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"California Syrup of Figs"

Delicious Laxative for Child's Liver and Bowels

Hurry, mother! A teaspoonful of "California" Syrup of Figs today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. If your child is constipated, bilious, feverish, fretful, has cold, colic, or if stomach is sour, tongue coated, breath bad, remember a good "physic-laxa-

tive" is often all that is necessary. Children love the "fruity" taste of genuine "California" Syrup of Figs which has directions for babies and children printed on the bottle. Say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup. Beware!

The Gift of the Storm

By E. C. Cuming
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that for several hours perhaps, she would be unable to attend herself and to do the necessary things to gain her strength. During his absence the fire, which meant life on such a night, would be untended and go out and that meant that the girl would simply die in his shack rather than out on the prairie. Yet, another life was in danger and by the unwritten law of these great wastes it demanded that every effort possible be put forward to give succor and perhaps rescue.

"Your father," he said in astonishment, "My God, was there someone else with you?"

The strangeness of the voice, together with the warmth of the building seemed once more to arouse the girl, partially at least, and looking around as though to get her bearings, she gazed into the face of her rescuer with a look of enquiry.

"Just try and remember something," he continued, and let me know how you came here, you know. Who was with you at the time, where did you land. I can't do much now, I'm afraid, but we'll try if you will let me know something of what happened."

"Oh, yes," she cried. "Father was with me and he's out there somewhere. Do try and save him! The cutter—you'll find that somewhere near I am sure. We got off the trail and were lost when we ran into your line."

"Now, I don't know who you are, and

that it could not be an ordinary drift, for the wind was against such a condition, and he argued that something must be covered up by the storm. Almost furiously he dug away as though he had taken leave of his senses, and oblivious to the fact that his hands had become numb with the biting cold, he refused to give up. Kicking, digging, and clearing for what seemed to be an interminable period, he at last encountered something hard in the snow. With a renewed effort he cleared away, until he came upon the body of the cutter tilted to one side. Not waiting to investigate the cause or to find the horse, he searched for its occupant. Sitting on the seat thrown to one side by the jar, was the man who had succumbed to the overwhelming desire for sleep that the cold and blizzard had brought on. It was impossible to rouse the man, and realizing that it was best to get him to the house immediately, Coleman shouldered the burden and started out on his homeward trip.

One of the peculiarities of the western blizzard is the fact that, often for a period of several minutes, the storm will subside and become a calm and, except for the smaller flakes of snow, the land becomes clear. Such a happy miracle occurred for the rescuer and grasping the opportunity he looked around for the direction of the shack. Realizing that the lull would be of short duration, Coleman made for the light that had suddenly become visible with all possible speed. He arrived just in time, for as though it were angry that it had been cheated of a victim, it came



The Christmas Community spirit cheerfully exemplified

we'll attend to the introduction afterwards, don't you know, but you'll find things here to make yourself some tea and things, and if you are stronger later on, just help yourself and try and get ready for us when we get in. Hold on now with all you have, and I'll do my best to find your father."

The strength of the man seemed to rally her and she watched him as he went out for his second battle with the blizzard. Once more he found himself facing the storm and, for what seemed hours, continued his search. Several times he found himself coming back over the same ground, and more than once the line led him back to his own door. Again and again, he was tempted to give up the struggle as being futile, but then he had learned by his past experience to face what seemed for the time the impossible, and he decided that he would keep on as long as his strength and the wind within him held out. He knew, that whatever happened, he could never face the unknown girl back there in the shack and confess failure, and something of the blood of his fathers held him to the struggle. Somewhere, within perhaps a few yards of his own door, a man who was nearly related to her was dying in the cold, and while she was a stranger that had been thrown up by the storm, yet she was a woman in distress and that meant to Coleman that everything had to be sacrificed on her behalf. Thus, again and again, he stumbled on falling and rising again until, almost unexpectedly, he came upon what seemed at first a huge heap of snow. He realized at once

back with all its fury as he banged the door in the face of the howling demon.

The girl had made good use of the time at her disposal, and had accepted the invitation of her host to help herself and make ready against their return. Her experiences, though trying, had by no means proved dangerous and, while pale and trembling at the thought of what might have been, and at the sight of her unconscious father, she steeled herself with an effort and was ready for the emergency.

"This is an awful night to be out in," Coleman said, with an effort at conversation. "I'm afraid your father had the worst of it, don't you know. Seems to be frozen stiff, and all that. We'll have to do what we can to bring him around and get a doctor when the storm goes down a bit."

Quickly they made their investigation and found that the unfortunate man had become so badly frozen about the hands and face that it would be some time before they would be able to bring him back to consciousness. Together they worked for an hour with all the remedies that they knew to bring life back into the whitened hands and feet, but with apparently no result. Coal oil, snow, water and some brandy that the man had in the shack, were used and even now it seemed as though they were to be robbed of the life for which such a fight had been made. With a face that was blanched with terror, and with a forgetfulness that put aside all conventions, they fought out together the battle with death, and that with no encouragement from the unconscious man.