

## THE CALL OF HONOUR

And next moment he did a curious thing. He called Tracker from where he was lying, at a little distance beside White Fang, and unbuckled the dog's heavy leather collar.

"If you are Bray of Beaver Creek, then my troubles are at an end this very moment," he said cheerfully. "Your knife, please, Hansard."

Jack's hunting-knife was passed over, whereupon Dan proceeded to slash the sewing that bound the two layers of leather together. And when the collar was laid open, he took therefrom something that looked like a sheet of thin parchment folded lengthways.

"It was put in through an opening in the point of the strap, but this is the quickest way to extract it," he explained to the onlookers, who were observing the operation with close and wondering interest.

Jack was the first to guess the riddle.

"A letter!" he exclaimed with delight.

"A cipher for 'Mark Bray of Beaver Creek,'" added Dan quietly, as he handed over the paper. "It was the safest hiding-place that I could think of. Even White Fang did not know the treasure that Tracker guarded ever since that night when Red Hand tried to kill the Cree."

Geoff's eyes were sparkling with appreciation of the clever dodge, as Dan handed the parchment to Bray, together with the letter that he had taken from Joe Petrie.