



The Free Traders

By Victor Rousseau

(Continued from last week) ... must not let yourself grow morbid. But Lee, too, felt the wings of that shadow of fear beat past him. "There is nobody else!" he asked. "We shall not find that we have been tricked like that? It would be unbearable."

"No, no! I'm sure of that, Lee; after that that I stand here, that I have never loved anybody else. I know that so well, Lee; for if there had been, I should have felt it by instinct, however deep down within me the memory of him lay buried. No, love isn't like that; it doesn't lose itself like that. There is nobody but you—never anybody but you."

CHAPTER IX

Joyce Comes Home

In the middle of the night a wild storm sprang up, bringing with it a driving snow. Its violence blew down their two shelters, almost simultaneously, involving them in a debris of boughs and branches. They made light of their troubles. Lee succeeded in getting some sort of protection up, and the remainder of that night they crouched beneath it, happy, in spite of the snow that piled up all about them.

When morning came, they looked out on a white world. It was freezing hard, and the spring had dwindled to a thread in a basin of ice.

Lee very quickly had a fire burning and tea ready. But it looked as if winter had come to stay. They had had a rude awakening from their paradise. It seemed essential to push on as soon as possible.

In fact, without snowshoes they were likely to find themselves seriously inconvenienced in the event of a heavy fall. Lee meant to prosecute his inquiries at the mission, and, in case nothing came of these, to go to Little Falls, load up, and then return.

"I'm sure I'm well enough to start today, Lee," said the girl that morning, as they discussed the situation. "We could start off slowly, you see, and then if it did snow heavily, it would be much more of a strain on me later on, without snowshoes, than now, when I'm traveling so easy, wouldn't it? So we ought to try to get to the mission within a day or two."

Lee agreed, and they decided to push on slowly that day by the trail beside the lake. The mission was near the head of the lake, about two days' journey away.

Most of the contents of the pack were left behind. Lee had to travel as light as possible; but fortunately, his rib was fairly set, and the tight bandage which he wore around it eliminated serious danger of its breaking again.

When they stopped for the noon meal they had several miles to their credit. The girl's knee had given her no trouble, and both were jubilant.

That day they covered a good fifteen miles—almost a short day's journey. When they camped, the girl said:

"Do you know, Lee, I am almost certain that I have passed this way before, and it looks somehow familiar to me, and yet somehow as if I'd seen it in a dream. You remember that big rock we passed in the middle of the stream? Well, I had a feeling all the time that we should come to it as we rounded the bend."

"And you have no idea whether you ever lived in this region or not?" he asked.

"No, dear. I'm inclined to think, though, that I may have done so. Perhaps I was at school at that very mission you spoke of. If I was, someone there will be sure to recognize me. I've got a feeling that I was studying in some big city—Montreal or Winnipeg, perhaps, to take up medical mission work here."

Lee did not push his inquiries. On the whole he felt it would be preferable that her memory should return to her while she was at the mission.

The next morning broke cloudy, the snow was frozen hard, and banks of heavy snow clouds were piling up in the north. The girl's knee had still not troubled her, and they made even faster progress. Early in the afternoon the prospect of a storm became so threatening that Lee proposed they should encamp on a ridge of land some half a mile in front of them.

"We can find a safe nook in there," he suggested.

"Oh, no," answered the girl, "there's a large log house about half a mile beyond that, and we'll be much more comfortable there."

As Lee looked at her, he realized that she had been speaking without realizing what she had been saying. Suddenly she realized it too.

"Now what made me say that?" she asked. "But I'm sure somehow that there is a cabin there. I know this place quite well, only it's as if I'd seen it in a dream. Oh, Lee, what if I should remember? I don't want to never, never! I want our new life and our love!"

He put his arm about her and tried to comfort her, but the look of sadness lingered on her face, and every now and then, covertly watching her, Lee would see that same perplexed knitting of her brows.

They passed the ridge, the trail ran around the bend of the lake—and suddenly they saw the log building in front of them.

