

The Snowshoe Trail

By EDISON MARSHALL

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Bill Bronson guides Virginia Tremont and her fiancé's uncle, Kenly Lounsbury, in their quest in the Clearwater of northern Canada for Virginia's fiancé, Harold Lounsbury, who vanished there six years previously. Bill also expects to look further for the lost mine of his father, who was murdered by a false partner. Bill saves Virginia from drowning in Grizzly river and takes her to his trapping cabin. Kenly Lounsbury and Vosper, the cook, left on the other side of the river, desert them. In the cabin Bill and Virginia find many comforts.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

Virginia smiled and fished in the pockets of the great slicker coat she had worn the night of the disaster. She produced a little white roll, and with high glee opened it for him to see. Wrapped in a miniature face towel was her comb, a small brush, and a toothbrush!

Bill then walked, with some triumph, to the bunk on which Virginia had slept the night before, and lifting it up, revealed a great box beneath—bags of rice and beans, dried apples, marmalade and canned good, enough for some weeks at least.

"The one thing we haven't got is meat," Bill told her, "except a little jerky; but there's plenty of that in the woods if we can just find it. And I don't intend to delay about that. If the snow gets much deeper, we'd have to have snowshoes to hunt at all."

"You mean—go hunting today?"
"As soon as we can stir up a meal." Dressing warmly, they ventured out into the snowy wastes. Bill walked in front, breaking trail. He carried the ancient rifle ready in his hands.

He earnestly hoped that they might run into game at once. Letting the moose would go to their winter feeding grounds, far down the heights. Every day they delayed, their chance of procuring meat was less.

He led her over the ridge to the marshy shores of Gray Lake. They waited in the shadow of the spruce. "Don't make any needless motions," he cautioned, "and don't speak aloud. They've got eyes and ears like hawks."

It was not easy to stand still, in the snow and cold, waiting for game to appear. Virginia was uncomfortable within half an hour, shivering and tired.

It was a long wait that they had beside the lake.
Then the girl felt his hand on her arm. "Be still," he whispered. "Here he comes."

Although she had never seen such an animal before, at once she recognized its kind. The spreading horns, the great frame, the long, grotesque nose belonged only to the moose—the greatest of American wild animals.

At the rear of the rifle she cried out in excitement. The old bull had traversed the marshes for the last time.

CHAPTER V.

The shoulder of a bull moose was never a load for a weak back. Bill skinned out the quarter with great care; then, stooping, worked it on his back. Virginia took his gun and led the way back over their snow trail.

Twilight had fallen again when they made the cabin.
Bill showed her how to broil the steak in its own fat, and he cooked hot biscuits and macaroni to go with it. No meal of her life had ever given her greater pleasure. Afterward he lighted his pipe.

"It's strange that I don't want to smoke myself," the girl told him.
"You? Why should you?"
"I smoke at home. I mean I did. It's getting to be the thing to do among the girls I know. Someway, the thought of it doesn't seem interesting any more."

He had an impression that she was speaking very softly. But he understood when she paused. He was startled to find that the whole tone

and key of the night had vaguely changed.

"The north wind," Bill said simply. Virginia's eyes grew wide.

"What does it mean?" she asked, breathlessly.
"Winter. The northern winter. I've seen it break too many times. There's no chance for doubt any more. Perhaps we can drown out the sound of it—with music."

He walked toward the battered instrument. Her heart was cold within her, and she nodded eagerly. "Yes—a little ragtime."

"I haven't any ragtime," the man explained humbly. "I could only bring up a few records, and so I took just the ones I liked best. They're simple things—I'm sorry I haven't any more."

She looked at this man with growing wonder.
He put on a record. She recognized the melody at once. It was Dreda's "Souvenir"—and the first notes seemed to sweep her into infinity.

It was a moment of enchantment. The music rose high, fell in soaring leaps, trembled in infinite appeal, and slowly died away. Outside the storm increased in fury.

And it was well for her peace of mind that she did not glance at Bill. He was watching the girl's face, his eyes wistful as no human had ever seen them.

