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"Beaver" Flour is milled of blended wheat. It contains Ontario Fall Wheat (famous for pastry making) blended with Western Spring Wheat to add strength.

You save shortening—and you get a flour that is always the same in quality and strength—when you use "Beaver" Flour, the only kind of flour that is equally good for Bread and Pastry.

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THE T. H. TAYLOR CO. LIMITED, CHATHAM, Ont.

## Serve Save Produce

EVERY ONE CAN do something for his country

Some can bear arms  
Some can produce food  
Some can make munitions  
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It is the privilege of all to help.

YOU CAN SERVE by Fighting—Working—Saving—Giving

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ALL EYES turn now to the Canadian Farmer, for he can render the Empire SPECIAL SERVICE in this sternest year of the war.

But—our farms are badly undermanned—25,000 men are needed on the land.

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Let every man, woman and child in the Dominion who has access to Land, no matter how small the plot, make it produce Food in 1917.

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INFORMATION BUREAU  
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE  
OTTAWA

DOMINION  
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE  
OTTAWA, CANADA.

HON. MARTIN BURRELL, MINISTER.

## The Chalice of Courage

(Continued)  
CHAPTER XX.

The Converging Trails.  
Whatever the feeling of the others, Armstrong found himself unable to sleep that night. It seemed to him that fate was about to play him the meanest and most fantastic of tricks. Many times before in his crowded life he had loved other women, or so he characterized his feelings, but his passion for Louise Rosser Newbold had been a class by itself until he had met Enid Maitland. Between the two there had been many women, but these two were the high points, the rest was lowland.

Once before, therefore, this Newbold had cut in ahead of him and had won the woman he loved. Armstrong had cherished a hard grudge against him for a long time. He had not been of those who had formed the rescue party led by old Kirkby and Maitland which had buried the poor woman on the great butte in the deep canon. Before he got back to the camp the whole affair was over and Newbold had departed. Luckily for him, Armstrong had always thought, for he had been so mad with grief and rage and jealousy that if he had come across him, helpless or not, he would have killed him out of hand.

Armstrong had soon enough forgotten Louise Rosser, but he had not forgotten Newbold. All his ancient animosity had flamed into instant life again, at the sight of his name last night. The inventory of his hatred had been in no way abated by the lapse of time, it seemed.

Everybody in the mining camp had supposed that Newbold had wandered off and perished in the mountains, else Armstrong might have pursued him and hunted him down. The sight of his name on that piece of paper was outward and visible evidence that he still lived. It has almost the shock of a resurrection, and a resurrection to hatred rather than to love. If Newbold had been alone in the world, if Armstrong had chanced upon him in the solitude, he would have hated him, as he did, but when he thought that his ancient enemy was with the man he now loved, with a growing intensity beside which his former resentment seemed weak and feeble he hated him yet the more.

He could not tell when the notice, which he had examined carefully, was written; there was no date upon it, but he could come to only one conclusion. Newbold must have found Enid Maitland alone in the mountains very shortly after her departure, and he had her with him in his cabin alone for at least a month. Armstrong grieved his teeth at the thought. He did not undervalue the personality of Newbold. He had never happened to see him, but he had heard enough about him to understand his qualities as a man. The tie that bound Armstrong to Enid Maitland was a strong one, but the tie by which he held her to him, if indeed he held her at all, was very tenuous and easily broken; perhaps it was broken already, and so he hated him still more and more.

Indeed, his animosity was so great and growing that for the moment he took no joy in the assurance of the girl's safety; yet he was not altogether an unfair man, and in calmer moments he thanked God in his own heart that the woman he loved was alive and well, or had been when the note was written. He rejoiced that she had not been swept away with the flood or that she had not been lost in the mountains and forced to wander on finally to starve and freeze and die. In one moment her nearness caused his heart to throb with joyful anticipation. The certainty that at the first flush of day he should seek her again sent the warm blood to his cheeks. But those thoughts would be succeeded by the knowledge that in his own hand was the life of a man. The tie that bound him to the latest love as he had robbed him of the first? Perhaps the hardest task that was ever laid upon Armstrong was to lie quietly in his sleeping bag and wait until the morning.

So soon as the first indication of dawn showed over the crack of the door, he slipped quietly out of his sleeping bag and without disturbing the others drew on his boots, put on his heavy fur coat and cap and gloves, slung his Winchester and his snow shoes over his shoulder, and without stopping for a bite to eat, softly opened the door, stepped out and closed it after him. It was quite dark in the bottom of the canon, although a few pale gleams overhead indicated the approach of day. It was quite still, too. There were clouds on the mountain top heavy with threat of wind and snow.

