

Starlight

Continued from
Page 14

the point at which it was held, gnawed it close up under the jaws, till merely a stump was left imprisoned.

If Starlight felt anything during this slow and grinding amputation he showed no signs, save that he closed his eyes and panted, but it is probable that the limb was cold and dead below the imprisoned joint. His left forepaw was gone, but still he remained a prisoner, held by the dripping stump, so that it occurred to him at last to bestir himself and endeavor to escape. He seized the great trap in his fangs and pulled, when click—the blunt jaws snapped together as the stump slipped from between them, snapped and held on—nothing!

Starlight was free! He limped away towards the canyon mouth, but Jess remained to scatter dirt upon the trap, then to mark it with the sign of her contempt and loathing.

When Wolver Wells came next morning he read the signs all round, and found on the ground a huge, black paw. "Blame little vixen gnawed him loose!" he growled, and now it was his turn to do some thinking. He knew that the big wolf was sadly maimed and would be weak and sick for many days to come, denning up in the canyon, no doubt, along with the dam and her cubs. He knew too that Starlight, sick and disabled though he might be, would stand and fight for his cubs should their den, though inaccessible to man, be raided by some foe that could follow them by scent. In other words, the maiming of Starlight rendered it practicable to hunt him out with hounds—a process which hitherto would have been costly besides being futile—but there was need to do it now, while the sickness of his wound was still upon the wolf.

The wolver had at Trail End Ranch two extraordinary monstrosities of the canine race he kept for running wolves. Each had in its composition a visible trace of mottled Dane, Mastiff, Russian wolf hound, and quite a smattering of bull dog. There was also a little fox hound to improve their wind; but perhaps the union was made complete by a pinch of genuine Alaska wolf, hailing, no doubt, through Malamute or husky veins—this to harden their paws. In fact they were the most perfectly monstrous mongrels the ingenuity of man and the blood of the canine world could bring into being, but as wolf hounds they possessed no blemish. Each had killed in its time, singly and in open combat, its normal timber wolf. But Starlight was not normal, and for this reason Wells, who loved his dogs, had refrained from showing them the black wolf's trail.

That afternoon Starlight lay belly deep in the cool waters of the creek just below the den, nursing his bruised and mangled stump. He was red-eyed and shivering with pain, but suddenly a sound far below brought him to his feet with ears acock. It was a full-throated, bellowing bay that filled the whole canyon with ghostly echoes, then it was uttered again and again, coming towards him. He glanced up at Jess who stood at the den mouth bristling and anxious eyed, and by that glance they seemed to come to an understanding.

Whether the thing that Starlight did next was purposely planned or whether he did it merely to relieve his coat of its weight of water, I cannot say, but for it he had later to thank his lucky star. Mounting the bank he deliberately rolled in the fine dry sand, rolled and grovelled in it till his hair was grains, then he set off down the canyon to meet and intercept the coming danger, while Jess stood in readiness to guard the shelf should he be overwhelmed.

The valley now was filled with bellowing echoes, and as he went to face that awful sound Starlight let forth an awful roar, which the man below heard and understood.

Nearer and nearer came the hounds, crossing and re-crossing the creek, losing the scent many times but unerringly

Continued on Page 16

Columbia Grafonola

Exclusive Columbia Artists
in the Latest Song Hits

WHO kids them along in the latest song on Columbia Records only?—*Al Jolson!*

Who raises the roof with melodious mirth on Columbia Records only?—*Nora Bayes!*

Who knows how to mix song with laughter and tricks on Columbia Records only?—*Van & Schenck!*

Who jazzes the house by just opening his mouth on Columbia Records only?—*Harry Fox!*



Columbia Grafonolas
Standard Models up to \$360

Columbia Graphophone Company
TORONTO

Who starts on the quiet and ends in a riot on Columbia Records only?—*Bert Williams!*

Where first do you find the newest of song hits by all the most popular artists?—*On their exclusive Columbia Records!*

Where best will you hear these Columbia Records played?—*On the Columbia Grafonola!*

Columbia Grafonolas on Easy Payment Terms

Quarterly or Fall payment terms arranged to suit
your convenience.

Write us to-day for Illustrated Catalogue.

Columbia Record Catalogues
on request
Carrying charges prepaid on
orders over \$3.00.

WINNIPEG PIANO CO. LTD.

333
PORTAGE
AVE.