

SATURDAY SALE OF FINEST CALIFORNIA WALNUTS

58c POUND

We guarantee these Nuts to be of choicest quality. Regularly sold at 70c pound.

CHOP SUZY SAUCE

If you make chop suzy at home, try Chop Suzy Sauce.

35c BOTTLE

Directions for making chop suzy on every bottle.

PREMIER SALAD DRESS-ING

The quality cannot be excelled.

35c and 75c BOTTLE

FANCY CHEESE

To many, Tasty and High-Grade Cheese has a particularly appetizing appeal. Any of the following are worthy of special consideration: FRENCH ROQUEFORT, PHILADELPHIA CREAM, O.K.A., CANADIAN WHITE, LIMBURGER, CAMEMBERT.

ZWIEBACK

Delicately flavored toast. A tempting food for the convalescent.

30c PACKAGE

ROWAT'S TEAS

Their popularity prove their worth served daily in hundreds of homes.

From 65c to \$2 POUND

T. A. ROWAT & COMPANY

Established 1887
GROCERS, IMPORTERS,
290 Dundas St. Phone 3051-3052

Royal Crown Derby China

Peacock Design

We now have a complete stock of this design, including many fancy pieces.

C. H. WARD & CO.

Diamond Merchants, Jewelers and Opticians.

386 RICHMOND ST.

Phone 1084.



(Continued From Last Issue.)

"You'll drink," Joe asked Bill.

The woodsman's face was grave.

"Wolfpaw, it's against the law of this province to give or receive liquor from Indians," he replied gravely. "I won't drink tonight."

Pete turned with a scowl. His thought had already flashed to the white blade at his belt. "You're damn particular," he began.

But Joe shook his head, restraining him. The hour to strike had not yet come. They must enjoy their liquor first, and engender fresh courage from its fire.

"Have a drink?" Joe asked Virginia.

She didn't like the tone of his voice. He was speaking with entire familiarity, and again she expected interference from Harold. Her fiancé, however, was fingering the bottle. She saw Bill straighten, ever so little, and behind the first signs of rising anger in the set of his lips.

"No," the girl responded coldly.

The others poured themselves mighty drinks—savouring portions that more than half emptied the first of the quarts. Then they drew back their heads and drained the cups.

XXV.

"A LITTLE toast—and everybody stand up," Harold, getting drunker, finally proposed.

"We're going to drink to Virginia!" To my future wife, gentlemen—the lady who has promised me her hand! Look at her there, you breeds—the most beautiful woman that ever came to the North! Drink her down!"

The burning poison poured into their throats. Virginia glanced at her pistol. Her face was no longer merely anxious. Bill still sat, helpless and blind. She had not dared to resent aloud the handling of her name, the insult of their searching eyes upon her beauty.

It seemed to her that she heard a half-muttered exclamation from Bill, but his face belied it. And in reality the man's thoughts were as busy as never before.

He opened his eyes, struggling for vision. But he could not make out the forms of the men at all, except when they crossed in front of the candles.

The candles themselves were mere points of yellow between his lids.

Then the men drank another round, emptying the first quart and beginning upon the second.

"You're a pretty little witch," Harold addressed Virginia. "You're hard to kiss, but your kisses are worth having. What you think about that, Joe? Aren't I telling you the truth?"

Joe! Bill's first impression had been right, after all. Virginia heard the name, too, and her face increased.

"Joe," she repeated, "You know him, then?"

"Of course, I know Joe. He's an old friend. He's the one that Bill told never to show his face in this part of Clearwater again—but you don't see anything happening to him, do you?"

He waited, hoping that Bill would make response. But the latter was holding hard.

"You see, he hasn't anything to say," Harold gloated. "I asked you a question, Joe—about Virginia. Didn't I tell the truth?"

"I don't know," Joe replied. "She's pretty enough. But I've never kissed her."

The girl flinched, then caught herself with a half sob. She resolved to make one more appeal.

"Oh, Harold—please—please be careful what you say," she pleaded. "You're drunk now—but don't forget you were a gentleman—once. Don't drink any more. Don't let those Indians drink any more, either."

"A gentleman once, eh? So you don't think I'm one any more. But Bill there—his one, ain't he? It seems to me you've been getting kind of a lower around here, lately—and the women of our northern men don't behave that way."

"I'm not your woman, thank God—and I ask you to be careful!"

