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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE GUIDE

Some uncontrollable impulse moved her lips before she was aware that she was crying "Gare, don't go! Don't leave me!" Unconsciously, her open palms pressed the pane as if they would faintly glide forth to the riverbed and draw Redmond back. But he did not turn in the soggy trail and could not see the dark, beautiful eyes in the clutch of that nameless fear.

III. It was morning. Roderick MacBane figured at his desk. Ravonne Beauvelt sat upon a bale labelled "H. B. C." and smoked meditatively. Through the open door he cast furtive glances towards the ridge over which his nephews must come from the Delaride Valley. In his heart, he wished they would appear. He wanted to prove for once that the obstinate, old Scotch head was wrong, but his mind was suddenly diverted by the impetuous entry of Pierre Durand, one of the trappers who had returned to Poste Du Croix during the last few days.

Pierre danced across the floor like a lumberman skipping from the falling breast of a log jam. "Le paquet!" he screamed in a joyous frenzy—"le paquet!" He flung up his leather cap with a force that knocked down three bundles of candles hanging from the log ceiling. Their binding strings broke and they fell in a heap like a handful of jackstraws. "Whist!" yelled the factor, "ye dizzy fule. Now ye've broken four can'les. Ye'll buy them yersef' an' I'll take it out of the furs. Where's the packet?"

"On de Beeg Bend," said the half-breed, Pierre. "She come ovaire de trail w'en ah pass de riviere." He ran back out of the door, his excitement not a whit restrained by the new debt which his impulsiveness had contracted.

"Ici—bas!" he howled. "She be in de Poste. Holla!—Mangard." MacBane and Ravonne stepped quickly to the door. Sure enough, Mangard Gironne was toiling up the slope which marked the limits of Poste Du Croix. His forehead steamed as much as his water-slashed shoe-packs, the cord of the toboggan bit deeply into his bulky chest; while his snowshoes, quite useless for the soft trail, were lashed with his mackinaw coat on top of the mail packet.

In the space of a few seconds a crowd of inhabitants had gathered, seemingly from nowhere. A dozen men dashed forward and took the rope from the tired tripper, drawing his load up to the store.

The old factor forgot his dignity so far as to run half-way down the road to shake hands with Mangard.

"I feared ye were droon'd, mon," he said. "Ye've had the deil's ain time?" "Very bad tam," Mangard answered wearily. "De spreeng, she be come vite; de paquet she ver' late at Temiskaming; de trails mauvais, tres mauvais! Ah go troo ice h'on Dead Wolf lac; lose de paquet; tak' t'ree days find her weed hook of ma' belt h'on pole. De wataire she not ver' deep, mais de ice sheeft an' sheeft. Ah have wait till de hole w're tobog' an' paquet sink she be open. Den Ah pole me h'on ice-cak' to dat spot, an' feesh for her lak salmon. Tak' t'ree days find her!"

"What!" cried the astonished factor. "Mon, d'ye mean that? Ye'll no be tellin' me ye were sae fulehardie as to gang back on the lake after ye had gone doon once? Ye no puddledfroun' on an ice-cake till ye pulled out the packet?"

MacBane's startled questions came in rapidfire, undertoned by an odd excitement.

"Oui!" cried Mangard, drawing himself up with a certain dignity—born of wilderness pride. "M'sieu, de paquet mus' go h'on, no mattaire w'at happens. De Compagnie, dey say. 'Tak' her troo!—tak' de paquet troo!' An' Mangard tak' her troo' w'ile he levee."

The factor looked at him in undisguised admiration, and turned to Ravonne Beauvelt.

"Shake hands w' him, Ravonne," he urged in genuine joy. "He has half yer ain blood, an' I'm proud of him—very proud! I maun speak to the chief deestric factor about this. Ye'll no gang unrewarded, Mangard!"

Amid the general hubbub and awakened interest of the inhabitants upon the arrival of the mail, Lucille pushed through the crowded trading room to MacBane's desk and asked for Monsieur Redmond's mail.

