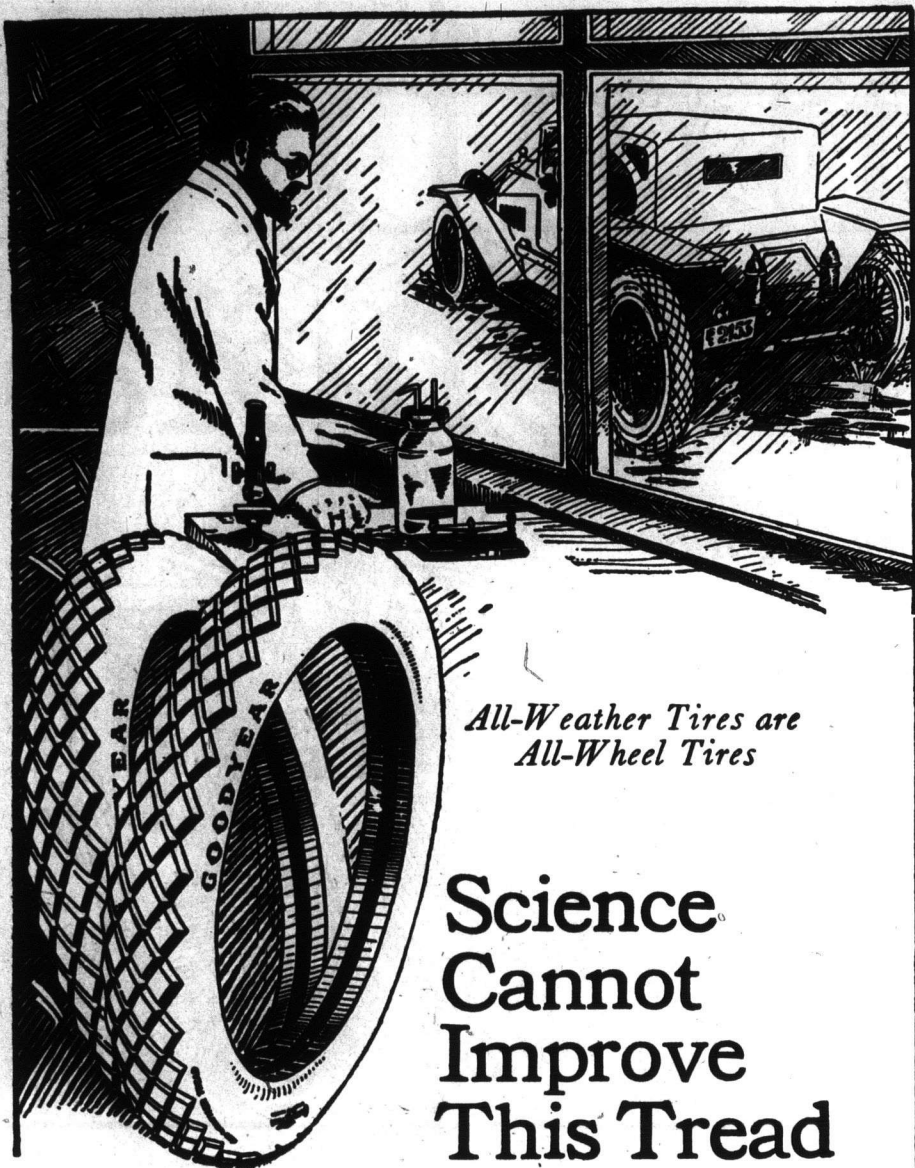




All-Weather Tires are
All-Wheel Tires

Science Cannot Improve This Tread

Research, tests, experiments, consuming years of toil and enormous outlay, have failed to develop a better tire tread than the Goodyear All-Weather Tread. Under this tread, science has made wonderful tire improvements. Each year Goodyear Tires have been giving greater mileage and lower costs.

To-day you can buy the crowning Goodyear achievement—the Goodyear Cord Tire.

But you buy it with the Goodyear All-Weather Tread. Because All-Weather Tires are All-Wheel Tires. This is the finest tread man can build. It rides smoothly and steers easily.

Rugged blocks of tough rubber each offer four sharp edges to the slippery road. These blocks are scientifically arranged. Your car climbs out of ruts and crosses icy car tracks as on a dry day.

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Right now your car especially needs protection against winter roads. See a Goodyear Service Station Dealer.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
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GOODYEAR
MADE IN CANADA

Starlight

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following the general trend of it up towards the den. Between two great boulders that barred the way, with a shelf in front of him which the hound would be forced to mount ere they could force the passage, stood Starlight. He was silent now, but he watched with fixed intentness. Terrible and forbidding he stood, head half lowered, fangs exposed, yet there was something lacking in the pose of this awful fighting machine. Normally he would have stood with forelegs wide apart, his broad front braced to meet the shock of impact and repel it, but now he stood with one paw raised, unstable, insecure, lacking that vital weapon of the fighting wolf, the ability to meet an attack broadside and rebound with lightning chop and slash. But yet his courage never wavered.

