

As she talked she was slowly un-

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN the swirling waters car-

think of making his night's camp.

In one of the more quiet stretches of water he saw the place—a small

"Here's where you sleep tonight Beatrice," he informed her.

As twilight lowered they sat down to their simple meal, tea, sweetened

with sugar, and vegetables and meat

happily mingled in a stew.

Beatrice fell into troubled sleep,
but wakened when the first ribbon

was her chance Ben still lay asleep.

Just to steal down to the water's

She could discern the black shadow

But at that instant a subdued note of warning froze her in her tracks.

A great, gaunt form raised up from the pile of duffle in the canoe;

ready to spring if she drew near.

The girl sobbed once, then stole back to her blankets.

After breakfast they took to the

Shortly before the noon hour Ben's

They crossed a low ridge, follow-

sides. But it was not these things that caught the girl's eye. Just at the edge of a glade a dark hole

CHAPTER XII.

A Strange Comradeship.

BEN and Beatrice went together

Tired from the hard tramp, yes

THE OLD HOME TOWN

HOLIDAY CLEAN OUT SALE - ALL FLAT IRONS

HALF PRICE HANDLES

THE SUN GOT SO HOT BY NOON

back to the canoe, and in two

yawned in the face of the cliff

cove and a green, tree-clad

(Continued From Yesterday) a line of frontiersmen people—and if the woods teach one thing it is to make the best of any "Your gun is empty, Beatrice," he told her quietly. He heard her sob, and he smiled a little, reassuringly. wrapping the little parcel she had brought. Presently she held it out "Never mind-and pray for a good voyage," he advised. "We're going

through."

The craft and its occupants were out of sight by the time Jeffery Neilson reached the river bank with his son reached the river bank with his

He made his way fast as he could WHEN the swirling waters carried and seized the axe that leaned against a log of spruce beside the man's distress, Ray straightened from his work at the sight of him.

The face before him was drawn and white; but there was no time for questions. Hard hands seized the face were instinctively awed and stilled. Ever the walls of the gorge grew more steep, until the sunlight was cut off and they rode as if in twilight.

In mid-afternoon Ben began to rifle and seized the axe that leaned against a log of spruce beside the dagainst a l for questions. Hard hands seized in twilight.

his arm.

"Ray do you know of a canoe anywhere-up or down this river?" "No! There isn't one that you

with the gorge rising bening. Handcould even dream about shooting
those rapids in. Tell me what's the
matter. Has Beatrice—"

"Beatrice has gone down, that's

"Beatrice has gone down, that's "You

don't mean—she's run away?" "Don't be a fool. The prospector I told you about—Darby—was the old man's partner. He's paying us back. Ray, I wish I had died before

I ever saw this day!" stared blankly. "Then found out-about the murder?"

Ray read the letter carefully, crumpling it at last in savage wrath. "He can't do much if the claim's recorded in our names!" recorded in our names!" of edge, push off the canoe, and trust her life to the doubtful mercy of the can make us plenty trouble. If you want the girl, Ray-

don't lose a minute. Put your things river. She They crossed the divide, thus of the canoe. She stepped nearer. the headwaters of Poor Man's Creek; then took the down toward the settlements. But the two claim-jumpers had not yet learned all the day's ill news. Halfand his fangs showed ivory white in the wan light. It was Fenris, and he guarded the canoe. He crouched way to the mouth of the stream they Chan Heminway on his way back to the claim

At the first sight of him, they could hardly believe their eyes. It was not to be credited that he had made the trip to Bradleyburg and back in the few days he had been

"What are you coming back for?" Ray shouted, when Chan's identity ecame certain. ment more he pushed the canoe into "Because the claim's recorded.

that's why. Before old Hiram died he wrote a letter to an official in ing down another of the thousand Bradleyburg and in it was a descrip-Bradleyours and the claim. Whatever formalities was necessary was cut out because the old man had been too because the trip—the recorder And all at once Beatrice, walking in front, drew up with a gasp.

special, permission from Vicia.