The soaring notes, with the dreadful accompaniment of the storm, had brought home a truth he had tried to deny. "I love you, Virginia," cried the inaudible voice of his soul. "Oh, Virginia—I love you, I love you."

CHAPTER VI.

It was one of Bill Bronson's basic creeds to look his situation squarely in the face. He had tried to avoid a truth that ever grew clearer and more manifest—his love for Virginia.

He had told himself he wouldn't give his love to her. He would hold that back, at least. He had reminded himself of the bridgeless gap that separated them. But there was no use of trying further. In the stress and passion of the melody he had found out the truth.

But if he couldn't keep this knowledge from himself, at least he could hold it from the girl. It would only bring her unhappiness. It would destroy the feeling of comradeship for him that he had begun to observe in her. It would put an insurmountable wall between them.

Virginia had no suspicion of his thoughts. She was still enthralled by the after-image of the music. But soon the noise of the storm began to force itself into her consciousness.

Vaguely she knew that this night was different from the others. The two previous nights she had been ill and half unconscious; her very helplessness appealed to Bill's chivalry. Tonight she stood on her own feet.

She was suddenly face to face with the fact that the night stretched before her—and she was in a snowswept cabin in the full power of a strange man.

But all at once she looked up to find Bill's eyes upon her, full of sympathy and understanding.

"You'll want to turn in now," he told her. "You take the bunk again, of course—I'll sleep on the floor. I'm comfortable there. And now I've got to fix your boudoir."

He took one of the boxes that served as a chair and stood it up on the floor, just in front of her bunk. Then, holding one of the blankets in his arm and a few nails in his hand, he climbed upon the box. She understood in an instant. He was curtaining off the entire end of the cabin where Virginia slept.

The girl's relief showed in her face. "You can go in there now," he told her. "But there's one thing—I want to show you—before you turn in."

"Yes?"
"I want to show you this little pistol." He took a light arm of blue steel from his belt—the small calibre and automatic weapon with which he had killed the grouse. "It's only a twenty-two," Bill went on, "but it shoots a long cartridge, and it shoots ten of 'em, fast as you pull the trigger. You could kill a caribou with it, if you hit him right."

"Yes?" And she wondered at this curious interlude in their moment of parting.

"You see this little catch behind the trigger guard?" The girl nodded. "When you want to fire it, all you have to do is to push up the little catch with your thumb and pull the trigger. Tomorrow I'm going to teach you how to shoot with it—I mean shoot straight enough to take the head off a grouse at twenty feet. And so it will bring you luck, I want you to sleep with it—under your pillow."

Understanding flashed through her, and a slow, grateful smile played at her lips. "I don't want it, Bill," she told him.

"You'd feel safer with it," the man urged. He slipped it under her pillow. "And even before you learn to shoot it well—you could—if you had to—shoot and kill a man."

He smiled again and drew her curtains.

Bill was true to his promise to

teach Virginia to shoot. The next day they had target practice.

While Virginia cooked lunch, Bill cut young spruce trees and made a sled; and after the meal pushed out through the whirling snow to bring in the remainder of the moose meat.

It was the work of the whole afternoon to urge the sled up the ridge and then draw it home through the drifts. Virginia was lonely and depressed all the time Bill was absent.

"You can call me Virginia, if you want to," she told him. "Last names are silly out here."
Bill looked his gratitude and she helped him prepare the meat. Some of it he hung just outside the cabin door; one of the great hams was suspended in a spruce tree, fifty feet in front of the cabin. The skin was flayed out and hung up behind the stove to dry.

"It's going to furnish the web for our snowshoes," he explained.
In their talk that evening she was surprised to learn how full had been his reading.

Other evenings he told her Nature lore, the way of the living creatures that he observed, and in the daytime he illustrated his points from life.

(To be continued.)

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

3443.

You'll welcome this distinctly new jaunty sports frock with yoked bodice. It has an exceedingly flat neckline. The skirt is cut so as to give utmost freedom of movement.

The color combination offers interesting change in yellow-beige flat crepe. The trim is soft brown shade with yellow beige dots.

Style No. 3443 can be had in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. In the medium sizes, 3 yards of 39-inch material with 3/4 yard of 39-inch contrasting, is sufficient to make it.

