CHAPTER IX.

"Over the Hills and Far Away." Recognition—or some other more potent instantaneous force—brought the woman to a sitting position. The man drew back to give her freedom of action, as she lifted herself on her hands. It was moments before complete consciousness of her situation plete consciousness of her situation plete consciousness was yet.

The approximation of the state of the too great, she saw things dirily through a whirl of driving rain, of a rushing mighty wind, of a seething sea of water, but presently it was all season water. plain to her again. She had caught plain to her again. She had caught no fair view of the man who had shot the bear as he splashed through the creek and tramped across the rocks creek and tramped across the rocks and trees down the canon, at least she had not seen him full face, but she recognized him immediately. The thought tinged with color for a mement her pallid cheek.

"You don't have to walk." said the man.

ment her pallid cheek.

"I fell into the torrent," she said feebly, putting her hand to her head and striving by speech to put aside that awful remembrance.

"You didn't fall in," was The answer, "it was a cloudburst, you were caught in it."

"I didn't know."

He did not make any apology for his next action, he just stooped down and, disregarding her faint procests and objections, picked her up in his arms. She was by no means a light burden, and he did not run away with her as the heroes of romances do.

But he was a man far beyond the average in strength, and with a stout

"I didn't know." 'Of course not, how should you?" "And how came I here?"
"I was lucky enough to pull you

"Did you jump into the flood for

The man nodded.

"The man norded.
"That's twice you have saved my life this day," said the girl, forcing herself, womanlike, to the topic that swiftly, there was nothing else the dod. "It's nothing," deprecated the oth-

she had no choice, she could not have been left alone there in the rocks in that rain, she could not walk. He

was doing the only thing possible. The

compulsion of the inevitable was upon them both.

der, until he was ready to resume his

task. He did not bother her with ex-planation, discussion or other conver-sation, for which she was most thank-

ful. Once or twice during the slow progress she tried to walk, but the

and she found it, after all, pleasant to

be upheld by such powerful arms; she was so sick, so tired, so worn out,

By and by, in the last stage of their

journey, her head dropped on his shoulder and she actually fell into ar

uneasy troubled sleep. He did not know whether she slumbered or

strength was almost spent; in this last

effort the strain upon his muscles was almost as great as it had been in the whirlpool. For the second time that day the sweat stood out on his forehead, his legs trembled under him.

How he made the last five hundred

feet up the steep wall to a certain broad shelf perhaps an acre in extent where he had built his hut among the mountains, he never knew; but the last remnant of his force was spent

when he finally opened the unlatched foor with his foot, carried her in the log hut and laid her upon the bed or

bunk built against one wall of the

Yet the way he put her down was characteristic of the man. That last restige of strength had served him well. He did not drop her as a less thoughtful and less determined man might have done, he laid her there as really and as trendral to the server of t

gently and as tenderly as if she weighed nothing, and as if he had car-ried her nowhere. So quiet and easy was his handling of her that she did

sot wake up at once.
So soon as she was out of his arms,

whether she had fainted again.

"It may be nothing to you, but it is a great deal to me," was the answer. "And now what is to be done?" "We must get out of her at once," said the man. "You need shelter, food, a fire. Can you walk?"

"I don't know."

"Let me help you." He rose to We must get out of her at once,"

"Let me help you." He rose to his feet, reached down to her, took her hands in the strong grasp of his own and raised her lightly to her feet in an effortless way which showed his great strength. She did not more than put the weight of her body slightly on her left foot when a spasm of pain shot through her, she swerved and would have fallen had he not caught her. He sat her gently on the be

"My foot," she said piteously. "I and there was such assurance of m't know what's the matter with it." strength and safety in his firm hold of on't know what's the matter with it." stre Her high boots were tightly laced, her. of course, but he could see that her left foot had been badly mauled or sprained; already the slender ankle was swelling visibly. He examined it swiftly a moment. It might be a sprain, it might be the result of some wiolent thrust against the rocks, some whirling tree trunks might have caught and crushed her foot,

there was no good in speculating as to causes, the present patent fact was that she could not walk; all the rest was at that moment unimportant.

