

The Chalice of Courage

(Continued)

CHAPTER XII.

A Tour of Inspection.
The first thing necessary, she decided, when she had satisfied her hunger and finished her meal, was to get word of her plight and her resting place to her uncle and the men of the party, and the next thing was to get away, where she would meet this man again, and perhaps be able to forget what had transpired—yet there was a strange pang of pain in her heart at that thought!

No man on earth had ever so stimulated her curiosity as this one. Who was he? Why was he there? Who was the woman whose picture he had so quickly taken from her gaze? Why had so splendid a man buried himself alone in that wilderness? These reflections were presently interrupted by the reappearance of the man himself.

"Have you finished?" he asked, unceremoniously standing in the doorway as he spoke.

"Yes, thank you, and it was very good indeed."

Examining this politeness with a wave of his hand, but taking no other notice, he spoke again.

"If you will tell me your name—"

"Maitland, Enid Maitland."

"Miss Maitland?"

The girl nodded.

"And where you came from, I will endeavor to find your party and see what can be done to restore you to them."

"We were camped down that canon at a place where another brook, a large one, flows into it, several miles, I should think, below the place where—"

She was going to say "where you found me," but the thought of the way in which he had found her rushed over her again; and this time, with his glance directly upon her, although it was as cold and dispassionate and indifferent as a man's look could well be, the recollection of the meeting to which she had been about to allude rushed over her with an accompanying wave of color which heightened her beauty as it covered her with shame.

She could not realize that beneath his mask of indifference so deliberately worn, the man was as agitated as she, not so much at the remembrance of anything that had transpired, but at the sight, the splendid picture, of the woman as she stood there in the little cabin then. It seemed to him as if she gathered up in her own person all the radiance and light and beauty, all the purity and freshness and splendor of the morning, to shine and dazzle in his face. As she hesitated in confusion, perhaps comprehending its cause, he helped out her lame and halting sentence.

"I know the canon well," he said. "I think I know the place to which you refer. Is it just above where the river makes an enormous bend upon itself?"

"Yes, that is it. In that clearing we have been camped for two weeks. My uncle must be crazy with anxiety to know what has become of me, and—"

The man interposed.

"I will go there directly," he said. "It is now half past seven. This place is about seven miles or more from here across the range, fifteen or twenty by the river. I shall be back by nightfall. The cabin is your own."

He turned away without another word.

"Wait," said the woman. "I am afraid to stay here."

She had been fearless enough before in those mountains, but her recent experience had somehow unsettled her nerves.

"There is nothing on earth to hurt you, I think," returned the man. "There isn't a human being, so far as I know, in these mountains."

"Except my uncle's party?"

He nodded.

"But there might be another—bear," she added desperately, forcing herself. "Not likely; and they wouldn't come here if there were any. That's the first grizzly I have seen in years," he went on, unconcernedly, studiously looking away from her, not to add to her confusion at the remembrance of that awful episode which would obtrude itself on every occasion. "You can use a rifle or gun?"

She nodded. He stepped over to the wall and took down the Winchester which he handed her.

"This one is ready for service, and you will find a revolver on the shelf. There is only one possible way of access to this cabin; that's down those rock stairs. One man, one woman, a child, even, with these weapons could hold it against an army."

"Couldn't I go with you?"

"On that foot?"

Enid pressed her wounded foot upon the ground. It was not so painful when resting, but she found she could not walk a step on it without great suffering.

"I might carry you part of the way," said the man. "I carried you last night, but it would be impossible, all right."

"Promise me that you will be back by nightfall, with Uncle Bob and—"

"I shall be back by nightfall, but I can't promise that I will bring anybody with me."

"You mean?"

"You saw what the cloudburst nearly did for you," was the quick answer. "If they did not get out of that pocket, there is nothing left of them now."

"But they must have escaped," persisted the girl, lighting down her alarm at this blunt statement of possible peril. "Besides, Uncle Robert and most of the rest were climbing one of the peaks, and—"

"They will be all right, then; but if I am to find the place and tell them your story, I must go now."

He turned and without another word or a backward glance disappeared

BRITAIN'S PREMIER MAKING HIS GREAT SPEECH FOR "THE VICTORY WAR LOAN"



This flashlight photograph was taken in Guildhall, London, at the moment Sir Lloyd George rose to make his great speech for "The Victory War Loan." Mr. Lloyd George said that the Emperor had told his people that the Entente Allies had rejected his peace offer. The Emperor did so, he said, "to drug those whom he could no longer drag." He then said:—"That the Entente Allies had rejected his peace offer. The Emperor did so, he said, 'to drug those whom he could no longer drag.' He proceeded to tell of the necessity for the raising of a big war loan, saying that a big war loan would win the war. 'Let no money be squandered on luxuries. The more we get, the more certain will be the victory, the shorter will be the war.' Mr. Reginald McKenna, once Chancellor of the Exchequer, wound up the meeting, supporting the appeal made in behalf of a loan. Mr. Bonar Law outlined the terms of the new war loan. The bulk of the issue will be five per cent bonds. He outlined the fact that the government intended to accumulate \$50,000,000, which would be used for purchasing bonds in the open market whenever they fall below the issue price. In addition to Mr. Lloyd George will be seen Mrs. Lloyd George, Miss Megan Lloyd George, Mr. McKenna, Mr. Bonar Law and the Lord Mayor.