The way was not difficult, the direction of it, that is. Nor was the going very difficult at first; the snow was frozen and the crust was strong enough to bear him. He did not need his snow shoes, and, indeed, would have had little chance to use them in the narrow, broken, rocky pass. He had slipped away from the others because he wanted to be first to see the man and the woman. He did not want any witnesses to that meeting. They would have come on later, of course; but he wanted an hour or two in private with Enid and Newbold without any interruption. His conscience was not clear. Nor could he settle upon a course of action.

How much Newbold knew of his former attempt to win away his wife, how much of what he knew he had told Enid Maitland, Armstrong could not surmise. Putting himself into Newbold's place and imagining that the engineer had possessed entire information, he decided that he must have told everything to Enid Maitland as soon as he had found out the exact relation between her and Armstrong. And Armstrong did not believe the woman he loved could be in anybody's presence a month without telling something about him. Still, it was possible that Newbold knew nothing.

## WHY WOMEN WRITE LETTERS

To Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.

Women who are well often ask "Are the letters which the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. are continually publishing genuine?" "Are they truthful?" "Why do women write such letters?"

In answer we say that never have we published a fictitious letter or name. Never, knowingly, have we published an untrue letter, or one without the full and written consent of the woman who wrote it.

The reason that thousands of women from all parts of the country write such grateful letters to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. is that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought health and happiness into their lives, once burdened with pain and suffering.

It has relieved women from some of the worst forms of female ills, from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, nervousness, weakness, stomach troubles and from the blues.

It is impossible for any woman who is in ill health to realize how these poor, suffering women feel when restored to health; their keen desire to help other women who are suffering as they did.

and that he told nothing more. The situation was paralyzing. A man of Armstrong's decided, determined temperament. He could not decide upon the line of conduct he should pursue. His course in this, the most critical emergency he had ever faced, must be determined by circumstances of which he felt with savage resentment he was in some measure the sport. He would have to leave to chance what ought to be subject to his will. Of only one thing he was sure—he would stop at nothing, murder, lying, nothing, to win the woman, and settle his score with that man.

There was really only one thing he could do, and that was to press on up the canon. He had no idea how far it might be or how long a journey he might have to make before he reached that shelf on the high hill where stood that but in which she dwelt. As the crow flies, it could not be a great distance, but the canon zigzagged through the mountains with as many curves and angles as a light-bulb, and he plodded on, therefore, with furious haste, recklessly speering over places where a misstep in the snow or a slip on the icy rocks would have meant death or disaster to him.

He had gone about an hour, and had perhaps made four miles from the camp when the storm burst upon him. It was now broad day, but the air was filled with clouds and the air with driving snow. The wind whistled down the canon with terrific force. It was with difficulty that he made any headway at all against it. It was a local storm; if he could have looked through the snow he would have discovered calmness on the top of the peaks. It was one of those sudden squalls of wind and snow which rage with terrific force while they last, but whose rage is limited, and whose violent duration would be short.

A less determined man than he would have bowed to the inevitable and sought some shelter behind a rock until the fury of the tempest was spent, but there was no storm that could stop this man as long as he had strength to drive against it. So he bent his head to the fierce blast and struggled on. There was something titanic and magnificent about this iron determination and persistence of Armstrong. The two most powerful passions which move humanity were at his service; love led him and hate drove him. And the two were so intermingled that it was difficult to say which predominated, now one and now the other. The resultant of the two forces, however, was an onward move that would not be denied.

His fur coat was soon covered with snow and ice, the sharp needles of the storm cut his face wherever it was exposed. The wind forced its way through his garments and chilled him through which Armstrong struggled forward. As he followed the windings of the canon, not daring to ascend to the summit on which he sought, short cuts across the range, he was sensible that he was constantly rising. There were many indications to his experienced mind; the decrease in the height of the surrounding pines, the increasing rarity of the air, the growing difficulty in breathing under the sustained exertion he was making, the quick throbbing of his accelerated heart, all told him he was approaching his journey's end.

He judged that he must now be drawing near the source of the stream, and that he would presently come upon the shelter. He had no means of ascertaining the time. He would not have dared to unbutton his coat to glance at his watch, and it is difficult to measure the flying minutes in such scenes as those through which he passed, but he thought he must have gone at least seven miles in perhaps three hours, which he fancied had elapsed, his progress in the last two having been frightfully slow. Every foot of his journey he had to fight for.