She stood at the edge of a little glade, perhaps thirty yards across, laying at the base of the cliff. The cross flowed through it the great flowed through the great flowed throug You see what that means, don't you?" he asked Neilson. "It means we've lost!"

The eyes before him narrowed and gleamed. "So that's what it means to you! Well, I don't look at it just that way. It means to me that we've got to take these supplies and these The eyes before him narrowed and horses and start out and find "Of course, we've got to rescue Beatrice—"

"Rescuing Beatrice isn't all of it www. by a long shot. Didn't old now, by a long shot. Didn't old Hiram leave a will, giving this claim to his brother Ezra? And hasn't this Ben got a letter from Ezra leaving the claim to him?"

trips they carried the supplies to the "You mean we've got to find him?"
"We've got to; that's all."
Neilson breathed heavily. "It's all plain enough." sustained by a vague exciteme neither of them could name or trace

Beatrice Neilson was a mountain girl, with the strong thews of Jael, yet she hid her face as the canoe they began to prepare for the night. shot into the crests of the rapids.

The wolf crouched on the heap of supplies, fearful to the depths of his wild heart of this mighty stream, yet still putting his faith in his mas-ter in the stern.

A sudden movement on the part of Beatrice, in the bow of the canoe, caught Ben's eye. She had leaned forward and was ching among the supplies. She lifted into her hands a paper parcel, the same she had brought from her cabin early that morning.

had brought that morning. His heart leaped; why he did not His heart leaped; why he did not know. "What is it?" he asked.
"Ben—I called you that yesterday and there's no use going back to last names now—I've made an important decision." His eye fell to the crouching form of Fenris. Ben leaped to reach his gun.
"At him, Fenris!" he shouted. The
wolf leaped forward like a thrown

"I hope it's a happy one," he ven-

lunged into sight with incredible storm of sound.

Immediately the wolf sprang, Immediately the wolf sprang, ready to wage this unequal battle to the death. But his brave fight was tragically hopeless. Yet by the law of his wild heart he could not turn and fiee. His master had given his orders, and he must obey them to the end.

The bear paused one instant; then lunged forth again.

But the breath in which the wolf had stayed the charge had given Pen

terrible axe with greater power.
(Continued Tomorrow.)

THIEF GETS CHANGE,

up onto the bank.

"We're through for the day," he said happily, as he helped Beatrice out of the boat. "Ill confess I'm

At Ingersoll and Robs

Special to The Advertiser. Ingersoll, Dec. 26.-Although there was more than \$10,000 in the till, all that a burglar who visited the Grand Trunk depot Sunday night obtained was \$25, which he took in change

The theft was evidently committed between 9:30 and 12 o'clock. The office had been locked as usual but an entrance was gained by forcing the door leading from the gentlemen's waiting room to the office after which the till was pried open.

from the till

GERMANY HAS RIGHT TO PAY FRENCH DEBT

river, yielding themselves once more to the whims of the current. Press Declares France Will quick eye saw a break in the heavy brushwood that lined the bank and quickly paddled toward it. In a mo-Take Guarantees If Payments Defaulted.

Paris, Dec. 26.—France has a right to reparations from Germany, and in default of payment she will take guarantees. This, in brief, sums up an editorial in yesterday's Temps dealing with yesterday's meeting at the French foreign office to lay out creek flowed through it, the grass was green and rich, beloved by the antiered herds that came to graze, the tall enruge shaded it on three "The policy hitherto pursued has

produced nothing at all. seizure of guarantees produce very sound that brought him up short. At little—which in no way seems to us least he was sure he had heard it, inevitable—nobody can deny that although he couldn't really believe he there is infinite distance between had heard it. He sat up and listened nothing and the smallest possibly with all his might.

"I couldn't really have heard it," said he to himself. "I must have themselves and bankruptcy."

PETER HEARS A FAMILIAR VOICE. By Thornton W. Burgess.

But the breath in which the wolf had stayed the charge had given Ben his chance. With a swift motion of his arm he had projected the single rifle shell into the chamber of the weapon. The stock snapped to his shoulder; and his keen, glittering eyes sought the sights.

