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EVENING TIMES-STAR MAGAZINE PAGE FOR THE HOME

A MATING IN THE WILDS

By OTTOWELL BINNS
ILLUSTRATED BY
BAMMARTINEY
ONTO ALFRED A. KROPPING. CHESNE A. SERVICES.

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Hubert Stane, who has been in prison, escapes from Yardley as he escapes toward a dangerous waterfall. Helen is niece to a governor of the Hudson Bay Company. They are camping near a northern post of the company.

Gerald Ainsley, former friend of Stane, is in love with Helen. While Helen and Stane are walking the trail to the governor's camp, Stane is severely injured in a fall.

A forest fire breaks out and Helen builds a raft on which she and Stane flee from the flames. They find a deserted cabin.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

She turned and resumed her work and stung at the same time, and Stane lay there looking at her with the love shining plainly in his eyes.

The next day was spent in removal to the cabin further up the lake, both of them working at pulling the raft with all their stores. The cabin was well situated on a small bay, where a fair-sized stream emptied into the lake, and behind it stretched the forest, dark and impenetrable. As he huddled through the open door, Stane looked round, and under the bunk discovered a number of steel trays which the girl on her first visit had overlooked. Also on a peg in a dark corner he found a set of dog's harness hanging just as the owner had left it, probably months before. He pointed the trays out to the girl.

"As I guessed, it is a trapper's cabin, Miss Yardley. Any day may bring the owner back."

Inside the cabin there was a little wood pile, and with a few well-chosen logs and dried sticks the room had the stove roaring, and then began to beat their possessions tidily. By the time that was accomplished the shelves were creeping across the lake and deepening in the woods, and it was time for the evening meal, and when it was ready they ate it at the rough table, with a sense of safety and comfort that had long been lacking.

"This place is quite cozy," said Helen, looking round the firelit cabin.

"Tomorrow I shall make a curtain for the doorway out of caribou skins."

She broke off suddenly and a sparkle of interest came in her eyes. Pointing to the pile of wood in the corner she cried: "Mr. Stane, I am sure there is something hidden under that wood."

Stane started and stared at the stacked logs, a slight look of apprehension on his face. The girl laughed as she caught the look. "It is nothing to be alarmed at, but those logs are misleading. I am sure for at one place I can see something gleaming. What is it, I don't know, but I am going to find out."

Rising quickly, she began to throw down the logs and presently uncovered

ered a large square tin that at some time or another had contained biscuits. Pursuing her investigations she uncovered two similar tins and for a moment stood regarding them with curious eyes. Then she lifted one.

"What is it?" asked Stane.

"I don't know. It looks like—wait a minute!" she took a small pinch of the contents and lifting it to her mouth, tasted it. "Flour!"

"Flour! You don't say!"

"You seem delighted," she said wonderingly.

"I am," he replied.

"But—well I don't exactly see why! If it were gold, I could understand. One always finds gold in these deserted cabins, according to the story-books. And we find flour—and you rejoice!"

"I do," answered Stane joyfully. "Miss Yardley, that flour is a godsend. We were very short, as you told me, only a pound or two left, and I was afraid that we might have to live on meat and fish alone, and you don't know what that means. I do! I lived for three weeks on moose-meat last winter, and I haven't forgotten it yet. For Heaven's sake open the other tin."

The girl obeyed him, and presently the remaining tin revealed their contents. One held about nine pounds of rice and the other was three parts filled with beans.

"To Stane the discovery of the stores was a great relief, far greater than the girl knew. Of starvation he had no fear, for they were in a good game country, but he knew the danger of a meat diet alone, and now that for the time being that danger was eliminated, he was correspondingly relieved, the more so when, two mornings later, the door of the hut being opened they beheld a thin powdering of soft-like snow.

"Winter is here!" said Helen, a little sobered at the sight of the white pull.

"Yes," he answered. "You found this hut just in time."

No more snow fell for over a fortnight, and during that time, despite the cold, Stane spent many hours practicing walking without crutches. Then at the close of a dull, dark day the wind began to blow across the lake, whistling and howling in the trees behind, and the cold it brought with it penetrated the cabin, driving them closer to the stove. All night it blew, and once, waking behind the tent canvas with which the bunk where she slept was screened, the girl caught a rattle on the wooden walls of the cabin, that sounded as if it were being peppered with a brace of cracks like those of a pistol. She started up, like those of a pistol. She started up, like those of a pistol. She started up, like those of a pistol.

