



COMRADESHIP is one of the finest facts and one of the strongest forces in life.—Hugh Black.

God's Country and the Woman

(Continued from last week.)

IN the same breath Jean had told him that he could never possess Josephine, and that Josephine loved him. This in itself, Jean's assurance of her love, was sufficient to arouse a spirit like his with new hope. At last he went to bed, and in spite of his mental and physical excitement of the night, he fell asleep.

John Adare did not fall in his promise to arouse Philip early in the day. When Philip jumped out of bed in response to Adare's heavy knock at the door, he judged that it was not later than seven o'clock, and the room was still dark. Adare's voice came booming through the thick panels in reply to Philip's assurance that he was getting up.

"This is the third time," he cried. "I've cracked the door trying to rouse you. And we've got a caribou portehouse, two inches thick, waiting for you."

The giant was walking back and forth in the big living-room when Philip joined him a few minutes later. He wore an Indian-made jacket and was smoking a big pipe. That he had been up for some time was evident from the logs fully ablaze in the fireplace. He rubbed his hands briskly as Philip entered. Every atom of him disseminated good cheer.

"You don't know how good it seems to get back home," he exclaimed, as they shook hands. "I feel like a boy—actually like a boy, Philip. Didn't sleep two winks after I went to bed, and Miriam scolded me for keeping her awake. Bless my soul, I wouldn't live in Montreal if they'd make me a present of the whole Hudson's Bay Company."

"Nor I," said Philip. "I love the North."

"How long?"

"Four years—without a break."

"One can live a long time in the North in four years," mused the Master of Adare. "But Josephine said she met you in Moréau's."

"True," laughed Philip, catching himself. "That was a break—and I thank God for it. Outside of that I spent all of the four years north of the High Land. For eighteen months I lived along the edges of the Arctic trying to take an impossible census of the Eskimo for the Government."

"I knew something of the sort when I first looked at you," said Adare. "I can tell an Arctic man, just as I can pick a Herschel dog or an Athabasca country malemute from a pack of fifty. We have much to talk about, my boy. We will be great friends. Just now we are going to that caribou steak." Out in the hall, through another door, and down a short corridor, he led Philip. Here a third door was open, and Adare stood aside while Philip entered.

"This is my private sanctuary," he said proudly. "What do you think of it?"

Philip looked about him. He was in

a room almost as large as the one from which they had come. In a huge fireplace a pile of logs were blazing. One end of the room was given up almost entirely to shelves and weighted down with books. Philip was amazed at their number. The other end was still partially hidden in gloom, but he could make out that it was fitted up as a laboratory, and on shelves he caught the white gleam of scores of wild beast skulls. Comfortably near to the fire was a large table scattered with books, papers, and piles of manuscripts, and behind this was a small iron safe. Here, Philip thought, was the adytum of an ordinary man; it was the study of a scholar and scientist. He marked the absence of mounted heads from the walls, but in spite of that the very atmosphere of the room breathed of the forests and the beast. Here and there he saw the articulated skeletons of wild animals. From among the

"Such things could never tire me. I only ask that I may be your companion in your researches, and learn something of the wonders which you must already have discovered. You must already have studied wild animals—for twenty years!"



A Modest Home, Made Beautiful by Trees. The Farm Home of Mr. Chas. R. White, Ontario Co., Ont.

—Photo by an Editor of Farm and Dairy.

books themselves the jaws and ivory fangs of skulls gleamed out at him. Before he 'ad finished his wondering survey of the strange room, John Adare stepped to the table and picked up a skull.

"This is my latest specimen," he said, his voice eager with enthusiasm. "It is perfect. Jean secured it for me while I was away. It is the skull of a beaver, and shows in three distinct and remarkable gradations how nature replaces the soft enamel as it is worn from the beaver's teeth. You see, I am a hobbyist. For twenty years I have been studying wild animals. And there—"

He replaced the skull on the table to point to an isolated shelf filled with books and magazines. "—there is my most remarkable collection," he added, a gleam of humor in his eyes. "They are the books and magazine stories of nature fakirs, the

'works' of naturalists who have never heard the howl of a wolf or the cry of a loon; the wild dreams of fictionists, the rot of writers who spend two weeks or a month each year on some blazed trail and return to the cities to call themselves students of nature. When I feel in bad humor I read some of that stuff and laugh."

He leaned over to press a button under the table.

"One of my little electrical arrangements," he explained. "That will bring our breakfast. To use a popular expression of the uninformed, I'm as hungry as a bear. As a matter of fact, you know, a bear in the lightest case of all brute creation for his size, strength, and fat supply. That row of naturalists over there have made him out a pig. The bear's a genius, for it takes a genius to grow fat on poplar buds!"

