

The Snowshoe Trail

By EDISON MARSHALL

CHAPTER XXVII

The battle was short thereafter. Harold was never a match for Bill. The latter's hard fists lashed into his face, blow after blow with grim reports in the silence. Harold's resistance ceased; his body quivered and lay still. Remembering Virginia, Bill leaped to his feet.

But Harold was not quite unconscious. But one impulse was left—to escape, and dumbly he crawled to the door.

No weapon remained in his hand. "I'll get you yet, you devil!" he screamed, almost incoherently. "I'll lay in wait and kill you—you can't get away!"

And out he staggered.

"Virginia," Bill called. "Where are you?"

From the dark, far end of the cabin he heard the answer—a voice low and tremulous such as is sometimes heard from the lips of a sick child. "Here I am, Bill," she replied. "I'm hit with a stray shot."

Bill groped his way to Virginia's side.

His hands told him she was lying huddled against the wall, a slight, pathetic figure that broke the heart within the man. He knelt beside her, then felt for a match.

But before he struck the match he remembered his foe without; he would be quick to fire through the window if a light showed him his target.

Even now he might be crouched in the snow, his rifle in his arms, waiting for just this chance.

Bill snatched a blanket from the cot, shielded them with it, and lighted the match behind it.

"He can't see the light through this," he told her.

He groped for the fallen candle, lighted it, and held it close. "You'll have to look and see yourself, Virginia," he told her. "You remember—of course—"

Yes, she remembered his blindness. She looked down at the little stain of red on her left shoulder.

"I can't tell," she told him. "It went in right here—give me your hand."

She took his warm hand and rested it against the wound. Someway, it comforted her. "Close to the top of the shoulder, then," he commented.

"But there's nothing I can do—it's not a wound I can dress. It's cleaner now than anything we've got to clean it with. The only thing is to lie still—so it won't bleed."

"Do you think I'll die?" she asked him quietly.

"I don't think the wound is serious in itself—if we could get you down to a doctor," he told her. "It isn't bleeding much now, because you are lying still, but it has been bleeding pretty freely. It's just a flesh wound, really. But you see—"

Her mind leaped at once to his thought. "You mean—it's the same, either way?" she questioned.

"It means death—that's all it means. I don't care on my own account."

"Then don't care on mine, either."

All at once her hand went up and caressed his face. "Hold me, Bill, won't you?" she asked. "Hold me in your arms."

The man's arms tightened around her. He lowered his lips close to hers. "I love you,"

She drew his head down and down until her own lips halted the flow of his words. "And I love you, Bill," she told him. "No one but you."

Only once during the night did Bill leave her—to cover the crack of the door and build up the fire. When he returned, her warm little flood of kisses was as if he had been absent for weary hours.

But her thoughts had been busy, even in this moment. All at once she drew his ear close to her lips.

"Bill, will you listen to me a minute?" she asked.

"Listen! I'll listen to every word."

"I think I know the way—at least a fighting chance—to life and safety."

CHAPTER XXVIII

"Everything depends first," Virginia said, "whether or not you can crawl through the little window of the cabin."

Bill remembered his experience in the smoke-filled hut and he kissed her, whispering that would be easy.

"The next thing—there are Harold's snowshoes in this room?"

"So it depends on Harold, does it? I believe his snowshoes are here. Harold left rather hurriedly—and I don't think he took them."

"What everything depends on—is getting out. The longer we stay here, without food, the more certain death is. I know I can't walk and you can't see. Bill, Harold is waiting, right now—probably in the little cabin where he sleeps—for a chance to get those shoes. He's helpless without them. As soon as it gets light enough for him to see, I want you to go out the cabin door. Turn at once into the brush at your right, so he can't shoot you with the rifle. Then come around to the side of the cabin and re-enter through the window."

"The moment he thinks you are gone, he'll come—not only to get his snowshoes, but to gloat over me. I know him now! I can't understand why I didn't know him before. And then—we've got to take him by surprise."

"And then—?"

Quickly, with few words, she told him the rest of her plot.

Harold walked into the trap set by Virginia.

"I'm coming for my snowshoes, Virginia," he told her. "Then I'm going to go away." He tried to draw his battered, bloody lips into a smile.

"Come in and get them," she replied. Her voice was low and lifeless. Harold stepped through the door. And then she uttered a curious cry.

"Now!" she called sharply. There was no time for Harold to dart back, even to be alarmed. A mighty force descended upon his body.

In less than a minute he was bound helpless.

"What are you going to do with me?" he asked.