Suddenly a quick turn in the canon, a passage through a narrow entrance between lofty cliffs, and he found himself in a pocket or a circular amphitheater which he could see was closed on the farther side. The bottom of this enclosure or valley was covered with pines, now drooping under tremendous burdens of snow. In the midst of the pines a lakelet was frozen solid; the ice was covered with the same dazzling carpet of white.

He had never seen anything of this kind before, and he was now stopped as precipitately almost as it had begun. Indeed, accustomed to the glare

ness of the snow, his eyes were fairly dazzled by the bright light of the sun, now quite high over the range, which struck him full in the face.

He stopped, panting, exhausted, and leaned against the rocky wall of the canon's mouth which here rose sheer over his head. This certainly was the end of the trail, the lake was the source of the frozen rivulet along whose rocky and torn banks he had tramped since dawn. Here, if anywhere, he would find the object of his quest.

Refreshed by a brief pause, and encouraged by the sudden stilling of the storm, he stepped out of the canon and ascended a little knoll whence he had a full view of the pocket over the tops of the pines. Shading his eyes from the light with his hand as best he could, he slowly swept the circumference with his eager glance, seeing nothing until his eye fell upon a huge broken trail of rocks projecting from the snow, indicating the ascent to a broad shelf of the mountains across the lake to the right. Following this he saw a huge block of snow which suggested dimly the outlines of a hut!

Was that the place? Was she there? He stared fascinated and as he did so a thin curl of smoke rose above the snow heap and hovered in the cold, quiet air! That was a human habitation, then. It could be none other than the hut referred to in the note. Enid Maitland must be there; and Newbold!

The lake lay directly in front of him beyond the trees at the foot of the knoll, and between him and the slope that led up to the hut. If it had been summer, he would have been compelled to follow the water's edge to the right or to the left; both journeys would have led over difficult trails, with little to choose between them, but the lake was now frozen hard and covered with snow. He had no doubt that the snow would bear him, but to make sure he drew his snow shoes from his shoulder, slipped his feet in the straps, and sped straight on through the trees and across it like an arrow from a bow.

In five minutes he was at the foot of the giant stairs. Kicking off his snow shoes, he scrambled up the broken way, easily finding in the snow



a trail which had evidently been passed and repassed daily. In a few moments he was at the top of the shelf. A hard tramped path ran between high walls of snow to a door!

Behind that door what would he find? Just what he brought to it, love and hate, he fancied. We usually find on the other side of doors more than we are aware of. What he brought to it was love, but we bring to our own sides. But whatever there was there was no hesitation in Armstrong's course. He ran toward it, laid his hand on the latch, and opened it.

What creatures of habit we are! Early in that same morning after one vain attempt again to influence the woman who was now the deciding and determining factor, and who seemed to be taking the man's place, Newbold, ready for his journey, had torn himself away from her presence and had plunged down the giant stair. He had done everything that mortal man could do for her comfort; wood enough to last her for two weeks had been taken from the cave and piled in the kitchen and everywhere so as to be easily accessible to her; the stores she already had the run of, and he had fitted a stout bar to the outer door which would render it impregnable to any attack that might be made against it, although he saw no quarter from which any assault impended.

Enid had recovered not only her strength, but a good deal of her nerve. That she loved this man and that she loved her husband was a fact. She would be fearfully lonely, of course, but not so much afraid as before. The month of immunity in the mountains without any interruptions had dissipated any possible apprehensions on her part. It was with a sinking heart, however, that she saw him go at last.

They had been so much together in that month; they had learned what love was. When he came back it would be different, he would not come alone. The first human being he met would bring the world to the door of the lonely but beloved cabin in the mountains—the world with its quest.



Write to-day for our big FREE CATALOGUE showing our full line of Bicycles for Men and Women, Boys and Girls—Tires, Coasters, Brakes, Lamps, Bells, Cyclometers, Saddles, Equipment and Parts for Bicycles. You can buy your supplies from us at wholesale prices.

T. W. BOYD & SON,  
27 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal.  
11-30

## A Competition for the School Children

of Newcastle, Nelson, Douglastown and Millerton between the ages of 6 and 16 years.



## What Made This Cat Laugh?

The Union Advocate is always ready to do something for the school children and when Mr. W. B. Naylor of the United Producing Co., Ltd. showed us this little interesting problem we felt sure our local children would be more than interested.

Now Children Here are the rules of the competition—FIRST: It costs you nothing to enter. SECOND: Cut out this advertisement and send it along with your answer to the question—What Made This Cat Laugh? THIRD: Be sure and write your answer to "What Made This Cat Laugh?" plainly and don't forget to write underneath the answer your full name and address; your age, the school you attend and the grade you are in.