"So you're not my woman, eh?"

"No, no, no! I never will be!" The girl's eyes were blazing, and she had forgotten her fear in her magnificent wrath.

There ensued a moment of strange and menacing silence. Pete chuckled, already receptive to Joe's thought. Harold turned to stare at him.

Joe put his pipe to his lips, then fumbled at his pocket. He seemed to search in vain. "Will you give me a match, please, lady?" he asked.

The tone was strange, thick and strained, yet Virginia's heart thrilled with hope. Perhaps if these men started to smoke, their blood would cool. She turned quickly to the shelf above Bill's head and procured half a dozen matches from the box.

As her back was turned she heard Pete laugh again.

Instinctively her eyes turned to the wall for a reassuring sight of her pistol. It was gone from its place.

She looked at Joe. His evil, leering face told her only too plainly that his eager hand had seized and secreted her pistol. Pete's face was grown, too; Harold only looked bewildered.

He was her last hope, but in one instant's scrutiny she saw that this had vanished, too. Some terrible thought had sobered and engrossed him.

"What is it, Virginia?" Bill asked.

"One of these men—" she answered brokenly—"has taken my pistol. I want him to give it back—"

Joe spoke then, a single sentence in the vernacular for Harold's ears. With one gesture he indicated Harold, himself and Pete. In turn, then, pointed to the girl. His face was hideous with eagerness.

Harold started at the words. His degeneracy was complete. He answered with a curse.

"Why not?" he said. "The girl's thrown me over. When I'm through you can do what you want. And crack the skull of that mole with the pick and throw him out in the snow."

The two Indians lurched forward at his words. Bill left his chair in a mighty leap.

XXXVI.

WHEN Bill sprang forward to intercept the attack upon the girl he came with amazing accuracy and power.

By means of his acute ear he had located the exact position of every actor in the impending drama.

What was more important, he knew the location of both candles. He dashed both out.

The act had been so swift and unexpected that neither Joe, standing

near the girl, or Harold across the room, could draw their pistols and fire.

Seemingly in a flash the darkness was upon them. Bill was face to face with his enemies in his own dark hour. The advantage of vision on which they had presumed had been in an instant removed.

Harold cursed in the darkness; as if in a continuation of the leap he had made to upset the candles, Bill seized Virginia in his strong arms.

He thrust her to the floor and into the angle between her bunk and the wall, the point that he instinctively

realized would be easiest to defend and safest from stray bullets.

Virginia's pistol was in Joe's hand by now, and he shot in Bill's direction. Two spurts of yellow fire broke for an instant the utter gloom. But there was no time for the third shot. He was the nearest of the three attackers, and Bill's outstretched arms saved a mighty wrench.

His grasp was about Joe's chest at first, but with a great lurch he slung the man's body out far enough so that he could lope his sneaky arms about the man's knees.

Then with a terrific wrench of his mighty shoulders Bill hurled him against the wall.

His neck was broken like a match. The odds were but two to one.

Harold had taken out his own revolver now and was shooting blindly in the darkness. Ducking low, Bill leaped for him. In a moment they were grappling in each other's arms.

The tone was strange, thick and strained, yet Virginia's heart thrilled with hope. Perhaps if these men started to smoke, their blood would cool. She turned quickly to the shelf above Bill's head and procured half a dozen matches from the box.

As her back was turned she heard Pete laugh again.

Instinctively her eyes turned to the wall for a reassuring sight of her pistol. It was gone from its place.

She looked at Joe. His evil, leering face told her only too plainly that his eager hand had seized and secreted her pistol. Pete's face was grown, too; Harold only looked bewildered.

He was her last hope, but in one instant's scrutiny she saw that this had vanished, too. Some terrible thought had sobered and engrossed him.

"What is it, Virginia?" Bill asked.

"One of these men—" she answered brokenly—"has taken my pistol. I want him to give it back—"

Joe spoke then, a single sentence in the vernacular for Harold's ears. With one gesture he indicated Harold, himself and Pete. In turn, then, pointed to the girl. His face was hideous with eagerness.

Harold started at the words. His degeneracy was complete. He answered with a curse.

"Why not?" he said. "The girl's thrown me over. When I'm through you can do what you want. And crack the skull of that mole with the pick and throw him out in the snow."

The two Indians lurched forward at his words. Bill left his chair in a mighty leap.

