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WOODEN
SPOIL

By VICTOR
ROUSSEAU

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something like resentment, as if his
attitude toward the Dural proposal
was discounted beforehand.

Hilary had kept in his mind a plan
of cutting along the bank of the river,
without waiting for the saw. It seemed
to him a feasible plan to fell right
beside the water, and float the logs
down, this requiring no teams to haul,
a process impossible until the saw was
deposited. On the Saturday he went
out alone to survey the timber in the
upper reaches. In order to get a clear-
er view, Hilary took the public road
that ran along the eastern bank, with-
in the site. Marie limits, and ascended
to an elevation opposite the low-lying
tract on the west side.

He had nearly reached the branch
road which ran to toward the Marie,
along which Lefe and he had driven on
that first morning, when he perceived
Madeleine Rousseau and Brouseau ahead
of him, at the top of the rise. They
seemed to be talking earnestly, and
Hilary held back, unwilling to surprise
them. Presently he saw Brouseau
spur his horse and gallop away in the
direction of the Marie, while Made-
leine came slowly toward him.

She saw him and turned her horse
aside to let him pass. She had been
crying, and there were traces of tears
still on her cheeks. She would have



"Let Me Go," she said in a low tone.

waited for him to go by, her face
averted, but Hilary placed his hand
upon the horse's bridle.

"Madeleine Rousseau," he began.

"Let me go on," she said in a low
tone.

"I want to speak to you. And if
you are in trouble I want to help
you."

She smiled wearily. "I am not in
trouble, and if I were I should hardly
ask you aid. Monsieur Askew," she
answered. Then, with sudden ve-
hement, "Why did you come here?"
she cried. "Why could you not have
left St. Boniface alone. Instead of stir-
ring up hatred? Is it not enough that
my father should have been compelled
to sell your uncle our trees, without
your coming here to exult over our
shame?"

"I have not exulted, Madeleine Rous-
seau. I am sorry."

"Take back your pity. We don't
want it. What has Monsieur Brou-
seau done to you—or Mr. Morris?"

"Morris, since you inquire, has swin-
dled me out of several thousand dol-
lars' worth of lumber. Madeleine Rous-
seau, the trouble is of his own seeking."

"You went upon Monsieur Brou-
seau's land and quarreled with one
of his workmen, and you ill-treated
him shamefully, just because you are
big and strong, and not afraid of a
weaker man. And you and your hired
men—our men who serve you—have
taken Monsieur Brouseau's lumber,
and you are going to sell it as your
own. You ought to be ashamed of
yourself, you outlaw!"

"You're altogether wrong, Madeleine
Rousseau," answered Hilary quietly.
"The quarrels were none of them
of my seeking. Monsieur Brouseau,
who is quite capable of taking care of
himself, lays claim to land and lum-
ber which is not his. I suggest,
madeleine, that you have not
shown sufficient cause for your hos-
tility."

"I have done you no wrong," urged
Hilary. "I have come here to take
charge of a legacy which my uncle
left me. It is all I have in the world.
It has been my hope to make the task
successful and, in succeeding, to con-
sider my neighbors and help my em-
ployees. Is not this a case for our
working amicably together, as you
suggested in the case of Monsieur
Brouseau? Come, Madeleine Rous-
seau, let us forget our quarrel and be
friends."

She did not take the hand

extended, but she looked at him in
wonder.

"You spoke of my good-will," she
said presently, with a touch of mock-
ery. "What is that to you? Surely
my father's feeling toward you, which
is mine, can have no power to help or
harm you?"

"It means much to me, your good-
will, Madeleine Rousseau," said Hilary.
She leaned forward in her saddle.
"Monsieur Askew," she said, "listen
to me. If you value my good-will you
shall have it on one condition."

"On any condition."

"That you leave St. Boniface," she
said. "Except that," said Hilary.

"It is not that I grudge you your
possession," resumed the girl hurriedly.
"Believe me, I am not thinking of
that. As you said, the money was
paid, and the rights are yours. But this
is no place for you, monsieur. You
could esteem you and—give you your
good-will if you said I have made
a mistake, and want. Why do you
stay here, to stir up trouble and agi-
tate us all? What is it you want,
that you will not take the value of
your trees from Monsieur Brouseau
and go?"

"I have a natural objection to being
driven out of my own property," said
Hilary.

"It should never have been yours,
Monsieur Brouseau wanted it, but
my father—"

She broke off in agitation. Hilary
laid his hand lightly upon the rein,
held her own.

"Madeleine Rousseau," he urged,
considering that he was as agitated as
she, "I want to ask you something. I
do not want you to go to the Marie.
I said I wanted to help you. Perhaps
I had no right, but I do not want
you to go there. It is because I honor
you, and—"

She was staring at him in greater
astonishment. He hardly knew whether
she understood.