Silk pique in white or pastel shade, cotton pique print, printed crepe de chine and shantung appropriate.

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 Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Camper's Carry Minard's.
In Surrey
"There are piney woods soft sighing, Nesting birds on buoyant wings, Scents elusive, sweetly mingled, Myriads of growing things."

"And the sky seems tender brooding Over lanes where children stray, Just to dream of it is rapture, Youth renewed, so glad and gay."

"Shining beech leaves are uncurling While the madcap brooks soft sing. Little breezes haunt the bracken. This is Surrey, in the spring."
—Alix Thorn, in the New Outlook.

"The wisest way to teach history is to begin with to-day and yesterday and work backward."—Lady Astor.

Tune in on **GEORG (960.7 meters)**, **Hamilton**, at 7 to 7:30 Eastern Standard Time, each Tuesday evening.

Broadcast by Minute Kleen Company
Solve that motor car cleaning problem and make your household furniture shine like new with **Minute Kleen**, the new world's wonder cleaner.

A sample bottle sent you on receipt of 10 cents to cover postage and postage. We also have interesting offer for Stores, Dealers and Agents.

Don't forget to listen in to **MINUTE KLEEN HALF HOUR** 1:35 Adelaide St. West Toronto
Special Terms and Reserved Territories.

No One Need Die From Diphtheria Yet Thousands Do

New Vaccination Gives Protection — Every Family Doctor Can Administer

This is part one of a two-part article on Diphtheria, prepared by the Canadian Social Hygiene Council.

Practically every child who dies from diphtheria does so because its parents are either ignorant or careless. Because diphtheria can be prevented, just as vaccination prevents smallpox, so does the administration of a substance called "toxoid" prevent diphtheria. This process is easy and inexpensive. When one realizes that between 1000 and 1200 Canadians die every year from Diphtheria, while 25,500 sicken of the disease, it would seem to be a pity that people are too lackadaisical to save their lives, and the lives of their children, from a disease which is preventable.

The purpose of this article is to tell Canadians how to save their lives, and the lives of their children from diphtheria. It will do more. It will tell how this disease can be utterly stamped out, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, within ten years.

Causes of Diphtheria
In the first place, it is necessary to consider what causes diphtheria, and why this disease kills.

It begins when the diphtheria germ, a tiny living organism, attacks the throat. These germs, as they develop, give off a poison, or toxin, that spreads through the system and, as any other poison would do, causes illness that sometimes results in death.

But there is an old saying that every poison has its antidote and the first great advance that medical science made in fighting this disease was in 1890, when an "antidote" to the toxin of the germs causing it was discovered.

This they named "anti-toxin," and for years it was mankind's great bulwark against diphtheria.

It is developed by injecting the virus of the diphtheria germ into the blood of a healthy young horse. Immediately the horse's system develops a substance to fight the poison. This poison-fighting substance, or "anti-poison," is withdrawn from the horse's blood, refined, and made suitable for human use.

Injected into the body of a diphtheria patient, this anti-toxin counteracts the poison of the germ, just as it did in the body of the horse, and years of testing have proven that there are few cases that cannot be cured if anti-toxin is administered shortly after the symptoms manifest themselves. Every hour of delay, however, means added danger, and every year many children die of diphtheria because their parents neglect to call a doctor early, believing that their children are suffering from so-called simple sore throat when actually they have diphtheria.

Important as it is to treat it early, however, diphtheria is one disease that completely proves that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, for there is another substance, called "toxoid," which does even more than anti-toxin. Toxoid will actually keep the disease out of the system altogether.

When you take your child to the doctor for this treatment, he will inject about seven drops of toxoid under the skin. The process, not a painful one, is repeated at monthly intervals until a total of three injections have been made. The sooner it is done to children after six months of age, the better.

Occasionally the injection produces a very slight soreness for a day or so, and sometimes the child feels a little bit sick for a few hours, but outside of those trivial discomforts, which are negligible when one considers the great good that the treatment does, there are absolutely no ill effects.

Toxoid Made in Canada
Toxoid is manufactured right here in Canada and distributed free by most Provincial Departments of Health. So thoroughly has it proven its value, that many local boards of health administer it free. There is no question but that if almost every one availed himself of the protection that it affords, diphtheria would pass off the face of the earth in very short order.

