

Rich in body and delicate
as blossoms in its flavour

"SALADA"

(GREEN)

JAPAN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

The Snowshoe Trail

By EDISON MARSHALL

BEGINS HERE TODAY
Bill Bronson is guiding Virginia Tremont in her search for the Clearwater of northern Canada for her fiancé. He is Lounsbury who disappeared six years previously. Her fiancé's uncle, Kelly Lounsbury, and a cook, Vosper, complete the party. Bill hopes to take advantage of the trip to seek further for the lost mine of his father, who was murdered by a traitorous partner. Bill saves Virginia from drowning in the cold flood water of Grizzly River.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER II—(Cont'd.)
They forced their way through the evergreen thickets of the river bank, walking up the stream toward the ford. Bill broke through the brushy barriers with the might of his body; he made a trail for her in the snow. The darkness deepened around them. The snow fell ever heavier.

But they conquered at last. Partly by the feel under his feet, partly by his woodsman's instinct, Bill kept to the moose trail that led from the ford to the cabin. And the man was swaying, drunkenly, when he reached the door.

"There are blankets in there, plenty of 'em," he told her. "It's my main supply cabin. Spread some of them out and take off your wet clothing and get under the covers. I'll build a fire as fast as I can."

She turned to obey. She heard him take down an ax that had been left hanging on the cabin walls and heard his step in the snow as he began to cut into kindling some of the pieces of cordwood that were heaped outside the door. She addressed quickly, then lay shivering between the warm, heavy blankets.

In a moment the man filtered in, his arms heavy with wood. Then a match gleamed in the gloom. She watched him feed the fire with strange, heavy motion.

She dozed off, then awakened to find him sitting on the edge of her bed, holding a cup of some steaming liquid. He put his left arm behind her and lifted her up, then fed her spoonfuls of the hot liquid. She didn't know what it was, other than it contained whiskey. "Take some of it yourself," she told him at last.

He shook his head and smiled—a wistful yet manly smile that almost brought tears to her eyes.

In the stress of that first hour after the disaster of the river, Lounsbury and Vosper had a chance to test the steel of which they were made.

For the first few seconds Lounsbury sat upon his horse and simply stared in mute horror. Then he half-climbed, half-fell from the saddle, and followed by Vosper, started running down the river bank. Immediately he lost sight of Virginia and Bill. Almost at once thereafter the cold and the darkness got into his spirit and appalled him.

Lounsbury replied, "What do you suppose we'd better do?"
"I don't know. What can we do?"
"There's no chance of saving them. It seems to me the wisest thing for us to do is to go back—and build a big fire—so they can find their way in if they did get out."

"Of course we'll never find the bodies," Lounsbury suggested at last. "No chance that I can see," agreed Vosper.
"You think—" Lounsbury's voice wavered, "you think we can get back all right ourselves?"
"Sure. That is, if we start first thing tomorrow."

CHAPTER III
In Virginia's first moment of waking in the full dreadfulness of her situation swept her in an instant.

The cabin, she could see, was rather larger than any of those in which they had camped on their journey. It was well chinked and sturdy, and even had the luxury of a window.

Bill was stretched on the floor in the farthest corner of the room.
He gave the impression of having dropped from exhaustion and fallen to sleep where he lay.

She resolved to call him; and in spite of her own misery, her lips curled in a half-smile.

But she was a woman, and the thought suddenly came to her that she was wholly in this man's power, shielded only by the blankets around her, unarmed and helpless and lost in the forest depths. What did she know of him? He had been the soul of respect heretofore; but now with her uncle on the other side of the river—

Then Bill stirred in his sleep. She saw his eyes open. And his first glance was toward her.

He flashed her a smile, and she tried pitifully to answer it. "How are you?" he asked.
"Awfully lame and sore and tired. Maybe I'll be better soon. And you—?"
"A little stiff, not much. I'm hard to damage, Miss Tremont. But I've overslept—and there isn't another second to be lost. I've got to dress and go and locate Vosper and Lounsbury."

packs we couldn't make it down into town. It's too long a way and too cold. Every way we look there's a block. We're like birds, caught in a cage."
"But the river will freeze soon."
"Yes. Even this cataract freezes, but it won't be safe to cross for some weeks—maybe clear into January or February."
"And it means—we're tied up here for weeks—and maybe months?"
"That's it. Just as sure as if we had iron chains around our ankles."
Then the girl's tears flowed again, unchecked.
"I'll be all right tomorrow," she told him sleepily. "And maybe it's for the best—after all. At least—it gives you a better chance to find Harold—and bring him back to me."
Bill nodded, but he didn't trust himself to speak.

CHAPTER IV.

