The Snowshoe Trail

By EDISON MARSHALL

BEGIN HERE TODAY

them from the rest of their party, been to me-" Kenly Lounsbury, Virginia's fiance's uncle, and Vosper, Bronson's cook. The man and girl are snowed in in the worst mistake of all. "I hope he that Bill had expected. Bill's trapping cabin beyond Grizzly Bill seeks his murdered fathor's lost gold mine. One day he finds viciously. Harold, who has turned squaw man, and takes him to Virginia.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

Virginia turned back to her new-

found lover. She was a little frightened by the expression on his face. His eyes were glowing, the color had risen in his cheeks, and he was curiously eager and breathless.

"Before he comes," he urged. "We've been apart so long-"

His hand reached out and seized hers. He drew her toward him. She annoyance that she didn't crave his phonograph, and they took the same He a med for the great shoulder, kiss. He crushed her to him, and his kiss was greedy.

She struggled from his arms and he looked at her in startled amazement. In fact, she was amazed at herself!

. That first night Bill and Harold made bunks on the floor of the cabin, ing on the spruce." but sucl. an arrangement could only be temporary.

They might be imprisoned for weeks to come. Bill solved the problem with it pretty fast." a single suggestion.

They would build a small cabin for l the two men to sleep in. Many times | Harold had come. he had erected such a structure by his own efforts; the two of them could push it up in a few hours' work.

"I'm really not much good at cabin building," Harold protested: "But I don't see why Bill shouldn't go to work at it. I suppose you hired him for all camp work."

For an instant Virginia stared at him in utter wonder, and then a swift 1 ok of grave displeasure came into

her face. "You forget, Harold, that it was Bill that brought you back. The thirty days he was hired for were gone long ago" But she softened at once. "It's your duty to help him, and I'll help

him, too, if I can." In the next few days Bill mostly left the two together, trying to findhis consolation in the wild life of the forest world outside the cabin. Harold had taken advantage of his absence and had made good progress: Virginia's period of readjustment to him

was almost complete. She did not, however, go frequently into his arms. Someway, an embarrassment, a sense of inappropriateness | and unrest always assailed her when he tried to claim the caresses that he

felt were his due. "Not now, Harold," she would tell him. "Not until we're established

again-at home." Finally his habits and his actions. Finally his habits and his actions game. Whatever is said is usually in did not quite meet with her approval. solicitation to a companion to shoot; .The first of these was only a little thing-a failure to keep shaved. The stubble matted and grew on his

lips and jowls. Bill, in contrast, shaved with greatest care every evening. A more important point was his avoidance of his proper share of Bill's

daily toil-There was a little explosion, one afternoon, when he ventured to advise her in regard to her relations with

Harold spoke tolerantly, patronizingly. "Those fellows are apt to take an advantage of any familiarity. They're all right if you keep 'em in their place-but they're mighty likely to break loose from it any minute. I'm sorry you ever let him call you Vir-

Virginia's eyes blazed. "Listen, Harold," she exclaimed. "I don't care to hear any more such talk as that. I don't need or want any his every wish. He held out gun and ly, giving number and size of such such warnings. I don't care what you

ginia."



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Harold was torn with jealous rage,: and in his fury and malice he made

The girl answered only with her old. stalked out of the cabin.

CHAPTER XII.

ginia's old relations with Bill. They posed lay in the rifle magazine. favorite melodies on the battered follow his first shot. ljoyous, exciting expeditions into the the region of the lungs and heart.

One morning Bill called her early. "We're face to face with a new problem," he announced. "The pack came by last night-the wolf pack. I didn't hear them at all. And they got away with the big moose ham, hang-

"Then we're out of meat?" the door We've been going through i

Bill spoke true. Their meat consumption had practically doubled since

"But if you care to," Bill went on, "we can dash out and see if we can pick up a young caribou or a left-over

She dressed, and at breakfast their exultation over their trip grew painful to Harold's ears. He announced his intention of going along.

Bill took rathre a new course today. He bent his steps toward a stream that he called Creek Despair--named for the fact that he had once held high hopes of finding his lost mine along its waters, only to meet an utter and hopeless failure.