One says "almost everywhere" because there are some people who do not need toxoid, because nature her-

self has made them immune to diphtheria.

And a skin test has been developed whereby a physician can tell whether your children are immune to this disease or not. It is called the "Schick Test." About three drops of a test toxin are injected into the skin of the forearm. If the subject is susceptible to diphtheria, a little red spot, about as big as a dime, will appear on the arm a couple of days later. The test is quite harmless.

One of Canada's greatest authorities has said that the day will come when a coroner's jury will investigate all deaths from diphtheria to find out who is to blame. You know the sort of deaths that are investigated by coroner's juries—deaths that are believed to be altogether unnatural, or in which somebody is believed to have contributed by negligence.

So that if the time ever comes when diphtheria deaths are so investigated, it will mean that the state will regard diphtheria as a preventable disease—which it is—and will want to know who is to blame when anyone dies of it. Such deaths will be regarded not as the result of bad luck, but of somebody's carelessness, and somebody will have to be punished.

From all this, we may realize our individual responsibility. Every mother should see that her children, as they reach the age of six months or so, are given the Schick test. Every community, through its medical officer of health, should see that toxoid is avail-

"SALADA" TEA

SAME FLAVOUR NOW SAME QUALITY

60¢

A LB

BROWN LABEL

AT ALL GROCERY STORES

able to all physicians, and that the public is made aware of this. Every physician should advise his patients accordingly. If this were done universally, a single decade would stamp diphtheria out of Canada entirely.

Heal the Sprain with Minard's.

SMART'S LAWN MOWERS
CANADA'S BEST!

It isn't possible to build a better lawn mower than SMART'S. Smart's Mowers have proved their superiority over other makes in every respect.

One of Canada's greatest authorities has said that the day will come when a coroner's jury will investigate all deaths from diphtheria to find out who is to blame. You know the sort of deaths that are investigated by coroner's juries—deaths that are believed to be altogether unnatural, or in which somebody is believed to have contributed by negligence.

So that if the time ever comes when diphtheria deaths are so investigated, it will mean that the state will regard diphtheria as a preventable disease—which it is—and will want to know who is to blame when anyone dies of it. Such deaths will be regarded not as the result of bad luck, but of somebody's carelessness, and somebody will have to be punished.

From all this, we may realize our individual responsibility. Every mother should see that her children, as they reach the age of six months or so, are given the Schick test. Every community, through its medical officer of health, should see that toxoid is avail-

able to all physicians, and that the public is made aware of this. Every physician should advise his patients accordingly. If this were done universally, a single decade would stamp diphtheria out of Canada entirely.

Heal the Sprain with Minard's.

SMART'S LAWN MOWERS
CANADA'S BEST!

It isn't possible to build a better lawn mower than SMART'S. Smart's Mowers have proved their superiority over other makes in every respect.

One of Canada's greatest authorities has said that the day will come when a coroner's jury will investigate all deaths from diphtheria to find out who is to blame. You know the sort of deaths that are investigated by coroner's juries—deaths that are believed to be altogether unnatural, or in which somebody is believed to have contributed by negligence.

So that if the time ever comes when diphtheria deaths are so investigated, it will mean that the state will regard diphtheria as a preventable disease—which it is—and will want to know who is to blame when anyone dies of it. Such deaths will be regarded not as the result of bad luck, but of somebody's carelessness, and somebody will have to be punished.

From all this, we may realize our individual responsibility. Every mother should see that her children, as they reach the age of six months or so, are given the Schick test. Every community, through its medical officer of health, should see that toxoid is avail-

able to all physicians, and that the public is made aware of this. Every physician should advise his patients accordingly. If this were done universally, a single decade would stamp diphtheria out of Canada entirely.

Heal the Sprain with Minard's.

SMART'S LAWN MOWERS
CANADA'S BEST!

It isn't possible to build a better lawn mower than SMART'S. Smart's Mowers have proved their superiority over other makes in every respect.

