VOLUME 60.

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Church Directory.

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Bible Class held in church, entrance by vestry Holy Communion: lst, Sunday in the month at 11 a.m. and 3rd Sunday at 8,30 a.m. Fridays, 7.30 p.m. Woman's Auxiliary Meetings as announced. Chancel Guild Meetings as announced. Girls, Thursdays, 7.30 p.m.

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nelm, one of the seven German liners anded over to the British Goyernby the United States, is to be cess Services.



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bottom, ready to hang up. It shows through the generous latchstrict hole postoffices, schools, the county good roads system, steam railways, electric railways, railway stations, elevations to end of the big room and back train teries, Division Court boundaries, with Roaring Bill paced slowly, whing numbers, and lot and concession straight ahead of him with ted, numbers. The Champion has secured absent stare, his teeth closed of his the exclusive right for the sale of this nether lip. Hazel blinked worthingsplendid map. In order to clear them | ly. Many an hour in the last out the price has been reduced to 50c., months she had walked the fid postage paid.



North of Fifty-Three

Bertrand W. Sinclair

table at Jim Briggs' that night if I hadn't known how it would be. I went there out of sheer curiosity to take a look at you—maybe out of a spirit of defiance, too, because I knew that I was certainly not welcome even if they were willing to take my money for , meal. And I came away all up in the air. There was something about you— the weather cleared for a brief span, the tone of your voice, the way your and then winter shut down in earnest. sent me away with a large-sized grouch panes.

can't tell anything about me that isn't stuff as could only be gotten from the bad," he said quietly. "My record there makes me entirely unit to associate with—that would havebeen your conclusion. And I wanted to be with you, to talk to you, to tale you by storm and make you like me as I felt I could care for you. You an't have grown up, little person, without realizing that you do attract nen very strongly. All women do, butsome far

me away against my will. You can't

explain or excuse that." "I'm not attempting excuss," Bill made answer. "There are two things C. R. TURNER, The Champion Job Dept. I never do-apologize or bully I dare say that's one reason the leadows gives me such a black eye. If they weren't a good deal afraid ofme, and always laying for a chance to do me up, they wouldn't let me stay in the town overnight. So you can se what a handicap I was under whenit came to making your acquaintage and courting you in the orthodox nanner." "You've made a great mistate," she

word out," Hazel asserted despeately. tablecioth. "What good would that the you? "Well," she inquired, "what are you You've got too much conventionly re- going to do with those?"

she got up and ran into the becom slammed the door shut behind le and MILTON. GEO. HILYER the sound of her crying in a piller threw herself across the bed to mile

After a time she lifted her lead. Outside, the wind whistled buttly around the cabin corners. And then, while she was look! abruptly extinguished the cand the red gleam from the hearth sp

--your elbow when you left the supper

at myself, at Cariboo Meadows, and at But within the cabin they were snug "Why?" she asked in wonder. "Because you'd have believed what the twenty-four hours through.

more than others." "Perhaps," she admitted coldly. "Men have annoyed me with their unwelcome attentions. But non of them ever dared go the length of carrying

great deal at the hands of me in the the cabin were stored in a deep cellar. hed have a child stored and pranced back manhood left in you, you'll take me out past six months. I'm beginning to bethe cabin were stored in a deep cellar.
had been a child.

After that they went out many times
walked off into the timber, his rifle

Roaring Bill backed away from her. hands over his knees and stare fixedly ing, for he would cut a hole, sink a sted her into the mysteries of rifle

"Do you mean that? Hone the manipulation of a start washed her dishes and went he asked incredulously."

endure here. Do you realize tat it's ing speedily that time flew when she either side of the fireplace that roared of all she hated Bill Wagstaff for con-possible doubt of all she hated Bill Wagstaff for con-po This snow may not go off at all Even tervals of delving in Roaring Bill's And sometimes Hazel would find her straining her presence there.

week. You couldn't wallow trough On one of these days Hazel came into staff could not have come into her life sentment she had felt in the first few take! And, by the same token, I'll snow to your waist in forty-belw-zero the kitchen and found Bill piling tow- in a different manner. As it was she days when she followed him perforce probably pay for it—in a way your "People will pass here, and ill get other seiled articles on an outspread

gard for what you term your puta- "Take 'em to the laundry," he

white face hefore spring; then all the get along forever without having winter snow had suddenly lost its drooping head. Roaring Bill walked break smazed her. She could only sit accident. No one in the North out- don't mind housework, but I do draw

fender of them all. And lest serield casins that Bill had procured from At dawn the cases had ceased their along!"

