

# The Chalice of Courage

(Continued)

"But I have been here alone for five years," said the man grimly.

"That's different. I don't know why you have chosen solitude, but—"

"You are a woman," returned the other gently, "and you have suffered, that accounts for everything."

"Thank you," said Enid, gratefully. "And I am so glad you came back to me."

"Back to you," reiterated the man, and then he stopped. If he had allowed his heart to speak he would have said, "Back to you from the very ends of the world. But I want you to believe that I honestly did not leave the trail until the ultimate moment," he added.

"I do believe it," she extended her hand to him. "You have been very good to me. I trust you absolutely."

And for the second time she took that graceful, dainty, aristocratic hand in his own larger, stronger, firmer grasp. His face flushed again; under other circumstances and in other days perhaps he might have kissed that hand. As it was he only held it for a moment and then gently released it.

"And you think they are searching for me?" she asked.

"I know it. I am sure of what I mean. I mean and they—"

"And they will find me?"

"The man shook his head.

"I am afraid they will be convinced that you have gone down with the flood. Didn't you have a cap or—"

"Yes," said the woman, "and a sweater. The bear you shot covered the sweater with blood. I could not put it on again."

As she spoke she flushed a glorious crimson at the remembrance of that meeting, but the man was looking away with studied care. She thanked him in her heart for such generous and kindly consideration.

"They will have gone down the stream with the rest, and it's just possible that the searchers may find them, the body of the bear, too. This river ends in a deep mountain lake and I think it is going to snow; it will be frozen hard tomorrow."

"And they will think me there?"

"I am afraid so."

"And they won't come up here?"

"It is scarcely possible."

"Oh!" exclaimed the woman faintly at the dire possibility that she might not be found.

"I took an empty bottle with me," said the man, breaking the silence, "in which I had enclosed a paper saying that you were here and safe, save for your wounded foot, and giving direction how to reach the place. I built a cairn of rocks in a sheltered nook in the valley where your camp had been pitched and left the corked bottle wedged on top of it. If they return to the camp they could scarcely fail to see it."

"But if they don't go back there?"

"Well, it was just a chance."

"And if they don't find me?"

"You will have to stay here for a while; until your foot gets well enough to travel, anyway," returned the man, evasively.

"But winter is coming on; you said the lake would freeze tonight and if it snows?"

"It will snow."

The woman stared at him appalled.

"And in that case—"

"I am afraid," she said slowly, "that you will have to stay here."

He hesitated in the face of her white, still face—all winter," he added, desperately.

"My God," exclaimed the girl, "alone, with you?"

"Miss Maitland," said the man, resolutely, "I might as well tell you the truth. I can make my way to the settlements now or later, but it will be a journey of perhaps a week. There will be no danger to me, but you will have to stay here. You could not go with me. If I am any judge you couldn't possibly use your foot for a mountain journey for at least three weeks, and by that time we shall be snowed in as effectively as if we were within the arctic circle. But if you will let me go alone to the settlement I can bring back your uncle, a woman to keep you company, before the trails are impassable. Or enough men to make it practicable to take you through the canons and down the trails to your home again. I could not do that alone even if you were well, in the depth of winter."

The girl shook her head stubbornly.

"A week alone in these mountains and I should be mad," she said decisively. "It isn't to be thought of."

"It must be thought of," urged the man. "You don't understand. It is either that or spend the winter here with me."

The woman looked at him steadily.

"And what have I to fear from you?" she asked.

"Nothing, nothing, as God is my witness," protested the other; "but the world!"

"The world," said the woman reflectively. "I don't mean to say that it means nothing to me, but it has caused enough for what it would gain say now." She came to her decision swiftly. "There is no help for it," she continued, "we are marooned—she smiled faintly as she used the old word of tropic island and southern sea—"together. You have shown me that you are a man and a gentleman. In God and you I put my trust. When my foot gets well, if you can teach me to walk on snow shoes and it is possible to get through the passes, we will try to get back; if not, we must wait."

"The decision is yours," said the man, "and yet I feel that I ought to point out to you how—"

"I see all that you see," she interrupted. "I know what is in your mind. It is entirely clear to me. We can do nothing else."

