

In the Realm of Women---Some Interesting Features

Canada Can

- Reduce Her Taxes
- Pay Her War Debts
- Keep Workers Busy
- Make Farmers Prosperous

By Selling Her Surplus

Grain, Fruits,
Dairy Produce,
Manufactures

To the Nations of
The British Empire

The Key to the market is

**Ships—
Canadian
Ships**

The Navy League of Canada

THE COURAGE OF MARGE O'DOONE

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

He brought it from the coast, in the winter time—many sledges loads of it; and some of those "miners" who came down from the north carried away much of it. If it was summer they would take it away on pack horses. What would they do with so much liquor, she wondered? A little of it made such a beast of Hauck, and a beast of Brokaw, and it drove the Indians wild. Hauck would no longer allow the Indians to drink it at the Nest. They had to take it away with them—into the mountains. Just now there was quite a number of the "miners" down from the north, ten or twelve of them. She had not been afraid when Niskoos, her aunt, was alive. But now there was no other woman at the Nest, except an old Indian woman who did Hauck's cooking. Hauck wanted no one there. And she was afraid of those men. They all feared Hauck, and she knew that Hauck was afraid of Brokaw. She didn't know why, but he was. And she was afraid of them all and hated them all. She had been quite happy when Niskoos was alive. Niskoos had taught her to read out of books, had taught her things ever since she could remember. She could write almost as well as Niskoos. She said this a bit proudly. But since her aunt had gone, things were terribly changed. Especially the men. They had made her more afraid, every day. "None of them is like you," she said with startling frankness, her eyes shining at him. "I would love to be with you!"

He turned, then, to look at Tara dozing in the sun. Chapter XIX. They ate, facing each other, on a clean, flat stone that was like a table. There was no hesitation on the girl's part, no false pride in the concealment of her hunger. To David it was a joy to watch her eat, and to catch the changing expressions in her eyes, and the little half-smiles that took the place of words as he helped her diligently to bacon and bannock and coffee. The bright glow went only once out of her eyes, and that was when she looked at Tara and Barea. "Tara has been eating roots all day," she said. "But what will he eat?" and she nodded at the dog. "He had a whistler for breakfast," David assured her. "Fat as butter. He wouldn't eat now anyway. He is too much interested in the bear." She had finished, with a little sigh of content, when he asked "What do you mean when you say that you have trained Tara to kill? Why have you trained him?" "I began the day after Brokaw did that—held me there in his arms, with my head bent back. Ugh! he was terrible, with his face so close to mine!" She shuddered. "Afterward I washed my face, and scrubbed it hard, but I could still feel it. I can feel it now. Her eyes were darkening, as the sun darkens when a thunder cloud passes under it. "I wanted to make Tara understand what he must do after that, so I stole some of Brokaw's clothes and carried them up to a little plain on the side of the mountain. I stuffed them with grass, and made a... what do you call it? In Indian it is isena-kosewin..." "A dummy," he said. She nodded. "Yes, that is it. Then I would go with it a little distance from Tara, and would begin to struggle with it, and scream. The third time, when Tara saw me lying under it, kicking and screaming, he gave it a blow with his paw that ripped it clean in two! And after that..." Her eyes were glorious in their wild triumph. "He would tear it into bits," she cried breathlessly. "It would take me a whole day to mend it again, and at last I had to steal more clothes. I took Hauck's this time. And soon they were gone, too. That is just what Tara would do to a man—when I fight and scream!" "And a little while ago you were ready to jump at me, and fight and scream!" he reminded her, smiling across their rock table. "Not after you spoke to me," she said, so quickly that the words seemed to spring straight from her heart. "I wasn't afraid then. I was—glad. No, I wouldn't scream—not even if you held me like Brokaw did!" He felt the warm blood rising under his skin again. It was impossible to keep it down. And he was ashamed of it—ashamed of the thought that for an instant was in his mind. The soul of the wild, little mountain creature was in her eyes. Her lips made no concealment of its thoughts or its emotions, pure as the blue skies above them and as unguessed by conventionalities as the winds that shifted up and down the valleys. She was a new sort of being to him, a child-woman, a little wonder-nymph that had grown up with the flowers. And yet not so little after all. He had noticed that the top of her shining head came considerably above his chin. "Then you will not be afraid to go back to the Nest—with me?" he asked. "No," she said with a direct and amazing confidence. "But I'd rather run away with you. Then she added quickly, before he could speak. "Didn't you say you came all that way—hundreds of miles—to find me? Then why must we go back?" He explained to her as clearly as he could, and as reason seemed to point out to him. It was impossible, he assured her, that Brokaw or Hauck or any other man could harm her now that he was here to take care of her and straighten matters out. He was as frank with her as she had been with him. Her eyes widened when he told her that he did not believe Hauck was her uncle, and that he was certain the woman whom he had met that night on the trans-continental, and who was searching for an O'Doone, had some deal inter-

