

A Race With Wolves

The great northern woods were wrapped in snow and ice for six months the first winter Jerrold worked in the logging camp, and he found it difficult to do the task assigned him, for it included long tramps over the snow and ice to carry the workmen's implements. Axes and crowbars were continually getting dull, and Jerrold took them to the "sm" shop erected close to the camp, border, half a mile away from the logging operations.

Jerrold was no choosier of his work, for he was poor and dependent upon his small wages for the necessities of life. Though scarcely seventeen, he nevertheless was strong and sturdy. The work of log-driver or cutter could not have been harder than the manifold duties he was called upon to perform. Every man in the camp seemed to consider him as a special messenger and waiter.

Jerrold did not grumble outwardly for he had begged for the position at a time when he was cold, hungry and destitute.

"Yes, you may try it here," the foreman had replied, "but you'll soon get enough of it. Camp-boys never stay here long. I s'pose the men drive them too hard."

Then he had laughed harshly, and Jerrold had colored to the roots of his hair; but he accepted the position. It had been six months of hard grinding labor and little pay. He scarcely had enough ahead to pay his way to Ottawa.

"I'll stick it out until spring," he said, grimly, "then I'll go."

But the work accumulated, and the position became almost unbearable. One day the climax was reached when he was sent five miles up the river with a message to another gang of men. There was a raging blizzard, and the boy nearly lost his life in the tramp. When he finally returned he had decided to hand in his resignation. He stalked angrily toward the foreman's cabin, ready to tell him that he was going to quit and wanted his money.

When he reached the cabin he heard a groan from the inside. A rough voice growled: "Come in and shut the door! What do you want? Oh, it is you, is it?"

Jerrold stood irresolute. The big foreman was stretched on a rough cot, writhing in pain.

"Well, you got that message down to the other gang?" continued the foreman. "It was pretty rough traveling, wasn't it? I see you're cold and tired. Well, sit down and rest a minute."

The man groaned in pain and struggled for a moment to control himself. "This rheumatism has got me again," he moaned, "and I'm done for until spring. I can't do a thing now. If I could get down to Ottawa, and get some of the medicine the doctor told me about I might pull through. But I can't go, and none of the men can be trusted."

"Why couldn't one of them go?" asked Jerrold.

"Why? Because they'd never come back. Did you ever know of a lumberman getting away in the middle of the season and returning? There's too much doing in Ottawa. Besides, I paid them off last week, and they have got their money with them. They'd like to find a place to spend it."

Jerrold's face worked a little as he watched the spasms of the sick man. He was suffering from the cold and exhaustion himself, but the sight of another in pain made him partly forget his own.

He suddenly raised his head and stammered: "Couldn't—couldn't I go and get the medicine? I—"

"You? Why, you're only a boy."

Jerrold flushed, and answered sharply: "But I've been doing a man's work all winter. I don't think any of your men could tramp through this blizzard better than I did."

"True, true," murmured the foreman. "Fact is, you have been a pretty good worker all winter. I've noticed it; but I was too busy to say anything. I don't know, though—I don't know about this trip. It's dangerous. You might get lost and eaten up by the wolves."

"Doesn't the river go straight down to the city?"

"Yes, if you stick to that you couldn't get lost."

The two looked at each other in silence for a few moments. Jerrold then said, slowly: "The ice on the river is smooth and hard, and I have a pair of skates with me. I think I could skate down to Ottawa."

"But the blizzard may cover the ice so that you can't skate."

"No, the wind is sweeping it across the river, and the ice is as smooth as ever."

The face of the foreman brightened. He suddenly raised himself on an elbow and said: "See here, my boy, if you will go down and get that medicine for me I'll double your wages. You've got the right stuff in you—not afraid of anything. Come now, will you go—and return?"

"If I go I'll return," Jerrold replied, noticing the suspicious ring in the man's voice.

"And you'll go?"

"Yes, in the morning if the snow has stopped falling."

Fifteen minutes later Jerrold walked away from the foreman's cabin to rest and prepare for the long journey. When he reflected, he smiled a little. He had entered the cabin to throw up his job, and he left it with a harder duty to perform than any assigned to him that winter.

"But it will be a sort of holiday," he reassured to himself. "I love to skate, and if the wind doesn't change I'll have it at my back all the way down."