"What was that?"

"No!" answered Stane quickly. "Just a couple of trees whose hearts

A PUZZLE A DAY

XAIOTOT
John and Bill were trying to decipher the mysterious word "XAIOTOT." "I have it!" cried John. "X is the Roman numeral for ten; and 100 in Roman numerals is C. So we have 10 A C T, which stands for TENACITY!"

John's answer is good, but Bill had one that was exact. Can you discover it?

Answer tomorrow.

have burst with the cold. There will be no one abroad this weather."

But in that, as events proved, he was mistaken. For when, in the early afternoon, wrapped in the fur garments which the girl had manufactured at their old camp, they ventured forth, not twenty yards away from the hut, Stane came suddenly upon a broad snow-shoe trail. At the sight of it he stopped dead.

"What is it?" asked the girl quickly.

"I am," he replied.

"But—well I don't exactly see why! If it were gold, I could understand. One always finds gold in these deserted cabins, according to the story-books. And we find flour—and you rejoice!"

"I do," answered Stane joyfully. "Miss Yardley, that flour is a godsend. We were very short, as you told me, only a pound or two left, and I was afraid that we might have to live on meat and fish alone, and you don't know what that means. I do! I lived for three weeks on moose-meat last winter, and I haven't forgotten it yet. For Heaven's sake open the other tin."



Stane Came Suddenly Upon a Snow-Shoe Trail.

"Some one has been here," he said, in a curious voice. Without saying anything further he began to follow the trail, and within a few minutes realized that whoever had made it had come down the lake and had been so interested in the cabin as to walk around it. The tracks of the great webbed-shoes spoke for themselves, and even Helen could read the signs plainly.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mysterious Visitors.

It was snowing again, driving across the lake in the hard wind and drifting in a wonderful wreath about the cabin. To go out of doors would have been the uttermost folly, and Stane bused himself in the fashioning of snow-shoes, which now would be necessary before they could venture far afield. The girl was engaged in preparing a meal, and the cabin had an air of domesticity that would probably have utterly misled any stranger who had chanced to look in.

Helen stooped over the pan, and then announced: "I think this mess of savory venison is ready and I don't believe our cook at home could have done it half so well. If my lord and cobler will put away the snow-shoes

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

BY JOVE, MARTHA M'DEAR—THIS PARROT HAS TAKEN A DECIDED FANCY TO YOU—AND I FEEL YOU RECIPROCATE THE AFFECTION!—AH—BY THE WAY—SHOULD YOU CARE TO POSSESS THIS CLEVER BIRD, I AM SURE MY OLD FRIEND THE SENIOR WOULD PART WITH IT, FOR THE TRIVIAL SUM OF TWENTY-FIVE PESOS, OR ABOUT TWENTY DOLLARS IN OUR MONEY!



The "PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT" THE MAJOR PICKED TO SELL THE PARROT—

By AHERN

YES! WELL THERE ARE MORE PARROTS IN THIS HOUSE NOW THAN CAGES!—TELL WHOEVER THIS SENIOR FRIEND OF YOURS IS, THAT I SAID HE'S MIXED ON HIS BIRDS—HE SHOULD BE SELLING TURKEYS AT THIS TIME OF YEAR!

HA-HA—THERE GOES ANOTHER PLAN OF HIS UP AN ALLEY!—HE AND THE SENIOR WERE GOING FIFTY-FIFTY ON THE SALE OF THAT ONE!

SHE CAN SAY AN' WITH HER SHAP AN' KICK TO—THAN A PAWNBROKER



The "PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT" THE MAJOR PICKED TO SELL THE PARROT—

"No, I saw her!" answered Stane. "It was a woman."

Helen's surprise was as complete as his own had been.

He waited a moment, then he uttered the thought which had been in his mind.

"When the storm is over and there is a crust on the snow we will go exploring together. We may find the camp from which this woman comes. If the air keeps still through the night, it will be quite easy to follow her trail in the snow."

But in the night there was both wind and snow and on the morrow the woman's trail was quite obliterated and the snow on the lake made traveling impossible. Helen Yardley noted the fact without regret.

"There will be no exploring party today," she said, "so I will go and look at my rabbit snares."