"Why, Harold, you are to be our little truck horse," Virginia replied, as she handed Bill more things. "You are going to pull the sled and show the way down into Bradleyburg."

CHAPTER XXIX

When the dawn came full and bright over Clearwater, Bill and his party were ready to start.

When Harold had been thoroughly cowed and his full instructions given him, the things had been put about his ankles and removed from his wrists, and he was permitted to do the packing.

That procedure was exceedingly simple; all available blankets were piled on the sled and made into a bed for Virginia, and the ax, candles, and such cooking utensils as were needed were packed in front. And then they had a short but decisive interview with Harold.

"I won't go—I'll die first," he cried to Virginia. "Besides, you don't dare to use force on me; you don't know the way and Bill can't see. You know if you kill me you'll die yourself."

"Fair enough," Virginia replied sweetly. "But take just this little word of advice. Bill and I were all reconciled to dying when we thought of you—and we won't mind it now if we're sure you are going along. And Bill will tell you that I can shoot straight. Perhaps you learned that fact last night."

They lengthened the thing that tied his ankles together, giving him room for a full walking step but not enough to leap or run.

They put on his hands a pair of awkward mittens that had been stiffened by mud and water, and lashed them to his wrists.

Then they slipped the thong of the sled across his shoulder and under his arms like the loops of a kyack. They were ready to go.

"I haven't much hope," Bill told Virginia when she was tucked into the bed on the sled. "But it's the only chance we have."

She smiled at him. "At least, Bill, we'll have done everything we could. Goodby, little cabin—where I found happiness. Sometimes, perhaps, we'll come back to you!"

The man bent and kissed her, and she gave the word for Harold to start.

At the end of three bitter days, Bill Bronson stood once more on the hill that looked down upon Bradleyburg. The twilight was growing in the glen beneath; already it had cast shadows in Virginia's eyes. She sat beside him on the sled.

It had been cruel hardship, the three days' journey. But fortune had played them well in this—they had found the food "osper abandoned."

the Spirits of Mercy had permitted him, at close range, to behold Virginia's face.

A half-mile back, just before they approached the first fringe of the spruce forest, they had met a trapper just starting out on his line; and he had gladly consented to take Harold the rest of the way into town. He was to be lodged in prison to face a charge of attempted murder—a crime that in the northwest provinces is never regarded lightly.

"And you weren't drowned!" the trapper marvelled, when he had got his breath. "We've been mournin' you for dead—for months."

"Drowned—not at bit of it," Virginia answered gaily. "And don't mourn any more."

Bill felt wholly able to follow the broad snowshoe track the half-mile farther into town. The footprints of the men had grown faint and died away—and Virginia and he were left together on the hill.

They saw the church spire, tall and ghostly in the twilight, and Bill's strong arms pressed the girl close. She understood and smiled happily.

"Of course, Bill," she told him. "There is no need to wait. In a few days I'll be strong enough to stand beside you at the altar."

(The End.)

What New York Is Wearing

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A printed tub silk endorses the wrapped flared skirt treatment.

The curved seaming and button trim of the hip yoke are decidedly slimming details.

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Style No. 2561 is youthfully smart and wearable.

It is designed in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust.

Shantung, in dusty-pink shade is very attractive for spectator sports and the beach.

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Alum Will Help

Alum can be used very effectively for mending broken china, glassware, etc.

Melt a little in an old iron spoon over the fire, apply it to the broken parts, and leave till it hardens. This holds the pieces together as effectively as the strongest cement.

A solution of alum and water will not only clean a ceiling, but also prevent the whitewash from peeling off.

East Losing Glamour-Veil And Fez Gone

One by one our treasured traditions are being taken from us, are being transformed, blotted out by the utilitarian. It is well that the poet who sang, "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," added the thought that under certain circumstances "there is neither East nor West."

The East has always been a land of mystery, and many a novelist has utilized this part of the globe as one of the chief tools of his stock-in-trade.

Who has not read of a deeply veiled figure walking along the dark and narrow streets of, say, Cairo or Constantinople, all that was visible being two flashing eyes? Gone alas, to a large measure, is the veiled figure, and what do we get instead? Western short skirts, a hat that strikes a note of incongruity and an unveiled face in which the eyes seem no longer to flash.

Then logically, of course, the purdah has also gone, that wall which aforetime secluded the veiled woman being no longer necessary with the disappearance of the veil.

