

HAVE YOU VOTED YET?

Here is a Ballot Good for Fifty Votes Which You Can Give to Some Deserving Candidate in the Canadian Courier Contest.

The Canadian Courier Contest has started in good style, and some 50 candidates are already in the race. It is anticipated that there will be as many more before March has ended. Nominations will be accepted until the end of March or a little later, and there will be many candidates who will enter at that time. However, the advantage of getting as early a start as possible should not be overlooked.

The list of Candidates will be published as soon as possible, probably in the next issue of The Canadian Courier, and additions to the list will be made from time to time as received. Any ambitious girl who wishes a college education or a trip to Europe should, if possible, send in her name in time to have it appear on the list when first published, or as soon after that as possible.

The terms of this contest are that 14 young ladies will go to college for a year, and 10 will be given a five

weeks' trip to Europe, the entire expenses paid by The Canadian Courier. It is the intention to increase the number of college scholarships according to the success of the contest.

Some changes will be made in the various districts as demanded by the progress of the contest.

The new arrangement of Districts will make the race more equitable to all candidates, and will give the smaller cities and towns a fair show against the larger. An added feature will be that in the At-Large District all candidates who get over a certain number of subscriptions will get a college course or a trip to Europe. This should set the candidates to working very hard to make sure of reaching the required number. The marks will not be set too high, but will be extremely liberal.

Send Contest communications to Canadian Courier, Contest Dept., Toronto.

Do not throw this ballot away, but save it for some candidate who will sincerely appreciate your kindness in so doing. It may mean a great deal to the candidate who is fortunate enough to get it.

Ballot No. 3

This ballot is good for **50** votes in the CANADIAN COURIER EDUCATIONAL CONTEST.

For Miss

Address

if forwarded to the CANADIAN COURIER to be credited in the official standing on or before April 5, 1913.

If you know of some ambitious girl who would enter this contest and enjoy the rewards offered, will you kindly tell her of the offer and hand her this nomination blank?

Nomination Blank

I Hereby Nominate Miss.....

Address.....

whom I know to be over 15 years of age, of good character, and to be a proper person to enter "THE CANADIAN COURIER" CONTEST.

Signed..... Countersigned by.....

Address..... Pastor of..... Church or Parish.....

The first nomination received for each candidate is good for 10,000 votes for the candidate named thereon, provided the nomination is accepted. The votes on only one Nomination Blank will be counted for any candidate.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

a little, panting in the smoke that blew into his eyes, jerked the Marlin lever, and, as the moon came through again, had a blurred vision of a white, drawn face that stared up at him still with defiance in its eyes. He looked down into it as he drew the trigger once more.

Shannon quivered a moment, and then lay very still, and it was high time for Courthorne to look to himself, for there was a shouting in the bluff, and something came crashing through the undergrowth. Even then his cunning did not desert him, and flinging the Marlin down beside the trooper, he slipped almost silently in and out among the birches and swung himself into the saddle of a tethered horse. Unlooping the bridle from a branch he pressed his heels home, realizing as he did it that there was no time to lose, for it was evident that one of the troopers was somewhat close behind him, and others were coming across the river. He knew the bluff well, and having no desire to be entangled in it was heading for the prairie, when a blink of moonlight showed him a lad in uniform riding at a gallop between him and the crest of the slope. It was Trooper Payne, and Courthorne knew him for a very bold horseman.

Now, it is possible that had one of the rustlers, who were simple men with primitive virtues as well as primitive passions, been similarly placed, he would have joined his comrades and taken his chance with them, but Courthorne kept faith with nobody unless it suited him, and was equally dangerous to his friends and enemies. Trooper Shannon had also been silenced for ever, and if he could cross the frontier unrecognized, nobody would believe the story of the man he would leave to bear the brunt in place of him. Accordingly he headed at a gallop down the winding trail, while sharp orders and a drumming of hoofs grew louder behind him, and hoarse cries rose in front. Trooper Payne was, it seemed, at least keeping pace with him, and he glanced over his shoulder as he saw something dark and shadowy across the trail. It was apparently a horse from which two men were struggling to loose its burden.

Courthorne guessed that the trail was blocked in front of it by other loaded beasts, and he could not get past in time, for the half-seen trooper was closing with him fast, and another still rode between him and the edge of the bluff, cutting off his road to the prairie. It was evident he could not go on, while the crackle of twigs, roar of hoofs, and jingle of steel behind him, made it plain that to turn was to ride back upon the carbines of men who would be quite willing to use them. There alone remained the river. It ran fast below him, and the ice was thin, and for just a moment he tightened his grip on the bridle.

"We've got you!" a hoarse voice reached him. "You're taking steep chances if you go on."

Courthorne swung off from the trail. There was a flash above him, something whirled through the twigs above his head, and the horse plunged as he drove his heels in.

"One of them gone for the river," another shout rang out, and Courthorne was crashing through the undergrowth straight down the declivity, while thin snow whirled about him, and now and then he caught the faint glimmer flung back by the ice beneath.

Swaying boughs lashed him, his fur cap was whipped away, and he felt that his face was bleeding, but there was another crackle close behind him, for Trooper Payne was riding as daringly, and he carried a carbine. Had he desired it, Courthorne could not turn. The broncho he bestrode was madly excited and less than half broken, and it is probable no man could have pulled him up just then. It may also have been borne in upon Courthorne that he owed a little to those he had left behind him in the old country, and he had not lost his pride. There was, it seemed, no escape, but he had at least a choice of endings, and with a little breathless laugh he rode straight for the river.

It was with difficulty Trooper Payne pulled his horse up on the steep bank a minute later. A white haze was now sliding down the hollow between the two dark walls of trees, and something seemed to move in the midst of it while the ice rang about it. Then, as the trooper pitched up his carbine, there was