"Monsieur Brouseau," she be-
gan, half-choking.

"I judge me, madeleine, but does
he wish to speak to me as that?"

She started and twisted the rein
away. "You are impatient," she cried.

"How dare you question me or lay
down the law to me? No, I have
heard enough. Stay, then, Monsieur
Askew, and cut down the trees that
you have bought, and sell them; but
do not presume to speak to me any
more!"

She touched her horse with her
spur, and the beast bounded away, al-
most flinging Hilary to the ground.
Her face was flaming; yet, as she
rode, Hilary could hear her sobbing
again.

He was sure that Brouseau was
the cause of her distress. He re-
called Lefe's words to himself on the
night of the first meeting. Brou-
seau's grasping hand was stretched
forth not only of the sawmill but on
his heiress, and he vowed that the
battle between them should be fought
out on this ground alone.

CHAPTER VI.

Inside the Gance Hall.

It had been the general expectation
that Louis Dural would open his sal-
oon that evening. Hilary was aware
that Louis and two assistants were en-
gaged in carpentering behind the
closed door of the shanty. However,
evening came and the house remained
closed. Furthermore, there was a gen-
eral exodus toward St. Marie, and
when the news came that Louis him-
self had gone it became clear that he
had postponed his inauguration of the
test of Hilary's authority, for reasons
known best to himself, or perhaps to
Brouseau.

Hilary came to the decision to ride
over to St. Marie that night and see
what was transpiring there. Late, to
whom he confided his scheme, thought
it risky, but when he could not induce
Hilary to change it asked permission
to accompany him and made him
promise to avoid trouble.

It was about an hour after dark
that Hilary turned up from the beach
upon the main street which held the
chief dance hall. Simeon Duval's
place was working full blast, as
were half a dozen more, and Hilary
recognized numbers of his own men
on route. Nobody appeared to notice
them, however, and they reached
Simeon's place unobserved, and stand-
ing upon the porch beside the door
looked in.

It was a large wooden building,
within which a score of lumbermen
were dancing, mostly with one an-
other; but a few had women partners.

There was no pretense of secrecy in
respect of the sale of liquor. Simeon
Duval, whom Lefe indicated to Hilary,
was a stoutish, middle-aged man in
shirt-sleeves, with pale blue eyes and
a mass of reddish hair, turning
gray. He wore spectacles, which gave
him a strange, scholastic expression,
and the arms beneath his upturned
sleeves were a mass of fat and muscle.

The interior was vilely hot, gusts of
stale air came rolling out with the to-
bacco smoke, and the din was deafen-
ing.

As the two stood there Hilary was
astonished to see little Baptiste push
past them and enter. His face was
agitated, and he seemed to see some-
thing but his objective. He strode
through the dancers toward one side
of the room, where two girls were
seated. Hilary had observed one of
them decline several invitations to
dance and drink, though apparently
urged by the other; now he recognized
them as Nanette and Marie Dupont.

Baptiste strode straight up to Ma-
rie and stood before her. Hilary could
hear nothing, but he saw the little
timekeeper grinning and appar-
ently imploring her. He saw Marie
shrink her shoulders and avert her

face. Nanette was laughing, and two
or three of the lumbermen nearby
watched the little scene with amuse-
ment. Baptiste grew more vehement.
Marie turned on him angrily.

Baptiste sprang at her, seized her
by the sleeve of her dress, and tried to



Baptiste sprang at her, seized her
by the sleeve of her dress, and tried to

pull her from her seat. Hilary saw
Nanette protesting angrily; he could
not hear Baptiste's excited exclaima-
tions, but he heard faintly the scream
that came from Marie's lips. At once
there was a general movement toward
the group. Some of the lumbermen
interfered. Baptiste turned upon them
with menacing fists. The little man
was beside himself with fury. Then
Simeon came waddling down the room
with his ducklike shuffle, and took
Baptiste by both arms. With slow
but inexorable force he led him toward
the door. It seemed almost as if Ba-
ptiste, struggling in vain and moun-
ing incoherently, was in the grip of some
machine, for the momentum of Simeon's
movements was composed much
more of bulk than of velocity. Amid
the jeers of the crowd Baptiste was
thrust from the door, and Simeon
turned and waddled back into the
room, where the dancing was in full
swing once more.

Hilary saw Marie flying round in
the arms of a gigantic woodsman. Ba-
ptiste, seated upon the step before the
dance hall, was weeping pitifully. The
little drama came home to Lefe with
equal poignancy. Hilary saw that his
eyes were blazing.

"We'll get that girl away from
here," he said.

Lefe nodded, and the two went in.

At first they were not recognized
through the clouds of rolling smoke. It
was Nanette who saw Hilary first. She
uttered a sharp exclamation and
pointed toward him. At once the two
found themselves under the fire of all
eyes.