His finger pressed back steadily against the trigger. The slightest flinching, the smallest motion might yet throw off his aim. The rifle spoke with a roar.

In loneliness and discontent Too many lives are sadly spent.

—Peter Rabbit.

Winter had come to stay. The Smiling Pool was locked in ice. Snow covered the Green Meadows, the Old Orchard and the Old Pasture. It lay all through the Green Forest. All the trees were bare excepting those spoke with a roar. yet throw off his aim. The rifle spoke with a roar.

The grizzly was in his deathagony, nothing more; yet in that final convulsion he could rip into shreds the powerful form that opposed him. Ben dropped the empty rifle and seized the axe that leaned against a log of spruce beside the fire.

The grizzly was in his deathagony, nothing more; yet in that green leaves and cedars, hold their green leaves the year round. Johnny Chuck had been asleep for two months. So had Nimbleheels the Jumping Mouse. Striped Chipmunk had long since retired, although he would occasionally pop his head out

> Peter Rabbit was a wee bit lonesome. He missed these friends and neighbors who had gone to sleep or gone away. There would be days at time when he could find no one to

OVERLOOKS \$10,000 Talk to.

"I don't see why they all go away just because of a little cold weather," grumbled Peter as he hunted for someone to talk to in the Green Forman morning. est one morning.

This wasn't quite true. Peter did

know. He knew that it was a matter of food. He knew that those who sleep through the winter and those who go away to the Sunny South do so to keep from starving to death. But Peter can always find something



hen he turned and scamper straight into that cedar swamp

as fast as his legs could carry him. to eat, and sometimes it is hard for him to realize that these others canot do the same thing. He tried to find his blg cousin, Jumper the Hare. But Jumper was not in that part of the Green Forest. He looked for his old friend, Mrs. Grouse, but he couldn't find her. In fact. Peter couldn't find anybody and

he was just aching to talk to some-one. So he wandered about aimless ing of the allied premiers on Jan. 2.
"It is useless asking her if these guarantees will be more or less declared.

At last he came to a swampy part of the Green Forest where grew many cedar trees. It was dark and gloomy looking in there. It made Peter more than ever. He turned his ly, growing more and more lonesome lonesome than ever. He turned his back on it, and was just starting off, "Even if we suppose that the lipperty-lipperty-lip, when he heard a

Dog Saves Another Dog From Death

The silence dropped about them, settling slowly; and all except the largest heap of red coals burned Liewellyn setter, from death under the neck and with a desperate pull

"What is it?" Beatrice whispered.

The man's eyes strained into the railroad track. A rumble and a warn
"The man's eyes strained into the railroad track. A rumble and a warn-"I don't know. It may be just a moose, or maybe a caribou. But it may be—"

is paralyzed temporarily.

ITLOOKS

OVER FROM HOOTSTOWN TO SHOW OFF HIS NEW CHRISTMAS FUR COAT WAS FORCED TO CARRY IT ON HIS ARM THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON.

YOU SAY ITS A ROCKY

a Baltimore & Ohio passenger train at Colerain avenue.

Major and Fritz, both owned by the condense of the con The brush cracked and rustled just beyond the glowing coals.
Some huge wilderness creature was venturing toward them, at the edge of the little glade.
"What is it?" Beatrice whispered.
"What is it?" Beatrice whispered.
The meck and with a desperate pull hauls him over the rail a few seconds by Schramm and Hart, wonder struck, attempt to lift Major up, but a warning growl from Fritz stops them.
The two dogs were playing on the Pausing only the fraction of a

ing whistle, a flyer heaves into view around a curve 200 feet down the track. Fritz leaps from the path of the train, then looks back.

Major has fallen between the rails and is lying with his feet rigid in the looks back. and is lying with his feet rigid in the out of his coma. Hart and Schramm air. He has been stricken with a fit report the incident to a disbelleving

wolf leaped forward like a thrown spear—almost too fast for the eye to follow.

