

THE ROMANCE OF SIX-MILE CREEK. A Story of the Selkirk Mountains.

If there had been anyone but themselves there to see and hear, it would have been easily discovered that there was a serious difference either of opinion or sentiment, and possibly, indeed, of both, between Tom Miles and Alice Rogers as they walked under the cedars along the ragged, new-made path that ran alongside the Beaver Creek in the Selkirk Mountains...

superlativeness of the charms which inspired such devouring jealousy, and then he turned to Alice, promising to set off on a three-day moose hunt with his companions the next morning, and had kept his word. The train was not to start until eleven at night, and the day and half the night that she would still have to wait seemed like the best part of a week to Alice, in spite of the fact that she tried hard to get away with the time by rehearsing all the nice things that she was prepared to say to him only came back in a reasonable frame of mind.

But at sundown suspense gave place to anxiety, which rapidly grew into positive fear. First came the news by telegraph that the west-bound train had been stopped by a mud-slide three miles out from Beaver Mouth, and all the available men at the station had to be sent down the line to repair the damage. Then, as commonly happens in the Selkirk, a blizzard came roaring down the Beaver Valley, with hardly a moment's warning, and when night fell the darkness was so intense that the men on duty at the station could not see across the line without their lamps. The storm raged for three hours, and then died away as suddenly as it came. The thick clouds hung low on the mountain slopes, and across the valley, and the darkness beneath them was black as ever; and it was not towards ten o'clock Alice's nerves, stung up by the storm and her own anxiety, had got into a state of tension that she groped her way along, stopping every now and then, and holding on to the rail, letting the cold, keen air from the mountains blow on her face and through her hair, cooling her burning skin and the aching head that was too hot even for the shawl she had allowed to fall on her shoulders.

The truth flashed upon her far more clearly than it would be possible to describe her position. She heard the water roaring and foaming twenty feet below her, and every now and then the thumping sound of heavy logs, followed by a crackling and grinding noise. It was plain that the storm had broken up the ice that was still on the lake higher up the mountain, and that the bridge, which had been broken away some of the great cedars that formed the trestles of the bridge. She could see nothing save every now and then a pale, white flash of foam on the swirling water below. She had no notion how far she had come over the bridge, or how wide the gap was, but she did know that the No. 2 would be due at the station in about half an hour, and that she must get back to Six-Mile Creek before it came.

'THE TRIUMPH' HE HAPPY, FRUITFUL... MONEY... MONEY... MONEY...

Every Man Who Has Known the Grand... MONEY... MONEY... MONEY...

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