

The Heritage Of The Desert

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the rustlers," spoke up an old friend, hoping to divert the angry flood. "Paul Caldwell there, he was one of them. The other's gone."

Naab loomed over him. "What!" he roared. His friend edged away, repeating his words and jerking his thumb backward toward the Bishop's son.

"Judas Iscariot!" thundered Naab. "False to thyself, thy kin, and thy God! Thrice traitor! Why didn't you get yourself killed? . . . Why are you left? Ah-h for me—a rustler for me to kill—with my own hands! A rope there—a rope!"

"I wanted them to hang me!" hoarsely cried Caldwell, writhing in Naab's grip.

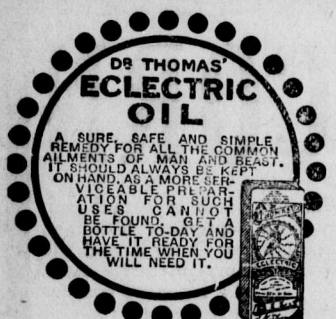
Hare threw all his weight and strength upon the Mormon's iron arm. "Naab! Naab! For God's sake, hear! He saved Mescal. This man, thief, traitor, false Mormon—whatever he is—he saved Mescal!"

August Naab's eyes were bloodshot. One shake of his great body flung Hare off. He dragged Paul Caldwell across the grass toward the cottonwood as easily as if he were handling an empty grain-sack.

Hare suddenly darted after him. "August! August!—look! look!" he cried. He pointed a shaking finger down the square. The old Bishop came tottering over the grass, leaning on his cane, shading his eyes with his hand. "August. See, the Bishop's coming. Paul's father! Do you hear?"

Hare's appeal pierced Naab's frenzied brain. The Mormon Elder saw his old Bishop pause and stare at the dark shapes suspended from the cottonwoods and hold up his hands in horror.

Naab loosed his hold. His frame seemed wrenched as though by the passing of an evil spirit, and the reaction left his face transfixed. "Paul, it's your father, the Bishop," he said, brokenly. "Be a man. He must never know." Naab spread wide his



In Unhurried Quebec



"These 'chiens' of Quebec have no Jackie Coogan to do them justice."

Old fashioned Quebec tugs at the heartstrings of the summer visitor, because her appeal is personal. Without intention, so to do, she has struck what the advertising men work so hard to acquire—the human interest angle.

Quebec is natural, simple, lovable. In our race for a living we of the cities have reduced life to a system with every action in subordination to hours and minutes. But in Quebec the habitant rises above the leash. He has something in himself which holds him to old ways. To family life, to the farm, to the horse and hand-plough; to the scythe, to cows. Wives and daughters and boys of all ages lend a hand at everything. All the changes of the seasons fit in to the scheme of life. And yet there seems to be no particular scheme, no hurry, none of that driven feeling. No friction.

And so when we get into Quebec we are sensible of a freedom of spirit. The shackles of "the drive" fall away as we come once more under the benison of the simple and the fundamental.

Here by the road are the wayside crosses common in Old France and once in Old England. The Mower is abroad in the fields. The dogs drawing their little carts still hold the road.

And nothing is more humanly appealing than these dog carts of the Quebec highway. The "Dog of Flanders" has won his way to publicity on the screen, but these "chiens" of Quebec have had no Jackie Coogan to do them justice.

And yet what a part they play in the life of this great Province, far larger in extent than Flanders. How the dogs fill niches in the households, jobs long ago eliminated from our scheme of life, are performed by the dog carts as a matter of course, in Quebec. Boys of the family break their hand in from babyhood, harnessing, unharnessing, driving "le chien." The boy that as

soon as he is big enough will have the horses in hand. "Deep meaning off lies hid in childish play" down in Quebec.