Up came the hounds, bounding from rock to rock, from shelf to shelf, their great jaws wide apart, their savage eyes aflame with the desire to kill. They saw the wolf and came on side by side, heads lowered now and in awful silence. They paused at the foot of the shelf, glaring up, then one of them leapt, cleared the nine feet span at a bound and landed alongside Starlight.

There was a snap, a roar, and Starlight revolved as though on a pivot. He met the charge broadside but was thrown, though as he fell he struck the hound a mighty sweep across the eyes with his busy tail. This was merely to cause a diversion while he gained his feet, and cause a diversion it surely did, for Starlight's tail was thickly charged with cutting dust. The hound drew back, surprised, momentarily blinded, and Starlight was upon it. Chop, slash, chop went those awful jaws, and two hundred pounds of bone and muscle crashed backward over the shelf the way it had come.

But now the second hound had leapt and landed, but it too was met by a whirling sandblast and a sidelong slash. Sheer weight alone saved it till the first hound was up again, standing beside its mate, pushing irresistibly forward while the wolf pinwheeled and snapped in the narrow space ahead. Starlight seemed scarcely to touch the hounds, yet as they stood awaiting an opening, crimson gashes began to appear across their faces, their necks, their broad and mottled fronts. Now and then one would dart forward, to be hurled back against its mate, grovelling, snarling, shaking the sand from its stinging eyes. For five seconds they remained thus, facing, as it were, a revolving disc of knife blades, then they closed.

Starlight drew back, out into the open. He could no longer hold the narrow way, and a closed fight against such weight was the last thing he desired. The braver of the hounds leapt upon him, passed over him, and fell, for Starlight had belled down with an upward slash. And as the hound fell it uttered a roar of pain, and rose nursing one crimson forepaw, which seemed to be twisted back to front. The other hound leapt ere Starlight could recover and fell upon him, but somehow the wolf's jaws were where his back should have been, and the hound's throat fell between them. Something ghastly happened in the

twinkling of an eye—chop, slash, chop, but the wolf was flung a dozen paces as the last hound closed, half his shoulder between its mighty jaws.

This time the bulldog blood showed up, for the hound held on, worrying, shaking, waiting for its mate to come and lend a hand. The other hound came, slowly, coughing as it walked, caught the wolf by the mangled forestump and hung back to tear him asunder.

It was not a pretty sight, this desperate stand of a brave and daring beast, barring the way to his home and little ones, but it served to show the strive as he may man cannot produce from his domestic stock a fighting dog to equal the wild dog of the plains. Starlight was bested now, but he was disabled ere the fight began and he had five times his weight against him. And so the two great hounds, skilled in fighting together, bore him down, and a minute or so later Starlight lay limp and lifeless in the sand.

One of the hounds grovelled to the water's edge and began to drink, but the other lay very still in a pool of red, breathing heavily. But presently the breathing ceased, and only the lap-lap of the drinking hound broke the awful quietude. At length he turned, prepared to tear the wolf asunder, but there behind him he saw, standing erect and braced, confident, terrible, the wolf that they had fought and bested!

The great hound seemed veritably to shrink. Back, back he crouched, heading for an opening of escape, but Starlight cut him off and forced him into a corner. Then the black wolf raised his muzzle to the sky and let forth the short, sharp rally call, and the hound, looking up, saw the she-wolf floating down towards them. He uttered the snarl of a dog which knows it is lost, then closed with Starlight in a last desperate endeavor to break away.

Under the shelf of rock Starlight and Jess tore the great hound to ribbons, then scattered dirt upon his luckless remains, and Wolver Wells, listening anxiously far below, knew that he would see his dogs no more. Yet he waited till the sundown lights changed from gold to crimson, till night fell with the silence of the canyon still unbroken, then he went his way heavy hearted, for he had loved his dogs.

That night Starlight and Jess carried their cubs by narrow shelves, along which no hound could force a passage, skirted black and yawning pits, by which no human foot can ever tread, till at dawn on a sunny shelf, a thousand feet above the murmuring creek, they made their nursery den.

Yet ere a month was passed the sands of the Silvertrail told Wolver Wells that the great black wolf and his mate had ceased to hunt this range. Perhaps they had journeyed westward to that wild belt which man has yet to conquer, for a wolf that is maimed cannot hope to hold its own in a land of many foes. So Wolver Wells too packed his bags and traps, and minus his dogs beat out for far off Colorado.



All tired out!