

# HEART OF THE NORTH

BY  
**WILLIAM BYRON MOWERY**

CHAPTER XIV  
(CONCLUSION)

## THE NORTH'S CALL

AS SHE worked on a report that evening in the little library nook, Joyce would pause now and then and listen intently, with her dark eyes peering into the blackness outside the window.

It was time for Alan to be returning with Bill and Ped from a patrol down the Mackenzie. In the sharp vigorous gusts of October wind she kept thinking she heard the drone of the launch. Across the room from her, an a blanket-padded couch, little Marion Montgomery had fallen asleep over a picture book, her tiny moccasins off, one arm hanging over the couch. In the deep dreamless sleep of babyhood the little tot was oblivious of the threat and snarl of the autumnal wind swirling around the cabin. If there was any sacrifice in having that airy little companion in her home, Joyce had not yet become aware of it.

The report she was working on was a statement to her former bureau chief in Ottawa of the money expended in her work among the Indian women around Endurance.

During a lull in the wind she suddenly heard the unmistakable sound of the big police boat skimming up the wave-tossed Mackenzie. Putting aside her report, Joyce ceased being Deputy Indian Agent at Fort Endurance, N.W.T., and became the wife of Inspector Baker, officer commanding there. With a glance at the sleeping tot she flung a cape about her shoulders and went out the cabin and ran down the dark winding terrace toward the wharf.

When the yellow eye of the launch drew near, Joyce saw a tall figure step upon the prow half-deck and stand ready with the painter chain.

When he jumped out upon the planking, jerked the launch alongside and lapped the painter around a pier-head, he turned to her, hat in hand, reproaching her:

"Girl, girl, you shouldn't have come down here, in this raw wet wind. You've got to begin learning to be careful—"

Pedneault snapped off the launch searchlight; and as the two men began gathering their packs together, in the mantling darkness Joyce silenced Alan's reproach, rising on tiptoe, obli-

ous of his wet slicker and the cold steel of his gun buckle.

After supper, when Alan had made himself regimental again after the six-days hard patrol, he stepped out into the living room where Joyce was finishing her report.

She beckoned him over to her, holding out several letters which had come for him on the Chipewyan mail. She had not opened them; but now when he brought a chair beside her, she read them with him.

Buzzard had dashed off a page from his apartment address in Winnipeg. He had "done" a couple dozen ~~toys~~ and pumpkin shows in his new DeHavilland, but had found that line too tame. Right now he was flying the Winnipeg-Edmonton lap of the Air Mail. Next spring he was going to boss the "smoke-hawk" division of the Manitoba Fire Prevention, with a circus of ten scouting planes under him.

"Some time this winter (he postscripted), we might put skis on the crate and hop down north to visit you. But Alan, you find out first if Joyce holds anything against me for telling you she burned that rainbow scarf. I don't think she ever has forgiven me."

Joyce looked up, laughing, but with a catch in her voice as she remembered that haunting day.

"Did you notice the 'we,' Alan? He puts her into a postscript! She's just a mere afterthought! Who is she?"

"Louise of Kamloops is all I know," Alan answered.

The next envelope was an enigma. It contained no message, no writing—nothing but two pictures. One was a panorama of a large country estate, with lawns, servant quarters, gardens, orchards. The other showed an imposing town residence, a stone building overrun by ivy, with a limousine waiting in the driveway.

Bewildered, Alan looked at the pictures twice, searched in the envelope for a possible note, glanced again at the address. And then, as he studied the crest of the envelope, he started a little. This was from Elizabeth! That insigne was the Lamroth-Haskell crest! Since Haskell married her and they left the North, they had written to no one at Endurance; but Alan had heard that Haskell, transferred to a small detachment in the Kootenay coal fields, had resigned and gone east.

Suddenly understanding the pictures, Alan looked up and met Joyce's eyes, and he saw that she, too, understood. In a kind of scorn she remarked:

"That's like Elizabeth, isn't it, Alan? She wants you to realize she's got a country estate, and town house and uniformed chauffeur and all the things that—that—"

"Say it!" Alan bade. "—All the things I'd never been able to give her. She's trying to rub it in. Yes, it's like her, Joyce."

"Sometimes I pity her a little—with him, Alan."

"I wouldn't say that, Joyce. I knew her better than you did. I'd say, God pity him—with her!"

With a gesture of finality he flipped the pictures contemptuously into the fireplace.

Later, when the lights of the post were out, when the fire logs

had burned to red coals and Joyce had carried her sleepy little charge away to bed, they went outside the cabin.

In the night sky they heard the honking of Arctic geese, last of the migrants, winging swiftly south; and they had the feeling that in the illimitable woods all furry creatures were seeking out warm dens and storing food for the Frozen Moons. Up and down the wilderness rivers and far-flung over the Strong-Woods, a whisper had gone abroad of a mighty change brooding—a whisper that drove less courageous things into headlong flight, yet was but a challenge to those more valiant of heart. The spirit of winter was in the air tonight; and Alan and Joyce were welcoming it. Here in the far North they had lived through other winters; they knew the savagery of those Moons and their white silent beauty, too. They had work to keep them busied during the long Dark, and a home against the blind swirling blizzards, and a vista of a life together here in this far land of their choosing.