After proceeding a long distance Bill glanced back in warning and pointed to an entrancing wilderness picture, a hundred wards in front. · In a little glade and framed by the

forest stood a large bull caribou, flashing and incredibly vivid against the Incidentally he made a firt-class tar-

get-one that it seemed impossible to

"I'll take him." Harold shouted "Let me take him." In a flash Harold realized that here was his opportunity; in one stroke,

one easy shot, he could focus Virginia's admiration upon himself. But it was not the way of sportsmen, wandering in file in mountain trails, to clamor for the first shot at

and Virginia felt oddly embarrassed. Harold's gun leaped to his shoulder-The target looked too big to miss, but his bullet flung up the snow behind

The caribou's powerful limbs push; ed out in a mighty leap. Frenzied, Harold shot again; but his nerve was broken and his self-control blown to the four winds. The animal had gained the shelter of the thickets by now. "My sights are off," Harold shouted. "They didn't shoot within three feet of where I aimed. Damn such a gun.' "I think we'd better look for some-

thing else," said Bill drily. "Then I want you to carry my gun awhile and let me take yours. It's all ready, and here's a handful of extra shells. You ought to be willing to do that, at least."

Harold had forgotten that this man was not his personal guide, subject to them, giving his own weapon in ex-

lowed was by all the codes of the hunting trails unpardonable. He supposed that he had refilled his rifle magazine that in the barrel, thrown in autowas ejected.

CHAPTER XIII.

been a fatality on the hillside above restless. Creek Despair. An ancient spruce "Why are you stopping here?" he tree had languished and died from asked, nervously. sheer old age.

emerged on their snowshoes in search mate, with another old gent. We're of meat for their depleted larder, the going to 'ave a race down the 'ill."wind pressed gently against it. Be- Tit-Bits. cause its trunk was rotted away it swayed and fell heavily.

The falling tree had made a fright-ful crash just over the head of a great grizzly, hibernating for the winter; to date. Evidently most of the money and even the deep coma in which he spent on the two volumes of "Great lay was abruptly dissolved. lay was abruptly dissolved.

He sprang up, ready to fight. Ilis little, fierce eyes burned and Use Minard's for Rheumatism.

smoldered with wrath, he grunted deep in his throat, and he pushed out savagely through the cavern maw. It was only a step farther through the spruce thicket into the sunlight-

Three figures, two abreast and one behind, came mushing through the Let me please, oh Mother dear little pass where the creek flowed. The Lay my head upon your breast grizzly recognized them in an instant And in silence surely feel, as his hereditary foes.

His cars laid back, and he uttered

think of Bill-for that matter, you | As he stepped, his forefeet swung What burns in my heart so deep: Bill Bronson has led Virginia Tre- can be sure that Bill doesn't care at out, giving to his carriage an arro- Just let, me. Mother, like a child mont into the Clearwater of northern all either—but I'll ask you to keep gance and a swagger that would have Sit near you—and softly weep. Canada to find her fiance, Harold your thoughts to yourself. Oh, if you been amusing if it hadn't been ter-Lounsbury, who vanished there six only knew-how good, how strong, how rible. His wicked teeth gleamed white Do not question; Such a child. years previously. Disaster separates true he has been-how tender he has in foam, and the hair stood stiff at Cannot find expression his shoulders.

> It was the last sight in the world Do not know its name: hasn't been too tender-" he suggested There was no waiting his time to offer the sporting opportunity to Har-

eyes; but her answer was unmistak- | Virginia was not aware of a lapse able. Harold muttered something un- of time between the instant that Bill intelligible, half an apology, half an caught sight of the bear and that in excuse. Then he turned his back and which the gun came leaping to his And in silence surely feel,

He had full confidence in the hardhitting vicious builet in Harold's The addition of Harold to their num- thirty-five, and most of all he relied ber did not influence, for long, Vir- on the four reserve shots that he sup-

were comrades as ever; they talked The grizzly dies hard; he felt that; and chatted around the little stove in all four of them would be needed to the hushed nights; they played their arrest the charge that would likely the staff, whose incompetence was as

(To be continued:)

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNABELLE WORTHINGTON

"All except the little piece outside Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Fur-



A printed crepe de chine in Patou rose is individualized by its flaring shoulder cape with scalloped edge. Horizontal tucks mark the natural waistline and create a smart pinchedin effect. The pointed treatment of the circular skirt with low-flared ful-

ness, is quite unique-Style No. 3477 comes in sizes 12, 11, 16, 18 and 20 years.

