

The Plains Of Abraham

By James Oliver Curwood



(Continued)

This convinced them that fortune was bound to smile on them again. They had loved Sol Yan Makwum. With her death had come bad times. Now the spirits would give them an easy winter, and next year would see the earth flowering with good things.

Chenufalo made ready for the feast. There were still plenty of earthly things and a supply of late green corn packed away in husks and kept for this occasion.

The last day was long for Toinette. It had begun at dawn, and though Tiaoga halted his men at intervals to let her rest, it had not ended with dusk. Darkness came before they reached a plain on the far side of which was a hill. Beyond this hill was Chenufalo. They could see the glow of a great fire lighting the sky.

Toinette forgot her exhaustion at this sign of the end of their journey. She observed that some one took from Jeems the scalp of the man he had killed, which he had tried to conceal from her eyes under a flap of buckskin. Then she saw all of the scalps taken by the Senecas fastened like dangling fish to a slender pole which was carried on the shoulders of two men, the hair of one of these scalps reaching almost to the ground. With the scalp carriers in the lead, they came to the hill at the edge of the plain and looked down on the valley of Chenufalo.

At Tiaoga's command the men bearing the scalp-laden pole had gone ahead, and now Tiaoga followed with his men in single file. Toinette and Jeems were midway in the line. Wide slave collars of buckskin had been placed about their necks, and Jeems was stripped of his weapons. The warriors did not hurry. Their step was slow and steady, and not a man broke the silence with a whisper or a word. A sea of torches advanced. It rolled in and out of hollows like a flood, then came to a level place and formed two streaming lines of fire. The scalp bearers reached these a hundred yards ahead of Tiaoga and his men. Toinette could see them enter the light of the torches and in

these moments the voices of the savages rose to the heavens. Tiaoga paused, and not until the scalp bearers had paraded their grisly burden the entire length of the gauntlet of flame did he proceed again.

Toinette felt stealing over her a strange faintness of body and limb. Stories which she had forgotten, stories she had heard of the Indians from childhood, stories that had sent shivers through the hearts of a thousand homes along the frontiers all crowded upon her at once. Wild tales of appalling torture and vengeance, of stake and fire and human suffering. She had listened to them from her father's lips, from passing voyageurs, had heard them in the gossip of the seigneurie. And she remembered by name this ordeal which awaited them. It was Le Chemin de Feu—the Road of Fire—through which they must pass. Others had died in it. Roasted by pitch-torches. Blinded. Killed by inches. So she had been told.

Tiaoga and his warriors moved slowly. They were like bronze men without flesh or emotions. Their heads were high, their bodies straight, their jaws set hard as they stalked at a death-march pace between the columns of their people.