Lee looked at the house in surprise, for it was built in the most substantial way, and contained apparently five or six rooms. The settler who had constructed it must have meant to make it his permanent home, for the ground around it had been cleared for an acre or more; but it seemed to have been uncared for for several years, for the land was overgrown with brambles and spindly birch, into the



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thick of which serried cohorts of young spruce trees were advancing in ranks, like the vanguard of an army.

The door was unbolting, and when they went in they were startled at the aspect of the interior. The rooms were filled with furniture, nearly all of it made by the settler, but extraordinarily well done. There were mildewed and faded, but substantial carpets on the floors. There were fungus growths on the walls; but in spite of all the evidences of decay, the interior looked the habitation of a prosperous settler.

They went from room to room. The contents of the kitchen had been scrupulously respected, in accordance with trappers' law. There were porcelain plates, cups and saucers, cooking utensils, a large sheet-iron stove half full of charred logs.

Lee went all over the place, calling to the girl with the enthusiasm of a boy.

"It's just the place for us!" he cried. "We'll find out who owns it and buy it from him, and spend our honeymoon here."

In his exuberance he failed to perceive the depression that had settled upon her.

(Continued next week.)

Household Dept.

VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD RECIPES AND SUGGESTIONS

From every nook and corner we hope to receive some splendid ideas for simplifying household tasks. If you have never written, do so this week, won't you? Don't be timid, for your hint or recipe may be just the very one that will help some housewife somewhere to solve her problem. If you have already sent in a hint or recipe, come again. For the best hint or recipe we publish every week we will pay 50 cents. Address Household Department, Beaverton Review.

When making blouses for the boys and bloomers for the girls, I found that I had only a short length of rubber cord. As our farm is quite a distance from town, I couldn't purchase any for some time. By using tape and only an inch or two of the rubber cord, I had the desired result with very little expense.—M. C. R.

If there is a stubborn rusty screw you want to remove make the head hot with a red hot iron, then use the screw driver.

My hot water bag began to leak just at a needed time. By the use of a strip of adhesive plaster, the leak was stopped for many weeks.—M. C. R.

When housecleaning time came, and the carpets were bed-cleaned, the carpet beater suddenly gave out. I put an old piece of garden hose on a piece of broom handle, tied it on securely, cut the loose end in strips, and I now have no need of the patent beater.—M. C. R.

Hold a piece of ice in the mouth for a minute or two before taking unpleasant medicine. The nerves will be numbed and you will scarcely taste it.

I once saw an item in a magazine which suggested the use of a dress snap as a substitute for a broken catch on a strand of beads. It was all right for the little maid, but rather conspicuous on mother's chain until I thought to paint the snap, enameling both sides the color of the beads. I then added a few flecks of another color. One would have to examine it closely to discover that it was not an ornamental clasp. It makes a strong and handy fastener.

To make buttonholes on lace, put tiny squares of lawn underneath the lace and work the buttonholes through it. When the buttonholes are finished, cut the lawn away.

CLOVER BEST WHEN PLANTED ALONE

Red and alsike clover planted alone will be more successful in establishing a stand. Because of the unusually few numbers of inquiries at the O. A. C. experiment station, it seems to indicate that the farmers do not intend to plant clover this spring. Last season the clover crop was short and the clover crop for 1925 will be short, probably because of the dry summer of 1924, which killed most of the clover seedling. It is cheaper for the farmer to grow his own hay, which should be a legume and not a grain, grass, and weed hay. Good quality hay is much cheaper to feed than poor quality hay, which takes more for feeding.

Plow the land early in the spring and cultivate until planting to kill the weeds and maintain a good mulch. The late working of the land should be shallow to avoid bringing up more weed seeds. Plant 12 lbs. of red clover or 8 lbs. of alsike clover an acre from the middle of April to the middle of May.

Drill it in if suitable machinery is available, to seed about one inch in depth, or broadcast by hand. Cover the seed by harrowing lightly or using the corrugated roller, if the surface is dry.

JUST JOGGING ALONG

"Personally," said the old-fashioned citizen, "I don't care to fly 248 miles an hour." "Too fast, eh?" "Yes; I'm not one of your speed maniacs. Crawling along at 160 miles per is fast enough."

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