



Another Opinion :

See Your

"With my Dunlop Traction Treads I have gone, to date, 4,000 miles without a puncture or blowout, have never used a chain on them, and to-day they present almost as good an appearance as a new set, and apparently are good for unlim-ited mileage yet. What more could be expected of rubber?"

Garage Man. Current Contraction (Contraction Contraction MARK TRADE OLD-FILLED Watch Cases bearing this mark and the name "Cashier" or "Fortune" have been used by the best jewelers and purchased by discriminating buyers for over 25 years. Honestin gold value ; reliable in service. Sold by reputable jewelers Worn by two million Canadians AMERICAN WATCH CASE CO. CF TORONTO, Limited The Largest Watch Case Manu facturers in the British Empire Contraction of the state of the

O submit to a headache is to waste energy, time and comfort. To stop it at once simply take



000

Your Druggist will confirm our hat they do not contain anything that can harm heart or nervous system. 25c. a box.

CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.

gained far on towards morning over the Musquash pelts, but Oppapago had held out longest, and so obtained his price.

The winter world at dawn therefore did not appear so bad a place to him, and strangely enough within his heart some old hardness against all white men seemed to have melted. To their amazement he offered to take

To their amazement he offered to take Dick Wynn and his wife on to the next stage of their journey. This time the three set out quite as old acquaintances, and the conversa-tion was at times in Cree as well as English, for Nance insisted that the Indian should not be left entirely out of it. She felt that long silences were not altogether good, even for Indians. After a stormy night the morning was sun-gilded. The scent of the frost was in the air; a faint illusive thing as impossible to describe as the breath from a so-called scentless flower. Oppa-pago caught it, and Nance. Wynn agreed with them that it existed— though not for him. though not for him.

He had sometime conceded that there were more, more things in Heaven and Earth, for those who had lived long in the wilds, than were dreamt of in his

the wilds, than were dreamt of in his philosophy. When they could they kept in the blue shadow of trees, to lessen the snow dazzle that now hurt their eyes. Mile on shining mile they left the hills be-hind, and the country of My Lord The Moore Moose.

Moose. Two nights were spent on the road, one in a cedar shelter in the open, the other in the shack of a solitary settler, who welcomed them with the blessed hospitality of the pioneer. Next day they reached a station of the great railroad, and Oppapago waited until the train bore them away. Shading his eyes, he saw it vanish like a smoke wraith down that narrow road of steel that led into the unknown. The unknown—where they belonged—

The unknown—where they belonged— those two—but where he, the Indian runner, could never follow. For a short moment a fierce desire

Funner, could never follow. For a short moment a fierce desire rose within him to go where they had gone—to taste a fuller life, to drink a draught, such as fate had never ye' lifted to his lips. Fiercely, blindly, for that moment he desired—he scarce knew what. . . Then he dropped his hand, swung around, and whistled to his dogs, the sharp clear note that always brought them to their feet. Gathering up the reins, he flicked the wise grey leader, and the gaunt beasts went forward. A letter from the mission of St. Elizabeth reached Sir Richard Wynn some weeks later, and, on the day be-fore he and his wife sailed for England. It was from the Mission Priest, and told of the death of Francois, the half-breed, and the officer of the Mounted Police.

Police

It further said that Wanota, the In-dian woman, who had followed her son and been with him when he died, had been stricken with illness caused by exhaustion and shock, and the Sisters bad taken care of her. The priest as-sured him he could tell Lady Wynn they would take care of her indefinitely, for she would need care. Wanota was better, but her memory of late hap-penings was quite gone. Indeed, she seemed only to remember and speak of the years when she was a child in the teepee of the Chief,—her father. With all, she was very content, he concluded, and the Sisters were well, and he him-self, and all sent them good wishes. Regarding this letter Sir Richard kept his own counsel, though, on the home-It further said that Wanota, the In-

his own counsel, though, on the home-ward voyage he mentioned it to Nance They were on deck, and he had just pointed out to her a low cloudy line on the horizon that he said was their own country.

She leaned forward, her eyes wide and shining.

"I will love it," she said. "I know "I will love it," she said. "I know I will love it, Dick. Scotland, that was my grandfather's home, and Ireland--my mother was born in Ireland--did you know? And England,--that is where you belong; how could I help loving it. The sea-wind blow its soft fragrance

loving it. The sea-wind blew its soft fragrance in their faces, and on the crest of one of the waves a gull rocked to and fro with a flash of silver wings. "We seem very, very far from the North Country of the Foot-hills," Nance said, after a moment. "I often



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE TORONTO, A Residential and Day School for Boys. Royal Military College. Upper and Lower Schools. Calendar sent on application. Re-opens after Easter vacation on April 9, 1912. Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster

IN ANSWIRING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."