Her tone was low, but Father Laconde stood near, and his sharp ears caught the words. He saw, too, the mantling flush that rose to the girl's cheeks at MacBane's

broad smile as he handed out a parcel of papers and letters.

Lucille fled like a frightened bird, but the priest followed her quickly to the road.

"Daughter!" he called.

She turned nervously, with Garry's mail pressed close against a beating heart.

"Where is Redmond?" asked the priest. "How do I find you getting his letters? Where is he?"

"He has gone to his claims," Lucille said. "He is coming back to-morrow night. I got his mail at his own request."

"Gone!" Laconde echoed softly—and he returns to-morrow night. Forgive me, daughter, for my anxiety, but the shepherd must watch his flock. All, no doubt, is well! Yet unceasing vigilance on the part of a priest saves many a broken heart."

"You surely don't doubt Garry!" exclaimed Lucille, somewhat defiantly.

"It is not doubting," answered the priest, turning thoughtfully away, "but I fear strangers."

Lucille ran home, a vague pain which came from nowhere eating at her heart. And into the slight wound which Laconde's vague fears had caused the sharp edge of suspicion entered like a wedge that was driven home with all cruelty by what she found in Garry Redmond's mail.

It was the first letter of the pile. He had bidden her open his missives, dreaming no less than Lucille of what her eyes would meet. The letter was not long. Indeed, its very brevity strengthened its vital significance. It read—

"Garry, Garry, Garry,—You foolish boy. I'm beginning to think you are lost or that something dreadful has happened. You know the marriage was set for the 30th before you left. It is now the 1st, and I am wholly absorbed in the intricacies of trousseaus. 'Daddy' is wild. You know you are the only one he will have! He vows that if this does not bring you, he will start north. Of course, I couldn't allow that, so come at once—no matter where this reaches you. The wedding must absolutely take place on the 30th.

"Here's to the joy!"

"ALICE." Its suggestiveness was brutal. Lucille slipped to her knees before the fireplace and gazed into the coals with wide, horror-stricken eyes, and with the demon of jealousy and hate raging in her heart. (Concluded next week.)

"A WOMAN AS WAS A WOMAN"

A great deal has been heard in praise of the men who went down with the Titanic, but there were women heroes aboard the ill-fated steamer too, as the following will show:

New York, April 19.—One able-bodied seaman who shipped aboard the Titanic when she left Southampton, is tired and a little listless and subdued from the things he lived through last Monday, but his eyes light up and his speech becomes animated when you ask him what part the women played in the terrifying hours before the Titanic sank.

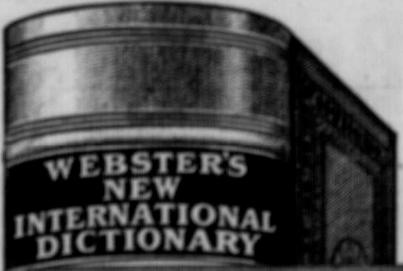
"There was a woman in my boat as was a woman," he said yesterday, straightening up. "She was the Countess Rothes and let me tell you about her. I was one of those who was ordered to man the boats and my place was in No. 8.

"There were thirty-five of us in that boat, mostly women, but there were some men along. I was to command, but I had to row and I wanted some one at the tiller. And I saw the way she was carrying herself and I heard the quiet, determined way she spoke to the others and I knew she was more of a man than any we had on board. And I put her in command. I put her at the tiller and she was at the tiller when the Carpathia came along five hours later.

"And there was another woman on board, who was strong in the work we had to do. She was at the oar with me, and though I never learned her name, she was working every minute. It was she who suggested that we should sing.

"I should think we did. We sang as we rowed. We started out with 'Pull for the Shore,' and were still singing when we saw the lights of the Carpathia. Then we stopped singing and prayed."

In Norway there are no lifeboat stations, as we have them. On that fearful coast it is necessary to keep lifeboats constantly afloat, and the Norwegian service is one of the finest in the world.



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