Thereafter there was only a great confusion, event piled upon event with incredible rapidity. A grizzly and is paralyzed temporarily.

Harry Schramm, a barber, and Charles M. Hart, a mail carrier, rushed to the tracks, intent on rescusing Mator, but Fritz beats them to it. He rushes to the spot where

HOLD ER

NEWT SHES AREARIN'

STANLBY

C CHAT BERTRAM BUZZARD WHO CAME

BY STANLEY

again. It was a voice. Yes, sir, it was a voice. There was no doubt about that, and if Peter could trust his ears at all it was the voice of an you soon again. old friend. He waited until he heard it a third time, and then he turned and scampered straight into that cedar swamp as fast as his legs would take him, for it was from there What Should | Do? Dear Miss Grey,-It is a long time since I have written to the page, but I am still an interested reader. The fund is certainly climbing. I am

sorry not to have sent a mite in this

letter, but will double it in my next one. What do you think of my baby

ing at 9½ months. She weighs 24 pounds. I have never had her to

any of the baby clinics vet and was

just wondering if she was as smart as the babies that are considered well

and healthy. I want you to settle an

argument for me, please, then I will close. If you were married (of course

you are not), and your parents ex-pected you home with your family each Christmas, and your husband

expected you should go to his home for Christmas, what would you do so

own home, then there could be no arguing. Well, I will leave it to you for an answer. I must close as baby

is trying to do the writing. As ever.

MRS. ALL TRADES.

Your baby is over-developed for its

for you to take it to one of the clinics and have a physical examination

Christmas doesn't seem jolly at I say we should hold it in our

as not to cause hard feeling? the past six years I have gone home to my parents and my husband to his,

(Copyright, 1922, by T. W. Burgess.) The next story: "Peter Hunts in Great Excitement." girl, Miss Grey? She has 14 teeth at the age of ten months, and was walk-

TWO HELD FOR DEATH AT "CHRISTMAS PARTY

that that voice had come

Shelby, Ohio, Dec. 26.-Two mer last night were being held on charges of murder in connection with the death Sunday of Ralph Longley, 32, after he drank moonshine whiskey at "Christmas party." Two other men who partook of the liquor blinded and a score made ill.



I wish to thank Chirper, Mrs. age, as the average baby at the age of one year weighs 22 pounds and at ten months has four teeth, and the one other boxite, who did not sign average child walks at the age of one year. I think it would be a good idea her pen-name, but who lives in the city, for the Christmas cards.

CYNTHIA GRAY.

made. It may be exceptionally healthy, and that may cause its over-development, but I advise you to have Father of 21,-If you are still in need of help, send your name and adit examined, as one cannot tell from weight alone. The Christmas ques-

tion has caused disagreements in more than one family. I think if you Who Is K. K. Katy? Dear Miss Grey,-I saw in the Maildo not care to spend Christmas Box where K. K. Katy was offering your own home, where it should be some recitations, and I would like spent if you have a family that you some. I will inclose shinplaster for the Sick Children's Hospital, and would you please send the inclosed nvelope to K. K. Katy? WILD GRAPE.

I am sorry, but K. K. Katy's address is not on the family list, but I m sure when she sees this letter she will send it in, so that I can forward the letter to you. Many thanks, Wild Grape, for the inclosed "plaster" for our hospital fund.

Dear Miss Grey and Boxites,-I saw my last letter in print last evening, so thought I would write again. The dressing recipe. Now I will send in a Christmas plum pudding recipe which certainly fine.

A Plum Pudding.

Christmas Plum Pudding. One pound large raisins, one pound small raisins, one pound suet cut fine,

little lemon peel, six eggs, one and a-half cup sour milk, one teaspoon soda, one cup molasses, one cup sugar, salt and spices to suit taste, some English walnuts if liked, flour to make stiff enough to drop spoon. Put in greased cans and steam five hours. Take out of cans at once and put on large platter to cool. Keep in dry place.