Then he laughed good humoredly. "I suppose you are tired of this already. Josephine has probably been filling you with a lot of my foolishness. She says I must be silly or I would have my stuff published in books. But I am waiting, waiting until I have come down to the last facts, I am experimenting now with black and the silver fox. And there are many other experiments to come, many of them. But you are tired of this."

"Tired?" Philip had listened to him without speaking in this room John Adare had changed. In him he saw now the living, breathing soul of the wild. His own face was flushed with a new enthusiasm as he replied:

"I only ask that I may be your companion in your researches, and learn something of the wonders which you must already have discovered. You must already have studied wild animals—for twenty years!"

is not well. I had hoped that the forest in Montreal would help her, but they have failed. They say she senses no malady, no sickness, and they can discover. And yet she is not the old Miriam. God knows, I hope the tonic of the snow will bring her back to health this winter."

"It will," declared Philip. "It signs point to a glorious winter, and dry—the snow will be deep when you can hear the crack of whiplash half a mile away."

"You will hear that frequently enough if you follow Josephine's chucked Adare. 'Not a trail in the forests for a hundred miles, and I do not know. She trains all the dogs and they are wonderful.'"

It was on the point of putting his tongue to ask a reason for the silence of the fierce pack he had seen the night before, when he caught the woman appeared through the doorway with a laden tray. Adare helped arrange their breakfast on a small table next the fire.

"I thought we would be more general here than alone in the dining room, Philip," he explained. "I am mistaken the ladies won't be until dinner time. Did you ever see a caribou? The old man, Miriam, you are a treasure. He motioned Philip to a seat, and began serving. "Nothing in the world better than a caribou portehouse, it roasts it, but broil it. An inch and a half is the proper thickness, thick enough to hold the heart of it with juice. See it ooze from that caribou heat it."

"Not with anything I have seen along the Arctic," confessed Philip. "A steak from the cheek of a walrus is about the best thing you find up in the 'Big Iceberg'—that's first. Later, when the walrus has got into his marrow, you can seal blubber and narwhal fat and call it good. As for me, I'd pickles to anything else in the world, so with your permission I'll help myself. Just now I'd eat pickles with cream."

It was a pleasant meal, Philip could not remember when he had known a more agreeable host. But until they had finished, and Adare produced cigars of a curious hue and almsness, did the older man ask the question for which Philip had been carefully preparing himself.

"Now I want to hear about you," said. "Josephine told me very little, said that she wanted me to get impressions first hand. We'll smoke and talk. These cigars are from Havanna. I have the tobacco imported by the bale and we make our cigars ourselves. Reduces the cost a minimum, and we always have supply. Go on, Philip, I'm listening. Philip, reminded of the old woman's telling him to narrate the events of his own life to her father, except that he was to leave open, it were, the interval in which he supposed to have known her in Montreal. It was not difficult for him to slip over this. He described his coming into the North, and Adare eyes glowed sympathetically. Philip quoted the passing of Mrs. Raddison. But what struck deep with him was Philip's physical and mental fight for new life, and the splendid way in which the wilderness had responded.

"That you wouldn't go back now," said, a tone of triumph in his voice. "When the forests once claim you they hold."

"Not alone the forests, Mon Peux (Continued next week.)"

Every 10c Packet of
WILSON'S FLY PADS
WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN 68¢ WORTH OF AN STICKY FLY CATCHER

Clean to handle. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores.

PICKERING COLLEGE
Resident School for Boys and Girls
Established in 1842 by The Friends of the Society. Beautiful new buildings, attractive location, with large campus, surrounded by rolling fields and woods. Best instruction. Fine library, swimming surroundings. Reasonable tuition and charges. Proprietors, Collegiate Course. Complete training in Stenography, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Music and Art.

For Illustrated Annual Books, send name to:
NEWMARKET, ONTARIO.

Frost & Wood Catalog
Handsome New Catalogue Just issued. Full description of complete line of Frost & Wood's "Oakleaf" and "Impulse" stoves for a copy to you.

DOG DISEASES
and how to treat them.
H. Clay Glover,
118 West 31st St., N. Y. City

GET THIS CATALOG
SAVE MONEY

The Best Ever
issued: Guns, Rifles, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle, Baseball, Golf, Tennis, Lacrosse, Camping Outfits, all Summer and Winter Sports. We want

Every Man
who Hunts, Fishes, or plays any Outdoor Game, to get our large free Catalogue. Price right, satisfactory guaranteed. Impressive stock, prompt shipment. You save money by getting Catalogue books here.
T. W. Boyd & Sons
1799 Bessie St. West, Windsor