Then again the fez in many parts of the East is as rare as the dodo, and its place is being quite generally taken by the derby. This unpretty headpiece is generally several sizes too large, and is apparently balanced on the ears. In the same way the romantically flowing robes of the male easterner are being discarded for unromantic and baggy-kneed pants.

Even the animals are being affected by this distressing wave of westernization. The camel, with his supercilious snout and contemptuous stare will soon cease to "pad" silently across the sands of the desert, his place being taken by the more noisy automobile and tractor.

These blows at the picturesque are coming thick and fast, the latest being struck by the King of Siam's estimable desire for progress. No longer shall we be able to visualize an Asiatic queen reclining on multi-colored cushions, while she is kept cool by the slow-swaying to and fro of the air-disturbing punjab, the punjab-wallahs being "swartthy Ethiopians," to use a term much loved of the lady novelist. Its place has been taken, horrible to relate, by a commonplace, up-to-date American refrigerating plant. One shudders at the picture, almost devastating in its desecration of the traditions of the East. That it will, of course, be much more efficacious does not enter into the picture.

And so, in view of all these more or less tragic happenings, it will be well to prepare oneself to withstand the shock of reading in the paper one of these mornings that D. Lai Lama of Tibet has been seen in the streets of Lhasa attired in a tall hat, spats and a monocle. Truly "there is neither East nor West."

Christening in the East

In some foreign lands the baby's name is chosen in strange ways. The poor little Chinese girls are thought of so little importance that they rarely get a name at all as infants, but are called No. 1, 2, 3 or whatever their place in the list of daughters may be.

Chinese boys are given a name, by which they are called till they attain the age of twenty; then their father gives them a new name.

Japanese girls have pretty names, usually those of some flowers—"Mimosa," "Chrysanthemum," "Cherry Blossom," and in some parts of the country the little Japs do not receive a name until they are five years old, when their father chooses one for them.

Hindu babes are named when they are about twelve days old, and it is usually the mother who chooses the name. They, too, are fond of pretty flower names for their little girls.

The Egyptians have an odd way of choosing a baby's name. They light three candles, giving a name to each; but they always call one after some deified or exalted person. The baby is called by the name borne by the candle which burns longest.

Mohammedans sometimes write suitable names on slips of paper, which they insert between the pages of the Koran. The first slip drawn out gives the name to the baby.

Capital Punishment

Denmark, which recently abolished capital punishment, had not inflicted this penalty for 30 years.

Rheumatism?

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Where No Wind Stirs

I love it here—
Amid the firs
Where no wind stirs.
I love the calm,
The redolent
Spice of balm;
I find content
Amid the firs
Where no wind stirs.

I love the song
The hermit-thrust
Hurries along
Across the hush
Amid the firs
Where no wind stirs.

I love the light
Slant-stealing in,
Now faint, now bright,
Eerie and thin
Amid the firs
Where no wind stirs.

And so I wait
Till dips the dark,
Alert, elate,
To hear—oh, hark!—
The first faint whirr-poor-will
Behind the hill
Amid the firs
Where no wind stirs.

—Clinton Scollard.

Diphtheria Curbed
By Use of Toxoid

Winnipeg—Wide-spread use of diphtheria toxoid is successfully curbing a spread of that disease, which had penetrated into scattered Manitoba municipalities. The provincial department of health believes the scourge is definitely on the wane.

For the entire province 33 new cases were registered during the first 15 days of July, a decided decrease from the preceding half-month period.

Prompt measures adopted for immunization in some localities is responsible for improvement in the situation, says Dr. F. W. Jackson, director of the communicable disease division of the health department. He recommends province-wide immunization through the use of toxoid before schools re-open for the fall term.

"What should I take when I'm run down, doctor?" "The number of the car, of course."

Minard's Liniment for Neuralgia.

Penknife

The term penknife, now used to mean a pocketknife, is a relic of the time when one of the uses of the knife was to mend quill penpoints.