down the hill. The girl leaped to the brink of the cliff over which he had plunged and stared after him. She watched him as long as she could see him, until he was lost among the trees. If she had anybody else to depend upon, she would certainly have felt differently toward him; when Uncle Robert, and her aunt, and the children, and old Kirkby, and the rest surrounded her, she could hate that man in spite of all he had done for her, but now she stared after him determinedly making his way down the mountain and through the trees. It was with difficulty she could restrain herself from calling him back.

The silence was most oppressive, the loneliness was frightful. She had been alone before in those mountains, but from choice; now the fact that there was no escape from them made the sensation a very different one.

She sat down and brooded over her situation until she felt that if she did not do something and in some way divert her thoughts she would break down again. He had said that the cabin and its contents were hers. She resolved to inspect them more closely. She hobbled back into the great

room and looked about her again. There was nothing that demanded careful scrutiny. She wasn't quite sure whether she was within the proprieties or not, but she seized the oldest and most worn of the volumes on the shelf. It was a text book on mining and metallurgy, she observed, and opening it to the fly leaf, across the page she saw written in a firm, vigorous masculine hand a name, "William Berkeley Newbold," and beneath these words, "Harvard Hall, Harvard," and a date some seven years back.

The owner of that book, whether the present possessor or not, had been a college man. Say that he had graduated at twenty-one or twenty-two, he would be twenty-eight or twenty-nine years old now, but how could he have white hair? Perhaps, though, the book did not belong to the man of the cabin.

She turned to other books on the shelf. Many of them were technical books, which she had sufficient general culture to realize could be only available to a man highly educated, and a special student of mines and mining—a mining engineer, she decided, with a glance at those instruments and appliances of a scientific character plainly, but of whose actual use she was ignorant.

A rapid inspection of the other books confirmed her in the conclusion that the man of the mountains was indeed the owner of the collection. There were a few well worn volumes of poetry and essays, Shakespeare, a Bible, Bacon, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Koestler, a small dictionary, a compendious encyclopedia, just the books, she thought, smiling at her conceit, that a man of education and culture would want to have upon a desert island where his supply of literature would be limited.

The old ones were autographed as the first book she had looked in; others, newer additions to the little library, if she could judge their condition, were unsigned.

Into the corner cupboard and the drawers, of course, she did not look. There was nothing else in the room, except a bookcase which she

to the piled pages of the book and had taken at random from the shelf which lay open before her, where she sat in the sun, her head covered by an old "Stetson" that she had ventured to appropriate. She had dragged a bear skin out on the rocks in the sun and sat curled up on it half reclining against a boulder watching the trail, the Winchester by her side. She had eaten so late a breakfast that she had made a rather frugal lunch out of whatever had taken her fancy in the store room, and she was waiting most anxiously now for the return of the man.

The season was late and the sun sank behind the peaks quite early in the afternoon, and it grew dark and chill long before the shadows fell upon the dwellers of the lowlands.

Enid drew the bear skin around her and waited with an ever-growing apprehension. If she should be compelled to spend the night alone in that cabin, she felt that she could not endure it. She was never gladder of anything in her life than when she saw him suddenly break out of the woods and start up the steep trail, and for a moment her gladness was not tempered by the fact which had been presently to realize with great dismay, that as he had gone, so he now returned, alone.

turned to his lips torrentially; what he said, however, was quite commonplace, as is often the case. Word thought and outward speech did not correspond.

"It's too cold for you out here, you must go into the house at once," he declared masterfully, and she obeyed with unwonted meekness.

The sun had set and the night air had grown suddenly chill. Still holding her hand, they started toward the cabin a few rods away. Her wounded foot was of little support to her, and the excitement had unnerved her, in spite of his hand she awayed; without a thought he caught her about the waist and half lifted, half led her to the door. It seemed as natural as it was inevitable for him to assist her in this way, and in her weakness and bewilderment she suffered it without comment or resistance. Indeed, there was such strength and power in his arm, he was so secure there, that she liked it. As for him, his pulses were bounding at the contact; but for that matter even to look at her quickened his heart beat.

Entering the main room, he led her gently to one of the chairs near the table and immediately thereafter lighted the fire which he had taken the precaution to lay before his departure.

