

The Free Traders

By Victor Rousseau

M'GRATH'S TRAP

SYNOPSIS.—Lee Anderson, Royal Canadian Mounted Police sergeant, is sent to Stony Range to arrest a man named Pelly for murder...

CHAPTER XIII—Continued

The sun rose high. It was beginning to descend. It ceased to illuminate the gorge; Lee was nearing the second sapling. He would work on till that was passed, and then—what?

body, that Lee was shocked at the sight of it. It was only a man—but such a man! A gorilla, all but the human face.

Lee had already pulled the trigger a third time, but there was no third shot. Then he remembered that he had had only two cartridges remaining. He was unarmed.

Next moment a cry broke from Leboeuf's lips. He was fingering the coils of Joyce's hair. He knew them, perhaps by the faint odor of her that clung to them.

CHAPTER XIII

And on the Day After Tomorrow

Lee slept the clock around, for when he awoke, refreshed and restored, except for his bruised and blistered hands, the sun was in the same part of the sky as when he had gone to sleep.



And There in the Entrance Joyce Was Standing, Watching Them—and Him, Approaching.

the tunnel. He did not think he would ever want to visit Pelly's gold mine again. He had suspected all the while that the mine was a myth, and even now he was not convinced that there was gold in it.

Lee looked up at him gravely as he drew near, and she knew at once from the look on his face enough to make the breaking of the news less of a shock to her. But the tears rolled down her cheeks as he told her of her father's death.

nce of the children, who stared at Lee over their soap dishes out of their large, black eyes. "It is strange, the mine being so near the house," Joyce said. "You know Mother and I were never quite convinced that there was a mine. We were never quite sure that my father hadn't a delusion on that subject, and that Leboeuf, who was devoted to him, wasn't humoring him."

"Old Leboeuf must have been living there for a long time. He had some grudge against Rathway, you know. He would have killed him once, if my father hadn't intervened."

It was when he spoke of his discovery of her mother's grave that Joyce showed signs of breaking down. "She was ill such a long time," she said. "She was paralyzed, and there was nothing that could be done for her. When she died my father and Leboeuf carried her body away into the forest by night. They would never tell me where she had been buried, and I remember I used to prowl about the house, always hoping to discover her grave. I suppose that was a part of my father's madness. In a way, he wanted her to be near him where he was working."

"Why do you ask that, dear?" "Because I—I feel that you have, Lee. I don't know why. It's just an instinct I have. And if there is something more, I should like to be told, because—because I have a feeling that it may help me to recover that part of my life that is still a blank to me."

"I think the explanation is simple, dear," Lee answered. "Rathway wants the secret of your father's mine. In some way he must have learned that you were coming back to the range. He sent his men to intercept you. They probably told you that Rathway had your father in his power, and that is why you proposed to accompany them, and why you didn't want me."

"Joyce, darling, I can't help feeling that it's the best thing—in the end," said Lee. "At least his sufferings are at an end." "I think so, too, Lee," she answered calmly. "And now I know that—somehow—I have always known my father was no longer alive. The bond between us was very close, though I was away from him so many years."

through the snow, and I reckon I'll have to take to the dogs mighty soon. This is winter for sure at last!" "Ye havna made another of your queer changes?" he inquired, with an absurd affectation of archness that set them both laughing.

Joyce interposed no veto this time, but was blushing like a rose and looking adorably confused. "Weel—" began the father. "Weel, I'm not in favor of such queekness. Have you two young folks considered the consequences of matrimony, the awful and inevitable consequences? Have ye thought o' the horror o' sitting down opposite eachither at the breakfast table mornin' after mornin' for the rest o' your lives together? Have ye thought o' the stunning responsibilities of the married state?"

Lee was beginning to grow alarmed, but of a sudden he discerned a twinkle in the worthy father's eyes. And suddenly Father McGrath smote Lee violently upon the back. "It's do it, mon!" he shouted. "It'll do it. It's the most practical joke that is permissible to a meelster. I believe in matrimony. 'Tis the grandest o' the deenspensations o' our Lord on arth! Myon's the time I've hummed and hawed and pretended na to be willin' when a young pair's come to me to marry them, he thinking he's got the wurrld's desire by the forsock, and she proud and happy wi' her mon, but by na means quite all that his fond imagination pictures her."