WHEN Bill sprang forward to intercept the attack upon the girl he came with amazing accuracy and power.

By means of his acute ear he had located the exact position of every actor in the impending drama.

What was more important, he knew the location of both candles. He dashed both out.

The act had been so swift and unexpected that neither Joe, standing

near the girl, or Harold across the room, could draw their pistols and fire.

Seemingly in a flash the darkness was upon them. Bill was face to face with his enemies in his own dark hour. The advantage of vision on which they had presumed had been in an instant removed.

Harold cursed in the darkness; as if in a continuation of the leap he had made to upset the candles, Bill seized Virginia in his strong arms.

He thrust her to the floor and into the angle between her bunk and the wall, the point that he instinctively

realized would be easiest to defend and safest from stray bullets.

Virginia's pistol was in Joe's hand by now, and he shot in Bill's direction. Two spurts of yellow fire broke for an instant the utter gloom. But there was no time for the third shot. He was the nearest of the three attackers, and Bill's outstretched arms saved a mighty wrench.

His grasp was about Joe's chest at first, but with a great lurch he slung the man's body out far enough so that he could lope his sneaky arms about the man's knees.

Then with a terrific wrench of his mighty shoulders Bill hurled him against the wall.

His neck was broken like a match. The odds were but two to one.

Harold had taken out his own revolver now and was shooting blindly in the darkness. Ducking low, Bill leaped for him. In a moment they were grappling in each other's arms.

The tone was strange, thick and strained, yet Virginia's heart thrilled with hope. Perhaps if these men started to smoke, their blood would cool. She turned quickly to the shelf above Bill's head and procured half a dozen matches from the box.

As her back was turned she heard Pete laugh again.

Instinctively her eyes turned to the wall for a reassuring sight of her pistol. It was gone from its place.

She looked at Joe. His evil, leering face told her only too plainly that his eager hand had seized and secreted her pistol. Pete's face was grown, too; Harold only looked bewildered.

He was her last hope, but in one instant's scrutiny she saw that this had vanished, too. Some terrible thought had sobered and engrossed him.

"What is it, Virginia?" Bill asked.

"One of these men—" she answered brokenly—"has taken my pistol. I want him to give it back—"

Joe spoke then, a single sentence in the vernacular for Harold's ears. With one gesture he indicated Harold, himself and Pete. In turn, then, pointed to the girl. His face was hideous with eagerness.

Harold started at the words. His degeneracy was complete. He answered with a curse.

"Why not?" he said. "The girl's thrown me over. When I'm through you can do what you want. And crack the skull of that mole with the pick and throw him out in the snow."

The two Indians lurched forward at his words. Bill left his chair in a mighty leap.

WHEN Bill sprang forward to intercept the attack upon the girl he came with amazing accuracy and power.

By means of his acute ear he had located the exact position of every actor in the impending drama.

What was more important, he knew the location of both candles. He dashed both out.

The act had been so swift and unexpected that neither Joe, standing

near the girl, or Harold across the room, could draw their pistols and fire.

Seemingly in a flash the darkness was upon them. Bill was face to face with his enemies in his own dark hour. The advantage of vision on which they had presumed had been in an instant removed.

Harold cursed in the darkness; as if in a continuation of the leap he had made to upset the candles, Bill seized Virginia in his strong arms.

He thrust her to the floor and into the angle between her bunk and the wall, the point that he instinctively

realized would be easiest to defend and safest from stray bullets.

Virginia's pistol was in Joe's hand by now, and he shot in Bill's direction. Two spurts of yellow fire broke for an instant the utter gloom. But there was no time for the third shot. He was the nearest of the three attackers, and Bill's outstretched arms saved a mighty wrench.

His grasp was about Joe's chest at first, but with a great lurch he slung the man's body out far enough so that he could lope his sneaky arms about the man's knees.

Then with a terrific wrench of his mighty shoulders Bill hurled him against the wall.

His neck was broken like a match. The odds were but two to one.

Harold had taken out his own revolver now and was shooting blindly in the darkness. Ducking low, Bill leaped for him. In a moment they were grappling in each other's arms.

The tone was strange, thick and strained, yet Virginia's heart thrilled with hope. Perhaps if these men started to smoke, their blood would cool. She turned quickly to the shelf above Bill's head and procured half a dozen matches from the box.

As her back was turned she heard Pete laugh again.