\$5.00 in Prizes To the First Five Correct answers will be given prizes to the value of \$1.00 each—\$5.00 in all.

Now Children ask your teacher, father, mother, brother, sister, to help you answer "What Made This Cat Laugh?"

All answers must be accompanied by this advertisement and must be sent in not later than Tuesday, April 3rd. Answers received later than this date will not be considered. The results will be announced in the issue of this paper on Thursday, April 5th.

Letters will be carefully numbered consecutively as they come in and the prizes will be awarded to the First Five Correct Answers Received.

Address your answer accompanied by this advertisement to

CHILDREN'S PRIZE DEPARTMENT  
THE UNION ADVOCATE,  
NEWCASTLE, N. B.

tions, its inference, its suspicious, its denunciations and its accusations! Some kind of an explanation would have to be made, some sort of an answer would have to be given, some solution of the problem would have to be arrived at. What these would be she could not tell.

Newbold's departure was like the end of an era to her. The curtain dropped; when it rose again what was to be expected? There was no comfort except in the thought that she loved him. So long as their affections matched and ran together nothing else mattered. With the solution of it all next to her sadly beating heart she was still supremely confident that love, or God—and there was not so much difference between them as to make it worth while to mention the one rather than the other—would find the way.

Their leave taking had been singularly cold and abrupt. She had realized the danger he was apt to incur and she had exacted a reluctant promise from him that he would be careful. "Don't throw your life away, don't risk it even, remember that it is mine," she had urged.

And just as simply as she had enjoined it upon him he had promised. He had given his word that he would send help back to her but that he would bring it back, and she had confidence in that word. A confidence that had been inclined to break his promise would have made it absolutely impossible. There had been a long clasp of the hands, a long look in the eyes, a long breath in the breast, a long throb in the heart and then—farewell. They dared no more.

Once before he had left her and she had stood upon the plateau and followed his vanishing figure with anxious troubled thought until it had been lost in the depths of the forest below. She had controlled herself in this second parting for his sake as well as her own. Under the robes of his grim repression she realized the presence of the coils which a breath would have fanned into flame. She dared nothing while he was there, but when he shut the door behind him the necessity for self-control was removed. She had laid her arms on the table and bowed her head upon them and shook and quivered with emotions unrelieved by a single tear—weeping was for lighter hearts and less severe demands!

His position after all was the easier of the two. As of old it was the man who went forth to the battlefield while the woman could only wait passively the issue of the fight. Although he was half blinded with emotions he had to give some thought to his progress, and there was yet one task to be done before he could set forth upon his journey toward civilization and rescue.

It was fortunate, as it turned out, that this obligation detained him. He was that type of a merciful man whose mercies extended to his beasts. The poor little burros must be attended to and their safety assured so far as it could be, for it would be impossible for Enid Maitland to care for them. Indeed he had already exacted a promise from her that she would leave the plateau and risk her life on the icy stairs with which she was so unfamiliar.

He had gone to the corner and shaken down food enough for them which if it had been doled out 46 them day by day would have lasted longer than the week he intended to be absent; of course he realized that they would eat it up in half that time, but even so they would probably suffer not too great discomfort before he got back. All these preparations took some little time. It had grown somewhat late in the morning before he started. There had been a fierce storm raging when he first looked out and at a earnest solicitation he had delayed his departure until it had subsided.

His works at the corral were at last completed; he had done what he could for them both, nothing "now rendered" but to make the quickest and safest way to the settlement. Shouldering the pack containing his axe and gun and sleeping bag and such provision, would serve to tide him over until he reached home, he stepped forth. He did not look up to the hut, indeed he could not have seen it for the corral was almost directly beneath it, but if it had been in full view he would not have looked back, as

could not trust himself to, every instinct, every impulse in his soul would have dragged him back to that hut and to the woman. It was only his will and, did he but know it, her will that made him carry out his purpose.

He would have saved perhaps half a mile on his journey if he had gone straight across the lake to the mouth of the canon. We are creatures of habit. He had always gone around the lake on the familiar trail and unconsciously he followed that trail that morning. He was thinking of her as he plodded on in a mechanical way while the trail followed the border of the lake for a time, plunged into the woods, wound among the pines, at least reaching that narrow rift in the encircling wall through which the river flowed. He had passed along the trail oblivious to all his surroundings, but as he came to the entrance he could not fail to notice what he suddenly saw in the snow.

(To be continued)

Pta. Ray Hutchins of the 236th N. B. Kitties has been detailed for special recruiting work at Newcastle.