ROYAL frost particles, and the tramp through YEAST CAKES

are now packed in square packages. Each package contains five cakes. which are equal in quantity to six round cakes. All dealers are authorized to guarantee that the quality of the round and square cakes are identical

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respect.

and warm. Bill's ax kept the woodpile high. The two fireplaces shone red they told you, and Cariboe Meadows flour, tea, coffee, sugar, beans and such



Bill's Ax Kept the Woodpile High.

not brutes—any more than allwomen. Thus their material wants were prosnowshoes, lightly over the surface of the crusted snow through which other.

all at once a terrible feeling of utter "Haven't I told you often enough? I forlornness seized her. It was spring didn't come here willingly, and I won't "Take me home, then," she cled forlornly. "That's the only way ou can shook off a measure of her depression, the mass and resentment with the mass and resentme thrust her uneasiness and resentment ed by without unteward incident. Bill she was sentenced to solitary confine- "So," Roaring Bill began events. "No," Bill murmured, "that in't the into the background. As a matter of tended to his horses, chopped wood, ment. She rebelled against it, rebelled "springtime with you only means." way. Wait till you know mebetter, fact, she resigned herself to getting carried water. She took upon herself against it, rebelled against it, rebelled "springtime with you only means the care of the house. And through the care of the house. And through the care of the house. And through the care of the house against the ting back to work. You want to back into the muddled rush of peopled water. I wanted to without exposing ou to evitable. She fell into the way of dogreater hardships than you'll ave to ing little things about the house, find-sation, they would sit with a book on wished to be gone from it, and most you can associate with duffy roughly wished to be gone from it, and most you can associate with duffy roughly and the fire of the f

side of a few Indians, has ere seen the line at a laundry job when I don't ened from the southwest. At ten o'clock "What is it, little person?" he asked But his fingers trembled spilling the tobacco. And when I don't this cabin or knows where it state."

have to do it. Go on—get your a gale whooped riotously through the gently.

his back, and trudged steadily through the woods. But the riddle of his destination was soon read to her, for a twomile walk brought them out on the shore of a fair-sized lake, on the farther side of which loomed the conical lodges of an Indian camp. "You sabe now?" said he as they crossed the ice. "This bunch generally

comes in here about this time, and stays till spring. I get the squaws to wash for me. Ever see Mr. Indian on his native heath?"

red brother who stared so fixedly. She entered a lodge with Bill, and listened to him make laundry arrangements in broken English with a withered old beldame whose features resembled a ham that had hung overlong in the smokehouse. Two or three blanketed bucks squatted by the fire that sent its blue smoke streaming out the apex of

dressed Bill. "Where you ketchum?" Bill laughed at Hazel's confusion. proud little head is set on your shoul. Daily the cold increased, till a half- "Away off." He gestured southward, ders, your makeup in general—that inch layer of frost stood on the cabin and the Indian grunted some unintelligible remark in his own tongue—at which Roaring Bill laughed again. Before they started home Bill succeeded in purchasing, after much talk, a pair of moccasins that Hazel con-

> ornamentation of colored porcupine un quills. Her feminine soul could not the wind still blew strong and warm, hate you and the North, and every cavil when Bill thrust them in the The thick winter garment of the earth pocket of her coat, even if her mind softened to slush, and vanished with was set against accepting any peace amazing swiftness. Streams of water In the nearing sunset they went stood between the house and stable. home through the frost-bitten woods, Spring had leaped strong-armed upon

small net, and secure overnight a shooting, and the manipulation of a outside. She did not know why, but "I de-I do!" she cried vehemently. "No," he said slowly, "all len are week's supply of trout and whitefish.

Thus their material wants were pro
six-shooter. He taught her to walk on all at once a terrible feeling of utter "Haven't I told you often enough? I

CHAPTER VII.

some mysterious source a day or two The day was sunny, albeit the air was hazy with multitudes of floating

the forest speedily brought the roses back to her cheeks. Bill carried the bundle of linen on

Hazel never had, and she was duly interested, even if a trifle shy of the

"Heap fine squaw!" one suddenly ad-

ceded to be a work of art, what wit' the dainty pattern of beads and the

under their feet, and the branches first onslaught. broke off with pistol-like snap when they were bent aside. A hundred yards from the cabin Bill broke again with a clearing sky, and challenged her for a race. She refused the sun peered between the cloud rifts, to run, and he picked her up bodily, his beams fell upon vast areas of and ran with her to the very door. He brown and green, where but forty-eight held her a second before he set her hours gone there was the cold revelry down, and Hazel's face whitened. She of frost sprites upon far-flung fields could feel his breath on her cheek, and of snow. Patches of earth steamed she could feel his arms quiver, and the wherever a hillside lay bare to the sun. rapid beat of his heart. For an instant From some mysterious distance a lone she thought Roaring Bill Wagstaff was crow winged his way, and, perching on about to make the colossal mistake of a nearby treetop, cawed raucous greet-