There is a certain capacity in young and sturdy human beings for accepting the inevitable. When Virginia awakened the next morning, she pulled herself together, stiffened her young spine, and prepared to make the best of a deplorable situation. She had come up here to find her lost beloved, and she wasn't defeated yet. This very development might bring success.

Bill was already up, and the room warmed from the fire. The noise of his ax blows had awakened her. And she took advantage of his absence to dress.
"You up?" he cried in delight when he entered. His arms were heaped with wood. "I'm not sure that you hadn't got to rest another day. How do you feel?"
"As good as ever, as far as I can tell."

"I trust you'll be able to eat today?"
"Eat? Bill, I'm famished. But first—and her face grew instantly sober—"what about supplies?"
"Well, we have a gun at least; you can see it behind the stove. It's an old thing, but it will still shoot. And we've got at least one box of shells for it—and not one of them must be wasted. They mean our meat supply. I'm still wearing my pistol, and I've got two boxes of shells for it. There are plenty of blankets and cooking utensils, magazines for idle hours and, heaven bless us, an old and battered photograph on the table."

"There's a cake of soap on the shelf," he went on, after the gorgeous fact of the photograph had time to sink home, "and another among the supplies—but I'm afraid cold cream and toilet water are lacking. I don't even know how you'll comb your hair."
(To be continued.)

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson
Furnished With Every Pattern

She couldn't interpret the expression on his face when she saw him in the doorway. He was curiously sober and intent, perhaps even a little pale. "Go to sleep, Miss Tremont," he advised. "I'll make a fire for breakfast."
He bent to prepare kindling. The girl swallowed painfully, but shaken with dread, shaped her question at last. "What—what did you find out?"
He looked squarely into her eyes. "Nothing that you'll want to hear, Miss Tremont," he told her soberly. "I went to the river bank and looked across. They—they—"
"They are gone?" the girl cried.
"They've pulled freight."
The tears rushed to the girl's eyes. "What does it mean?" she finally asked.
"If we were on the other side of the river, and we had horses, we could push through and get out—easy enough. But the river lays between. Besides, the snows have come to stay. We could rig up some kind of snow-shoes, I suppose, but until the snow

He left hurriedly, and as the door opened the wind blew a handful of snow upon her. Shivering with cold and aching in every muscle, she got up and put on some of her clothing. Then, wholly miserable and dejected, she lay down again between her blankets, waiting for Bill's return.

The morning wash frock has assumed new importance both as to line and fabric.
The surplus closing of the model illustrated is especially slenderizing. It molds its neckline through a wide belt. The belt is passed through a boudoir opening leaving the front of the dress in panel effect. It buttons in youthful manner at the back.
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*Lye should never be dissolved in hot water.

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The Plight of the British Farmer

E. F. Wise in the Spectator (London): Free Trade offers no comfort to agriculture. Its arguments in any case were based on assumptions of a more or less free market. A tariff on all imports, or, as Lord Beaverbrook proposes, on non-empire produce, would only be effective at all so far as it put up food prices to the rest of the population. Though it might provide shelter for some of the best farmers, it would still leave the marginal producers in much the same danger as at present. It would be as ineffective as Free Trade in protecting tens of thousands of farmers whose production costs were near the new and higher marginal figure against deliberate operations of the Federal Farm Board or the Canadian Pool—particularly if they acted together.

Use Minard's for Burns.

Britain a Continental Power

Now Statesman (London): We cannot, even if we would, dissociate ourselves from European affairs: We are, whether we like it or not, in Europe, politically and economically. We are a Mediterranean Power; war in the Mediterranean would affect us little less vitally than war in the Channel. Indeed, any big Continental war would inevitably involve us. . . . The idea that safety is to be found in an Anglo-Saxon bloc—a duplicated nationalism to promote internationalism—is preposterous. Friendship with America is all to the good. An exclusive friendship with America would be a provocation to Europe and a disaster.

As benevolence is the most sociable of all virtues, so it is of the largest extent; for there is not any man either so great or so little that he is incapable of conferring and receiving benefits.

Summer COLDS

Almost everybody knows how Aspirin tablets break up a cold—but why not prevent it? Take a tablet or two when you first feel the cold coming on. Spare yourself the discomfort of a summer cold. Read the proven directions in every package for headaches, pain, etc.



