

A Trial Will Convince!

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BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

Ben Darby, a prisoner, is declared to be a victim of amnesia by a noted alienist, and is paroled to an old friend, Ezra Melville. Together they start on a trip to the Yuga River, where Ezra goes to take possession of a rich claim left by his brother, Hiram Melville, who recently had died. Ben is to have a partnership and a new lease of life. At Snowy Gulch lives Jeffrey Neilson and his two partners, Ray Brent and Chan Heminway. Neilson, leader of the notorious gang, has a beautiful daughter, Beatrice, with whom Brent is in love. When Ezra and Ben arrive at the north woods Ben's memory returns. They meet a frontiersman and learn that Neilson and his gang have started toward Hiram's claim. Ezra suggests that Darby go on to Snowy Gulch, and he will travel toward their destination. At Snowy Gulch Ben finds that Fenris, the late Ezra Melville's pet wolf, has broken loose and stands ready to destroy a beautiful girl.

GO ON WITH THE STORY.

The fangs were bared, gleaming in foam, the hair stood erect on the powerful shoulders; and instantly Ben recognized its breed. It was a magnificent specimen of that huge, gaunt runner of the forests, the Northern wolf. He knew this breed—this savage, blood-mad, fierce-eyed creature that turned, snarling, at his approach. Fenris was only a fellow wilderness creature, a pack brother of the dark forests, and he had no further cause for fear. "Fenris!" he ordered sharply. "Come here!" His voice was commanding and clear above the animal's snarl. There followed a curious, long instant of utter silence and infinite suspense. "Down, Fenris," Ben said again. "Down!" Then slowly, steadily, Ben moved toward him. Watching unbelieving, Morris saw the fierce eyes begin to lose their fire. The stiff hair on the

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Diamond Dyes

now, Fenris the wolf had come into his service.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WOLF SCENTS DEATH.

As twilight darkened to the full gloom of the forest night, Ben and Beatrice rode to a lonely cabin on the Yuga River—one that had been built by Hiram Melville years past. They had seen a lighted window from afar, marking the end of Beatrice's hard day's ride.

"Of course you won't try to go on to-night?" she asked Ben. "You'll stay at the cabin?"

"There likely won't be room for three," he answered. "But it's a clear night. I can make a fire and sleep out."

They halted at last; and Beatrice saw her father's form, framed in the doorway. She hastened into his arms; waiting in the darkness Ben could not help but hear his welcome. Many things were doubtful; but there could be no doubt of the love that Neilson bore his daughter.

"But why so many horses, Beatrice?" he asked. "You brought some one with you?"

"He's a prospector—Mr. Darby," the girl replied. "Come here, Ben—and be introduced."

Ben had already decided upon his course of action. He knew perfectly that it would only put Neilson on his guard if he stated his true position; and besides, he wanted word of Ezra.



"There's nothing I can say—to thank you," the girl was murmuring.

"I may have a wrong steer, Mr. Neilson," he said, "but a man I met down on the river-trail, out of Snowy Gulch, advised me to come here. He said that he had some sort of a claim up here and that his brother left him, and though it was a pocket-country, he thought there'd soon be a great rush up this way."

"I hardly know who it could have been that you met," Neilson began doubtfully. "He didn't tell you his name?"

"Melville. I believe that was it. And if you'll tell me how to find him, I'll try to go on to-night."

"Melville, eh? I guess I know who you mean now. But no—I don't know of any claim unless it's over east, beyond here. Maybe further down the river."

Ben made no reply at once; but his mind sped like lightning. Of course Neilson was lying about the claim; he knew perfectly that at that moment he was occupying one of Hiram Melville's cabins.

"He hasn't come up this way?" Ben asked casually.

"He hasn't come through here that I know of. Of course I'm working at my claim—with my partners—and he might have gone through without our seeing him. It seems rather unlikely."

"He told me, in the few minutes that I talked to him, that his cabin was somewhere close to this one—I thought he said up this creek."

"There is a cabin up the creek a way," Neilson admitted, "but it isn't the one he meant. It's on my claim, and my two partners are living in it. But when he said near to this one, he might have meant ten miles. That's the way we northern men speak of distance."

He said his farewells to the girl, refused an invitation to pass the night in the cabin, and made his way to the green bank of the stream. Four hundred yards from the cabin—



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It kept his mouth moist and fresh on his hot, rocky road. Calling on his sweetie, he took her a smooth, white stone!

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ISSUE No. 10—27.

Too Complacent.

Leo Maxse in the London National Review: It would be all to the good if on both sides of the Atlantic there was a truce to the throwing of brick-bats. As a small contribution to the common pot we will disclose a profound secret of which Americans are unaware. The self-complacency of official England, which is no less exasperating to unofficial England than it is to foreigners, is never a mask for satanic cunning or diabolic cleverness, but it is sometimes a cloak for somnolence, ignorance and ineptitude. It is a far greater burden to this country than to any other. British interests would gain immeasurably were there more intelligence and less self-sufficiency in Downing Street.

scared from both by the thickets—he pitched his camp.