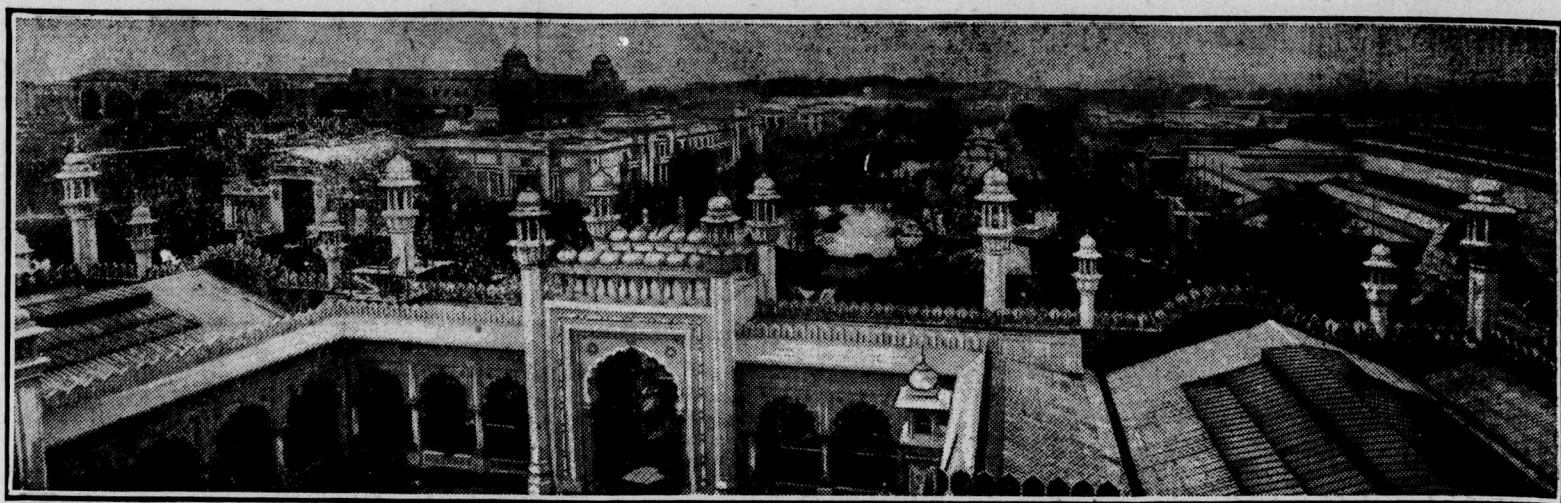
And yet the dog cart is not merely a means toward an end. As farm life is arranged in Quebec, the dog cart is no mere child's toy, but part and parcel of French life.

Boys sent an errand cover the miles in the dog cart. Wood to be brought from the distant woodlot on the mountainside is loaded into the little cart. With the aid of these "tiny horses and carts" small boys do this work quite easily, releasing their fathers and big brothers to men's jobs at the plough or with the heavy scythe.

Textile workers in the big mill below Montmorency Falls, living in Saint-Gregoire and other villages nearby, have their dinner-pails brought to them by their small boys in dog carts, and if you happen along this road at dinner-time it is to see perhaps as many as thirty or forty of these little chariots.

The speed attained of the dog is surprising, especially when homeward bound. Then, little M'sieu can hardly hold him in.

But you must not think 'tis only youth that these gay dogs of Quebec serve, their tails wagging, flying along with the baby in the cart and the family brood of boys and girls running helter skelter gathering framboise in their pails. What would the old . . . the old couples, the old women, do without their old dog and his little cart? But, I think perhaps one never realizes more, how much a part of every day life the dog cart is, until you happen along by some wayside smithy and see the smith hard at work turning, twisting, heating, hammering the miniature axles and tires in the most matter of fact manner, part of the day's work, as much as shoeing a horse.—Victoria Hayward.



From left (at back), The Stadium, Canadian Pacific Building, Canada, Australia, The Ornamental Lake, Palace of Engineering and in the foreground entrance to Palace of India.

arms to the crowd. "Men, listen," he said. "Of all of us Mormons, I have lost most, suffered most. Then hear me, Bishop Caldwell must never know of his son's guilt. He would sink under it. Keep the secret. Paul will be a man again. I know. I see. For, Mormons, August Naab has the gift of revelation!"

