

# By Virtue of Merit "SALADA" TEA

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THE  
SKY LINE  
OF  
SPRUCE  
by Edison Marshall  
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(Continued From Our Last Issue.)

The night was chill; she longed for the comfort of the fire. The actual labor of building it might take her mind from her fears for a while. Besides, it might be a beacon light for Ben. She turned at once to the pile of kindling Ben had prepared. But before she could build a really satisfactory fire, one that would endure the rain, she must cut fuel from some of the logs Ben had hewn down and dragged to the cave. She lighted a short piece of pitchy wood, intending to locate the heavy camp axe. Then, putting on her heavy coat—the same garment of lustrous fur which Ben had sent her back for the day of her abduction—she ventured into the storm.

The rain splashed in vain at her torch. The pitch burned with a fierce flame. But her eyes sought in vain for the axe.

Ben had taken it; he had plainly gone forth after fuel. Trees stood all about the little glade; he couldn't have gone far.

Holding her torch high she went to the edge of the glade and called into the gloom.

She turned at once to the cave, and, piling up her kindling, built a fire just at the mouth of the cave. This fire would serve to keep her direction and lead her back to the cavern.

Then she hunted for pine knots taken from the scrub pines that grew in scattering clumps among the spruce, and which were laden with pitch.

One of these knots she put in the iron pan they used for frying, then lighted it. Then she pushed into the timber.

Holding her light high, she began to encircle the glade clear to the barrier of the cliffs.

With courage and strength such as she had not dreamed she possessed, she launched forward. But fatigue was breaking her now. The tree roots tripped her faltering feet, the branches clutched at her as she passed. It was hard to tell what territory she had searched, or how far she had gone.

The flickering light revealed a tree, freshly cut, its naked stump gleaming and its tall form lying prone. Yet beneath it the shadows were of strange, unearthly shape, and something showed stark white through the green foliage. Great branches stretched over it, like bars over a prison window.

Her strength wilted and for an instant she could only stand and gaze with fixed, unbelieving eyes. But almost at once the unquenchable fires of her spirit blazed up anew.

Instantly she was beside the form of her comrade and enemy, struggling with the cruel limbs that pinned him to the earth.

## CHAPTER XV.

The Conspirators Disagree.  
The pine knots flickered feebly; and by their light she looked about for Ben's axe. Her eyes rested on

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the broken gun first: then she saw the blade, shining in the rain, protruding from beneath a broken bough. She drew it out and swung it down.

How and by what might she did not know, but almost at once the man's body was free except for the tree trunk that wedged him against a dead log toward which he had leaped for shelter.

Seeing that she could not move the tree itself, she thrust with all her power against the dead log beside which Ben lay. In a moment she had rolled it aside.

One of his arms was broken; its position indicated that. Some of his ribs were crushed too—what internal injuries he had that might end him before the morning she did not know. She worked her shoulder under the body.

Wrenching with all her fine, young strength, she lifted him upon her shoulder; then, kneeling in the vines, she struggled for breath. Then, thrusting with her arm she got on her feet.

At the end of a hundred yards she stopped to rest, leaning against a tree and still holding the beloved weight upon her shoulder. She plunged on.



Wrenching with all her fine young strength, she lifted him upon her shoulder.

down toward the beacon light. She lunged on and laid her burden on her bed.

Then she relaxed at his feet, breathing in sobbing sobs. But far distant though Ben was and deep as he slept—just outside the dark portals of death itself—those sounds went down to him. He lay a long time, trying to understand.

On her knees beside him Beatrice saw the first flutter of his eyelids. In awe, rather than rapture, her arms crept around him, and she kissed his rain-wet brow. His eyes opened, looked wonderingly into hers.

"The tree got me, didn't it?" he asked.

"Don't try to talk," she cautioned. "Yes—the tree fell on you. But you're not going to die. You're going to live, live—"

He shook his head, the half-smile flickering at his lips. "Let me talk, Beatrice," he said. "It's important—and I don't think I have much time." Her eyes widened in horror. "You don't mean—"

"I'm going back in a minute—I can't hardly keep awake," he said. His voice, though feeble, was preternaturally clear.

"I believe the tree got me—clear inside—but you must listen to everything I say."

She nodded. In that eerie moment of suspense she knew she must hear what he had to tell her.

"Don't wait to see what happens to me," he went on. "I'll either go out or I'll live—you really can't help me any. Where's the rifle?"

"The rifle was broken—when the tree fell."

"I knew it would be. I saw it coming. Beatrice—please, please don't stay here, trying to save me."

"Do you think I would go?" she cried.

"You must. The food—is about gone. Take the pistol. There's six shot or so—in the box. The rifle's broken and we can't get meat. It's just death—if you wait."