THE END.

## THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By ALINE MICHAELIS

### REFUGE

Twilight, a timid fawn, went glimmering by,  
And Night, the dark-blue hunter, followed fast,  
Ceaseless pursuit and flight were in the sky,  
But the long chase had ceased for us at last.  
We watched together while the driven fawn  
Hid in the golden thicket of the day.  
We, from whose hearts pursuit flight were gone,  
Knew on the hunter's breast her refuge lay.  
—A. E. (Geo. W. Russell) (1867-?)

# Tourist Accommodations Wanted

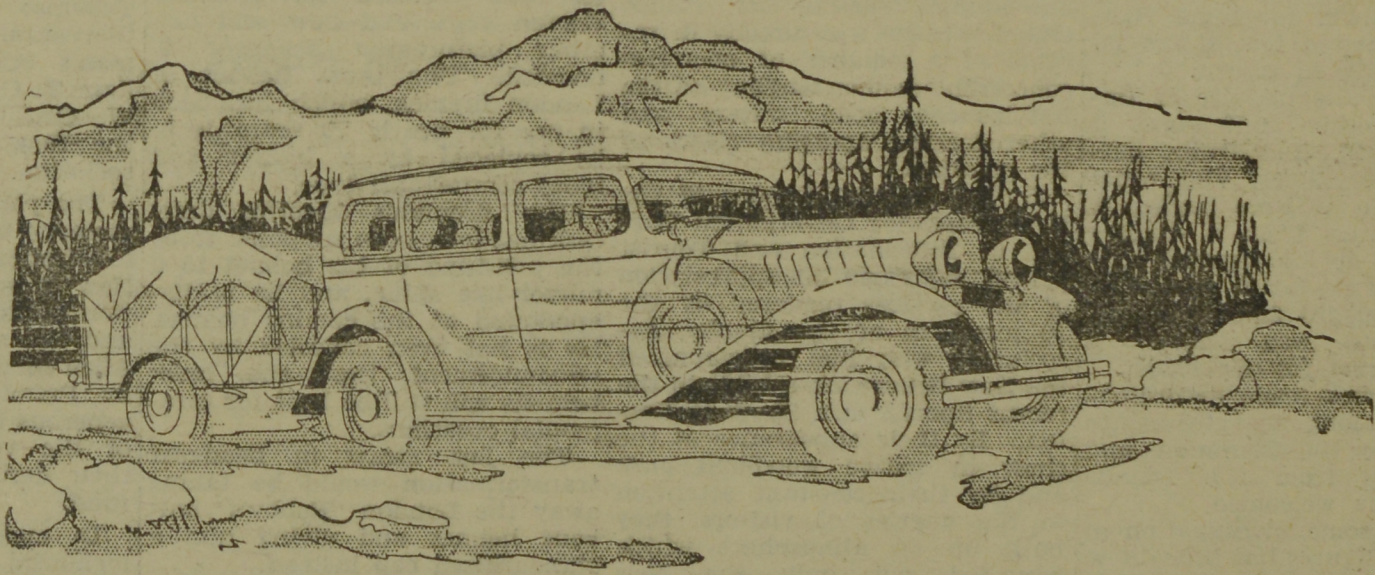
THE TOURIST and PUBLICITY BUREAU of Saint John, N.B. is making a list of all accommodations that are available for tourists WITHIN FIFTY MILES OF THE CITY.

This list will be kept on file at the office of the bureau so that definite information may be given to visitors. Those having suitable accommodations are asked to send full information, so a check may be made and the bureau can be in a position to make recommendations after proper investigation. There are many people in the United States who desire to come to this part of the country for short vacations, for which the costs will be reasonable. It is for these that the information of accommodation is required. Read all this advertisement and send the desired information to Commissioner K. D. SPEAR in charge of

## TOURIST AND PUBLICITY BUREAU

CITY HALL <> SAINT JOHN, N. B.

# Can YOU Accommodate Tourists?



**FARM HOMES** Owners of farm homes where visitors can be accommodated are asked to send full particulars to Commissioner Spear. Tell how many people you can accommodate. What your house is like. How many rooms, what conveniences and what recreation is available. Send picture of your house if possible and tell what the charges are per day or week. Tell location of home and how to reach it by road or otherwise from Saint John.

**TOURIST CAMPS** Owners of Tourist Camps should give all the information concerning their accommodations. Send pictures if possible and quote charges. What are the conveniences and where is the camp located and how can it be reached by road.

**SMALL HOTELS** Give location and tell how it can be reached from Saint John. Give full description of accommodations. How many people you can handle and what the charges are.

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