"Thank God for that," said the girl, greatly relieved and comforted by his reassuring words. "And Robert Maitland and the rest on the mountain, what do you think of them?"

"I am sure that they must have escaped, too. I don't think any of them have suffered more than a thorough drenching in the downpour and that they are all safe and perhaps on their way to the settlements now."

"But they wouldn't go back without searching for me, would they?" cried the girl.

"Certainly not. I suppose they are searching for you now."

"Well then—"

"Wait," said the man. "You started down the canon, you told everybody you were going that way. They naturally searched in that direction, they hadn't the faintest idea that you were going up the river."

"No," admitted Enid, "that is true. I did not tell anyone. I didn't dream of going up the canon when I started up in the morning, it was the result of a sudden impulse."

"Good bless that—" burst out the man, and then he checked himself, flushing again darkly.

"What had he been about to say?" The question flashed across his own mind and into the woman's mind at the same time when she heard the uncompleted sentence; but she, too, checked the question that rose to her lips.

"This is the way I figure it," continued the man hurriedly to cover up his confusion. "They fancy themselves alone in these mountains, which, save for me, they are; they believe you to have gone down the canon. Kirkby with Mrs. Maitland and the others waited on the ridge until Mr. Maitland and his party joined them. They couldn't have saved very much to eat or wear from the camp, they were miles from a settlement; they probably divided into two parties, the larger with the woman and children, started for home, the second went down the canon searching for your dead body!"

"And had it not been for you," cried the girl, impulsively, "they had found it!"

"God permitted me to be of service to you," answered the man, simply. "I can follow their speculations exactly; up or down, they believed you to have been in the canon when the cloudburst burst, therefore there was only one place and one direction to search for you."

"And that was?"

"Down the canon?"

"What did you do then?"

"I went down the canon myself. I think I saw evidence that some one had preceded me, too."

"Did you overtake them?"

"Certainly not, they traveled as rapidly as I; they must have started early in the morning and they had several hours the advantage of me."

"But they must have stopped somewhere for the night and—"

"Yes," answered the man; "if I had only myself to consider, I should have pressed on through the night and overtaken them when they camped."

"Only yourself?"

"You made me promise to return here by nightfall, I don't know whether I should have obeyed you or not. I kept on as long as I dared and still leave myself time to get back to you by dark."

She had no idea of the desperate speed he had made to reach her while it was still daylight.

"If you hadn't come when you did, I should have died," cried the girl impulsively. "You did perfectly right. I don't think I am a coward; I hope not. I never was afraid before, but—"

"Don't apologize or explain to me, it's not necessary; I understand everything you feel. It was only because I had given you my word to be back by sunset that I left off following their trail. I was afraid that you might think me dead or that something had happened and—"

"I should, I did," admitted the girl. "It wasn't so bad during the day time, but when the sun went down and you did not come I began to imagine everything. I saw myself left alone here in these mountains, helpless, wounded, without a human being to speak to. I could not have—"

(To be continued)



She Watched Him as Long as She Could See Him.

room and looked about her again. There was nothing that demanded careful scrutiny. She wasn't quite sure whether she was within the proprieties or not, but she seized the oldest and most worn of the volumes on the shelf. It was a text book on mining and metallurgy, she observed, and opening it to the fly leaf, across the page she saw written in a firm, vigorous masculine hand a name, "William Berkeley Newbold," and beneath these words, "Harvard Hall, Harvard," and a date some seven years back.

The owner of that book, whether the present possessor or not, had been a college man. Say that he had graduated at twenty-one or twenty-two, he would be twenty-eight or twenty-nine years old now, but how could he have white hair? Perhaps, though, the book did not belong to the man of the cabin.

She turned to other books on the shelf. Many of them were technical books, which she had sufficient general culture to realize could be only available to a man highly educated, and a special student of mines and mining—a mining engineer, she decided, with a glance at those instruments and appliances of a scientific character plainly, but of whose actual use she was ignorant.

A rapid inspection of the other books confirmed her in the conclusion that the man of the mountains was indeed the owner of the collection. There were a few well worn volumes of poetry and essays, Shakespeare, a Bible, Bacon, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, Koestler, a small dictionary, a compendious encyclopedia, just the books, she thought, smiling at her conceit, that a man of education and culture would want to have upon a desert island where his supply of literature would be limited.

The old ones were autographed as the first book she had looked in; others, newer additions to the little library, if she could judge their condition, were unsigned.

Into the corner cupboard and the drawers, of course, she did not look. There was nothing else in the room, except a bookcase which she

to the piled pages of the book and had taken at random from the shelf which lay open before her, where she sat in the sun, her head covered by an old "Stetson" that she had ventured to appropriate. She had dragged a bear skin out on the rocks in the sun and sat curled up on it half reclining against a boulder watching the trail, the Winchester by her side. She had eaten so late a breakfast that she had made a rather frugal lunch out of whatever had taken her fancy in the store room, and she was waiting most anxiously now for the return of the man.

