

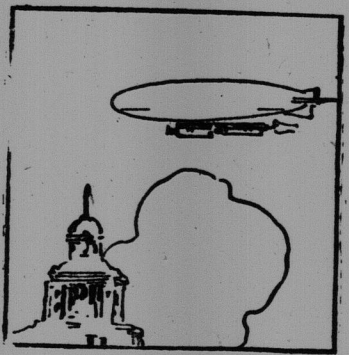
EVENING TIMES-STAR MAGAZINE PAGE FOR THE HOME

A MATING IN THE WILDS

OTTWELL BINNS  
ILLUSTRATED BY  
-RANGE-ARTIST-  
ONE'S A SERVICE-ING?

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**  
After Hubert Stane, discharged convict, rescued Helen Yardley when her canoe drifted toward a dangerous waterfall, the two are forced to flee on a raft from a forest fire. They find a deserted cabin and take possession. Stane means to return Helen to the camp of her uncle, who is a governor of the Hudson Bay Company. Trooper Anderson of the N. W. M. P. visits the cabin. After he leaves, an attack is made by Indians on the cabin, and Mikadoed, an Indian girl, is killed while trying to shield Stane. Helen is abducted. Stane, seemingly dead, is revived by Benard, a trapper. **NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY**  
"Out! m'sieu! We must hurry! m'sieu! Mikadoed!"  
"I will help you, Jean. And then you will help me."  
"Non! m'sieu. Help I do not need. I need myself to see la's duty for m'sieu Mikadoed. You, m'sieu, shall say see prayer, for I had not see religion, but—"  
"Call me when you are ready!" interrupted Stane, and turned away, finding the situation intolerably poignant. He went to the hut, and huddled himself with the meal which the trapper had been preparing, and presently Jean Benard called him.  
The man had swathed the dead girl in a blanket and had bent the top of a couple of small spruce, growing close together, almost to the ground, holding them in position with a sled thong. To the trees he had lashed the corpse, and he was standing by with a knife in his hand.  
"See, ground," he said in a steady voice, "see too frozen to dig. We bury Mikadoed in see air; an' when see spring winds blow an' the ground grow soft again, I dig a grave. Now see m'sieu see ready we will see words of religion."  
Stane, almost choked at the poignant irony of the thing then shaped his lips to the great words that would have been strange if not unmeaning to the dead girl.  
"I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in Me though he were dead yet shall he live."  
For the comfort of the man, who stood by knife in hand, he recited every word that he could remember, and when he reached the words, "We therefore commit her body to the grave," the keen knife severed the moose-hide thong, and the trees, released, bent back, carrying the body to its windy sepulchre, amid a shower of snow that scattered from neighboring trees. Stane pronounced the benediction, uttered a few moments, then again he put a hand on the other's shoulder.  
"Benard, we have done what we can for the dead; now we must think of the living."  
"Out, m'sieu! I have prepared a meal. And when you have eaten and the dogs are ready we must start on the trail of Miss Yardley."  
"We will go to see encampment. We will see!" Chief George told Stane.  
An hour afterwards they started, following the trail up the lake left by the fugitives, a broadly marked trail, which revealed that a sledge had been used, for there were the marks of the runners both coming and going. As they started, the trapper pointed this out.  
In silence they traveled up the lake, and after a time reached the place where the moose-hide tepes lifted their shadowy forms against the background of snow and trees. The camp was dark and silent as a place of the dead.  
"Do you stay here with see dogs, m'sieu, whilst I go drag out Chief George. Have see rifle ready; an' see dere is trouble, he prompt at see shootin'. You comprende?"  
Stane stood with the rifle ready watching Benard's progress across the snowing ground, and out of the tepes which the trapper had entered, emerged two forms, the first bent and shambling, the other that of Jean Benard. They picked their way, walking close together, between the moose-hide tents, and as they drew near the sledge, Stane saw that the shambling form was that of Chief George, and that he walked with the muzzle of the trapper's pistol in the small of his back. They marched up the lake five hundred yards or more, the camp behind them maintaining the silence of the dead, then Benard halted.  
"Now," he said, "we wait talk!"  
Pointing his pistol at the Indian and speaking in the patois of the tribe, he addressed him.  
"What means the attack upon my cabin?"  
"I know nothing," mumbled the Indian, shaking with fear and cold. "It was Chigmok—my sister's son—who sent the young man away."  
"So! But thou hast seen the rifles and the burning water, the blankets, the tea and the molasses which are the price to be paid. I know that thou hast seen them."  
"Yes, I have seen them. They are a great price."  
"I know not. The rest is known to Chigmok."  
"Whether has the white maiden been carried?"  
"Chief George waved his hand to the