"So be it. You need have no apprehension as to your material comfort. I have lived in these mountains for a long time. I am prepared for any



"After the parapet had been almost flattened out by the fire from the British guns our troops came swarming over into the enemy trench," states the London Sphere, which also writes, "The incident pictured shows the bombers pouring down upon the startled garrison of the trench, who, with hands held high, are only too eager to surrender. In the centre of the picture an officer, with revolver in hand, stands directing the operations."

emergency. I pass my time in the summer getting ready for the winter. There is a cave, or recess rather, behind the house which, as you see, is



he recognized at once that idleness would be irksome.

"So you shall," he assented heartily, "when your foot is well enough to make you an efficient member of our little society."

"Thank you, and now—"

"Is there anything else before I get supper?"

"You think there is no hope of their searching for me here?"

The man shook his head.

"If James Armstrong had been in the party," she said reflectively, "I am sure he would never have given up."

"And who is James Armstrong, may I ask?" burst forth the other bluntly.

"Why here—he is a friend of my uncle and an acquaintance of my own."

"Oh," said the man shortly and gloomily, as he turned away.

Enid Maitland had been very brave in his presence, but when he went out she put her head down on her arms on the table and cried softly to herself. Was ever a woman in such a predicament, thrown into the arms of a man who had established every conceivable claim upon her gratitude, forced to live with him shut up in a two-room log cabin upon a lonely mountain range, surrounded by lofty and inaccessible peaks, pierced by terrific gorges soon to be impassable from the snows? She had read many stories of castaways, from Charles Reade's famous "Foul Play" down to more modern instances, but in those cases there had always been an island comparatively large over which to reign with privacy, seclusion, opportunity for withdrawal; bright heavens, balmy breezes, idyllic conditions. Here were two uplifted from the earth upon a sky-piercing mountain. They would have the more range of action and more liberty of motion if they had been upon a derelict in the ocean.

"And she realized at the same time that in all those stories the two castaways always loved each other. Would it be so with them? Was it so? And again the hot flame within outvied the fire of the hearth as the blood rushed to the smooth surface of her cheek again.

"What would her father say if he could know her position, what would the world say, and above all what would Armstrong say. It cannot be denied that her thoughts were terribly and overwhelmingly dismayed, and yet that despair was not without a certain relief. No man had ever so interested her as this one. What was the mystery of his life, why was he there, what had he meant when he had sent her into his arms?

Her heart throbbled again. She lifted her face from her hands and dried her tears, a warm glow stole over her and once again not altogether from the fire. Who and what was this man? Who was that woman whose picture he had taken from her? Well, she would have time to find out. And meantime the world outside could think and do what it pleased. She sat staring into the fire light, seeing pictures there, dreaming dreams. She was as lovely as an angel to the man when he came back into the room.

any large matter, use unreturning of which would naturally effect their present or their future, their happiness, welfare life, he would assert himself, and his assertion would be unquestioned and unquestionable by her.

There was a delightful satisfaction to the woman in the whole situation. She had a woman's desire to lead in the smaller things in life, and yet craved the woman's consciousness that in the great emergencies she would be led, in the great battles she would be fought for, in the great dangers she would be protected, in the great perils she would be saved.

There was rest, comfort, joy and satisfaction in these thoughts.

The strength of the man she mastered was estimate of her own power and charm. There was a great, sweet, voiceless, unconscious flattery in his deference of which she could not be unaware.

Having little else to do, she studied the man, and she studied him with a warm desire and an enthusiastic predisposition to find the best in him. She would not have been a human girl if she had not been thrilled to the very heart of her by what the man had done for her. She recognized that whether he asserted it or not, he had established an everlasting and indisputable claim upon her.

The circumstances of their first meeting, which as the days passed did not seem quite so horrible to her, and yet a thought of which would bring the blood to her cheek still on the instant, had in some way turned her over to him. His consideration of her, his gracious tenderness toward her, his absolute abnegation, his evident overwhelming desire to please her, to make the anomalous situation in which they stood to each other bearable in spite of their lonely and unobserved intimacy, by an absolute lack of presumption on his part—all those things touched her profoundly.

Although she did not recognize the fact then perhaps, she loved him from the moment her eyes had opened in the mist and rain after that awful battle in the torrent to see him bending over her.

No sight that had ever met Enid Maitland's eyes was so glorious, so awe inspiring, so uplifting and magnificent as the view from the verge of the cliff in the sunlight of some bright winter morning. Few women had ever enjoyed such privileges as hers. She did not know whether she liked the winter crowned range best that way, or whether she preferred the snowy world, glittering cold in the moonlight, or the view whether it was more attractive when it was dark and the peaks and drifts were only lighted by the stars which shone never so brightly as just above her head.