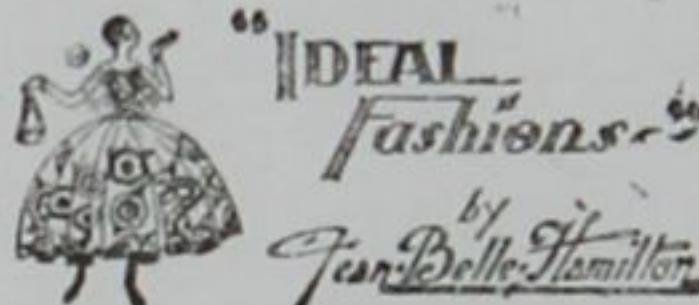
Ben made his fire and unpacked his horses. He confined his riding horse with a picket rope; the others he turned loose. Then he cooked a simple meal for himself and the gaunt servant at his heels.

When the night had come down in full, and as he sat about the glowing coals of his supper fire, he had time to devote serious thought to the fate of Ezra.

Impelled by an urge within himself, Ben suddenly knelt beside his lupine friend. He could not understand the flood of emotion, the vague sense of impending and dramatic events that stirred him to the quick. He only knew, with a knowledge akin to inspiration, that in Fenris lay the answer to his problem.

"Fenris old boy," the man whispered. "Can you find him for me, Fenris? He's out there somewhere—the man motioned toward the dark—"and I want him. Can you take me to him?"

(To be continued.)



A NEW BLOOMER DRESS.

Charmingly simple is the attractive bloomer dress pictured here and a style very easily fashioned. The front and back are gathered to a fitted yoke opening on the kimona shoulders, while a trim belt fastens in front. The bloomers have elastic run through a top casing and at the lower edge of the legs. No. 1492 is in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 years requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch material, or 1 1/2 yards 54-inch, and 3/4 yard 36-inch contrasting for yoke and belt. Price 20 cents the pattern.

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HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

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Essays on Canada

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The publisher of this paper, in co-operation with a number of other publishers of weekly newspapers, will distribute thirty-six (36) cash prizes to boys and girls for the best essays on Canada. The object of this contest is to stimulate interest in this wonderful country of ours, and to help the boys and girls of to-day, the citizens and leaders of to-morrow, to appreciate better the tremendous potentialities of Canada and to get some vision of that future greatness which fortune has undoubtedly marked out for this the most important dominion in the British Empire.

The Prizes will be as follows:

First Prize \$20.00. Next Three \$5.00 each.
Second Prize \$15.00. Next Ten \$2.00 each.
Third Prize \$10.00. Next Twenty \$1.00 each.

Every boy and girl who reads this paper has a chance to win one of these prizes. Read all you can about Canada, her early history, both French and British; study her progress from a Crown colony to her present position of political equality with the Motherland; visualize her future. Then decide from what angle you will deal with your subject and write your essay in 1,000 words or less.

(Contest Closes April 16, 1927.)

RULES OF CONTEST

All scholars not over seventeen (17) years of age whose parents or guardians subscribe for one of the papers carrying this announcement may enter the contest.

Essays may deal with the subject from any point of view, but must not exceed 1,000 words in length.

Paper of foolscap size must be used, and writing appear on one side only. Neatness will be considered in making awards.

All manuscripts submitted become the property of the publishers. Send essays to Canada Essay Editor, in care of this paper.

The following information must accompany each entry:—Name of contestant, Age, Address, Name of School, Name of Teacher, and each essay must bear the following certificate signed by parent, guardian, or school teacher:—

"I hereby certify that this essay is the sole work of (name of scholar) and that (he or she) is not over seventeen (17) years of age."

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Faith.

Dark are the pines' long shadows cast
By the drooping flame of day,
Icebound the meadow and the marsh
Which mark my homeward way,
Yet in the faith of other years
I am assured that soon
Springtime will strew my path with flowers

And I shall trust with June.

—Anabel Barber.

DON'T BE DECEIVED.

A bargain, so called, in cheap bulk tea, isn't worth what you pay for it.

Success.

The secret of success is often inquired for, and here it is: it is not in gifts, or human learning, or exceptional opportunities, or in earthly advantages, but in a heart consumed with the flame of ardent, holy, heavenly love.—Gen. William Booth, quoted in "Echoes and Memories," by Bramwell Booth.

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The old-fashioned mother's method of soothing her fretful child to sleep by softly singing to it has given modern scientists a new notion for dealing with insomnia. They have decided that a low crooning or humming sound is the best cure for this troublesome modern malady.

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