A PUZZLE A DAY



Everyone who has seen a huge dirigible in flight realizes how difficult it is to determine the speed of the balloon, which often appears to be moving quite slowly, although its actual speed may be as high as 70 miles an hour. Suppose a dirigible, as eighth of a mile in length, were flying directly over a skyscraper (as shown in the drawing). How could an observer determine its speed?

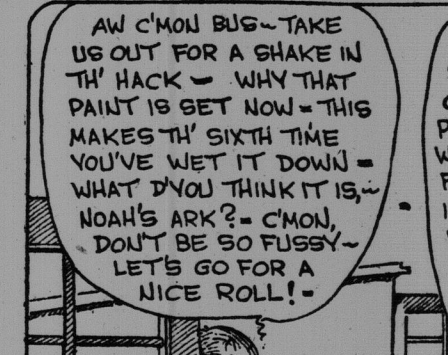
East. "Through the woods to the lake of Little Moose, there to meet me who pays the price."



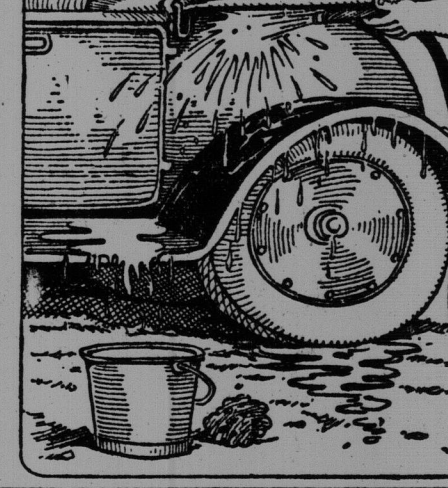
He Walked With the Trapper's Pistol in the Small of His Back.

nothing more that he can tell. I am sure of dat, an' we waste time."  
"Yes! Let him go."  
The trapper nodded and then addressed the Indian once more. "Thou wilt go back to thy lodge now, but this is not the end. For the evil that hath been done the price will have to be paid."  
Chief George waited for no second bidding, but began to shambling off across the snow towards his encampment. The two men watched him go, in silence for a little time, and then Stane spoke.  
"This lake of the Little Moose, where is it?"  
"About sixteen miles to see East. It is known to me. A ledge in' resolute as hell, in see midst of hills. We will go there, an' find dis white man, m'sieu Yardsley."  
Under the light of the stars, and sheltered by the occasional flashing light of the aurora, they traveled up the lake

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

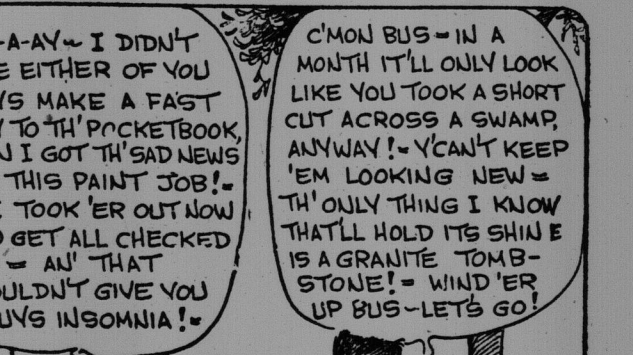


AW C'MON BUG—TAKE US OUT FOR A SHAKE IN TH' HACK—WHY THAT PAINT IS GET NOW—THIS MAKES TH' SIXTH TIME YOU'VE WET IT DOWN—WHAT D'YOU THINK IT IS—NOAH'S ARK?—C'MON, DON'T BE SO TUGGY—LET'S GO FOR A NICE ROLL!