The season was late and the sun sank behind the peaks quite early in the afternoon, and it grew dark and chill long before the shadows fell upon the dwellers of the lowlands.

Enid drew the bear skin around her and waited with an ever-growing apprehension. If she should be compelled to spend the night alone in that cabin, she felt that she could not endure it. She was never gladder of anything in her life than when she saw him suddenly break out of the woods and start up the steep trail, and for a moment her gladness was not tempered by the fact which had been presently to realize with great dismay, that as he had gone, so he now returned, alone.

turned to his lips torrentially; what he said, however, was quite commonplace, as is often the case. Word thought and outward speech did not correspond.

"It's too cold for you out here, you must go into the house at once," he declared masterfully, and she obeyed with unwonted meekness.

The sun had set and the night air had grown suddenly chill. Still holding her hand, they started toward the cabin a few rods away. Her wounded foot was of little support to her, and the excitement had unnerved her, in spite of his hand she awayed; without a thought he caught her about the waist and half lifted, half led her to the door. It seemed as natural as it was inevitable for him to assist her in this way, and in her weakness and bewilderment she suffered it without comment or resistance. Indeed, there was such strength and power in his arm, he was so secure there, that she liked it. As for him, his pulses were bounding at the contact; but for that matter even to look at her quickened his heart beat.

Entering the main room, he led her gently to one of the chairs near the table and immediately thereafter lighted the fire which he had taken the precaution to lay before his departure.



In Spite of His Hand She Swayed.

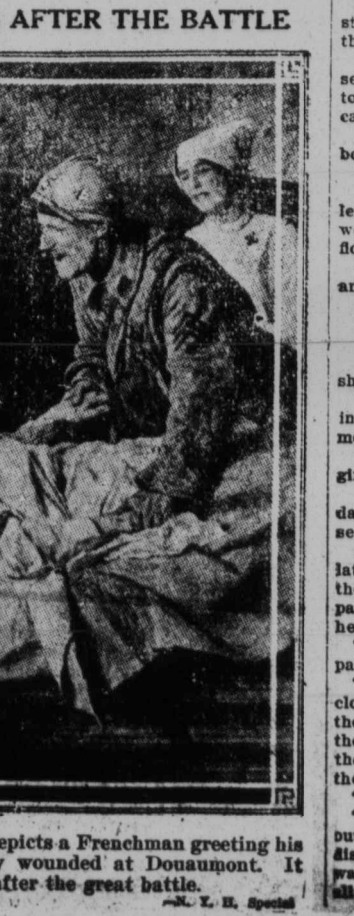
CHAPTER XIII.

The Castaways of the Mountains. The man was evidently seeking her, for so soon as he caught sight of her he broke into a run and came bounding up the steep ascent with the speed and agility of a chamois or a mountain sheep. As he approached the girl rose to her feet and supported herself upon the boulder against which she had been leaning, at the same time extending her hand to greet him.

"Oh," she cried, her voice rising nervously as he drew near, "I am so glad you are back, another hour of loneliness and I believe I should have gone crazy."

Now whether that joy in his return was for him personally or for him abstractly, he could not tell; whether she was glad that he had come back simply because he was a human being who would relieve her loneliness or whether she rejoiced to see him individually, was a matter not yet to be determined. He hoped the latter, he believed the former. At any rate, he caught and held her outside, and in the warm clasp of his arms, during words of his own.

THEIR FIRST MEETING AFTER THE BATTLE



In the above picture the artist depicts a Frenchman greeting his brave comrade, who was seriously wounded at Douaumont. It was their first meeting some time after the great battle.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The proof of Mother Seigel's Syrup is in the taking. That is why former sufferers, whose vitality was being sapped by indigestion, say it is just excellent for stomach, liver and bowel troubles. Thanks to Mother Seigel's Syrup, they are now strong and well.

IS EXCELLENT FOR

If you are afflicted by indigestion or other disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels take Mother Seigel's Syrup regularly for a few days; long enough to give it a fair chance to make its beneficial influence felt. Then note the improvement in your appetite, your strength, your general condition.

HEADACHES, BRUISES, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION.

Their bottles of Syrup contain three times as much as the 50c size.



Extract from a letter of a Canadian soldier in France.

To MRS. R. D. BAMBERG:

The Rectory, Yarmouth, N.S.

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.

Manufactured by the

Minard's Liniment Co. Ltd.

Yarmouth, N.S.

1867--OUR--1917 JUBILEE YEAR

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

SEND FOR RATE CARD.

S. KERR, Principal

DALTON'S

Livery, Sales and Exchange Stables

Edward Dalton, Prop.

McCallum Street.

Phone 47 43-Lyr.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS

The sole head 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 and 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 60 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 50 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.

111X-46-111-14