XXI Mescal

Summer gleams of golden sunshine swam under the glistening red wall of the oasis. Shadows from white clouds, like sails on a deep-blue sea, darkened the broad fields of alfalfa. Circling columns of smoke were wafted far above the cotton-woods and floated in the still air. The desert-red color of Navajo blankets brightened the grove.

Half-naked bronze Indians lolled in the shade lounged on the cabin porches and stood about the sunny gade in idle groups. They wore the dress of peace. A single black-tipped white eagle feather waved above the band binding each black head. They watched the merry children tumble round the playground. Silvermane browsed where he listed under the shady trees, and many a sinewy red hand caressed his flowing mane. Black Bolly neighed her jealous displeasure from the corral, and the other mustangs trampled and kicked and whistled defiance across the bars. The peacocks preened their gorgeous plumage and uttered their clarion calls. The belligerent turkey-gobblers sidled about ruffling their feathers. The blackbirds and swallows sang and twittered their happiness to find old nests in the branches and under the eaves. Over all boomed the dull roar of the Colorado in flood.

It was the morning of Mescal's wedding-day.

August Naab, for once without a task, sat astride a peeled log of driftwood in the lane, and Hare stood beside him.

"Five thousand steers, lad! Why do you refuse them? They're worth ten dollars a head to-day in Salt Lake City. A good start for a young man."

"No. I'm still in your debt."

"Then share alike with my sons in work and profit?"

"Yes I can accept that."

"Good! Jack, I see happiness and prosperity for you. Do you remember that night on the White Sage trail? Ah! Well, the worst is over. We can look forward to better times. It's not likely the rustlers will ride into Utah again."

But this desert will never be free from strife.

"Tell me of Mescal," said Hare.

"Ah! Yes, I'm coming to that." Naab bent his head over the log and chipped off little pieces with his knife.

"Jack will you come into the Mormon Church?"

Long had Hare shrunk from this question which he felt inevitably come, and now he met it as bravely as he could, knowing he would pain his friend.

"No, August, I can't," he replied. "I feel—differently from Mormons about—about women. If it wasn't for that! I look upon you as a father. I'll do anything for you, except that. No one could pray to be a better man than you. Your work, your religion, your life—why! I've no words to say what I feel. Teach me what little you can of them, August, but don't ask me that."

"We'll, well," sighed Naab. The

gray clearness of his eagle eyes grew shadowed and his worn face was sad.

It was the look of a strong wise man who seemed to hear doubt and failure knocking at the gate of his creed. But he loved life too well to be unhappy; he saw it too clearly not to know there was nothing wholly good, wholly perfect, wholly without error. The shade passed from his face like the cloud-shadow from the sunlit lane.

"You ask about Mescal," he mused. "There's little more to tell."

"But her father—can you tell me more of him?"

"Little more than I've already told. He was evidently a man of some rank. I suspected that he ruined his life and became an adventurer. His health was shattered when I brought him here, but he got well after a year or so. He was a splendid, handsome fellow. He spoke very seldom and I don't remember ever seeing him smile."

His favorite walk was the river trail. I came upon him one day and found him dying. He asked me to have a care of Mescal. And he died muttering a Spanish word, a woman's name, I think."

"I'll cherish Mescal the more," said Hare.

"Cherish her, yes. My Bible will this day give her a name. We know she has the blood of a great chief. Beautiful she is and good. I raised her for the Mormon Church, but God disposes after all, and I—"

A shrill screeching sound split the warm stillness, the long-drawn-out bray of a burro.

"Jack down the lane. If it isn't Noddle!"

Under the shady line of the red wall a little gray burro came trotting leisurely along with one long brown ear standing straight up the other hanging down over his nose.

"By George! it's Noddle!" exclaimed Hare. "He's climbed out of the canon. Won't this please Mescal?"

"Hey Mother Mary!" called Naab, toward the cabin. "Send Mescal out. Here's a wedding-present."