SHE FOUND HERSELF STANDING ALONE WITH THE SENECA CHIEF

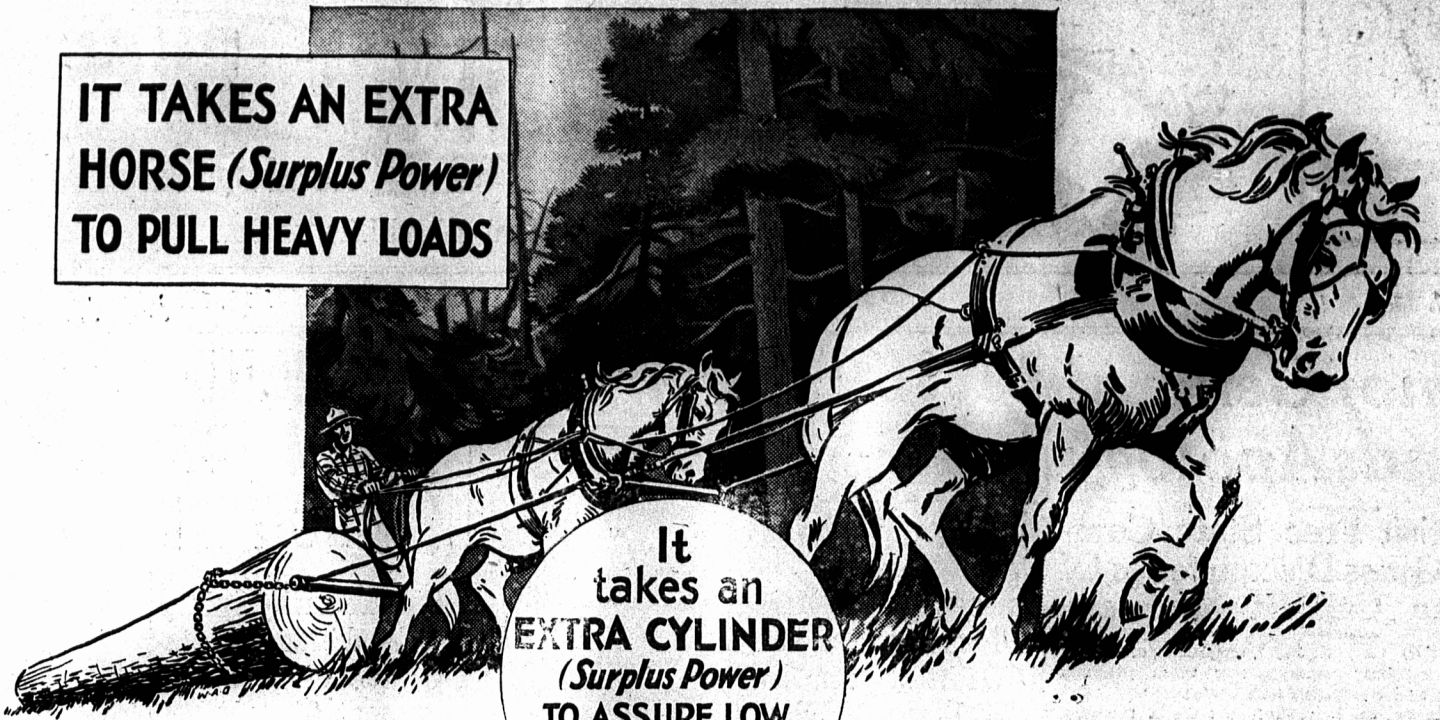
Jeems fell into this rhythmic movement as the mouth of the torch monster began to swallow them. And then with eyes that became flame-lit pools of fear and exhaustion Toinette saw that not a hand gave a sign of rising against them. The torches coughed and flared, but not a spark touched their skins in passing. No eyes gleamed hatred at them. No fingers clenched, no hand was raised. The things she had heard in the land of her people were lies. The Indians killed in war but they did not torture. They did not pull out eyes and thrust sticks through quivering flesh. They were men and women and children like all other men and women and children. These truths she thought she had discovered for herself.

But one thing she did not fully know. She might have learned it had she caught the low-voiced whisperings which followed the passing of the warrior: "She is Tiaoga's daughter—she is the spirit of Sol Yan Makwum returned to us in the flesh—now our good fortune will return—the sun will shine—light and laughter will come—for Sol Yan Makwum is here, out of death to live with us again!"

They crossed a field of darkness toward the fires, and when they came among them Tiaoga was marching in Jeems' place and Jeems had disappeared. She had not sensed his going or Tiaoga's presence, and before she knew that Jeems was no longer among the warriors, she found herself standing alone with the Seneca chief, the people gathering in a circle around them.

Tiaoga began to speak. His voice renewed her confidence as she searched for Jeems. He was describing the success of their gods in restoring Silver Heels to her people. It did not take long for Tiaoga to tell his story. His voice rose. His scarred and bitter face assumed a strange gentleness, and Toinette knew that Jeems was safe though she could not see him. She waited, trembling and at last Tiaoga was finished and stood for a moment with upraised hand amid a great hush—then spoke a single name.