Instinctively her eyes turned to the wall for a reassuring sight of her pistol. It was gone from its place.

She looked at Joe. His evil, leering face told her only too plainly that his eager hand had seized and secreted her pistol. Pete's face was grown, too; Harold only looked bewildered.

He was her last hope, but in one instant's scrutiny she saw that this had vanished, too. Some terrible thought had sobered and engrossed him.

"What is it, Virginia?" Bill asked.

"One of these men—" she answered brokenly—"has taken my pistol. I want him to give it back—"

Joe spoke then, a single sentence in the vernacular for Harold's ears. With one gesture he indicated Harold, himself and Pete. In turn, then, pointed to the girl. His face was hideous with eagerness.

Harold started at the words. His degeneracy was complete. He answered with a curse.

"Why not?" he said. "The girl's thrown me over. When I'm through you can do what you want. And crack the skull of that mole with the pick and throw him out in the snow."

The two Indians lurched forward at his words. Bill left his chair in a mighty leap.

WHEN Bill sprang forward to intercept the attack upon the girl he came with amazing accuracy and power.

By means of his acute ear he had located the exact position of every actor in the impending drama.

What was more important, he knew the location of both candles. He dashed both out.

The act had been so swift and unexpected that neither Joe, standing

near the girl, or Harold across the room, could draw their pistols and fire.

Seemingly in a flash the darkness was upon them. Bill was face to face with his enemies in his own dark hour. The advantage of vision on which they had presumed had been in an instant removed.

Harold cursed in the darkness; as if in a continuation of the leap he had made to upset the candles, Bill seized Virginia in his strong arms.

He thrust her to the floor and into the angle between her bunk and the wall, the point that he instinctively

realized would be easiest to defend and safest from stray bullets.

Virginia's pistol was in Joe's hand by now, and he shot in Bill's direction. Two spurts of yellow fire broke for an instant the utter gloom. But there was no time for the third shot. He was the nearest of the three attackers, and Bill's outstretched arms saved a mighty wrench.

His grasp was about Joe's chest at first, but with a great lurch he slung the man's body out far enough so that he could lope his sneaky arms about the man's knees.

Then with a terrific wrench of his mighty shoulders Bill hurled him against the wall.

His neck was broken like a match. The odds were but two to one.

Harold had taken out his own revolver now and was shooting blindly in the darkness. Ducking low, Bill leaped for him. In a moment they were grappling in each other's arms.

The tone was strange, thick and strained, yet Virginia's heart thrilled with hope. Perhaps if these men started to smoke, their blood would cool. She turned quickly to the shelf above Bill's head and procured half a dozen matches from the box.

As her back was turned she heard Pete laugh again.

Instinctively her eyes turned to the wall for a reassuring sight of her pistol. It was gone from its place.

She looked at Joe. His evil, leering face told her only too plainly that his eager hand had seized and secreted her pistol. Pete's face was grown, too; Harold only looked bewildered.

He was her last hope, but in one instant's scrutiny she saw that this had vanished, too. Some terrible thought had sobered and engrossed him.

"What is it, Virginia?" Bill asked.

"One of these men—" she answered brokenly—"has taken my pistol. I want him to give it back—"

Joe spoke then, a single sentence in the vernacular for Harold's ears. With one gesture he indicated Harold, himself and Pete. In turn, then, pointed to the girl. His face was hideous with eagerness.

Harold started at the words. His degeneracy was complete. He answered with a curse.

"Why not?" he said. "The girl's thrown me over. When I'm through you can do what you want. And crack the skull of that mole with the pick and throw him out in the snow."

The two Indians lurched forward at his words. Bill left his chair in a mighty leap.

WHEN Bill sprang forward to intercept the attack upon the girl he came with amazing accuracy and power.

By means of his acute ear he had located the exact position of every actor in the impending drama.

What was more important, he knew the location of both candles. He dashed both out.

The act had been so swift and unexpected that neither Joe, standing

near the girl, or Harold across the room, could draw their pistols and fire.

Seemingly in a flash the darkness was upon them. Bill was face to face with his enemies in his own dark hour. The advantage of vision on which they had presumed had been in an instant removed.

Harold cursed in the darkness; as if in a continuation of the leap he had made to upset the candles, Bill seized Virginia in his strong arms.

He thrust her to the floor and into the angle between her bunk and the wall, the point that he instinctively

realized would be easiest to defend and safest from stray bullets.

