

GOING TO THE EXHIBITION?



One thing visitors must do. Visit the big store-Eaton's. And another, make the most of the remarkably generous economies that will be featured from day to day during that period.

A visit to Winnipeg at Exhibition time is never complete without a visit to Eaton's. To go the rounds of the big store is quite as interesting as "doing" the Exhibition. You will find it an Exposition in itself, presenting the finest merchandise from the four corners of the earth; Silk from Japan, Rugs from the Orient, Tea from China, Fine China from Germany, Laces from Switzerland, Linens from Ireland, Lovely Fashions from France. There is such varied selections of splendid merchandise as few stores, even in largest cities, can lay before their customers.

The Midsummer Sale will be in Full Swing

presenting remarkable opportunities to purchase the finest qualities of merchandise at astonishing reductions from regular good value Eaton pricing. In this event it will be possible to save to such generous extent as to cover the expenses of the trip to the Industrial—and a generous sum to the good besides.

Farmers' Day at Eaton's, too, will present its own Openhanded Economies.

Thursday, the 16th, will be Farmers' Day at Eaton's. And we propose to celebrate the occasion with host of fine merchandise, seasonable and wanted, on which prices will be reduced beyond all expectation. These economies will be given announcement in the daily papers. Make up your mind to take full advantage of them.

All the conveniences of the Store, and they are many, will be at your disposal. For instance—

- There's a rest and waiting room on the Fourth Floor. Friends can be met there and letters written.*
- There's a check and parcel room on the Main Floor, where parcels and wraps may be left without charge and without obligation to purchase.*
- There's an information bureau on the Main Floor, where you can learn of the arrival and departure of trains, send telegrams and hire taxicabs.*
- Guides will be furnished parties desiring to see over the Store, by applying at the Superintendent's Office, Main Floor.*
- The lunch and grill rooms, on the Fifth Floor are handsomely appointed and serve delicious food, reasonably priced.*
- And then there's a magnificent view of the city to be had from the store roof.*

Whether you buy or not all the courtesies of the Store are extended to visitors to the Exhibition—you will please us greatly by making the most of them for we want you to feel at home.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

The Hunger Test

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was a typical Newfoundland sledge-dog—black, heavy of barrel and leg, broad of forehead, and blunt of muzzle. His hair was short, but remarkably thick and stiff, and he looked as if he could stand a great deal of hunger or physical punishment. His small, honest eyes were brown, and contained no cross-lights and uneasy glintings.

The other two dogs were Labrador "huskies"—big, long-limbed, long-jawed beasts, with long, tawny coats and plumed brushes, and the untamed blood and spirit of the wolf in their hearts. They had a sinister way of looking aslant at things, out of their yellow eyes.

A third of the journey was covered pleasantly enough, the runners whispering softly along the snow, the sun overhead like a clear, colorless window in the pale blue of the sky, the white levels of the barrens glistening westward to the lifted hills, and eastward to the curving cliff-edge and the empty

sea, close at hand. The sunlight had a glow in it—and only ten miles ahead waited medicines for Nick and Davy and a sledge-load of provisions. The woman sat dreaming of her return, the whip quiet in her hand.

Suddenly the sledge came to a standstill. The woman looked up, quickly, in time to see the huskies turn and face her. It was a daunting vision of white fangs, eyes like fire, jaws like blood, and bristling manes. Well she knew the danger! They had no fear of her, for it was Nick who had always worked them and disciplined them—and now, hunger-mad, they did not care for the great whip. In their wolfish minds they remembered how, when they were pups, one of them had bitten Kate's hand, and she had cried out at the pain. In that first second of the threatening danger the fate of a young lad of Null's Cove flashed into her brain. Sheer, physical terror numbed her for a second; then, like a prayer from the surrounding silence, the thought of Nick and Davy came to her.

With a sharp cry of command, she

sprang from the sledge and raised the whip. At that moment the huskies broke into open revolt. One of them leaped straight at her, in a tangle of traces. Quick as thought she shifted her hand on the whip and struck with the short and heavy stock of it. The blow fell on the shoulder of the murderous rebel, and by a side step she escaped his snapping jaws.