This unfortunate accident made him the more anxious to get her to a place of shelter without delay. It would be necessary to take off her proper treatment. the tight shoe acted as a bandage, which was well.

When the man had withdrawn himself from the world, he had inwardly resolved that no human being should ever invade his domain or share his solitude, and during his long sojourn in the wilderness his determination had not weakened. Now his coming desire was to get this woman whom fortune—good or ill!—had thrown upon his hands to his house without delay. There was nothing he could do for her out there in the rais. Every drop of whiskey was gone, they were just two half-drowned, sodden bits of humanity cast up on that rocky shore, and one was a helpless

"Do you know where your camp

is?" he asked at last. He did not wish to take her to her own camp, he had a strange instinct of possession in her. In some way he felt he had obtained a right to deal with her as he would, he had saved. with her as he would, he had saved her life twice, once by chance, the other as the result of deliberate and beroic endeavor, and yet his honor and his manhood obliged him to offer to take her to her own people if he could. Hence the question, the answer to which he waited so eagerly. "It's down the canon. I am one of Robert Maitland's party."

The man nodded, he didn't know

bert Maitland from Adam, and he cared nothing about him.
"How far down?" he asked.

"I don't know, how far is it from!

"About a mile," he replied, quickly ing.

THE END OF A ZEPPELIN OFF THE NORFOLK COAST



The Sphere writes that dawn was just breaking when this Zeppelin was brought down in flames off the Norfolk coast, and says: a Cheers rose from the thousands of spectators grouped along the coast as the big terror was seen to burst into a mass of flame and sink gradually into the sea." In the above view of the incident the nose of the Zeppelin is seen pointing to the left. No searchlights were played upon the vessel, as the light of dawn enabled the Zeppelin to be seen.

slightest pressure on her wounded foot nearly caused her to faint. He made no complaint about his burden

He bent down to where her wound-

Wait," said the girl, lifting herself on her arm, and as she did so he lift-ed his head and answered her direct gaze with his own. "I am a woman, absolutely alone, entirely at your mercy; you are stronger than I, I have no choice but to do what you bid me. And in addition to the natural weakness of my sex I am the more helpless from this foot. What do you intend to do with me? How do you mean to treat me?

It was a bold, a splendid question, and it evoked the answer it merited. "As God is my judge," said the man quietly, "just as you ought to be treated, as I would want another to treat my mother, or my sister, or my wife"—she noticed how curiously his lips suddenly tightened at that word if I had one. I never harmed a wom-an in my life." he continued more earnestly, "only one that is," he cor-rected himself, and once again she marked that peculiar contraction of the lips. "And I could not help that," he added.

"I trust you," said the girl at last,

"I trust you," said the girl at last, after gazing at him long and hard as if to search out the secrets of his very soul. "You have saved my life and things dearer will be safe with you. I have to trust you."

"I hope," came the quick comment, "that it is not only for that. I don't want to be trusted upon compulsion."

"You must have fought terribly for my life in the flood," was the answer.

"I can remember what it was now, and you carried me over the rocks and the mountains without faltering. Only a man could do what you have done. I trust you anyway."

So soon as she was out of his arms, as stood up and stared at her in great alarm, which soon gave way to reassurance. She had not fainted, there was alittle tinge of color in her cheek that had rubbed up against his rough hunting cost; she was asleep, her regular breathing told him that. Sleep was of course the very best of medical the man briefly was of course the very best of medical the man briefly as he bent over the injured foot again. The sirl nodded.

"I couldn't carry you that far," he murmured half to himself: "I question if there is any camp left there any was, Where was it, down by the waters edge?"

"Teg,"

"Te

wondering how best to begin. Then realizing the necessity for immediate action, he bent over her and woke here up. Again she stared at him in bewilderment until he spoke.

"This is my house," he said, "we wildow men!" sobbed the girl.

"Under shelter, then," said the man." "You are very tired and very sleepy, but there is something to be done; you must take off those wet clothes at once, you must have something to eat, and I must have a look at that foot, and then you can have your sleep out."