Benard, answering Stane's unspoken question, "They camp in see woods for see night."  
The minutes passed slowly, and to keep themselves from freezing the two men were forced to do sentry-go on the somewhat narrow platform where they stood, occasionally varying the line of their short march by turning down the trail towards their camp, a variation which for perhaps a couple of minutes hid the lake from view. Then Jean Benard spoke.  
"We tire ourselves for nothing, m'sieu. We walk, walk, walk, to get an' when Chigmok come we too tired to follow him. It is better dat we watch in turn."  
Stane admitted the wisdom of this, and since he felt that it was impossible for himself to sit still, and suspected that his companion was sadly in need of rest, he elected to keep the first watch.  
He made up the fire, prepared bacon and moose meat for cooking, set some coffee to boil. It would be as well to have a meal in case the necessity for a start should arise. These things done, he went once more to the outlook, and surveyed the snow-covered landscape. The wind was still for the moment, and there were no wandering wisps of snow. His first glance was towards the creek opposite the island. There

By AHERN



SA-A-AY—I DIDN'T SEE EITHER OF YOU GUYS MAKE A FAST PLAN TO TH' POKETBOOK WHEN I GOT TH' SAD NEWS FOR THIS PAINT JOB!—IF I TOOK ER OUT NOW I'D GET ALL CHECKED UP—AN' THAT WOULDN'T GIVE YOU GUYS INSOMNIA!

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CHAPTER XIX.  
A Hot Trail.  
The cold Northland dawn had begun to melt. Stane ate his breakfast quickly, and when he had finished, accompanied Benard a little way up the trail, which, running along the base of the cliff by which they had camped, made a sudden turn between the rocks and unexpectedly opened out a wide view. "Def' has not yet arrive," said

Your Health

BY DR. CLIFFORD C. ROBINSON

BACKACHE

Thousands of persons are afflicted from time to time, and many others almost constantly, by what is commonly called backache. It is a favorite theme of the patent medicine hawkers. You are almost convinced by their literature in spite of your own good common sense, that something is surely the matter with you.

There are times when certain wasting diseases, severe attacks of colds or downy weakness of body cause pain in some degree or other, in your back. Careless, indifferent, slouching posture will often cause back-muscles to weaken and ache to such an extent that some mechanical support is necessary.

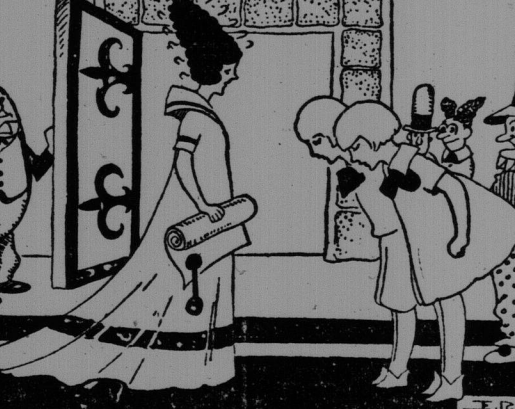
But don't be scared or imagine every time you get a "crick" in your back or the nerves, muscles and ligaments seem to be so tired you can hardly stand, that something is surely wrong. It is usually the strain of the sacro-lumbar muscles. It is no wonder such a person, wearing such shoes, exclaims on reaching home, "I am ready to drop, my back is killing me!"

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By Olive Roberts Barton

MRS. HEN MAKES A GOOD GUESS.

"Make way! Make way!" cried Dick Red Cap. Here comes the Riddle Lady. She has another riddle for everybody to guess!  
Just then there was a clattering of hoofs and a large coach drew up.



"How do you do, children?" said the Riddle Lady kindly. And sometimes none at all. You stand on mantel, shelf or floor. Or hang upon the wall. "No matter where you make your home (You live in many lands). You never use your feet at all. But run with both your hands. "You tell folk when to go to church. Or when to start a war, Or boil an egg, or run a race. For that's what — are for." "My, my, my! That's a hard one!" said the tall gentleman in the yellow suit, wagging his head till his ears flapped. "A very hard one!" agreed all the Riddle Landers solemnly. At that very minute a speckled hen began to tell the world that she had laid an egg. "Clock, clock, clock, clock, clock!" she cackled loudly. Nancy called out, "That's it! The hen guessed it. It's a clock, isn't it?" "That's right! It is," nodded the Riddle Lady. "Humpty Dumpty, please give her a handful of corn for being so smart. Nancy and Nick, you may drive home with me and help me make up tomorrow's riddle!" (To Be Continued.)