"Cap'n!" she cried. "At 'em, Cap'n!"

But she need not have called to him, for the black dog understood and was already in action, struggling with one of the huskies in a tangle of leather thongs. They were both on their feet, the black dog with a sure hold on his antagonist's furry neck, the huskie twisting and biting. They made no noise beyond a dull sound of slobbering and heavy breathing.

The beast which the woman had struck on the shoulder sprang toward her again; but the trace held him to the fighters, and he fell short. Turning, he dashed upon Captain; and under the double attack the black dog went

down, still with his teeth in the first husky's neck.

Then the woman forgot all fear of the white fangs and flaming eyes, and, running close, she struck again and again with all her might, placing every blow on some portion of one or other of the huskies. If the fight had been entirely in her own interest, it is doubtful if the whip-stock would have been plied with much vigor or effect; but the realization that three lives required her success doubled her strength and fired her to a high but sanguinary fury. There were Nick and Davy in the cabin at Squid Cove, needing food and medicine and her return; and here, in the middle of the tearing, twisting fight, was the brave black dog! So, in fighting for three, it was as if she possessed the courage of three; but her blows and her voice seemed only to increase the fury of the dogs.

III

Suddenly, as if by magic, Peter Sprowl appeared beside her. Without so much as a glance at her, he stood and stared at the struggling dogs. His eyes were dull and his lips weakly parted. Kate Cormey clutched him by the arm.

"Peter!" she cried breathlessly.

"Oh, Peter, help me!"

"Them dogs do be fightin' bar-b'rous," he said without looking at her. Then rage and the desperation of fear swept over the woman like a storm.

"Ye great gawk!" she screamed. "Would ye stand an' watch 'em fight an' tear, an' never lift a hand? Will ye see the black dog killed, an' me tore to pieces, an' little Davy die for want o' food?" She shook him furiously. She forced the whip into his hand. "Master the dogs!" she shrieked. "Beat off the huskies! Will ye not stir a hand for the woman who fed ye?"

"They do be fightin' cruel," he murmured, looking stupidly at the whip in his hand.

"O God, give him a flicker o' human feelin'!" cried the woman.

At that, as if Peter had heard her voice for the first time, he suddenly turned and looked at her with a sort of pitying wonder.

"Sure, Kate, I'll master the dogs for ye," he said. Then he slipped his rackets from his feet and sprang into the fight.

Peter Sprowl was a big man, and in his day he had been a great hand with dogs. Now, uttering terrific yells all the while, he kicked and slashed and pulled at the struggling beasts. For a little while the idiot was a man again, with the old mastery and the old knowledge of things clear as day in his mind; and soon the great jaws ceased their snapping and tearing, and the wolf fire died down in the hearts of the huskies.

Peter, after clearing the tangles from the traces, stood before the woman with a light of honest satisfaction in his face.

"Where be ye p'intin' for?" he asked.

"For Wellington Harbor. An' ye'll come along, Peter, or maybe the huskies 'll turn on me again," she replied pitifully.

"Sure, I be bound for the harbor meself, for the mail-bags. I'll team the dogs for ye, Kate," he replied.

Already his eyes were dull as slate again, and his shoulders stooped like those of an old man.

The dogs were sore and bleeding, but not seriously injured. Captain seemed as fresh and willing as at the time of starting from Squid Cove, tho one of his eyes was closed and his flanks were wet with blood. The two conquered huskies, with drooping brushes and lowered manes, showed nothing of the spirit that had so recently driven them to revolt; and soon the sledge was moving steadily forward over the wind-packed snow.

The western sky was red when the sledge came to a halt before the cabin in which the new mission had established its headquarters. The dogs immediately lay down and began licking their wounds. Peter Sprowl looked at the woman with a kindly but vacant smile.

"Twas a great trip we made, altogether! Now gimme a hand with the mail-bags," he said. His eyes were expressionless and wandering, and his lips weakly parted.

"God bless you—an' pity you!" whispered the woman softly.