But he set her gently on her feet and Hazel cleared away the breakfast epened the door. And by the time he things, and stood looking out the kitchhad his outer clothes off and the fires en window. Roaring Bill sat on a log, started up he was talking whimsically shirt-sleeved, smoking his pipe. Presabout their Indian neighbors, and Ha- ently he went over to the stable, led said bitterly, "if you think va've re- outside he had a plentiful supply. Poest impression that she had, aside from
erty. For twenty minutes or so he sel breathed more freely. The clear- out his horses, and gave them their lib- "L Hate You and the North and Everysaid bitterly, "if you think ya've re- butside he had seem a president that he her brief panic, was of his strength. He stood watching their mad capers as thing in it."

The Fires of Spring. tion to send word to Cariboo Madows laughed. "Collect your dirty duds, and brilliancy went out of the sky, and it ing hysteria. And she was sitting there, and Hazel blinked at him, half scared. ing Bill Wagstaff, and won't sole one "Laundry!" Hazel echoed. It seemed forenoon Hazel prowled restlessly out Bill returned from his hunting. The so used to seeing him calm, importurb became softly, mistily blue. All that her head bowed on her hands, when and full of wonder. She had grown of doors without cap or coat. There sun sent a shaft through the south uble, smiling cheerfully no matter what

the minute she could have killed Roar.

So she brought out her accumulation to a sound that she had not heard in something that something the something that something that something the something th ing Bill. She who had been so tre in her independence carried, whether or no, into the heart of the wildenss at the whim of a man who stood is all.

So she brought out her accumulation of garments, and laid them on the pile. Bill tied up the four corners of the the window. The encrusting frost had vanished from the panes. They spring Your winter garment of repentance fling. Your winter garment of repentance fling. "Now," said he, "let's see if we can't She unhooked the fastening, and swung fit you out for a more or less extended the fastening, and swung To flutter—and the Bird is on the wing." ful of weed and kinding, and to confessed rowdy, in ill repute mong fit you out for a more or less extended the fastening, and swung fit you out for a more or less extended the window out. A great gust of damp, walk. You stay in the house altogether warm wind blow strands of hair across trated on Roaring Bill as the bar of stockings inside moc- the cabin waved and creaked the time, nets. There's beauty everywhere. Come his fingers.

The Value of Saving

All successful men began by saving. Later, perhaps, they invested, but they first had to accumulate capital. The first step towards wealth is to