· Hyacinth blue crepe silk, Lanvin green shantung, printed dimity in sailor blue and white, and red and white cotton net print lend themselves \$4.00 charmingly to this model.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainshells; and, smiling, Bill received patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and But Harold's miss !.ad not been his address your order to Wilson Pattern greatest sin. The omission that fol- Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto-

Sporting

Old Brown had had a terrible mornwith shells before he put it in Bill's ing. He was unable to walk, and had hands. In his confusion and anger, engaged a man to pull him about in he had forgotten to do so; and the an invalid's chair. Twice they had only load that the gun contained was nearly been crushed under a tramcar, and once the invalid-chair man had maticaly when the last empty shell almost dropped his charge into

They halted at the top of a very steep hill. At first Brown welcomed Several seasons before there had the halt. But at last he began to get

"It's all right, guv'nor," the attend-On the day that the three hunters ant replied. "I' only waiting for my

Premier Ferguson gives Sic John A

Mother Dear

A Grown-up Child's Prayer

BY BETTY GOURRE Here, at last, I can find rest.

I cannot find the words to tell you,

For the thoughts that rack the mind Bill's keen eyes saw the bear first. And that need suppression.

> Let me please, Mother dear, Lay my head upon your breast, That with your love I am blessed!

Everything is still too new,

Only lately have I learnt

To know-love and pain!

Bad Luck

.The clerks were having a little gos

"Did I tell you chaps that I wasleaving?" drawled the languid swell of palpable as the splendor of his attire. "Heard you'd got the sack," replied

the cashier. "I answered an advertisement yesterday for what looks like a first-class job." resumed the overdressed one. "I've pitched rather a strong yarn, but you've got to do that if you want to keep up with the times."

Just then the senior partner arrived and, after reading the letters, called the swell to his room.

"The following dialogue was heard by the others:-"Have you been in our service ten

"No, sir; only fifteen months." "And is your salary seven pounds

en a week?" "Er-no, sir-fifty shillings." "Are you leaving us because of a difference with the firm regarding the management of Colonial branches?" · Dead silence and a short pause.

Then the senior partner: "You should be more careful in your statements. This is a small world. The advertisement you answered was Tor the situation you are leaving on Friday. That will do."-Tit-Bits.

Lemon Pudding

Juice of I lemon and the grated rind of 1/2 lemon, 1 cup sugar, yolks of two eggs (beaten well), 1 teaspoon of melted butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1

cup sweet milk. Method: Mix together in following order: Sugar, juice and rind of lemon, egg-yolks, butter, flour, milk, and, lastly, fold in beaten whites of eggs. Pour into buttered pudding-dish, set dish in larger, pan of water and bake 40 minutes.

Minard's Drives Away the Headache.

Chicago people are becoming thoroughly aroused over existing lawlessness. The Windy City has sown the wind, and now is reaping the whirlwind. The age-old rules of right and wrong are not altered by any modern



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(GREEN) 'Fresh from the gardens'

Memories

By BETTY GOURRE I found a rose in an old, old book, Hidden away in a dusty nook In a summer house by a rippling

It had shrivelled and died in that tumble-down shed Had no bright green leaves or petals of red. But it brought to my mind a romance

long dead!

my eyes!

Fragrant and sweet in that old book And though its long long ago, and I'm old and wise, Somehow the tears find their way to

I thought of a far away night in June; Starry skies, and a glittering moon, And of innocent love that had ended

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New Party Formed

Hamburg. Germany.—Five thousand German inventors met here recently in Whitsuntide congress, and added another to the legion of existing German parties. The new group is called the "party of technics." The leaders said the organization would strive to smooth the way for German inventive genius to develop new technical schemes which might partly solve the

unemployment problem.

