

Rich in body and delicate  
as Mosses in its Flavour

# "SALADA"

(GREEN)

## JAPAN TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

## The Snowshoe Trail

By EDISON MARSHALL

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Bill Bronson is guiding Virginia Tremont in her search for the Clearwater of northern Canada for her fiancé, Harold Lounsbury, who disappeared six years previously. Her fiancé's uncle, Kenny Lounsbury, and a cook, Vosper, complete the party. Bill hopes to take advantage of the trip to seek further for the lost mine of his father, who was murdered by a traitorous partner. Bill saves Virginia from drowning in the cold flood water of Grizzly River.

GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd.)

They forced their way through the evergreen thickets of the river bank, walking up the stream toward the ford. Bill broke through the brushy barriers with the might of his body; he made a trail for her in the snow. The darkness deepened around them. The snow fell ever heavier.

But they conquered at last. Partly by the feel under his feet, partly by his woodsman's instinct, Bill kept to the moose trail that led from the ford to the cabin. And the man was swaying, drunkenly, when he reached the door.

"There are blankets in there, plenty of 'em," he told her. "It's my main supply cabin. Spread some of them out and take off your wet clothing and get under the covers. I'll build a fire as fast as I can."

She turned to obey. She heard him take down an ax that had been left hanging on the cabin walls and heard his steps in the snow as he began to cut into kindling some of the pieces of cordwood that were heaped outside the door. She undressed quickly, then lay shivering between the warm, heavy blankets.

In a moment the man faltered in, his arms heavy with wood. Then a match gleamed in the gloom. She watched him feed the fire with strange, heavy motions.

She dozed off, then awakened to find him sitting on the edge of her bed, holding a cup of some steaming liquid. He put his left arm behind her and lifted her up, then fed her spoonfuls of the hot liquid. She didn't know what heretofore, but now with her uncle on the other side of the river—

Then Bill stirred in his sleep. She saw his eyes open. And his first glance was toward her.

He flashed her a smile, and she tried pitifully to answer it. "How are you?" he asked.

"Awfully lame and sore and tired. Maybe I'll be better soon. And you—?"

"A little stiff, not much. I'm hard to damage, Miss Tremont. But I've overslept—and there isn't another second to be lost. I've got to dress and go and locate Vosper and Lounsbury."

"I suppose you'd better—right away. They'll be terribly distressed—thinking we're drowned."

"I'm not worrying about their distress," he told her. "I only want to be sure and catch them before they give us up for lost—and turn back."

"They'll be waiting for us, don't fear that," the girl went on. "But how can we get across?"

"That remains to be seen. If they're here to help, with the horses, we might find a way."

Bill arose, stretched his sore and stiff muscles, dropped his blanket from his shoulders and went out for fire-wood.

He left hurriedly, and as the door opened the wind blew a handful of snow in upon her. Shivering with cold and aching in every muscle, she got up and put on some of her clothing. Then, wholly miserable and dejected, she lay down again between her blankets, waiting for Bill's return.

She couldn't interpret the expression on his face when she saw him in the doorway. He was curiously sober and intent, perhaps even a little pale.

"Go to sleep, Miss Tremont," he advised. "I'll make a fire for breakfast."

He bent to prepare kindling. The girl swallowed painfully, but shaken with dread, shaped her question at last. "What—what did you find out?"

He looked squarely into her eyes. "Nothing that you'll want to hear, Miss Tremont," he told her soberly. "I went to the river bank and looked across. They—they—"

"They're gone?" the girl cried. "They've pulled freight."

The tears rushed to the girl's eyes. "What does it mean?" she finally asked.

Lounsbury replied. "What do you suppose we'd better do?"

"I don't know. What can we do? There's no chance of saving them. It seems to me the wisest thing for us to do is to go back—and build a big fire—so they can find their way in if they did get out."

This they did.

"Of course we'll never find the bodies," Lounsbury suggested at last. "No chance that I can see," agreed Vosper.

"You think—?" Lounsbury's voice wavered, "you think we can get back all right ourselves?"

"Sure. That is, if we start first thing tomorrow."

They didn't try to sleep. The snow and the cold made sleep impossible.

At dawn Vosper packed the horses, slyly depositing portions of their supplies and equipment in the evergreen thickets to lighten his own work.

Then they rode away, these two worthy men, back toward the settlements.

CHAPTER III.

In Virginia's first moment of waking the full dreadfulness of her situation swept her in an instant.