SMART'S MOWERS

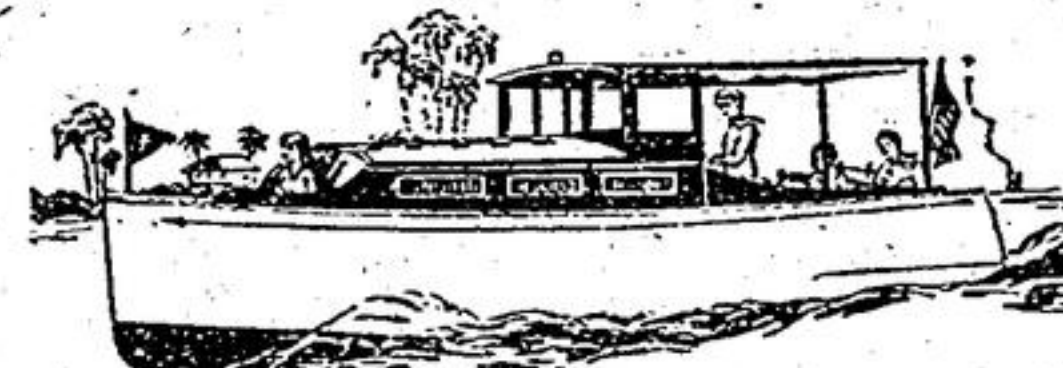
Easy running Mowers that cut with razor-like keenness.
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BROCKVILLE, ONT.

To the census enumerator, the man of the house is the head of the family, but the man of the house may know a lot more about it than the census enumerator.
You have probably observed from time to time that the grape fruit is one thing that manages to get itself into the public eye without the aid of the newspapers.

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BACKED BY THE WHOLE DOMINION

Farm and Garden

Convenience in the Poultry House

When building the poultry house it is a matter of importance to see to it that it is not only located at a point easy to reach, but also that it shall be so arranged that the work of attending to the birds be made as easy as possible. The more convenient it is to do the work about the poultry house the surer it is that it will be done.

As the women of the farm usually look after the poultry, the work should be made as easy as possible. If the distance to be covered in going back and forth to the poultry house is twice as far as it need be the amount of extra walking thus involved may have the effect of adding drudgery to the task. The new bulletin, No. 132, of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, Poultry House Construction, goes fully into the question of planning, and makes the observation that not only should the house be accessible, but the internal arrangement ought to be such that the work may be done with the least amount of labor. Among other suggested conveniences is the gate that swings both ways. The feeder may be carrying two pails of water or feed. A gate that swings either way may be opened without stopping to set down the pails. A barrow load of gravel, or the laying of a plank will enable one to pass over a wet place dry-shod.

Another recommendation is the providing of a feed box in which supplies may be kept close to where they are needed. In poultry keeping, as in other farm work, labor is an important item and in the building and equipping of a poultry house every consideration should be given to means that may be taken to reduce labor.

Pure Seed Important
With the wide range of climatic and soil conditions which obtain throughout Canada purity of variety in seed is of outstanding importance. A variety which gives good results in the southern and eastern provinces proves entirely unsuited to the more rigorous conditions of the heavier soils and harder climatic conditions of the north or west. There is also a marked difference in the size, color and quality of different varieties of the same seed, and with grain it is particularly important that the seed should be pure as to variety.

The Dominion Seed Branch are extending the work of purity of variety tests this year. Inspectors of the Branch have already obtained samples of the seed of cereals, flax, field peas and beans from seedsmen throughout Canada. The Cereal Division of the Dominion Department of Agriculture at the Central Experimental Farm will test these samples for purity of variety and the results of these tests will prove particularly important to the trade and to Canadian farmers.

Location of Poultry House
Experience has taught that the poultry house should face the south or south-east. This is important as it admits the maximum sunshine which is the cheapest disinfectant. If, however, it is not convenient to build a permanent house with its face to the south the Dominion Poultry Husbandman, in the new Bulletin, No. 132, of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, states that good results have been obtained by putting a row of windows along the back of the house under the drop-board. When this is done it is of great importance to have the windows tight so that no draught will strike the hens.

Another suggestion contained in the bulletin is that where permanent poultry buildings are being constructed that they be planned so that they may be enlarged or added to as poultry operations grow.—Issued by the Director of Publicity, Dom. Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, Ont.


Mr. Snowden's Straight-forward Budget

Truth (London): The Budget has been applauded as a piece of straight-forward finance. . . . Straight-forwardness, though in itself so desirable in a Budget, is not the only quality required: Mr. Snowden's attack on the pockets of some five or six hundred thousand citizens out of a total electorate of twenty-nine millions is perfectly straightforward, but not any the less open to objection on that account. He is making still wider the gulf between taxation and representation, which "is an economic and political danger."

Anglo-American Friendship

Nation and Athenaeum (London): The Three-Power Pact is, in our judgment, a great and highly satisfactory achievement. . . . Many people on both sides of the Atlantic were saying that war between us was "unthinkable," which meant, as someone remarked at the time, that they were thinking of it. Something had to be done quickly or the position would have gone from bad to worse. To-day the nightmare has ended. Anglo-American relations have become genuinely cordial, and the foundations of a permanent friendship seem to have been well and truly laid.

Analysis of five hundred recorded conversations is said to have shown that the vocabulary of telephone-users is extremely limited. This is greatly to their credit.



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