The girl stared at him, his program, if a radical one would and the man if a radical one would have can man a light Mexican blanket and laid it considerately across the girl.

"Now if you can manage of his gentle, the had been a doctor one would have called it professional."

"I am going to find out if there is anything more than a bruise, any bones broken."

The girl stared at him, his program, "Now if you can manage is a radical one would have can manage in the matter."

"I am going to find out if there is anything more than a bruise, any bones broken."

The girl stared at him, his program, if a radical one would have called it professional.

"I am going to find out if there is anything more than a bruise, any bones broken."

The girl stared at him, his program, "Now if you can manage is a radical one what's the matter."

The girl stared at him, his program, if a radical one under the circumstances, was nevertheless a rational one, indeed the only one. How was it to be carried out? The man easily divined her thoughts.

"There is another room in this house, a store room. I cook in there," he said. "I am going in there now to get you something to eat; meanwhile you must undress yourself and go to bed."

He went to a rude set of box-like shelves draped with a curtain, apparently his own handivork, against the wall, and brought from it a long and somewhat shapeless woolen gown.

"You can wear this to sleep in," he continued. "First of all, though, I am be done," he said, turning away.

It was the work of a few seconds for her to comply with his request. Hanging the wet stocking carefully over a chair back, he drew back the blanket a little and carefully inspected the poor little foot. He saw at once that it was not an ordinary sprained ankle, but it seemed to him that her foot had been caught between two tossing logs, and had been badly bruised. It was very painful, but would not take so long to heal as a sprain. The little foot, normally so white, was now black and blue and the skin had been roughly torn and broken. He brought a basin of cold continued. "First of all, though, I am going to have a look at that foot."

He bent down to where he is the skin had been roughly torn and broken. He brought a basin of cold water and a towel and washed of the water and a towel and washed off the blood, the girl fighting down the pain and successfully stifling any outery.

"Now," he said, "you must put on this gown and get into bed. By the time you are ready for it I will have some broth for you and then we will bandage that foot. I shall not come In here for some time, you will be quite alone and safe."

He turned and left the room, shut-

ting the door after him has be went out. For a second time that day Enid Maitland undressed herself and this time nervously and in great haste. She was almost too excited and ap-prehensive to recall the painful circumstances attendant upon her first disrobing. She said she trusted the man absolutely, yet she would not have been human if she had not looked most anxiously toward that closed door. He made plenty of noise in the other room, bustling about as if to reassure her.

She could not yest the weight of

She could not rest the weight of her body on her left foot, and getting rid of her wet clothes was a somewhat slow process in spite of her hurry, made more so by her extreme nervousness. The gown he gave her was far too big for her, but soft and warm and exquisitely clean. It drapwas far too big for her, but solt and warm and exquisitely clean. It draped her slight figure completely. Leaving her sodden garments where they had fallen, for she was not equal to anything else, she wrapped herself in the folds of the big gown and managed to get into bed. For all its rude appearance it was a very comfortable sleeping place; there were springs and a good mattress. The unbleached sheets were clean, although they had been rough dried; there was a delicious sense of comfort and rest in her position. She had scarcely composed herself when he knocked loud upon her door.

"May I come in?" he asked.

When she bade him enter she saw he had in his hand a saucepan full of some steaming broth. She wondered was a trained to be left alone with this rain; you have risked enough for me, you, must wait until the morning; I shall feel better then."

"But think of the anxiety of your triends."
"I can't help it," was the nervous a strained to be left alone."
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"I can't help it," was the nervous a strained to be left alone."

some steaming broth. She wondered bow he had made it in such a hurry, but after he poured it into a granite-ware cup and offered it to her, she took it without guestion. It was thick, warming and nourishing, He stood by her and insisted that she take more and more. Finally she rebelled.

these repeated applications of hot wa ter. After a while he applied a healing lotion of some kind, then he took his long roll of bandage and wound it dexterously around her foot. drawing it too close to prevent circulation, but just tight enough for support, then as he finished she drew it back beneath the cover.



rriends."
"I can't help it," was the nervous reply. "I am afraid to be left alone here at night."
Her voice trembled; he was fearful she would have a nervous breakdown.
"Very well," he said soothingly, "I will not leave you till the morning."
"Where will you stay?"
"The hake a shekedown for myself."



