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yet that the other Indians treated her with contempt was clear.

As the days slipped by Christopher came no nearer to solving the problem, and there was so much to do that he gave it little thought. Very soon he found his feet and made friends with the other boys of the same age. Each of them had funny names, but Christopher christened them anew which seemed to please them. There was Old Cockalorum, Son of a Gun, Chief Chickwood and Tommy Tow Toppin, and the days were spent rambling through the woods with their bows and arrows hunting partridge, squirrel, gophers and woodchuck, or fishing in the creek, which contained trout large enough to pull a small boy in. One had merely to drop a colored flower attached to the hook into the water and jerk it along, and one of these huge brutes would come dashing after it.

But as the days passed Christopher picked up various Indian words, and was soon better able to make himself understood. It was from Tommy Tow Toppin that he inquired about Wabawaba, and after a gigantic struggle with words he wrestled the facts out of Tommy that Waba was once a member of the tribe, but that he had done something very bad and was driven out. Thus, like the bank beaver, he was living a solitary life, no home, no colony, no nothing. "And Katwa-Wawa?" inquired Christopher, and then it was that he really learnt something. Katwa was Waba's wife, the wife of the outcast, and thus her lowly position was explained.

That night Christopher did some hard thinking. He was at last able to sum things up more or less accurately. Waba had journeyed north here for a secret glimpse of his dear wife. He had sent Christopher to shoot the burro evidently as a signal to Katwa, and knowing that she would receive money for the animal, money she sorely needed. Thus he had helped her, and Christopher's heart was touched by this realization. He saw how easy it would have been for the Indian to have robbed him of all his money, but evidently this course had never occurred to the simple soul of Waba.

VIII

In the meantime telegrams were flying up and down the route of the Transcontinental Railway. Detectives and railway officials were at work, for both Christopher and his tutor had completely disappeared. The tutor had taken Christopher's advice and quietly bunked. From Banff he had wired to Christopher's uncle that they had arrived safely, then from Vancouver he had taken boat to San Francisco, in short he was no end of a bouncer. It was not till the hydro at Banff wired to Christopher's uncle in response to a whole string of instructions regarding the boy, that neither the boy

nor his tutor had been seen, that things began to hum.

Nobody was particularly grieved, though Christopher's uncle was distinctly annoyed. He regarded Christopher as a business matter, and he did not like business matters to go wrong. And so he bombarded the railway company with telegrams, and finally offered gigantic rewards for the safe return of the youngster.

In the meantime Christopher was entirely happy. Kind faces smiled on him on every side, food was abundant, and the glorious freedom made life a fairy land. When the days were hot he and the other boys played in and out of the water like turtles. They had many hunting and war games, played in the dusk of evening, and ere many days were passed Christopher's skin was tanned to almost as dark a hue as that of his companions. Little Maya-Maya, the daughter of the Chief, the darling of the teepees, and he, were the best of friends, and from her, while they squatted quietly by the camp fire at dusk, leaning against one another, Christopher learned many Indian words. He could all but speak the language now, he could set a dead-fall or a snare, handle a paddle with the rest, read the tracks in the sand of the runaway, in fact he was fast becoming an Indian boy in all but name. He wore their clothing, his hair was long like theirs, he spoke their tongue, but at times memories floated back to him of glaring, dusty streets, where tired eyed men and women wore heavy clothing, and troubled their minds with a thousand things that do not matter. All that seemed very far away, a part of another world. He had left no loved one there, but here he had found Son of a Gun, Old Cockalorum, Tow-Toppin and dear little, brown little Maya-Maya, the chums for which he had longed away in that southern world. And Christopher thought that if his mother was watching him she would be very happy now.

They loved each other, these quiet people of the woods! There were no angry words or angry looks amongst them. A boy could do nothing wrong out here where there was nothing to spoil. Of an evening the children would gather into groups, leaning against each other, laughing and talking quietly in their quiet way, all the best of friends. They had quiet little games which they played in the sand or on their fingers, a joyous relaxation in the scented dusk of evening after the long, strenuous day. And as they played there was never any question as to whose turn it was, such was the good fellowship among them.

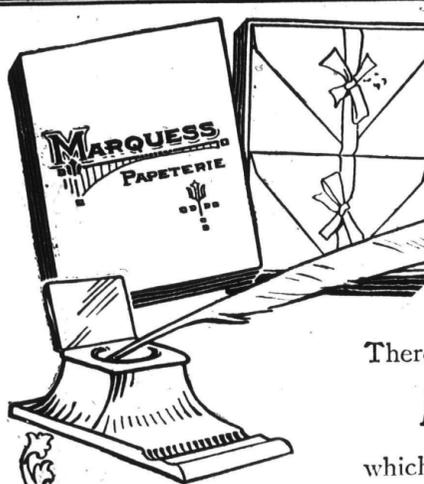
But Christopher's holiday was drawing to a close, for when Wabawaba arrived back at civilization almost the first news he heard was that a thousand dollars were offered for the boy Christopher Dawson. Therefore, Waba dispatched a cable to Christopher's uncle, then quietly turned his face northward to bring Christopher home again.

IX

It was during a coon hunt that Christopher fell and sprained his ankle, to be carried back to the teepees by the other boys, so that for many days he could only squat by the fires, watching the squaws at their work or playing with the very small children. At mid-day every day the camp was emptied save for the papooses and one squaw left in charge. The braves would go off hunting, all the older children were away in the woods, and the squaws also would be off gathering wood or birch bark or some other camp necessity.

On this particular day the heat was sweltering. Christopher sat at the mouth of a teepee nursing his ankle, and the camp was empty save for the papooses and Katwa-Wawa the mule woman, whom they had left in charge. Katwa never talked, and Christopher was just beginning to feel the time hang heavily when he caught sight of something moving down by the creek. He looked again, it was an Indian in a canoe, but the man was approaching stealthily, silently, as though afraid of being seen.

What could it mean? Was it a surprise attack from some hostile tribe? Christopher chilled at the thought of it, and glancing behind him he saw an old trade rifle, heavily loaded, at the other side of the teepee. So he told himself that if it came to a scrap he would stand by little Maya-Maya. Slowly, cautiously, under the brushwood of the bank, the Indian approached, till he could obtain a full



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