ANCHOR-DONALDSON

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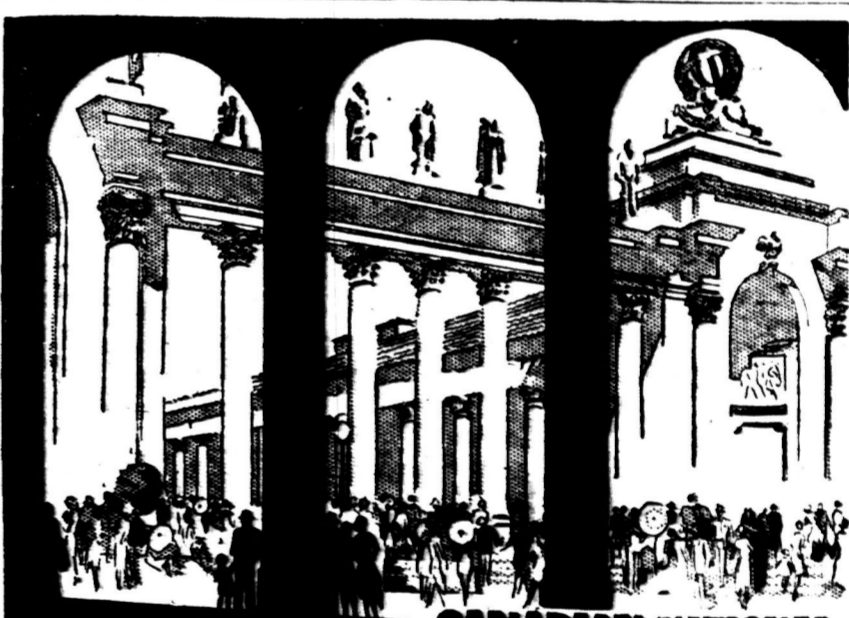
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Four concerts by the internationally famous 2000-voice Exhibition Chorus Aug. 23 and 28, Sept. 2 and 6. Seats 25c, 75c and \$1.00.

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Journalist, U

Cape Town, 27. Af.—The Johannesburg, goes to the first man to c Africa by motorcycle started from Johannesburg machine in September run to Nairobi was sh with his later adventure robt to Lagos, however miles; and there are st ly that a breakdown m dangerous march throu

At Fort Archambault of the Sahara, Mr. Kr pare himself for a stre without the chance single white man or petrol. On his carrier gallon tin of petrol, a red his kit to the tank

"It was in this dange country," he relat developed in my petr that it would be used the petrol dripping a machine beside the r to walk for help.

"I met natives and machine to their vi struck out on foot for post called Fort Lamy. Soon I reached the Sh a small dug-out canoe dlers.

Wants Appl Packed Cardboard

The results of inv the years 192 amount and types of dian fruit shipped Kingdom have just be the Empire Marketing report, issued by H. M fice, London, price of ers apples, pears, plu and should be in the Canadian grower of garding apples, the their condition on ar good, but that even a on waste becomes a ous cause of trouble ting. Pressing down ing processes likely to should be reduced to tario and Nova Scot from seab and Britis pies from internal b port of plums to the from Ontario is a c cent development, bu were attractive in a was extensive wastag and a good deal of noted. These and details are dealt w the report of sixty pa

Market competition Kingdom is so sever growers, after perfe of fruit, might wel methods of packing more attractive to th this connection a val comes from Aid. Ki the city of Ripon, i chairman of the Yor Migration Committee past two years he fruit-growing district found a general col prices the growers r low, especially in vie tall prices charged by Old Country. "Has to the grower and writes, "that it's a pies, both eaters and packed in cardboard qualities that they over the counters of at popular prices, the some of the middle b brought about, and consumer would ben getion of packing, nly the needs of the vast population wh fast to buy Empire tr very materially imp of buyers in the U

Mint for Rem

The mint of mint br A kitchen with its A whitest table on A chopping-knife, and And somebody who The herb in heaps p ping; Rap-rap-rap! the bu Went through the n stopping.

Though I should jou Wide fields to forgo The mint of mint w A memory of that o So dear they were, t They call me back a From simple joys at With poignant with fragrant.

"No woman is tru she is half starved bony."—Florenz Zie

A man fined 10s, properly using a lin wrote to the magi pects some discipli adwerent misconpre liberate circumvent

PLEASURE

The tingling taste of fresh mint leaves is a real treat for your sweet tooth.

WRIGLEY'S

Affords people everywhere great comfort and long-lasting enjoyment. Nothing else gives so much benefit at so small a cost.

It is a wonderful help in work and play—keeps you cool, calm and contented.

At the end of three bitter days, Bill Bronson stood once more on the hill that looked down upon Bradleyburg. The twilight was growing in the glen beneath; already it had cast shadows in Virginia's eyes. She sat beside him on the sled.

It had been cruel hardship, the three days' journey. But fortune had played them well in this—they had found the food "osper abandoned."

Virginia was on the rapid road toward recovery from her wound. It had not been severe; while she was lying still on the sled it had had every chance to heal.

Bill's sight had grown steadily better as the days had passed; already

ISSUE No. 31—30