The cabin, she could see, was rather larger than any of those in which they had camped on their journey. It was well chinked and sturdy, and even had the luxury of a window.

Bill was stretched on the floor in the farthest corner of the room.

He gave the impression of having dropped from exhaustion and fallen to sleep where he lay.

She resolved to call him; and in spite of her own misery, her lips curled in a half-smile.

But she was a woman, and the thought suddenly came to her that she was wholly in this man's power, shielded only by the blankets around her, unarmed and helpless and lost in the forest depths. What did she know of him? He had been the soul of respect heretofore, but now with her uncle on the other side of the river—

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"If we were on the other side of the river, and we had horses, we could push through and get out—easy enough. But the river lays between. Besides, the snows have come to stay. We could rig up some kind of snow-shoes, I suppose, but until the snow

comes we couldn't make it down into town. It's too long a way and too cold. Every way we look there's a block. We're like birds caught in a cage."

"But the river will freeze soon?"

"Yes. Even this contract freezes, but it won't be safe to cross for some weeks—maybe clear into January or February."

"And it means—we're tied up here for weeks—and maybe months?"

"That's it. Just as sure as if we had iron chains around our ankles."

Then the girl's tears flowed again, unchecked.

"I'll be all right tomorrow," she told him sleepily. "And maybe it's for the best—after all. At least—it gives you a better chance to find Harold—and bring him back to me."

Bill nodded, but he didn't trust himself to speak.

CHAPTER IV.

There is a certain capacity in young and sturdy hum in beings for accepting the inevitable. When Virginia awakened the next morning, she pulled herself together, stiffened her young spine, and prepared to make the best of a deplorable situation. She had come up here to find her lost beloved, and she wasn't defeated yet. This very development might bring success.

Bill was already up, and the room warmed from the fire. The noise of his six blows had awakened her. And she took advantage of his absence to dress.

"You up?" he cried in delight when he entered. His arms were heaped with wood. "I'm not sure that you hadn't out to rest another day. How do you feel?"

"As good as ever, as far as I can tell."

"I trust you'll be able to eat today?"

"Eat? Bill, I'm famished. But first—and her face grew instantly sober—"what about supplies?"

"Well, we have a gun at least; you can see it behind the stove. It's an old thing, but it will still shoot. And we've got at least one box of shells for it—and not one of them must be wasted. They mean our meat supply. I'm still wearing my pistol, and I've got two boxes of shells for it. There are plenty of blankets and cooking utensils, magazines for idle hours and, heaven bless us, an old and battered phonograph on the table."

"There's a cake of soap on the shelf," he went on, after the gorgeous face of the phonograph had time to sink home, "and another among the supplies—but I'm afraid cold cream and toilet water are lacking. I don't even know how you'll comb your hair."

(To be continued.)

### What New York Is Wearing

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### The Flight of the British Farmer

E. F. Wise in the Spectator (London): Free Trade offers no comfort to agriculture. Its arguments in any case were based on assumptions of a more or less free market. A tariff on all imports, or, as Lord Beaverbrook proposes, on non-Empire produce, would only be effective at all so far as it put up food prices to the rest of the population. Though it might provide shelter for some of the best farmers, it would still leave the marginal producers in much the same danger as at present. It would be as ineffective as Free Trade in protecting tens of thousands of farmers whose production costs were near the new and higher marginal figure against deliberate operations of the Federal Farm Board or the Canadian Pool—particularly if they acted together.

Use Minard's for Burns.

### Britain a Continental Power

New Statesman (London): We cannot, even if we would, dissociate ourselves from European affairs. We are, whether we like it or not, in Europe, politically and economically. We are a Mediterranean Power; war in the Mediterranean would affect us little less vitally than war in the Channel. Indeed, any big Continental war would inevitably involve us. . . . The idea that safety is to be found in an Anglo-Saxon bloc—a duplicated nationalism to promote internationalism—is preposterous. Friendship with America is all to the good. An exclusive friendship with America would be a provocation to Europe and a disaster.

As benevolence is the most sociable of all virtues, so it is of the largest extent; for there is not little that he is incapable of conferring and receiving benefits.

## Summer COLDS

Almost everybody knows how Aspirin tablets break up a cold—but why not prevent it? Take a tablet or two when you first feel the cold coming on. Spare yourself the discomfort of a summer cold. Read the proven directions in every package for headaches, pain, etc.



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Smart's Mower will keep your lawn trim and neat.

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