The wind had not changed by morning. Jerrold was up before sunrise to study the sky and clouds. It was a cold, crisp morning, with all signs of the storm gone. He ate his breakfast alone, strapped a bundle of

the river, and it was clear skating ahead. Jerrold had tried his skates scarcely once all winter, and he flung himself into the pleasure of the exercise with all his energy. It was an ideal scene and day for the sport.

"No danger of wolves in this light," he muttered as he sped along. Then the sun came up, and the woods were resplendent with the glistening snow and ice. Five, ten, fifteen, twenty miles were covered before Jerrold even stopped for a rest. Then he sat down in the sunshine and ate his dinner.

He rested long enough to renew his pleasure, and then once more skated over the smooth ice. Long before dusk of the early evening he was in Ottawa. There was no need to hurry about his purchases, for he was to rest one day in the city and return early the following morning. Among his purchases for the foreman, besides the medicine to allay the pain of his rheumatism, was ten yards of unbleached muslin to be used for bandages. When he gathered all of his small packages together, Jerrold found that he had a formidable load.

"I ought to have a sled for them," he murmured.

As he said this he passed a store where brightly painted sleds and bobs were displayed in bewildering array. Jerrold was only seventeen, and therefore not too old to appreciate the pleasures of coasting. When he saw the sleds, and thought of the fine coasting he might have on the river banks by the logging camp, he stopped and pondered. The foreman had given him five dollars to undertake the trip. Why not buy a sled and carry back his purchases on it?

The following morning, bright and early, a solitary skater left the city of Ottawa, dragging behind him a brightly painted sled, on which were strapped a few packages. Often Jerrold would turn his head to glance admiringly at his sled. Every ten or fifteen minutes he would propel it forward and take a flying leap on it to coast along on smooth ice.

In this way he proceeded up the river, making pleasure of his trip, and covering nearly as much ground as if he had skated continuously. With cheeks flushed and eyes burn-

ing brightly, he soon forgot all about the hard times he had been through the past winter.

At noon he stopped to eat his lunch. He spread out his simple repast on the sled, and sitting on the trunk of a tree enjoyed himself hugely. The temptation to linger there was great, and he was a couple of hours later on the return trip than on the down journey.

"I must make up for lost time now," he said, finally buckling on his skates. "I must get back to the camp before dusk."

He started to skate forward; but in some peculiar manner the sled which he had been dragging swung around in front of him. Jerrold tripped over it and fell sprawling on the ice. When he got up again he found one of his skate-runners broken, in half. He picked it up and looked ruefully at it. If only it had been a strap he might have fixed it; but the steel runner could not be repaired.

"How shall I get back?" was the first question that occurred to the boy. He asked himself this with a little frightened quiver in his voice. Then, as if to answer it, he added: "I must hurry up, or it will be dark before I get there. I must skate on one foot."

Skating on one foot may afford pleasure to some, but one does not make much progress thereby. A wounded bird can do equally well in flying as a boy on one skate. Jerrold soon found this out, and then he tried sludding, pushing himself with one foot while he rested his body on the new sled. This likewise was a slow method of locomotion.

Anxiously the boy glanced up at the sky. The sun was rapidly disappearing behind the woods, and night was approaching. He still was a long distance from camp. There apparently was no way to make better progress, and Jerrold grew more worried as the sun slowly sank.

"If I don't appear at camp by dusk I wonder if some of the men will come part of the way to meet me," he reflected. "They know I'm coming back to-day, and that there is danger from wolves on the river after dark."

With this somewhat forlorn hope in mind, he made desperate efforts to slide and run along, using both the sled and one skate. The wind fortunately had shifted since the previous day, and if now was blowing a

wind the sail bellied out, and in a moment the craft was gliding swiftly across the ice.

A dozen wolves sprang out of the darkness toward him, but they just missed their prey. The clear expanse of river ahead gave him a chance to test his craft to its utmost. The strong wind made the sled fairly dance over the ice. The wolves turned and chased after him.

Jerrold gave a little exultant cry of happiness as he dashed across the ice. In vain the wolves tried to overtake him. When they approached dangerously near, a slight pressure of one foot on the ice would guide the sled sharply to the right or left. The wolves, unable to turn so quickly, would slide on in a straight line for a hundred yards.

