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THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1923

EVENING TIMES-STAR MAGAZINE PAGE FOR THE HOME

A MATING IN THE WILDS

By OTTOWELL BINNS
Illustrated by RALPH WATFIELD

BEGIN HERE TODAY
After Hubert Stane, discharged convict, rescues Helen Yardley when her canoe drifts 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 Mikodeed, 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
"Oui, m'sieu! We must hurry, ma petite Mikodeed."
"I will help you, Jean. And then you will help me."
"Non! m'sieu. Help I do not need. I need myself to see las' duty for ma pauvre Mikodeed. 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 hauled himself with the meal which the trapper had been preparing, and presently Jean Benard culled him.

The man had swathed the dead girl in a blanket and had bent the tops 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 Mikodeed 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 haf 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 commend her soul to the grave," the keen knife severed the moose-hide thong, and the trees, released, bent back, carrying the girl's body to its windy sepulchre, amid a shower of snow that scattered from the neighboring trees. Stane pronounced the benediction, waited 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."
"Oui, m'sieu!"
"You must eat! I have prepared a

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, an 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."
Benard looked at Stane. "Der ceas



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 shamble 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 see known to me. A ledge lak' rest late as hell, in see midst of hills. We well go there, an' find dis white man an' M'sieu Yardley."
Under the light of the stars, and hidden by the occasional flashing light of the aurora, they traveled up the lake

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN



AW 'MOU 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?—'MOU, DON'T BE SO FUGGY—LET'S GO FOR A NICE ROLL!"

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

'MOU BUG—IN A MONTH I'LL OULY LOOK LIKE YOU—TOOK A SHORT CUT ACROSS A SWAMP AN' I CAN'T KEEP 'EM LOOKING NEW—TH' OULY THING I KNOW TH'ATLL HOLD ITS SHINE IS A GRANITE TOMBSTONE!—WIND 'ER UP BUS—LET'S GO

CHAPTER XIX.
The Cold Northland dawn had broken.
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 which they had camped, made a sudden turn between the rocks and unexpectedly opened out a wide view.

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.

Yet when you stop, your voice stops
We wait till you begin it.
"Sometimes you've two legs, sometimes four,

"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.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—A BORN DIPLOMAT



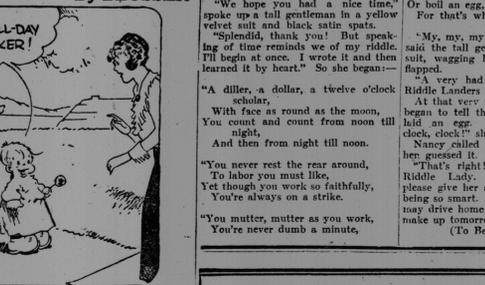
WATCH ME NOW, TAGS-TA BONNA KICK IT!
NO TAGS-YER MOM'S A CALLIN' YOU!
NIHADDYA WANT NOM?
I WANT YOU TO COME INTO THE HOUSE NOW.
CANT I STAY OUT UNTIL I FINISH MY CANDY?
WELL, ALL RIGHT BUT YOU GOME IN WHEN YOU HAFE FINISHED—WHAT KIND OF CANDY ARE YOU EATING?
AN ALL-DAY SUCKER!

ADAM AND HIS FRIENDS—A VISITOR FROM THE COUNTRY



WELL, WE ARE GOING TO HAVE A VISITOR FROM UNCLE BEN'S FARM, EVA.
A VISITOR, ADAM? I'LL HAVE TO FIX UP THE SPARE BED ROOM.
I THINK WE BETTER KEEP HIM IN THE BASEMENT, EVA. YOU SEE HE IS GOING TO DIE JUST BEFORE THE 29th.
DE, ADAM? WE MUST GET A GOOD DOCTOR AND TRY TO SAVE HIS LIFE.
UNCLE BEN SAYS HE HAS A BIG APPETITE AND IS VERY FOND OF CORN—WE MUST FATTEN HIM UP.
WE BETTER SEND HIM TO A HOSPITAL, ADAM.
BUT HE ISN'T SICK, EVA, UNCLE BEN IS SENDING US A FINE TURKEY GOBBLER FOR OUR THANKSGIVING DINNER.

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—DANNY MADE HIM SMILE



YOUNGMAN, WHAT KIND OF LITERATURE HAVE YOU THERE UNDER YOUR ARM? I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.
WHY WHAT KIND OF BOOKS ARE THOSE YOU HAVE THERE?
WHY DON'T YOU KNOW? THESE ARE MY SCHOOL BOOKS.
OH YOUR SCHOOL BOOKS! I SEE—JUST WHO ARE YOU, YOUNGMAN?
I'M THE OLDEST SON OF MR AND MRS THOMAS DUFF—AND MY NAME IS DANNY.
DO YOU LIKE GOING TO SCHOOL, DANNY?
YES, I LIKE GOING TO SCHOOL WELL ENOUGH AND COMIN' HOME IS ALL RIGHT—WHAT I DON'T LIKE IS HAVING TO STAY COOPED UP THERE BETWEEN TIMES.

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 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 joints (the joints of the hip bone and sacrum, at the base of the spine) that causes a large number of backaches, and not rheumatism, sciatica (whatever that is), kidney trouble or locomotor ataxia.

Pain in the back, lumbago, rheumatism and "miserable" may be due to bad sitting or posture. In correct standing learn to acquire a poise so that your line of gravity will be nearly a straight line. The body should be held erect, with heels about six inches apart and toes straight forward.

The weight-bearing line should pass from the hips, through the knee caps, shin, ankle and between the second and third toes. If you learn to stand and sit in a real hygienic posture, you will lessen your trouble of backache and back strain to a marked degree.

Ignorance and slavish following of fashions and footwear often cause severe backache by the wearer being compelled through foot strain and pinching pains to walk in a most unnatural way. This causes intense nervous strain in the upper leg and back.

It is no wonder such a person, wearing such shoes, exclaims on reaching home, "I am ready to drop, my back is killing me."

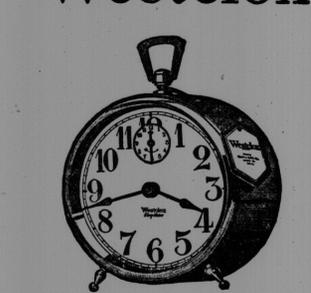
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