

RIVALS OF THE TRAIL

By Samuel White

"Oh Bother!" Margaret grasped her hand and jumped to her feet. She walked with her eyes fixed on Claude as he walked towards her. Claude gladly let his suspicions of Chavignaud be forgotten while he strolled with Margaret through the woods along the shore.

Finally he halted, and impetuously grasped Margaret's hand. "Why wasted a dear moment," he began, then faltered suddenly beneath the level gaze of her eyes. "Why, what do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean—I've not told you half the things I should about—well, myself, and why I'm here, and—"

Margaret blushed prettily, but chose to ignore his implication with a look of innocence.

"Why are you here?" she asked. Standing in the shadows of the great trees, Claude told her the history of his quest, of his father's suspicious death, of his missing stocks, and of his suspicions of Chavignaud.

When she had finished, Margaret strangely quiet, her eyes fixed on the distant shore.

"You'll be going back to Montreal, then, with the fleet? You'll stay with Chavignaud?"

Claude tensed. He had thought of that—if he did not force an admission from Chavignaud before Margaret left for the English river country, he would have to follow the XY fleet back, have to keep his quarry in view.

"That's why I was relying on the powder here," he said, his voice very low. "I thought that here, as man to man, I could face Chavignaud, find out the truth. But this—"

Margaret lifted her face, and he saw her eyes were misted. "And if you had found out the truth here?"

Claude's grip on her hand made her shiver.

"Do you think I would have let you out of my sight then?" he demanded fiercely. "I've told you I love you, and—"

"I shall seek out Chavignaud, alone, satisfy myself about his guilt. Then—"

"I'll be on my feet, into his gun, then, my dear, and I'll not let you keep me from you!"

CHAPTER X

The men of the rival fur companies were swinging mallets side by side, singing, pausing for many a minute of rum or some of the too-sweet with merry camaraderie. All day the northwest carpenters had labored with the rum. They drank from the XY men just out of the fleet, those Northwesters who had come down from the Pays d'en Haut with the winning parties. And the Northwesters, laden with the feast, topped by bottles of wine and earthenware flagons of rum.

There was no time to clean the litter off the floor and bag it away, so it was swept into the center of the floor down an open three-foot square left there for the unloading ground pinning of the timbers. Round this opening in a vast quad-



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trangle the tables were ranged, Mc-Gillivray's table decked with flowers and flags as the eastern guest of honor.

With him at the table sat his fair niece, Margaret; old Andrew Valmorin in bandages from the fight at the Sault; Claude and some of the other officers started from the Nipigon, from Fort de la Riviere, from the rest of the company officers, clerks, interpreters and guides.

All famous figures they were, Sager, Boileau, LeLan, Harrison, McKay, McTavish, McLeod, Grant, Todd, Mangard and all the others; men from the ends of the western earth—from the Nipigon, from Fort de la Riviere, English river, Athabasca, the swamp country, Rainy Lake, Isle Portage, Lake Winnipeg, Fond du Lac.

These were the wintering partners of the Northwest company, some already members, some anxious for a seat in Beaver Hall, the exclusive membership of which required two winterers' residence in the outpost.

Hobnobbing under truce with Chavignaud and his equally famous XY officers they ate and drank. Merrily the feast went on, and the only one with an anxious mind in all the vast assembly was Claude Galtaine.

What did it mean, this move of Chavignaud's? Had he decided that he could not hope to cope with the Northwest company? Or was he planning some treachery in an unexpected stroke? Claude remembered the festive night in Montreal, the Northwest company's kidnapping of Margaret. He guessed that Chavignaud had not put Margaret out of his mind and that whatever stroke he directed against the Northwesters would undoubtedly include the girl.

Claude let his eyes stray to Margaret where she sat beside him, astonishingly dressed in a heavy silk "robe a la francaise," colorful contrast to the drab frontier garments of the men, low cut, and exposing the sculptured ivory of her throat and shoulders. Her hair was curled softly at the base of her neck, with longer curls hanging almost to her shoulders at the sides. The candle light threw soft shadows about her face, brightening the line of her profile as she turned, smiling, to listen while her uncle pointed out unobtrusively the great men about the hall, whose names were making his name.

Whatever scheme was afoot Claude resolved, his first concern would be Margaret's safety. Then, if Chavignaud did break the truce, then would come his own opportunity. Man to man! Here in the frontier forest, where the laws of Montreal did not protect the guilty, as they often did unwittingly farther east.

Claude sat in torment all through the feast, the savory meat like ashes, the wine like gall in his mouth, and he drew a breath of intense relief when he saw McGillivray rise to his feet. The festive tumult slackened and stilled as the authoritative figure of the northwest leader loomed up over the banquet tables, and all eyes kept shifting between him and Chavignaud, two mighty leaders of two mighty companies.