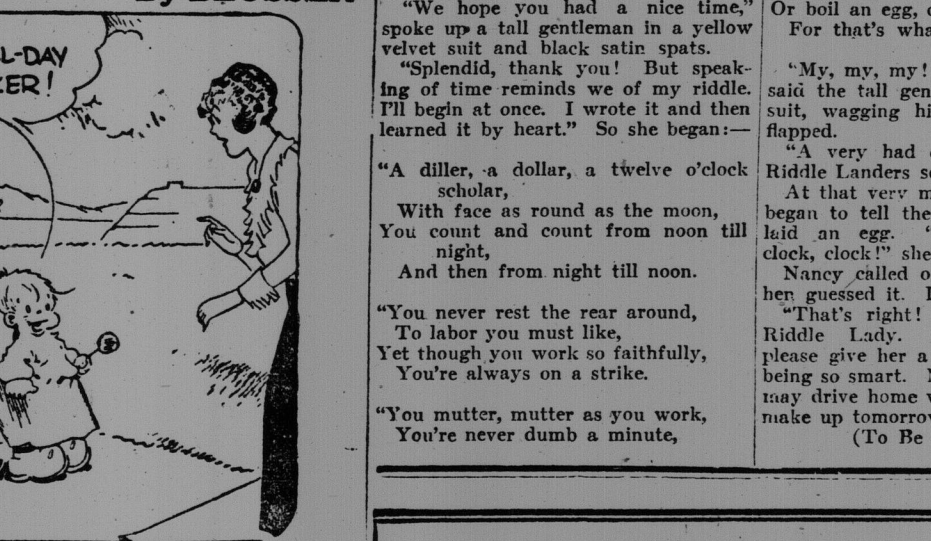
FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—A BORN DIPLOMAT