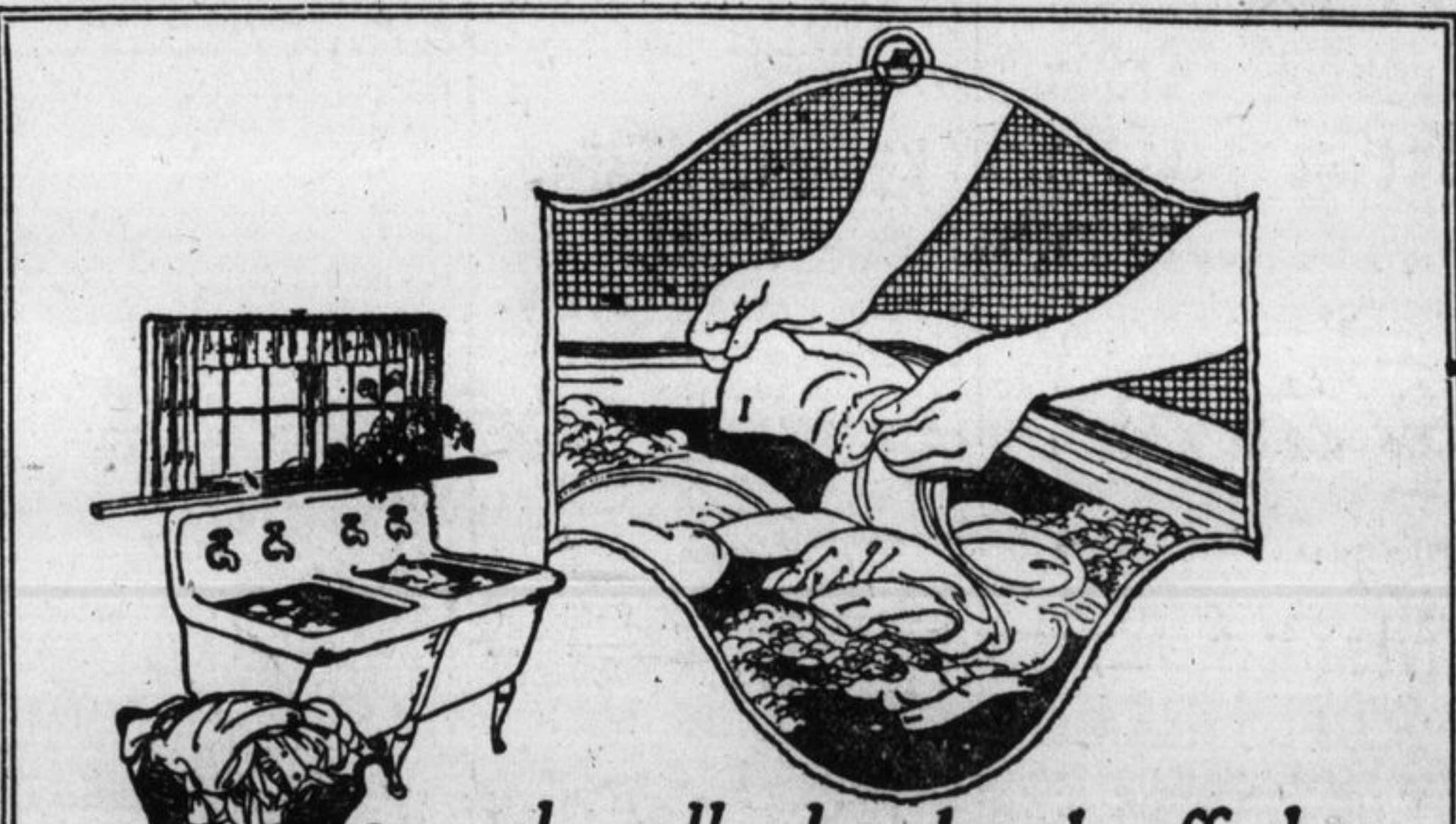
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"I never get lost," she protested. "But we must tell them that just the same," he insisted. "Will you?" She nodded emphatically. "And now, before we start, tell me why they haven't followed you?" (To Be Continued.)

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