"Wintering partners of the Northwest Fur Company," began McGillivray tersely, "we are all assembled here once more for our annual meeting. The main business of the night will be the hearing of the returns of the many post keepers from the Pays d'en Haut and the consideration of offer of amalgamation from the XY company whose head we have here at our banquet tables.

Australia Makes Ready Response

MELBOURNE, Sept. 13.—(AP)—Proposals to aid victims of the German air force's repeated bombings of London have evoked an enthusiastic response throughout Australia.

Melbourne City Council has voted \$80,000 to the Lord Mayor's Fund of London, and the lord mayors of Adelaide, Brisbane, Perth and Hobart are also opening appeals. Nearly \$38,000 was received one hour after the Brisbane appeal was launched. Australian children are also doing their bit. Children of Camberwell, a Melbourne suburb, are sending \$4,470 to children of Camberwell, in South London.

Prime Minister R. G. Menzies, commenting on the London raids, said that the ultimate defence of any country was the morale of the people which is "quite unshaken" in England. The critical nature of every day now passing could not be over-emphasized and the next week or two will usher in either a period of intense trial for the people of Britain or the first step in the defeat of Germany.

backed him up, "If it is a hand-to-hand fight he wants let him have it. His fingers slipping down to the weapons in their belts, but still amazed at Chavignaud's boldness, wondering whether he drank too much wine or joked, the Northwest company men stared at his eagle-like face.

"Go on and destroy," they challenged. "I will, at a blow," roared Chavignaud, and his right hand hurried the candle it held into the open pit in the center of the floor.

"You will hold your next meeting somewhere else," he yelled. Instantly the watching Claude sprang not at Chavignaud but down into the floor-pit after the candle. As he sprang, he saw Chavignaud's hand upraised as a signal, immediately dozen XY officers rushed to McGillivray's table. Claude had a momentary glimpse of them surrounding the table in a jostling ring, of Margaret and McGillivray poised on the bench seats in its center. Then all at once the huge hall was plunged in darkness as the remaining candles were knocked from the tables by XY men in every section of the room.

Through the dark, the roar of savage voices and the scuffling of heavy feet dimmed in his ears. Only the three-foot square floorpit was aglow, casting little light beyond its blackly outlined rim, and into the square of light he leaped.

"Claude!" he called, his feet on the pile of shavings that filled the space between the timbers under the floor, a pile blazing already from the candle's wick. Furious he began to stamp out the fire. But fast as he stamped, the stubborn shavings smoldered a fresh pine, spruce, balsam, filled with resin and pitch, inflammable cedar and underlie birch.

He stamped and stamped, his body hairy in the floorpit, his hands resting on its edge, and it was the very impetuosity of his efforts that caused him to feel some hard substance underneath the springy layer of burning shavings that he stamped upon.

With a sharp exclamation he scraped away the shavings with both hands and felt the curve of barrel staves underneath. A chill went through him and he stamped again with a shout.

(To be Continued)

W. C. T. U. NOTES

ENGLAND, MOTHER ENGLAND

(By H. A. Cody)

O England, Mother England, Your children hail you now, With burdens on your shoulders, And care upon your brow.

Against the hosts of evil, Against their cruel might, Your children, sea-girt Mother, Are with you in the fight.

From all the world's far borders, Across the ocean's foam, When England calls her children They gladly hasten home.

They go, these splendid legions, With purpose in their eyes, They know if England perishes, The world of Honor dies.

So England, Mother England, Stand firm and undismayed, Your children all are with you, Your glory shall not fade.

TWO LAWS

Two contrary laws stand today opposed: one a law of blood and death, which, inventing daily new means of combat, obliges the nations to be ever prepared for battle; the other a law of peace, of labor, of salvation, which strives to deliver man from the scourges which assail him. One looks only for violent conquest; the other for the relief of suffering humanity.

The one would sacrifice hundreds of thousands of lives to the ambition of a single individual; the other places a single human life above all victories. The law of which we are the instruments essays even in the midst of carnage to heal the wounds caused by the law of war.

— LOUIS PASTEUR, at the opening of Pasteur Institute in Paris.

THE NEED OF THE HOUR

By BERTHA RACHEL PALMER

We need in these trying times: 1. Clear thinking. 2. Keen judgment. 3. Wise conclusions and decisions.

The trouble is today we WONT THINK; we don't take the time and trouble to think things through for ourselves. We are content, far too many of us, to let others in responsible positions do our thinking for us. Some of the serious problems we face today are the result of the inability of human beings to face these problems squarely and to use sound judgment in solving them. People who think for themselves are never carried away by soap-box oratory, disgruntled agitators or would-be dictators. We need to use the frontal lobes of our God-given brain more, instead of letting them go idle. We need to take time for some good old-fashioned, plain THINKING.

Stimulants, such as tea, coffee, and cocoa, speed up the cells of the nervous system, while

Pat Sclanders Is Killed With R.A.F.