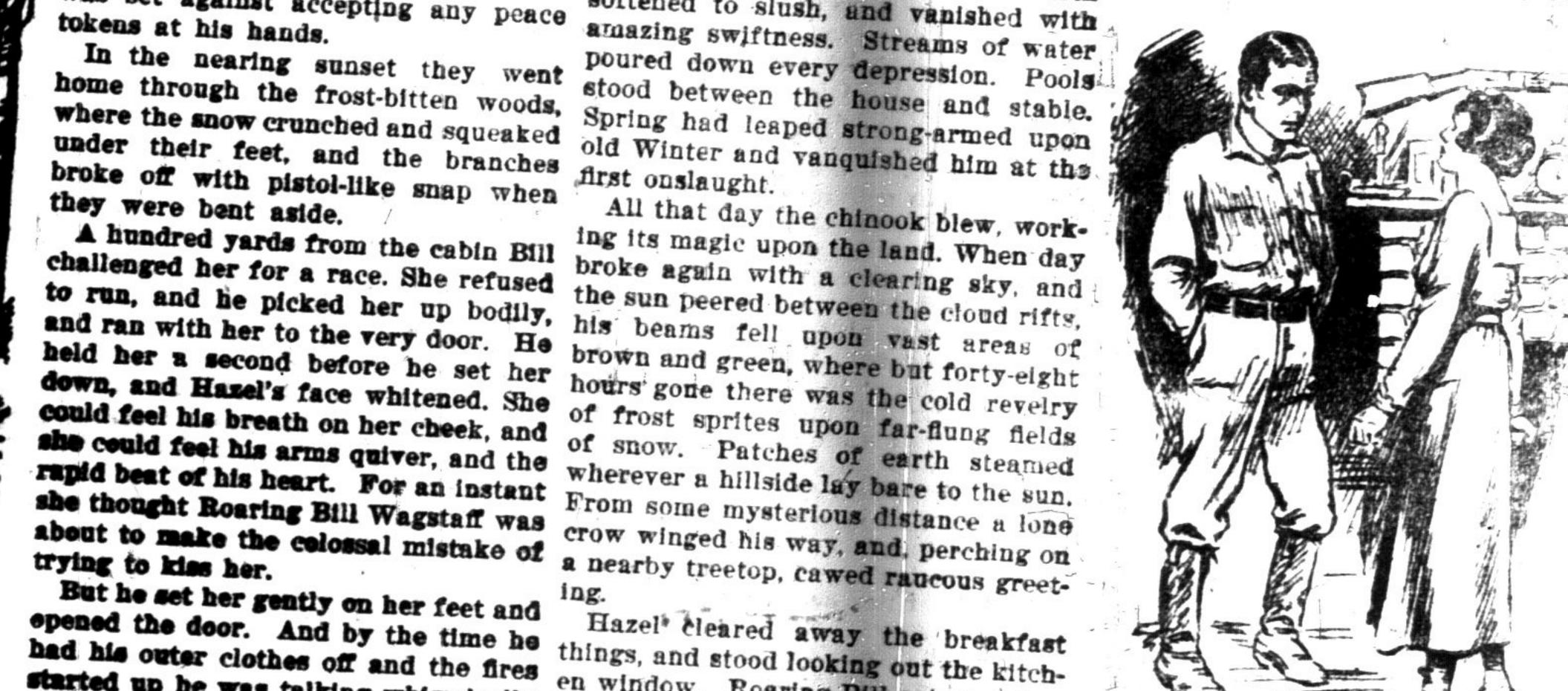
open a Savings Account. The second is to save regularly. Come in and ask about our simple, convenient Savings Accounts. Interest compounded every six months soon amounts up.

Bank of Nova Scotia

W. B. CLEMENTS Manager



drip, and the dirt roof lay bare to the from him.



away from Cariboo Meadows, came Wouldn't understand if you lived it back to her with redoubled force that thousand years. Well, set your min ! afternoon. She went back into the at rest. I'll take you out. Ye gods and house, now glocmy without a fire, little fishes, but I have sure been a

slumped forlornly into a chair, and fool!" paused to let that sink in, the con"Sure! You don't suppose we can was a new feel in the air. The deep window, a shaft which rested on her she said or did, that his passionate outlined." slowly up behind her and put his hand and look at him. He got out his eigerette materials.

-tobacco. And when he fore the Date:

ing devil in Miss Hazel Weir ad it too much these days. That's bad busiber face. She leaned through the case in being uselessly miserable.

"Life's too short to waste any of it build a fire. Huzel came on the face. She leaned through the case. Out and go for a vide on Silly greeted her sereing. looked at Bill Wagstaff, and he reast heast heaved. He was responsible, and he her face. She leaned through the case out and go for a ride on Silk. I'll take "Well, little person," he said to be her here need through the case. In being uselessly miserable. Come on room. Bill greeted her serement out and go for a ride on Silk. I'll take "Well, little person," he said to be here need through the case. could sit coolly talking about it. The Thus in a few minutes Hazel fared heard was the dripping eaves. The a waterfall that leaps three hundred "l'il try," she returned. resentment that had smoldered tainst forth, wrapped in Bill's fur coat, a flap-chinook wind droned its spring song, feet in the clear. The woods are wak-really going to take me out?" Andrew Bush and Jack Barrow coceneared cap on her head, and on her feet and the bare boughs of the tree beside ing up and putting on their Easter bonBill paused with a match be-

> "I'm not in the habit of saying thin; s "We'll start in the morning." The dark closed in on them, and they cooked and ate supper in silence. Bill remained thoughtful and abstract ed. Then from some place among his books he unearthed a map, and, spreading it on the table, studied it a while. After that he dragged in his kyaks from outside, and busied himself packing them with supplies for a journeytea and coffee and flour and such things done up in small canvas sacks. And when these preparations were complete he got a sheet of paper and a pencil, and fell to copying something from the map. He was still at that,

By all the signs and tokens, Roaring Bill Wagstaff slept none that nigh

sketching and marking, when Hazel

A Never-Failing Record MEMORY may fail; a receipted bill may be

lost; a household record may be open to

disputer but a paid change is a lasting, absolute proof of the payment of money.

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* Manager

to place personal affairs on