"Then I speak to them verra soft. My dear mon, and my dear wumman, I say, ye're haith caught fast, and what's done canna be undone. 'Tis what matrimony's for, to help a mon and a wumman to deespense—their natures. 'Tis a grand deenspensation, is matrimony. And, if ye'll haith remember—I go on, speakin' wi' what ye might call a touch of unctio— I hesitated before admitting ye to its privileges, for need I saw that ye were twa ill-assorted natures—' Naething o' the sort!' they burst out indignantly. And wi' that they go off, arm in arm together."

"And so they are married and live happily ever afterward. Not at all. With their marriage their troubles begin again."

When the Fuzzy Wuzzies "Crumpled Up the Square"

It was at the battle of Tamaal in the Sudan, on March 13, 1884, that the Fuzzy Wuzzies "broke the British square." The tribesmen, utterly reckless of death, charged an angle of the square in the face of what seemed an annihilating fire. They threw themselves on the bayonets, and used their spears in the death agony before the bayonets could be withdrawn. They came over the bodies of their own dead, and crawling on hands and knees, under the muzzles of the guns, they gained the inside of the square, and stabbed and slashed until one brigade gave way in confusion, and its guns were captured. The other brigades closed in, the guns were retaken, and the Fuzzies were chased far past the scene of this momentary triumph, but they had "crumpled up the square," and the exploit caught the British imagination and put Fuzzy Wuzzy into English literature.

Made Name Immortal In 1897 S. A. Andree stirred the imagination of the world by starting from Spitzbergen for the North pole in a balloon, and though he perished in the attempt, made the record of 47 hours' sustained flight, as proved by the message brought back by a carrier pigeon, and became the pioneer of polar exploration through the air.

The Kitchen Cabinet

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

The lintel low enough to keep out pump and pride; The threshold high enough to turn deceit aside; The door hand strong enough from robbers to defend; This door will open at a touch to welcome every friend.

LABOR-SAVING EQUIPMENT

It is not extravagance to purchase good household equipment. The house-mother is the most valuable of human machinery and will wear out if not carefully saved from overwork. Machinery can be replaced, but a mother, never.

A good rule to observe in purchasing labor-saving devices is to give preference to those which are often used and most necessary. A cherry-pitter is a great convenience if one puts up many cherries; but it is used only a short season, while a meat grinder, used nearly every day, is a necessary utensil.

The question of space, as well as the amount of care and expense needed to operate them, is a point to consider. The price is not always high for artistic china; the color and design may be good, though cheap. Dishes light, easy to handle, are best. Aluminum is one of the best; not difficult to keep bright and very sanitary.

The housekeeper (who has little help) is wise who avoids bric-a-brac and carved furniture, elaborate linen which requires labor and skill to launder.

Some Sandwiches. Bread should not be too fresh to cut well; let the slices lie as cut, matching the slices. For a nice sandwich the crusts should be removed and the sandwiches may be shaped after they are prepared.

Egg Sandwiches.—Chop the whites of hard cooked eggs until fine. Mix the yolks with softened butter or with mayonnaise dressing, add the whites and spread on the buttered bread.

Deviled Ham Sandwiches.—Take one cupful of cold boiled ham chopped fine, rub the yolks of two hard cooked eggs until smooth with three teaspoonfuls of melted butter, mix the ham with a teaspoonful of lemon juice and one-fourth teaspoonful of mustard, season to taste and mix all together. Spread on thin slices of buttered bread.

Cheese Sandwiches.—Grate cheese fine, mix with cream or melted butter, add salt and cayenne, and spread on buttered bread.

Wutterress and lettuce are both very good in sandwiches; shred both, mix with mayonnaise dressing and place on buttered bread. Scraped onion for flavor may be added.

Chopped green peppers and onion mixed with mayonnaise makes another appetizing salad.

Sliced tomatoes and cucumbers with a salad dressing are good.

Chopped meat, nuts, with seasonings, make good filling.

Sweet Sandwiches.—Chopped blanched almonds with scraped maple sugar, softened with cream. Marmalade, jelly or preserves, any of which will spread without running. Cottage cheese and chopped preserved cherries.

Salmon Sandwiches.—Shred a cupful of salmon, add a tablespoonful of chopped capers, a tablespoonful of chopped sour pickles and four tablespoonfuls of mayonnaise. Cut into shapes and wrap each in waxed paper.

Bacon and Egg Sandwiches.—Chop as many hard-cooked eggs as will be needed, adding a tablespoonful of mayonnaise for each egg. Spread on buttered bread and top with a thin slice of cooked bacon. Cover with another slice of bread and wrap in paraffin paper.