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Training Discipline

Lucy Chandler Fuller "Oh, oh!" cried Brother Jack, "Dorothy May spoiled my house."

"Dorothy May," called the coildren's nurse in firm but kind tones, "go and sit on that bench until I say you may leave."

The little girl, with a resentful look, obeyed the nurse. "What does Jack want to play house for anyway?" she thought as she watched her small brother rearrange his benches.

"That child minds nicely,' remarked a second nurse girl who sat next to Annie, the one in charge of Jack and Dorothy May.

"And that she does,' replied Annie, "or I shouldn't have her in charge." "I wish I had control over Billy like that," commented the other. "How do you do it?""

"Well," replied Annie, "I never say much and the only punishment I use is sending Dorothy May to her room: or making her sit on a chair, but she knows she has to mind me." "You may get up now," Annie turn-

ed and called to Dorothy May. The little girl listlessly arose from her bench and wandered off toward a

group of children. "She's a queer child, though," continued Annie. "She hasn't any imagination like her brother and she doesn't know what to do with herself half the She's always bothering the other children."

The conversation was interrupted at this point by a child's scream. Annie got up from her seat. "Dorothy May." she called, "come back and sit on our our bench.

"In trouble again," commented An-

nie to her companion. In the park, sitting near the two. nurse girls was an old gentleman who had read three pages of his book without having taken in a sentence of what he had read. The cries of the children and the nurse girls' conversation had occupied his attention. He looked over at the little girl on the bench. "Pretty, bright looking child."he thought. "Too bad! Too bad that there isn't someone to train her instead of disciplining her. She minds that nurse all right but I'll warrant she defies every other member of the family to make up for it." The man's eyes went back to his book but as he heard Annie's voice tell Dorothy May to get up, his thoughts wandered to

the little girl again. "Has no imagination,' he repeated to himself. "Not the same kind as her brother's, at any rate.' The old gentleman's thoughts wandered on. "There just isn't anything here in which she is interested; that is the trouble. All those children are too young for her. Too bad! Too bad! And I suppose her mother thinks she is having the best of care in the fresh air with a competent woman in charge. Her mother doesn't know and even if she were here maybe she couldn't see how her child is being ne-. glected. That little girl is perhaps not quite like the average child of her age. Someone who loves her should study her and guide her energies in some positive direction. There's something she would be interested in. She may not know what it is herself as yet. Someone ought to help her find that interest instead of raising black ire in her little soul by making her sit on park benches."

The old gentleman watched the group a few moments in silence, then uttered a disgusted "Bah!" under his breath and began the page over again. "Dorothy May," again he heard the kind but firm tones, "come sit on this bench. No, sit on this one right here," added Annie. "That old man's going."

"I certainly am,' said the old gentleman to himself. "I cant' endure to see again the black look in those bright young eyes. Too bad! Too bad!"-Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th St., New York City. These articles are appearing weekly in our columns.

Little Joseph had recently taken up the study of physiology, which he found so interesting that he was eager to apply its teachings in the home. Particularly as regarded the daily food Joseph was inclined to condemn or approve uncompromisingly from his physiological standard. One evening his aunt was serving some fresh apple cider, when Joseph's uncle jokingly said, "How about this cider being good for us, Joseph?" The boy, looking very serious, replied, "I don't think it is very good for us, uncle William, as our 'Physiology' says cider. contains 10 per cent. alcohol!" "Is that so?" said uncle William. "Well, how can you explain the case of our neighbor, Mr. Jowles; who raised a great many apples, made cider by the barrel, and all his life drank quantities of it, and yet lived to be 94 years old?" Little Joseph felt his pet study was being severely assailed, and it was necessary for him to defend it with a clinching argument, so, with quivering lips, he stammered, "Well, I-I'll-bet he wasn't very healthy when he died!"

Wireless waves transmitted from newly designed apparatus fitted to a motor-car will start a motor which opens the garage doors without the motorist leaving his seat. The invention is the work of a Swiss engl-

Motoring-Mike says: "Not all the wooden-headed drivers are found on golf courses."