"And I will accompany you," answered Stane, "the walk in the snow will help to take the stiffness out of my leg."

They set out together, but had gone but a little way when the girl gave a sharp "Halt!"

"What is it?" he asked quietly, thinking that she had seen game of some kind.

LADY ASTOR RAPS "HOWLING HYENAS"

Plymouth, England, Nov. 22—Lady Astor was presented with a horseshoe at an enthusiastic meeting and reception to her today. The meeting was characterized by good humor, and Lady Astor remarked: "I am not going to the platform if I have howling hyenas yelling at me every time I speak. An election is a serious thing; it is no time for howling about something you know nothing about. You can do it with men, but you can't with me."

Your Health

By DR. CLIFFORD C. ROBINSON

URTICARIA

Urticaria, or nettle-rash, is a common disturbance from normal body condition, which shows itself as a skin eruption in wheal formation. It is of rather wide range in cause, intensity and length of attack. It occurs in youth and in middle life, rarely in old age.

In an acute attack, the coming or outbreak of the wheals on the surface of the skin is sudden, producing rather intense itching. They may appear on any part of the body. They come and go rapidly in acute attacks, sometimes with little or no pain. Oftentimes these wheals are only the size of a mere inflammatory papule. Sometimes they are large as a 25-cent piece and in other cases even larger. They vary from intense red to waxy white. Sometimes, owing to peculiarities of the patient's skin, the wheals will show a waxlike centre with a narrow red periphery.

These acute attacks oftentimes result from some disturbances in the gastrointestinal system and are somewhat transient in character. The symptoms are a slight rise in body temperature, pulse increase, accompanied by nausea and vomiting. The tongue is furred, the breath foul and there is more or less prostration.

This attack is sometimes the result of a run-down condition and from worry or unfavorable living conditions. In children, the case is over-eating or taking the wrong kind of food.

In people who are nervous and sensitive, urticaria may be brought on by the most trivial causes.

Treatment of acute forms may be the giving of a brisk cathartic, such as magnesium sulphate. Fast a day or two. Local treatment, to allay the itching may be a sponge bath of bicarbonate of soda. In chronic urticaria, the sufferer must undergo careful treatment by a physician.

Fruits are good for such cases and pure water is a good drink. Thorough elimination must be maintained.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By Olive Roberts Barton

WHITNEY NOSE TRIES A STUNT

Whitney Nose Squirrel was sitting on top of a fence in Dixie Land when the Twins came along. He was puffing his cheeks and sucking them in, and puffing his sides out and drawing them in. In the most excited manner.

"I declare to goodness!" he panted. "I've tried and tried but I can't do it. I tried it off a tree and nearly broke my neck and I tried it off a bush and fell flat, and now I've been practicing



"I declare to goodness!" he panted.

off the top of this fence and it's the same thing over again. I've stubbed my nose and knocked out a tooth, and I'm bruised all over."

"What is it you're trying to do?" asked Nick as soon as he could get a word in edgewise.

"Fly!" said Whitney Nose, much as though he were saying, "cut!" or "sleep!" or "run!" or anything in the world that wouldn't take your breath away.

"Fly!" exclaimed the Twins in one breath.

"Yes," declared Whitney Nose. "I was trying to fly. I saw another squirrel do it, so why shouldn't I? I saw him fly from the top of a great big high tree right down to the ground like a bird."

"Are you sure?" asked Nancy.

"Maybe it was a bird. Perhaps you didn't see right?"

"Bird!" exclaimed Whitney Nose. "Well, if it was a bird, it was a queer one; it had whiskers and a big bushy tail that curled up over its back and gray fur all over it. No, sir! It wasn't a bird any more than I am, and I haven't got a feather on me."

At that very minute there was a "Chirp! Chirp! Chirp!" right over their heads and right before their astonished eyes a fat furry figure floated down gracefully from the branch of a tree and landed on the ground.

"There! Didn't I tell you?" cried

U. S. FARMERS FOR HIGHER WHEAT TAX

Omaha, Neb., Nov. 22—Declaring that as long as high prices of necessities prevail as a result of duties for protection of United States manufactured goods, it is right to raise or equalize the tariff on farm products, delegates to the annual convention of the Farmers' Union asked in a resolution adopted late today that the tariff on wheat be increased fifty cents a bushel.