Serve with any nice sweet sauc Anyone using this recipe will find it first class. Tell the lady who is getting the cook book ready, if she wants any recipes if she will let me know I can send her any kind she wants.

Yours in the same old way Many thanks for the plum pudding ecipe, which will be a little late for this year, but the Boxites will be clipping it, I suppose, for scrap books. Thanks for the offer of the recipes,

Attention, Ole Scout.

Dear Miss Grey,-I saw in the aper where Ole Scout was offering some baby clothes, and as I will be needing some in a couple of months Beneath Wheels of Passenger Train

The pup, rescued Major, a huge, not twenty feet behind him.

Saves Another Dog From Death

I would be very glad to get them if I am not too late. My husband has been out of work for the last three months, and we find it hard to clothe ourselves and a little boy 18 months old. If anybody has a cape that is not of any use I would be the pup, rescued Major, a huge, not twenty feet behind him. be very glad to have it. Would be very glad and willing to pay post-age on it and clothes from Ole Scout. Yours sincerely, MRS. A. E. S. I am sorry, but Ole Scout's address is not on file but if she sees your letter I am sure she will write again and tell us who she is. Any one wishing to send Mrs. A. E. S. clothes may have her address from the Mail-Box and send the parcels

> For Our Worthy Cause. Dear Miss Grey,—May you have a happy Christmas and many of them and glad New Year. Inclosed find

mite for our worthy cause.

MARGARET. Many thanks for the generous mite for our cot for the War Me-morial Hospital. I think I have the most generous family in the world They never seem to tire of giving.

Send Dollar to Fund.

Dear Miss Grey,—Inclosed find \$1 for the Sick Children's Hospital. I hope you will soon be able to say you have the full amount for your cot. I will sign as before.

A SYMPATHIZER.

Many thanks for another generous mite for our hospital fund. I am sending another donation to the treasurer within a few days which will bring our fund a little closer to the objective.

Sends a Dollar.

Dear Miss Grey,-I have wanted to send a little help toward your War Memorial Fund, so you will find it inclosed. Wish it could be more, but you know there are so many calls for charity that I must divide up a little. I read your letters in Mail-Box when I have time, but I expect I miss a lot of good ones. Will close with best wishes for yourself and all other Boxites. Will sign myself MRS. R. Y.

Thank you very much for the gen-rous hospital mite inclosed, Mrs. R. This is your first visit, isn't it? We welcome you to our cosy corner and will be looking for another letter

Taken 'Tiser Fifty Years. Dear Miss Grey—I am sending you 65c postal note for my birthday offering, which is this month, for the children's fund. I think you will have the amount you aim for before Christmas. Hope so.

We have taken The Advertiser for

50 years, and the father before us, but this is the first time I have written to the Mail-Box. Will sign my name FRANK. name FRANK.

Just to think you have taken The Advertiser for 50 years! You are

FIREPROOF. AMERICAN PLAN ON THE OCEAN FRONT
Family Hotel Renowned
for its Modern Comforts
Hot and Cold Water Baths
rehestra of Soloists Golf Privileges

magified it. It certainly did sound like the voice of—"

Just then Peter heard that sound gain. It was a voice. Yes, sir, it was a voice. There was no doubt be bout that, and if Peter could trust be placed to hear different places. It would be bette for you both to stay at home. I will be looking for a visit from the care of all it was the voice of an ext with your parents and the for you both to stay at home. I will be looking for a visit from the readers.

Insist On SCHNEIDER'S **SAUSAGES**

FROM YOUR DEALER

Other Sausages are being sold as substitutes for the Schneider quality.

Ask for

Schneider's Sausages

"The Original Kitchener Sausage Makers"

Best Cigar Value in Canada

GENERAL CIGAR COMPANY LIMITED CONTROLLED AND OPERATED BY IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. OF CANADA LIMITED

CHAPMAN'S After-Christmas

SALE **ALL THIS WEEK**

All Christmas Merchandise Cut for Quick and Decisive Action



On All Dolls, Books, Fancy Handkerchiefs, French Ivory and China

John H. Chapman & Co.



A hard cough