellows in our neighborhood. to snow three other like-minded young fellows in our neighborhood. Deciding we could not afford to waste our time all winter, we formed a little private club, made a few simple rules—the most important of which was that any nambars about ferromagnet. member absent from a meeting was fined 25 cents, which went to a fund for buying books for a common library. for buying books for a common library. We met once a week at our four respective home. The first part of the appetitive home. The first part of the appetitive home. The first part of the analysis of the second discussion. Sometimes we had a said discussion. Sometimes we had a little debate on some points brought up. Frompity at ene of clock, the woman foll-were allowed in, usually with some 2 few-thments, and an hour would some 2 few-thments, and an hour would consider the second of the second consideration and the second of the contract of the second of t

During last winter we read parts of six books, carefully selected: a number of biographical sketches from "The be of biographical sketches from "The best of biographical sketches from "The bords," by A. G. Gardiner; all of "Flish Gords," by A. G. Gardiner; all of "Flish Gords," by A. G. Gardiner; all of "Flish Gords, and the state of t period, and then one night we dis-cussed if thoroughly. In that way we covered considerable ground.

In closing, I might say that I have had some experience in helping to form a debating society, and would be glad to write to the Home Club again if any readers would like information on the subject. I hope that "Cousin Mae" may 'twe a pleasant and profit-able winter.—"Brother Jonathan."



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