When he allowed her she loved to stand sometimes in the full fury of the gale with the wind shrieking and sobbing like lost souls in some icy inferno through the hills and over the peaks, the snow beating upon her, the sleet cutting her face if she dared to turn toward the storm. Generally he left her alone in the quieter moments, but in the tempest he stood watchful on guard by her side, buttressing her, protecting her, sheltering her. Indeed his presence then was necessary, without him she could scarce have maintained a footing. The force of the wind might have hurled her down the mountain, but for his strong arm.

When the cold grew too great he led her back carefully to the hut and the warm fire.

Ab, yes, life and the world were both beautiful to her then, in night, in day, by sunlight, by moonlight, in calm and storm. Yet it made no difference what was spread before the woman's eyes, what glorious picture was exhibited to her gaze, she could not look at it more than a moment without thinking of the man. With the most fascinating panorama that the earth's surface could spread before, human vision to engage her at

tion, she looked into her own heart and saw there this man!

Oh, she had fought against it at first, but lately she had luxuriated in it. She loved him, she loved him! And why not? What is it that women love in men? Strength of body? She could remember yet how he had carried her over the mountains in the midst of the storm, how she had been so bravely upborne by his arms to his heart. She realized later what a task that had been, what a feat of strength. The uprooting of that sapling and the overturning of that huge Grizzly were child's play to the long portage up the almost impassable canon and mountain side which had brought her to this dear haven.

Was it strength of character she sought resolution, determination?

Dear Mother:—

I am keeping well, have good food and well protected from the weather, but have some difficulty keeping uninvited guests from visiting me.

Have you any patriotic druggists that would give something for a gift overseas—if so do you know something that is good for everything? I do—Old MINARD'S Liniment.

Your affectionate son, Rob.

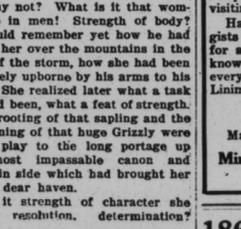
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We have begun our 50th year with every prospect of it being the best yet. Students can enter at any time.

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S. KERR,  
Principal



She Loved to Stand in the Full Fury of the Gale.

This man had deliberately withdrawn from the world, buried himself in this mountain, and had stayed there deaf to the alluring call of man or woman; he had had the courage to do that.

Was it strength of mind she admired? Enid Maitland was no mean judge of the mental powers of her acquaintance. She was just as full of life and spirit and the joy of them as any young woman should be, but she had not been trained by and thrown with the best for nothing. Noblesse obliged! That his was a mind well stored with knowledge of the most varied sort she easily and at once perceived. Of course the popular books of the last five years had passed him by, and of such he knew nothing, but he could talk intelligently, interestingly, entertainingly upon the great classics. Keats and Shakespeare were his most thumbed volumes. He had graduated from Harvard as a civil engineer with the highest honors of his class and school and the youngest man to get his sheepskin! Enid Maitland herself was a woman of broad culture and wide reading and she deliberately set herself to fathom this man's capabilities. Not infrequently, much to her surprise, sometimes to her dismay, but generally to her satisfaction, she found that she had no plummet with which to sound his greater depths.

NEWCASTLE CASE IN SUPREME COURT

In the Supreme Court Appeal list for the month is the following Newcastle case:

Fish vs. Fish, executor, etc., A. A. Davidson, K. C., for defendant, to support appeal to set aside judgment of Chief Justice McKeown for the plaintiff and for a rate to enter verdict for defendant or for a new trial.

SAFE CONDUCT FOR BERNSTORFF

France has formally granted safe passage through the allied blockade for von Bernstorff and his suite.

## MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Extract from a letter of a Canadian soldier in France.

To Mrs. R. D. BAMBRICK:  
The Rectory, Yarmouth, N.S.

Dear Mother:—

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## SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS

THE sole heir of a family, or any male over 18 years old may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made at any Dominion Lands Agency (but not Sub-Agency), on certain conditions.

Duties—Six months residence upon each cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres on certain conditions. A habitable house is required except where residence is performed in the vicinity.

Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre.

Duties—Six months residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation. Pre-emption patent may be obtained as soon as homestead patent, on certain conditions.

A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre.

Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 5 acres and erect a house worth \$300.

W. W. CORY,  
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior  
N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.  
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