By BLOSSER



By BLOSSER



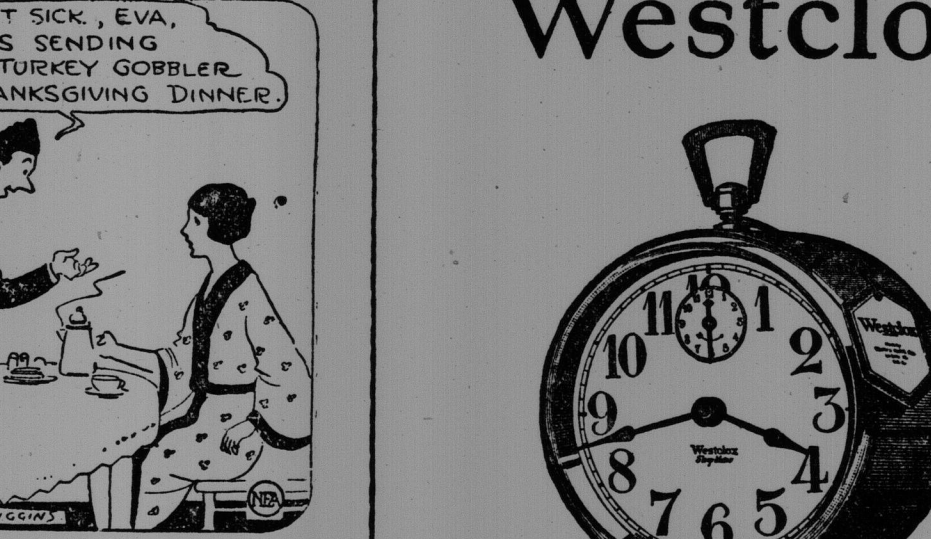
ADAM AND EVA—A VISITOR FROM THE COUNTRY



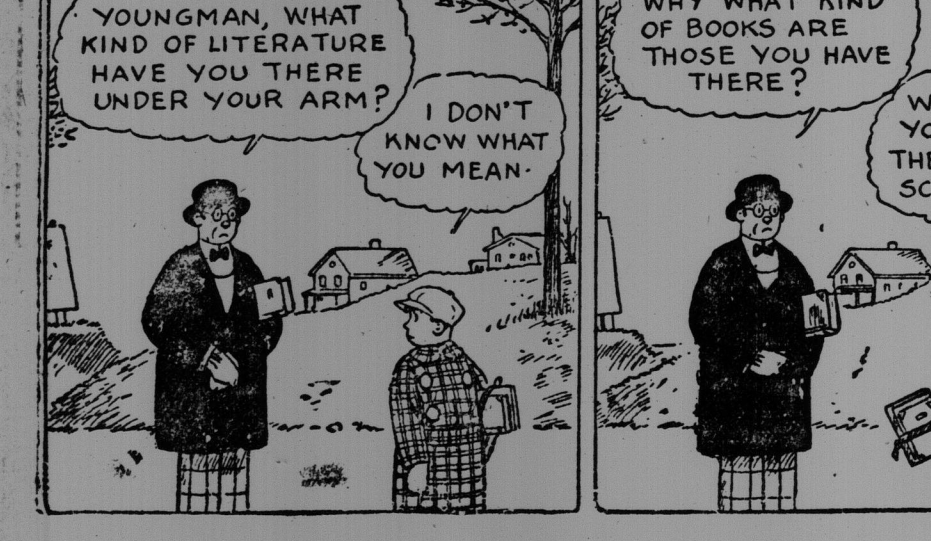
By CAP HIGGINS



By CAP HIGGINS



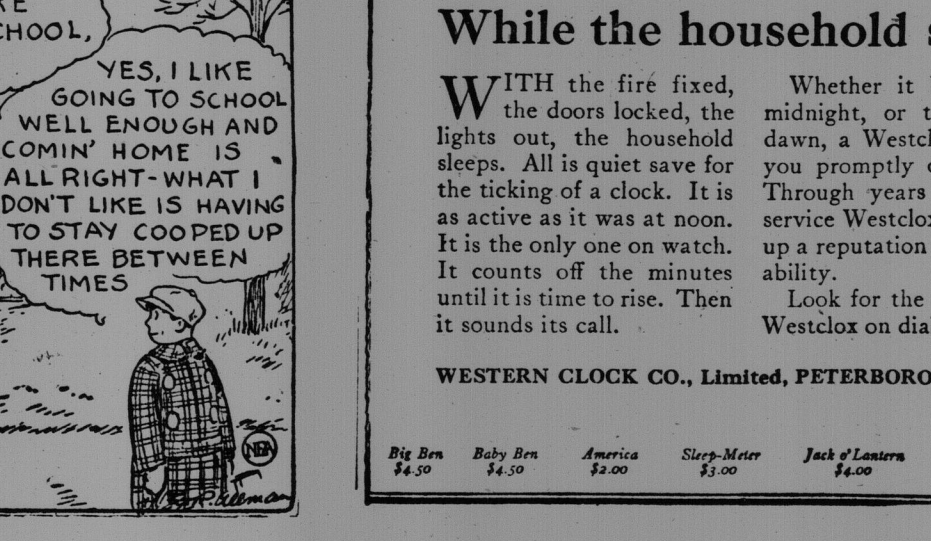
DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—DANNY MADE HIM SMILE



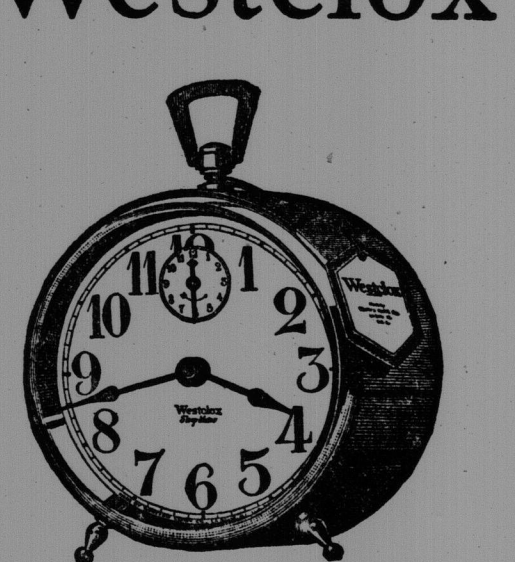
By ALLMAN



By ALLMAN



Westclox



While the household sleeps

With the fire fixed, the doors locked, the lights out, the household sleeps. All is quiet save for the ticking of a clock. It is the only one on watch. It counts off the minutes until it is time to rise. Then it sounds its call.

Whether it be dark as midnight, or the grey of dawn, a Westclox will call you promptly on the dot. Through years of faithful service Westclox have built up a reputation for dependability.

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