"And leave you here to die, as long as there's a chance to save you?" she

girl answered. "You couldn't get up to get water—or build a fire—"

He listened patiently, but shook his head at the end.

He struggled for breath, and she thought he had slipped back into unconsciousness. But in a moment the faltering current of his speech began again.

"Take the pistol—and go," he told her. "You showed me to-day how to give up—and I don't want to kill—your father—any more. I renounce it all! Erram—forgive me—old Ez that lay dead in the heaven."

Unconsciousness welled high above him, and the lids dropped over his eyes. And Erram, watching high and afar, and with infinite serenity knowing at last the true balance of all things one with another, gave him full forgiveness.

The trail was long and steep into Back There for Jeffery Neilson and his men.

They had counted on slow travel, but the weeks grew into the months before they even neared the obscure heart of Back There where they thought Ben and Beatrice might be hidden.

The days passed, June and July, ever they moved at a slower pace. The food stores brought for the journey were rapidly depleted.

No experience of their individual lives had ever presented such a daily ordeal of physical distress; none had ever been so devastating to hope and spirit.

Jeffery Neilson had almost forgotten the issue of the claim by now. He had told the truth, those weary weeks before, when he wished he had never seen it. His only thought was of his daughter. Yet he dared not turn back. She might yet live, held prisoner in some far-off cave.

At first all three agreed on this point; that they must not turn back until either Ben was crushed under their heels or they had made sure of his death.

They were still partners in their effort to rescue the girl and slay her abductor; otherwise they were at sword's points.

If mental distress and physical discomfort can constitute vengeance, Ben was already avenged.

One rainy, disagreeable morning, as they camped beside the river near the mouth of a small creek, affairs reached their crisis. They had caught and saddled the horses; Ray was pulling tight the last hitch. Chan stood beside him, speaking in an undertone. When he had finished Ray cursed explosively in the silence.

Neilson turned. He seemed to sense impending developments. "What now?" he asked.

"I'm not going on, that's what it is," Ray replied. "Neilson, it's two against one—if you want to go you can—but Ray and I are going back."

"You're going back, eh—scared out?" Neilson commented coldly.

"I'm going back—and don't say too



(To be continued.)

His Aerial.

She—"Why does Mr. Gossippe always have his nose in the air?" He—"That's his aerial for receiving news."

Apples in Canada.

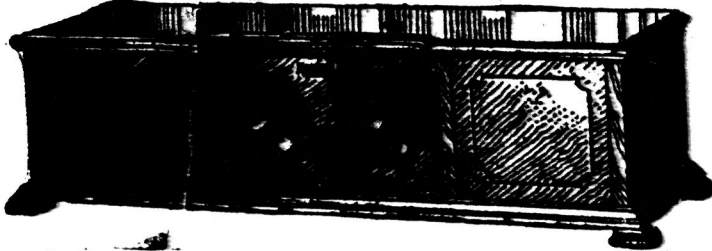
Apples may be grown over a great part of Canada, so great in fact that it were all planted the crop would be sufficient to supply the markets of the world. In point of flavor, high coloring, and long-keeping qualities, the Dominion produces the best grades and the demand for Canadian apples from other countries is steadily growing as they become better known.

LOW TEA PRICE USUALLY DECEPTION.

A low price for tea to-day means only one thing—poor quality. A lot of poor quality teas are now being offered. The public should be advised not to buy them.

Minard's Liniment soothing tired feet.

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What the Bismarck Did.  
From steadily calms passing through. And over each and velvet lawn. The "Morning Glory" splits its blue in rapturous greeting to the dawn.

The red poinsettia stars the groves Beyond the slender trees, Where blue-birds cannot to their loven, And scent of lilacs floods the breeze.

Days, where long turquoise pathways roam On amaranthine purple seas. And far reefs gleam with sun-kissed foam. Given and whipt by the salt sea breeze.

—Hilda McDonald.

## Waterloo Still Attracts.

It always seems a curious fact that in spite of over a century's lapse, the fighting of many greater battles and, above all, the existence in little Belgium of world-significant battle grounds of more recent date, Waterloo still has its daily stream of tourists from all over the world. Some of those who visit are from Australia, South Africa, England, France, Germany and, of course, many from America.



To Save Historic Edifice.

The Palace of Versailles, where the Peace Treaty was signed, is one of the greatest historic treasures of France. It appears that it is threatened with destruction. A small kind of tooth-stool is eating into the woodwork. The palace has been under observation and has been carefully examined and it is found that the whole of the woodwork is crumbling into a powdery dust. A good deal of money has already been spent, but much more will have to be spent to save Versailles.

Going fishing—take Minard's Liniment.

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(Contest Closes April 16, 1927).

## RULES OF CONTEST

All scholars not over seventeen (17) years of age whose parents or guardians subscribe to this paper 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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