SAINT JOHN, Sept. 12.—P. O. Kirkpatrick "Pat" MacLure Sclanders, 25, of the Royal Air Force, was killed in action Monday, stated a cablegram received from the British Air Ministry today by his father, F. M. Sclanders, commissioner of the Saint John Board of Trade.

Eight years ago, when he received his Canadian pilot's license at the age of 17 after two years of flying, Pat Sclanders was the youngest licensed airman in the Dominion.

He was born in Saskatoon when his father was commissioner of the Board of Trade in that city. He did newspaper work in Saint John, then worked his way across the Atlantic and served for two years with the Royal Air Force.

After a period of illness Pat was employed with an English publishing firm and later returned to Saint John. After the outbreak of war he tried to join Finland's air force but hostilities between that country and Russia ended, and England he re-joined the R.A.F.

He is survived by his parents here; two brothers, Ian, of the Ottawa Journal, and Hugh, Saint John; and a sister, Mrs. Gerald Mercereau, Saint John.

(The family is well known in Charlottetown and will have the deep sympathy of many friends in their bereavement.)

narcotics, slow down these cells. Alcohol and nicotine comes under the class of narcotics. Contrary to popular belief, alcohol is not a stimulant; its effect is to slow down the system. If alcohol killed outright, we would have no problem. Rather, it interferes with normal growth and development. The experiment with grass seed proves this fact as no amount of taking could. Two rambekins of seed were planted one moistened with water, the other with one-half oz. alcohol plus water. One glance at these two samples makes its quite plain which grows the better—the one with water was more than twice the height of the other. Alcohol has been proven countless times to stunt normal growth in vegetable and animal kingdoms as well as in humans.

There is urgent need for alcohol education throughout the land — for the presentation of the scientific facts about alcohol, the logical, unemotional, impersonal facts which any thinking citizen can grasp.

DRY TOWN SACRIFICES \$400 REVENUE BECAUSE IT VOTED TO REMAIN DRY

The Buffalo Evening News features a first page story under two-column head in an announcement that the rural township of Rushford has sacrificed its share of Allegany county's "take" from the cash collected from the drinkers of the county during the last quarter of 1939. It amounts to \$400, all of which it loses because the town voted dry—bone dry—at the 1936 election. The town was left out in a distribution of \$10,010 remitted to the county treasurer and divided among town supervisors.

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The town has been dry for more than fifty years. With the repeal of prohibition it became technically wet but dry in fact by the grace of a very helpfully dry sentiment shared in honor revenues brought on by the wet. Some may have their revenge on their booze.

work only for the best and to expect only the best. To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are of your own.

To forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achievements of the future. To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and to have a smile ready for every one you meet.

To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticize others.

To be too big for worry, too noble for anger and too strong for fear.

To think well of yourself and to proclaim this fact to the world—not in loud words but in great deeds.

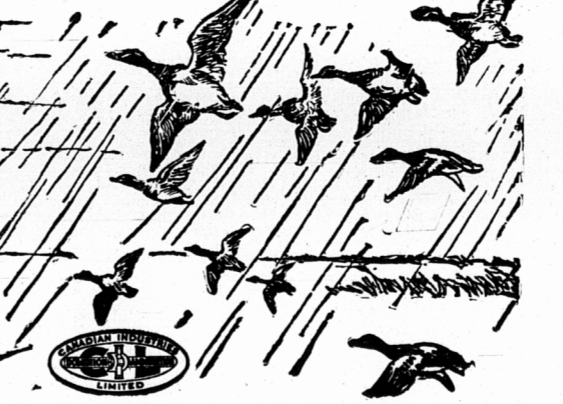
To live in the faith that the world is on your side so long as you are true to the best that is in you.

If you could carry out all these promises and live from day to day with a faith in God that never falters we should indeed be happy and radiate happiness to others. Let's try it.

Sincerely, MARY WHITE. To think only of the best, to Keep Minard's in the home.

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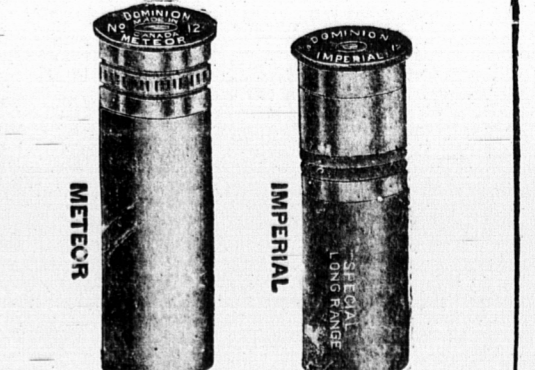
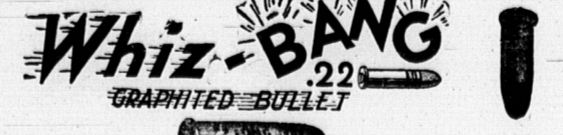


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SERIALLY IN THESE COLUMNS NEXT WEEK