With laughing wonder the women-folk flocked out into the yard. Mescal hung back shy-eyed roses dyeing the brown of her cheeks.

"Mescal's wedding-present from Thunder River. Just arrived!" called Naab cheerily yet deep-voiced with the happiness he knew the tidings would give. "A dusty-dirty shaggy, starved lop-eared, lazy burro—Noddle!"

Mescal lew out into the lane, and with a strange broken cry of joy that was half a sob she fell upon her knees and clasped the little burro's neck. Noddle wearily flapped his long brown ears, wearily nodded his nose; then evidently considering the incident closed, he went lazily to sleep.

"Noddle! dear old Noddle!" murmured Mescal, with far-seeing, thought-mirroring eyes. "For you to come back to-day from our canon! . . . Oh! The long dark nights with the thunder of the river and the lonely voices! . . . they come back to me. . . . Wolf, Wolf, here's Noddle, the same faithful old Noddle!"

August Naab married Mescal and Hare at noon under the shade of the cottonwoods. Eschta, magnificent in robes of state, stood up with them. The many members of Naab's family and the grave Navajos formed an attentive circle around them. The ceremony was brief. At its close the Mormon lifted his face and arms in characteristic invocation.

"Almighty God, we entreat Thy blessing upon this marriage. Many and inscrutable are Thy ways; strange are the working of Thy will; wondrous the purpose which Thou hast brought this man and this woman together. Watch over them in the new path they are to tread, help them in the trials

to come; and in Thy good time, when they have reached the fulness of days, when they have known the joy of life and rendered their service, gather them to Thy bosom in that eternal home where we all pray to meet Thy chosen ones of good; yea, and the evil ones purified in Thy mercy.—Amen."

Happy congratulations of the Mormon family a merry romp of children flinging flowers, marriage-dance of singing Navajos—there, with the feast spread under the cotton-woods, filled the warm noon-hours of the day.

Then the chief Eschta raised his lofty form, and turned his eyes upon the bride and groom.

"Eschta's hundred summers smile in the face of youth. The arm of the

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DIVIDED THE HOUSES

Lord Dewar, an enthusiastic big game hunter, delights to tell the story of a Manchester business man, who paid a visit to a planter friend in Uganda, who was a keen sportsman. Not without considerable misgiving the visitor allowed himself to be prevailed upon to go lion hunting. His first night in the jungle was a sleepless one. Next morning the two friends started out early and had gone but a short distance when they came upon fresh tracks which the enthusiastic sportsman identified as being those of a full-grown lion.

"Tell you what we had better do," said the Manchester man, brightly. "You go ahead and see where he went, and I'll go back and see where he came from!"

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Dodd's Kidney Pills can be obtained from all druggists.

The Heritage Of The Desert

Continued from Page Ten

White Chief is strong; the kiss of the Flower of the Desert is sweet. Let Mescal and Jack rest their heads on one pillow and sleep under the trees, and chant with the dawn brightens in the east. Out of his wise years the Navajo bids them love while they may. Daughter of my race, take the blessing of the Navajo."

Jack lifted Mescal upon Black Bolly and mounted Silvermane. Piute grinned till he shook his earrings and started the pack burros toward the plateau trail. Wolf pattered on before, turning his white head, impatient of delay. Amid tears and waving of hands and cheers they began the zigzag ascent.

When they reached the old camp on the plateau the sun was setting behind the Painted Desert. With hands closely interwoven they watched the color fade and the mustering of purple shadows.

Twilight fell. Piute raked the red roils from the glowing centre of the camp-fire. Wolf crouched all his long white length his sharp nose on his paws, watching Mescal. Hare watched her, too. The night shone in her eyes, the light of the fire, the old brooding mystic desert-spirit, and something more. The thump of Silvermane's hobbled hoofs was heard in the darkness; Bolly's bell jangled musically. The sheep were bleating. A lonesome coyote barked. The white stars blinked out of the blue and the night breeze whispered softly among the cedars.

(THE END)

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