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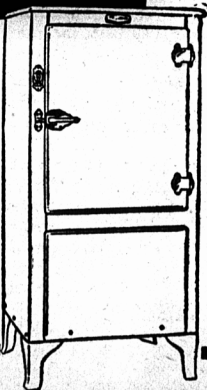
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The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of the Masonic Temple Company will be held in the office of E. R. Brow, 144 Richmond Street, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, on Wednesday, 13th of July, 1932, at 8 o'clock P. M. Dated this 27th day of June, 1932. G. W. WAKEFORD, Secretary.

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Optical. A girl, the Thrush, sprang forward, and as she came Tiaoga took the slave collar from Toinette's throat and crushed it into the earth with his moccasined foot. A murmur ran through the circle. Tiaoga stood with his arms folded across his breast, and Toinette felt the hands of the Thrush drawing her away.

They paused at the edge of the circle, and for a little while no one moved or spoke. Then there was a break in the ring behind the Seneca chief, and through it came Jeems, escorted between Shindas and another warrior. Toinette gasped and almost cried out. There was an amazing change in Jeems. He was stripped to the waist and painted in stripes of red and yellow and black. His face appeared to be cut in crimson gashes. His thick blond hair was tied in a warlock from which streamed a feather showing he had killed a man. At Tiaoga's command there advanced

from the circle an old man with a drawn face and white hair and a younger man whose form was bent almost double because of a deformity. Behind these two came a little girl. The old man was Wuskoo, the Cloud. The younger was his son, Tokana, or Gray Fox, and a bit defiantly told Chenufalo a name of which he had been proud in the days before a tree fell on his tepee and crooked his back, when he was the fastest runner in the tribe. Tiaoga spoken again. He exulted in the fortune which had sent another son to Wuskoo, a son with a white skin and a strong body who would care for him and who would be a brother to Gray Fox. With his thin and quivering hands, Wuskoo took the slave collar from Jeems' neck and stamped it joyously into the ground while the broken Gray Fox raised a hand in brotherhood and friendship. There was something so wistfully sweet in the big dark eyes of the little Indian maiden that Jeems

drew her to him and put an arm protectively about her. It was then Toinette left the Thrush and ran to him, so that all saw her held in his painted arms, with Wanonati, the Wood Pigeon, a happy partner in the moment when Toinette proudly and a bit defiantly told Chenufalo and through it the whole Seneca nation that this was the man to whom she belonged. (To Be Continued)

ON WAY TO OTTAWA (Canadian Press) QUEBEC, July 9.—Iron and steel as well as coal, will take a forward place at the Ottawa Imperial Economic Conference, according to Sir Newton Moore, leading Canadian iron and steel manufacturer, who arrived here on his way to Ottawa to attend the conference, in the liner Duchess of York today. Iron and steel between Canada and Great Britain can be increased, Sir Newton said, adding that this would be studied at the conference. "The exchange rates" Sir Newton declared, "favor increased trade between the two countries and the embargo placed on Russian coal also tends to increase that trade between Canada and the Mother Country." Sir Newton Moore stated that he would attend the parleys at Ottawa only as an unofficial observer.

Crop yields in Uruguay this season are higher than a year ago. Hungary has appropriated nearly \$3,500,000 to aid its farmers. Norway has less than 40,000 unemployed. Swedish shipyards have several vessels under construction. Department of Public Works and Highways Province of Prince Edward Island Tenders for Clearing Ruins at Falconwood Hospital SEALED TENDERS will be received at this office until noon on Monday, July 25th, from any person or persons willing to contract for the clearing of the ruins at Falconwood Hospital. Specifications may be seen at the office of the Department of Public Works. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. L. B. MacMILLAN, Deputy Minister of Public Works and Highways Charlottetown, P. E. Island, July 8, 1932.

NOTICE!

Persons wishing inspection of Brown Top this season, please make application to the undersigned previous to July 18th. G. MacMILLAN, Box 213, Charlottetown, P. E. I. 4297-7-9-81.