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CHAPTER XIII

Star or Camp-Fire?

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and long before Lewis and Clark rander Thompson came this way, before Columbus found a Carib or Leif Ericson his Vinland, long ago again, immeasurable ages, fak range had stood, to the sun be moon and the uncounted stars, out them-a wasty range, a surge ving us to get m on know from son e afraid to tell oking really is." a few individu

time?

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e R, N. NCOATS AND COATS. to \$22.50. oice \$8.75.

BRASSIER ailored to order glish goods.

G 75

We are in a whole little valley of them; and the trail has left the creek, so we have not it to guide us. We must think," and he proceeded to do so, standing bent forward on his staff, weighted with his camping load.

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By Frederick Niven

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They threw down their packs and sat on them a little spell before making camp. They said not a word for some time. Then Piccolo pointed to the oppo-site shore and ran his finger upward to indicate a cone-shaped peak with only a small wedge of anow upon it. "It's up there," said he, and rising he began to whittle a stick to start the evening fire. "Well Pic, tomorrow I'll show you how to build a raft," said Angus. "I a hundred rafts all along the shore here." Piccolo stopped in his task. He had lit the whittled end of the fire-lighter. "Wouldn't the cance be better?" he emquired. "I don't want to seem argu-mentative, sir-I mean Scotty-but-"" "I have no skill in cances." said Angus. Then said Piccolo, lightly: "Before I came west, because I had seen photo-graphs of high-saddled horses, I worked at Peterboro', making cances. I could make one out of birch-bark--" "Piccolo, Piccolo! Oh, you interest-ing twig of a body! Telegraph operator. contortionist, outlitter, cance specialist! You are, as ye micht say, a jim-dandy!" The day ebbed away from the peaks. All the humps and rolls fell into one tone of darkness. The supper over, Pic-colo, who had strayed some way from the little flame of their fire, called to Angus. " hat a gtar or a camp-fire?".



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