Virginia's pistol was in Joe's hand by now, and he shot in Bill's direction. Two spurts of yellow fire broke for an instant the utter gloom. But there was no time for the third shot. He was the nearest of the three attackers, and Bill's outstretched arms saved a mighty wrench.

His grasp was about Joe's chest at first, but with a great lurch he slung the man's body out far enough so that he could lope his sneaky arms about the man's knees.

Then with a terrific wrench of his mighty shoulders Bill hurled him against the wall.

His neck was broken like a match. The odds were but two to one.

Harold had taken out his own revolver now and was shooting blindly in the darkness. Ducking low, Bill leaped for him. In a moment they were grappling in each other's arms.

The tone was strange, thick and strained, yet Virginia's heart thrilled with hope. Perhaps if these men started to smoke, their blood would cool. She turned quickly to the shelf above Bill's head and procured half a dozen matches from the box.

As her back was turned she heard Pete laugh again.

Instinctively her eyes turned to the wall for a reassuring sight of her pistol. It was gone from its place.

She looked at Joe. His evil, leering face told her only too plainly that his eager hand had seized and secreted her pistol. Pete's face was grown, too; Harold only looked bewildered.

He was her last hope, but in one instant's scrutiny she saw that this had vanished, too. Some terrible thought had sobered and engrossed him.

"What is it, Virginia?" Bill asked.

"One of these men—" she answered brokenly—"has taken my pistol. I want him to give it back—"

Joe spoke then, a single sentence in the vernacular for Harold's ears. With one gesture he indicated Harold, himself and Pete. In turn, then, pointed to the girl. His face was hideous with eagerness.

Harold started at the words. His degeneracy was complete. He answered with a curse.

"Why not?" he said. "The girl's thrown me over. When I'm through you can do what you want. And crack the skull of that mole with the pick and throw him out in the snow."

The two Indians lurched forward at his words. Bill left his chair in a mighty leap.

WHEN Bill sprang forward to intercept the attack upon the girl he came with amazing accuracy and power.

By means of his acute ear he had located the exact position of every actor in the impending drama.

What was more important, he knew the location of both candles. He dashed both out.

The act had been so swift and unexpected that neither Joe, standing

near the girl, or Harold across the room, could draw their pistols and fire.

Seemingly in a flash the darkness was upon them. Bill was face to face with his enemies in his own dark hour. The advantage of vision on which they had presumed had been in an instant removed.

Harold cursed in the darkness; as if in a continuation of the leap he had made to upset the candles, Bill seized Virginia in his strong arms.

He thrust her to the floor and into the angle between her bunk and the wall, the point that he instinctively

realized would be easiest to defend and safest from stray bullets.

Virginia's pistol was in Joe's hand by now, and he shot in Bill's direction. Two spurts of yellow fire broke for an instant the utter gloom. But there was no time for the third shot. He was the nearest of the three attackers, and Bill's outstretched arms saved a mighty wrench.

His grasp was about Joe's chest at first, but with a great lurch he slung the man's body out far enough so that he could lope his sneaky arms about the man's knees.

Then with a terrific wrench of his mighty shoulders Bill hurled him against the wall.

His neck was broken like a match. The odds were but two to one.

Harold had taken out his own revolver now and was shooting blindly in the darkness. Ducking low, Bill leaped for him. In a moment they were grappling in each other's arms.

The tone was strange, thick and strained, yet Virginia's heart thrilled with hope. Perhaps if these men started to smoke, their blood would cool. She turned quickly to the shelf above Bill's head and procured half a dozen matches from the box.

As her back was turned she heard Pete laugh again.

Instinctively her eyes turned to the wall for a reassuring sight of her pistol. It was gone from its place.

She looked at Joe. His evil, leering face told her only too plainly that his eager hand had seized and secreted her pistol. Pete's face was grown, too; Harold only looked bewildered.

He was her last hope, but in one instant's scrutiny she saw that this had vanished, too. Some terrible thought had sobered and engrossed him.

"What is it, Virginia?" Bill asked.

"One of these men—" she answered brokenly—"has taken my pistol. I want him to give it back—"

Joe spoke then, a single sentence in the vernacular for Harold's ears. With one gesture he indicated Harold, himself and Pete. In turn, then, pointed to the girl. His face was hideous with eagerness.

Harold started at the words. His degeneracy was complete. He answered with a curse.