By these tactics Jerrold was enabled to gain on his pursuers, and in a short time they were left in the rear; but the alarm had been passed down the whole line, and other wolves appeared ahead to intercept his progress.

With true cowardly instincts the wolves did not stand directly in the way of the approaching craft, but waited until it passed them, and then snapped at the boy's legs. Once or twice their teeth tore his clothes, but they lost the race by their cowardice. They never could overtake the flying ice-boat. A single jump from ahead would have landed any one of them on the boy's back, and the race would have ended. But they were afraid of this great white object flying before the wind, and they did not dare to take the risk.

Half an hour later Jerrold flew past what seemed to be the last line of wolves. Then he heard the roar of a gun and saw a flash of light. Instantly there was a shout near the bank, and the boy knew that he had met the lumbermen.

They had come out to meet him, expecting that something had happened; but they were not prepared for the white ghost that suddenly appeared out of the darkness. They had shot at one of the wolves, and then stood petrified with wonder and astonishment.

When Jerrold brought his craft around and dragged it toward the shore the men were inclined to show more fear of it than of the wolves. In a few moments they were satisfied that the boy was not a supernatural being, and if now was blowing a

can listened with astonishment to Jerrold's story, and when he was through said:

"Well, you're worth two men. We need fellows with ideas up here. Who else would have thought of such a trick? And you say you didn't lose the medicine or spoil the muslin for bandages?"

"No, they're both here," Jerrold answered. "The muslin is frayed a little on the ends, but not enough to hurt it."

"Wonderful, wonderful!" muttered the foreman, as he rubbed his aching limbs with the rheumatism medicine. "I won't forget it in a long day, nor you either."—George Ethelbert Walsh in The Sunday Magazine.

Heather Ale — A Galloway Legend

From the bonny bells of heather They brewed a drink long-syré, Was sweeter far than honey, Was stronger far than wine They brewed it and they drank it, And lay in a blessed swoon For days and days together In their dwellings underground.

There rose a king in Scotland, A fell man to his foes, He smote the Picts in battle, He hunted them like roses, He hunted the Picts in battle, And strewed the dwarfish bodies Of the dying and the dead.

Summer came in the country, And was the heather bell, But the manner of the brewing Was none alive to tell. In graves that were like children's On many a mountain head, The Brewsters of the Heather Lay numbered with the dead.

The king in the red moorland Rode on a summer's day, And the bees hummed, and the crows Cried beside the way. The king rode and was angry, Black was his brow and pale, To rule in a land of heather And the lack of Heather Ale.

It furtuned that his vassals, Riding free on the heath, Came on a stone that was fallen



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New Light on Shakespeare
(Boston Transcript.)
Sir Henry Irving tells that at one time visiting Shakespeare's birth-place he had a slight experience with a rustic of the vicinity. Being in a quizzical frame of mind, Sir Henry addressed a few questions to the fellow, and in reply obtained some illuminating information.
"That's Shakespeare's house over there, I believe," Sir Henry innocently remarked.
"Ees."
"Have you ever been there?"
"Noa."
"I believe Mr. Shakespeare is dead now. Can you tell me how long?"
"Dunno."
"Let's see, he wrote, did he not?"
"Oh, yes, he did summat."
"What was it he wrote?"
"Well, I think it was the Boobie!"
PEWS IN CHURCHES.
Private pews, first allowed as personal favors, appeared in churches in the reign of Henry VIII. In spite of the stout opposition of Sir Thomas More and others they gained ground under Elizabeth and Charles I. and after the restoration came into increased favor and use among well-to-do citizens who claimed and enjoyed—
••• the Sunday due
Of slumbering in an upper pew.
Swift humorously described how one was appropriately made out of a large wooden bedstead, and in early Georgian times pews were to be found furnished with sofas and tables and provided with fireplaces.
Bishop Lden states that in one case a livery servant entered the pew of his master between prayers and sermon with sherry and light refreshments.
Thickly curtained or highly partitioned box pews were so numerous in some churches at one time that the poor were practically excluded or thrust back into comfortless sittings in the coldest and darkest parts of the church, where they could hear little of the service.—London Telegraph.

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