PECKERS AND LICE FRIENDS—A REAL CHANGE



By BLOSSER



By BLOSSER



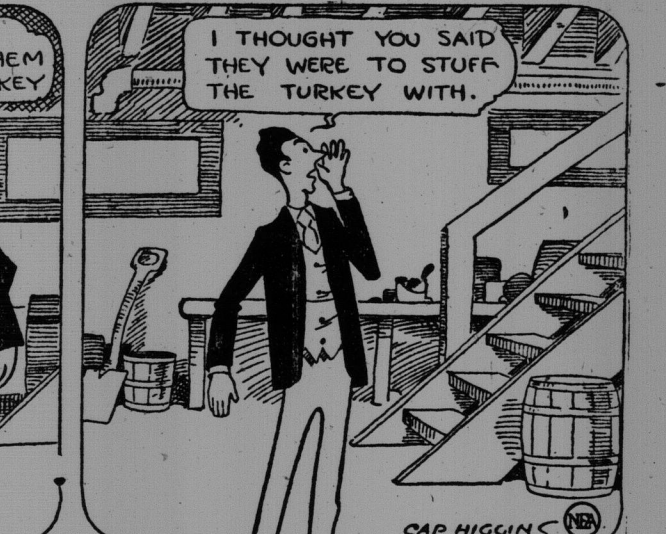
ADAM AND EVA—STUFFING THE TURKEY



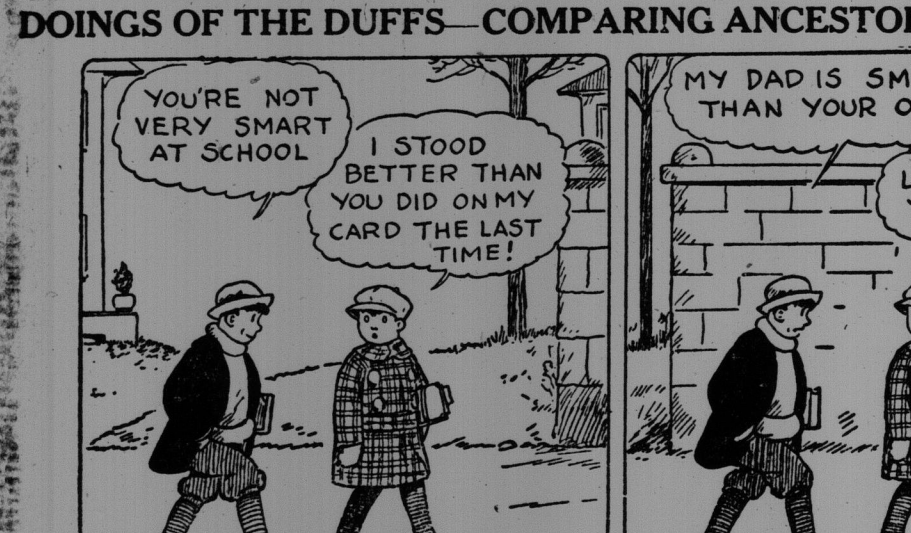
By CAP HIGGINS



By CAP HIGGINS



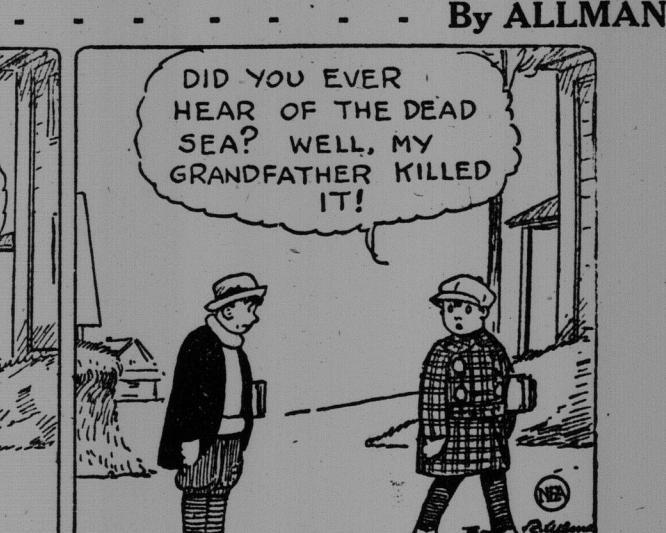
DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—COMPARING ANCESTORS



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