The dawn of "More Bread and Better Bread" arrived the day the sun first shone on

10 years of better home-made bread.

"MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD"

in the store room," he answered, "I shall be right within call at any time."

It had grown dark outside by this time and the two in the log hut could be made agreed to Home Rule for

could, hung them over the backs of chairs and the table, which he drew as near to the fire as was safe. Having completed this unwonted task he turned to the woman who had watched him curiously and nervously the while.

"Is there anything more that I can

He threw his hand out with a depre-

cating gesture.

"Are you quite comfortable?"

"Yes."

"And your foot?"

"Seems very much better."
"Good night, then. I will call you in the morning."

"Good night," said the girl gratefully, "and God bless you for a true and noble man."

(To be continued)

A deputation of five Doukhobors

were recently assurred by Hon. Arthur Meighen that no interference with the privileges enjoyed by the Doukhobors way intended in the Na-tional Service movement.



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CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION

Nearly all our minor ailments, and many of the serious ones, too, are traceable to some disorder of the stomach, liver, and bowels. If you wish to avoid the mis-eries of indigestion, acidity, heartburn,

ries of indigestion, acidity, heartburn, flatulence, headaches, constipation, and a host of other distressing ailments, you must see to it that your stomach, liver and bowels are equal to the work they have to do. It is a simple matter to take 30 drops of Mother Seigel's Syrup daily, after meals, yet thousands of former sufferers have banished indigestion, biliousness, constipation, and all their distressing consequences in just this simple tressing consequences in just this simple way. Profit by their experience. As a digestive tonic and stomachic remedy, Mother Seigel's Syrup is unsurpassed.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

THE NEW 1.00 SIZE CONTAINS 3 TIMES AS MUCH AS THE TRIAL SIZE SOLD AT 50c PER INSTILE.

Then he went over to the fireplace, struck a match, touched it to the kindling under the huge logs already prepared, and in a moment a cheerful blaze was roaring up through the blaze was roaring up through the chimney. Then he picked up from the floor where she had cast them in a heap her bedraggled garments. He straightened them out as best could, hung them over the backs of chairs and the table which he draw properties the could, hung them over the backs of part of Livonia, which includes Rega. part of Livonia, which includes Rega,

Charlottetown, P. E. I., has started "Nothing. You have been as kind a campaign to raise \$50,000 for Pa-and as gentle as you were strong and triotic purposes.

## Church Directory

SUNDAY SERVICES

UNITED BAPTIST CHURCH

Rev. S. Grav Morning service, 11 a m. Sunday School, 2.30 p. m. Preaching service, Derby, 3 p. m. Evening service, Newcastle, 7 p. m. Mid-Week Service — Wednesday Prayer and testimony meeting 7.30

Young People's Guild Thursday

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH Angucan nev. W. J. Bate

Holy Communion—Every Sunday at 8.00 a. m. and first Sunday in month at 11.00 a. m. Morning and Evening Prayer-Ma-tins at 11.00 (except 3rd Sunday in month, no service.) Evensors at 7.00.

Daily Prayers 7.30 a. m., and 5.30 p. m. Wednesday Evensong 7.30.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH (Catholic)

Low Mass with sermon, etc., High Mass, with sermon, etc. 11.00 Mass every morning at 7.00 o'clock. St. Aloysius Society for boys, 1.30 Children baptized, when there

baptisms, 2.00 p. m. Sunday School Classes, 2.30 p. m. Vespers, with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, etc., 7.00 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH Rev. Dr. Squires Sunday Services 11.00 c. m. and 7.00

rayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 7.30 p. m. St. James Presbyterian Church Rev. S. J. Macarthur, M. A., B. I

Worship, Sunday, 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 Sabbath School, 2.30 p. m. SALVATION ARMY

.Holiness Meeting—11 a. m. Proise and Testimony Meeting—3.06 p. m. Public Meetings-Tuesdays. Thurs-

