

GOLD BOUND

(Continued from Page 6)

had driven in from the sea, and was making outdoors most uncomfortable. He saw quickly that he'd have to probe if he got any information, and uttered the question to which he had given some thought.

"I trust, friend, that you had good news from the hill country?" he asked. His undertone was meant to inspire confidence.

"The hill country?" inquired Duane in turn.

"Why, yes—the Sawtooth. The blubber boy who brought your letter surely came from that way."

"If it is news about the mines you're seeking, I have none," said Duane, with a tolerant smile. "The letter was about a personal matter."

The lanky host frankly sighed his disappointment. "Before you've been here long you'll learn that gold is the most personal thing in all these diggings. I can't seem to get a line on Sawtooth, consarn the luck!"

Duane changed the subject by asking if it would be possible to get dinner without going out into the storm.

"It's after hours," grumbled the disappointed Timmons; "but go into the eating room and my little gal maybe will dish you out a short order." He led the way to a room behind the office.

His "little girl" proved to be a full-grown woman, who fortunately did not resemble her father in every respect, though she did speak with the same soft drawl. Her manner was that of a hostess rather than one serving a pay patron. In recent years, Duane had seen so few women who even approached refinement that he was unusually appreciative.

Except for his own, the dining tables were deserted, and he took occasion to speak with her as she sat aside awaiting his further needs. He asked about her life in Nome, and was pleased with her frank avowal that it was a nightmare compared to what she had known "back in Alabama," but quite endurable through the prospect that they would one day "go home" with a fortune. He was sorry that he couldn't tell her what women were wearing "back in the States." But in the part of Nevada he had just left costumes were as primitive as at Nome, and in hurrying through the coast cities he had not noticed.

It was when she had gone to the

kitchen for the "sinkers" with which he had elected to round off his meal that his thoughts returned to the letter that was burning under his coat. Another girl figured in that letter, he remembered, and for the first time he became idly curious as to what she might be like. Knowing the social limitations of a camp like Nome, he thought it was entirely probable that the girl of the dining room could enlighten him.

"Do you happen to know a young woman named Yukona Grey?" he asked, when she had returned with the doughnuts, as yellow as the gold which the men of the tundra often used in payment for them.

"I certainly do," answered the daughter of the house. "Every woman in Nome knows Yukona Grey. She was born somewhere up the great river after which she was named, and munched here when the town was nothing but a shack and a pair of igloos on the beach. Do you know Yukona stranger?"

"I've never seen her," responded Duane; "but I've heard of her, and was curious."

"She's the unluckiest lucky girl I know."

"Unluckiest lucky? How do you figure that?"

"She owns some of the richest claims in the hill country," continued the proprietor's daughter. "but they have cost her her father and mother. They say she hasn't a relation in the world except a lonely grandmother. She'll visit with her when she goes to the States for Christmas."

The eyes of the Southern girl were filled with honest envy, and at the mention of the holiday something suspiciously like a tear welled up in one of them.

"Are you regretting a Christmas away from home?" he asked kindly. "Surely they'll celebrate up here. I've spent Christmas in rough places all over the world, but they were never too rough or end-of-the-earthly not to show something of the spirit of the holiday. After all, the spirit is the part of real importance."

"Oh, they'll have a celebration, all right," the girl returned more cheerfully. "Nome never overlooks a chance to celebrate. But it won't be—it can't be like Christmas down home. I just know I'm going to cry. I'll be that homesick."

"Tears of that sort won't run any

(Continued in next issue.)

MILITARY CIVIC HOLIDAY AT COCHRANE

Sr.—BASEBALL—Jr.

Timmins vs. Cochrane

FIELD SPORTS

ACQUATIC SPORTS

Grand Military Ball

Tennis Tournament

BAGPIPE BAND

AUG. 4th '16

Special Trains

From TIMMINS and Stations EAST and WEST on Canadian Government Railway. REDUCED FARES from OTHER POINTS

REMEMBER!

The Biggest day in the town That does things in the biggest way!

For Further Particulars and Accommodations, Write or Wire

Cochrane Civic Holiday Sports Committee

M. W. JENNINGS }
H. MURDOCK } Secretaries

MAYOR ROTHSCHILD
Chairman



Safe Milk For Summer Camps

You go to the woods for health. Do not undo the benefits of fresh air and sunshine by carelessness in regard to food and drink. Boil all drinking water and take "Canada First" Evaporated Milk with you.

"Canada First" is safe and convenient. It is pure and is sterilized after the tins are sealed. In four sizes, to suit any family.

See Inland Rev. Bulletin No. 305, page 5 Table II, for comparisons.

Ask your Grocer for "Canada First."
AYLMER CONDENSED MILK CO., LTD.
AYLMER, ONTARIO



LITTLE FOLKS ALL LIKE IT
IT TASTES SO "GOOD"

Do the junior members of your household look upon the process of "tooth brushing" much the same as they regard a dose of medicine? Have you ever thought that the trouble might lie with the tooth paste? Why not start them using

CORSON'S CHARCOAL TOOTH PASTE

We find that little folks everywhere like its pleasant taste, and because they can see results in nice white teeth, they keep on using it.

Get the tiny rots started early in the proper care of their teeth. It will save them many a tooth ache, and yourself needless dentist's bills. Grown-ups too like this Silver Grey Tooth Paste.

Ask for the Tube in Khaki

25c.

Sold by all
Druggists