One of Canada's greatest authorities has said that the day will come when a coroner's jury will investigate all deaths from diphtheria to find out who is to blame. You know the sort of deaths that are investigated by coroner's juries—deaths that are believed to be altogether unnatural, or in which somebody is believed to have contributed by negligence.

able to all physicians, and that the public is made aware of this. Every physician should advise his patients accordingly. If this were done universally, a single decade would stamp diphtheria out of Canada entirely.

Heal the Sprain with Minard's.

SMART'S LAWN MOWERS
CANADA'S BEST!

It isn't possible to build a better lawn mower than SMART'S. Smart's Mowers have proved their superiority over other makes in every respect.

One of Canada's greatest authorities has said that the day will come when a coroner's jury will investigate all deaths from diphtheria to find out who is to blame. You know the sort of deaths that are investigated by coroner's juries—deaths that are believed to be altogether unnatural, or in which somebody is believed to have contributed by negligence.

So that if the time ever comes when diphtheria deaths are so investigated, it will mean that the state will regard diphtheria as a preventable disease—which it is—and will want to know who is to blame when anyone dies of it. Such deaths will be regarded not as the result of bad luck, but of somebody's carelessness, and somebody will have to be punished.

From all this, we may realize our individual responsibility. Every mother should see that her children, as they reach the age of six months or so, are given the Schick test. Every community, through its medical officer of health, should see that toxoid is avail-

able to all physicians, and that the public is made aware of this. Every physician should advise his patients accordingly. If this were done universally, a single decade would stamp diphtheria out of Canada entirely.

Heal the Sprain with Minard's.

SMART'S LAWN MOWERS
CANADA'S BEST!

It isn't possible to build a better lawn mower than SMART'S. Smart's Mowers have proved their superiority over other makes in every respect.

One of Canada's greatest authorities has said that the day will come when a coroner's jury will investigate all deaths from diphtheria to find out who is to blame. You know the sort of deaths that are investigated by coroner's juries—deaths that are believed to be altogether unnatural, or in which somebody is believed to have contributed by negligence.

So that if the time ever comes when diphtheria deaths are so investigated, it will mean that the state will regard diphtheria as a preventable disease—which it is—and will want to know who is to blame when anyone dies of it. Such deaths will be regarded not as the result of bad luck, but of somebody's carelessness, and somebody will have to be punished.

From all this, we may realize our individual responsibility. Every mother should see that her children, as they reach the age of six months or so, are given the Schick test. Every community, through its medical officer of health, should see that toxoid is avail-

able to all physicians, and that the public is made aware of this. Every physician should advise his patients accordingly. If this were done universally, a single decade would stamp diphtheria out of Canada entirely.

Heal the Sprain with Minard's.

SMART'S LAWN MOWERS
CANADA'S BEST!

It isn't possible to build a better lawn mower than SMART'S. Smart's Mowers have proved their superiority over other makes in every respect.

One of Canada's greatest authorities has said that the day will come when a coroner's jury will investigate all deaths from diphtheria to find out who is to blame. You know the sort of deaths that are investigated by coroner's juries—deaths that are believed to be altogether unnatural, or in which somebody is believed to have contributed by negligence.

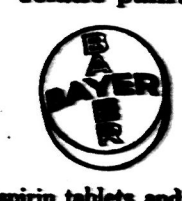
Keep awake with **WRIGLEYS**
Drowsiness is dangerous.
Weary miles seem shorter and the day is brightened when you have Wrigley's with you.
Its sugar pepo you up. Its delicious flavor adds to any enjoyment.
A five cent package to safety insurance.



ISSUE No. 22—'30

SCIATICA?

Here is a never-failing form of relief from sciatic pain:



Take Aspirin tablets and you'll avoid needless suffering from sciatica—lumbago—and similar excruciating pains. They do relieve; they don't do any harm. Just make sure it is genuine.

ASPIRIN

TRADE MARK REG.

"Would Anyone be a social lion this way?"

A faded, battered hat is hardly respectable... yet no worse than dull, gray-looking shoes... your morning toilet should always include a "Nugget" shine—which waterproofs the shoes as it polishes.



"NUGGET" SHOE POLISH

the NUGGET TIN opens with a twist!