The news reached Simeon Duval as
he was reaching up for a bottle in his
closet, and he came puffing out and
waddled toward Hilary, his pale-blue
eyes fixed on him in malevolent
scrutiny.

"Oh, Meestair Askew, you have a
drink on me?" asked Simeon, holding
out the bottle under Hilary's nose.
The action was at once a challenge
and an overture, to be interpreted in
either fashion, according to the hear-
er's inclination.

Hilary shook his head. "I don't
drink, Simeon," he answered curtly.

"You want dance, then, eh? You
want a lady to dance?"

"I do not."

"Nor to play card, eh?"

"Not tonight, Simeon."

"Then what do you come to
my place for?"

Simeon's blue eyes glared into Hil-
ary's. In his younger days the man
had been the bully of the lumber
camps; still of great strength, he could
have matched himself against any
man, with the doubtful exception of
Black Pierre, but Hilary's exploit upon
the latter had a restraining effect upon
him.

"I've come to have a look at you,
Simeon," said Hilary gently.

"Well, you see me now, eh, Meestair
Askew? What you think of me, eh?"

retorted the dance-hall proprietor.
"Maybe you like to look some more,
eh?"

"I think you're just about what I ex-
pected," Hilary answered.

"Your brother is thinking of opening a
hell like this one at St. Boniface."

The lumbermen had begun to edge
in about them. Sentiment, while run-
ning strongly against the intruder,
was not angrily hostile. The men were
eager to see how Hilary would bear
himself against Simeon, and they
hoped for some fun. Hilary saw among
them the face of Simeon's brother
Louis, who looked like a small model
upon a lighter scale.

"My brother here. He speak for
himself, Meestair Askew. He not
afraid. You think, 'p'raps, because
you thrash Black Pierre, you boss in
St. Marie?"

"No, I don't. I wish I were," said
Hilary. "If I were, Simeon, I should
run you down to Quebec jail right off
the reel. But I'm now in St. Boniface,
and I'll break his head open and run him
in afterward."

Few of those present understood his
exact meaning, but an ominous growl
showed that this declaration was ap-
preciated at more or less its correct
value. The mob began moving for-
ward. For a few moments the situa-
tion looked menacing. Hilary took the
aggressive, as usual.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MARKETS

TORONTO, July 20.—Quotations
on the Board of Trade yesterday
were as follows:

Manitoba Wheat (in Store Ft. William).

No. 1 northern, \$3.15.

No. 2 C.W., \$3.12.

No. 3 C.W., \$3.10.

Manitoba Oats (in Store Ft. William).

No. 1 C.W., \$1.20.

Extra No. 1 feed, \$1.16.

No. 1 feed, \$1.15.

No. 2 feed, \$1.14.

Manitoba Barley (in Store Ft. William).

No. 1 C.W., \$1.75.

No. 2 C.W., \$1.70.

Barley (According to Freight Outside).

No. 2, nominal.

American Corn (Track, Toronto, Prompt).

No. 3 yellow, \$2.50, nominal.

Ontario Oats (According to Freight Outside).

No. 3 white, nominal.

Ontario Wheat (F.B. Shipping Points).

No. 1 winter, per car lot, \$2 to \$2.01.

No. 2 winter, per car lot, \$1.95 to \$2.01.

No. 3 winter, per car lot, \$1.90 to \$2.01.

No. 1 spring, per car lot, \$2.02 to \$2.03.

No. 2 spring, per car lot, \$1.95 to \$2.01.

No. 3 spring, per car lot, \$1.90 to \$2.01.

Barley (According to Freight Outside).

No. 2, nominal.

Barley (According to Freight Outside).

No. 2, nominal.

Buckwheat (According to Freight Outside).

No. 2, nominal.

Rye (According to Freight Outside).

No. 3, \$2.25 to \$2.35.

Government standard, \$14.85, Toronto.

Ontario Flour (Prompt Shipment).

Government standard, \$1.20, nominal.

In Jute bags, Montreal, nominal; in Jute
bags, Toronto.

Millers' Cakes, Delivered, Montreal.

Freights, Bags Included.

Brain, per ton, \$52.

Shorts, per ton, \$61.

Good 1st flour, per bag, \$3.75 to \$4.

May (Track, Toronto).

Mixed, per ton, \$27.

Straw (Track, Toronto).

Car lots, \$1.50 to \$1.60.

Farmers' Market.

Pull, 1st, 1st, 1st, nominal.

Government standard, \$1.20, nominal.

Goose wheat—No. 3, nominal.

Barley—Milling and feed, nominal.

Barley—Milling and feed, nominal.

Buckwheat—Nominal.

Rye—According to sample, nominal.

To sample, nominal.

Hay—Timothy, mixed and clover, nominal.

CHICAGO GRAIN MARKETS.