

"BELA"

The tracks led them parallel to the general direction of the river, cutting across from point to point of the willows on the outside of each bend. On the horizon ahead was the pine-clad ridge that bounded the lower end of the lake. Jack-Knife Mountain rose over it. The sea of grass was dazzling in the sunlight.

Half an hour's swift walking gave them no glimpse ahead of their quarry.

"Waste too much time talking," said Bela.

"Well, you did the most of it," retorted Joe.

It was evident from the direction of the tracks that Sam was taking care. This convinced them all. They burst out in angry exclamations. It was not, however, for what they thought Bela had suffered. Each man was thinking of the wrong Sam had done him. Toward Bela their attitude had subtly changed. She was now a damaged article, though still desirable. Their awe of her was gone.

"I'll grind my heel in his face for this," snarled Joe. "I'll kill him slow!"

"Come on!" cried Shand. "We're losing time. He can't have got far."

Bela scrambled out of the dugout "I tak' you who're he is," she said, eagerly. "I can track him in the grass. I can't catch him myself. But you got give him to me for punish."

"We'll attend to that for you, my girl," said Jack, grimly.

"No blood!" she cried. "If he is kill for cause of me I get a bad name around. A girl can't have no bad name."

They laughed with light scorn. "You're done for already," Joe said.

"Nobody knows him," said Jack. "He'll never be missed. We'll take good care he ain't found, neither."

"The police will know," insisted Bela. "They can smell blood. Buncy maybe you mad at each o'er. One will tell."

This was a shrewd shot. The three scowled at each other furtively. There was no confidence between them.

"Well—what do you want to do?" asked Jack, uneasily.

"I give him to the police," stated Bela, eagerly. "They come up the river now. Come every year this time. Then all will be known. It is not my fault he tak' me away. I good girl. Maybe she wants to get him to marry her," suggested Joe.

to keep under cover of each point of the willows until he reached the next one. Each point afforded his pursuers a new survey ahead. Not until they had walked another half-hour at that grudging pace were they in time to see a black spot just about to disappear ahead.

"Down!" cried Bela, and they dropped full length in the grass until they were out of sight.

She, springing up, led the way at a cross the intervening grass. She to hold herself back for the men was too heavy to be a runner, and she was beginning to feel the handicap of his years.

During the willows, she held up her hand for caution. They ran lightly in the grass. Neither man could see anything; nevertheless, Bela indicated by signs that the one they sought was just around the bushes. At that moment she held back and let go first.

Having decided that the danger of immediate pursuit was over, was on the ground eating his lunch without warning. Jack and Joe hid him, bowling him over on his back. He struggled desperately, but helpless under their combined strength. Joe, with a snarl, lifted his hand over Sam's face. Big Jack held it.

"Not while he's down," he muttered.

Bela, following close, drew Sam's hands together and bound his wrists with her strips of hide.

Sam, seeing her, cried out: "You're sold me out again! I might have known it!"

Bela, fearing his words might start Jack thinking things over, cried out hysterically: "I got you now! You think you run away, eh? You done wit' me! You laugh when I cry. I fix you for that! I put you where you can't hurt no more girls!"

To Jack and Joe it seemed natural under the circumstances. Sam glared at her in angry amazement, and opened his mouth to reply. But thinking better of it, he set his jaw and kept quiet.

He submitted to superior force, and they immediately started back on the long walk to the boats. There was little said en route. Only Joe, unable to contain his rage, occasionally burst out in brutal reviling. Sam smiled at him. More than once Big Jack was called on to restrain Joe's fist.

"A bargain is a bargain," he re-

minded him.

Bela, bringing up the rear, glared at the back of Joe's head with pure savage hatred. When any of them chanced to look at her, her face was wholly stolid.

Black Shand's face lightened as they brought Sam over the bank.

"So it was on the level," he remarked.

It was now some time past noon, and the word was given to eat before embarking. Sam, with his bound hands in his lap, sat on a great sod which had fallen from the bank above, and watched the others curiously and warily.

He had cooled down. So many things had happened to him during the past two days that his capacity for anger and astonishment was pretty well used up. He now felt more like a spectator than the leading man in the drama.

Finally Bela, with a highly indifferent air, came to him with a plate of food which she put on his knees. Evidently he was expected to feed himself as best he could with his hands tied. Bela, avoiding his eyes, whispered swiftly:

"I your friend, Sam. Jus' foolin' them. Wait and see."

Sam laughed scornfully. The other men looked over and Bela had to go back to carry them all.

Sam had no compunction against eating their food. Scorning them all, he fully intended to get the better of them yet. Meanwhile he was wondering what had taken place between them. He could not interpret the relations between Bela and the three men. They were apparently neither friendly nor inimical.

Afterward a discussion arose as to their disposition between the two boats. The rowboat was not big enough to carry them all.

"Lay him in the dugout," Bela said indifferently. "I paddle him."

"No you don't," said Joe quickly. "He goes with the men."

"All right," said Bela, shrugging. "You come wit' me."

This arrangement pleased Joe very well, and by it Bela succeeded in parting him from Sam.

The two boats proceeded together down the smoothly flowing, willow-bordered stream. Shand and Jack



"All right," she returned calmly. Joe sat fuming. Anger and balked desire made his comely, brutal face look absurd and piteous. It was like a wilful child denied the moon. Joe could never resist his emotions. Whether or not Bela had guessed it, it was bound to come.

"Oh, hell!" he cried. "Look here, if Jack or Shand offer to marry you, I'll match them, see? Is that a go? You'd sooner have me, wouldn't you? I'm young."

Bela neither smiled nor frowned. "I think about it," she said.

"No you don't!" he cried. "You've got to promise now or I'll withdraw it!"

"I tell you something," said Bela, concealing the wicked sparkle in her eye. "I not want the big man. No, I want the black man either. I tell you, if I marry any of the 'three, I tak' you."

Concealed Joe swallowed it whole. "I'm satisfied," he cried. "By George, I'd like to bind it with a kiss!"

"Look out, you turn us over," said Bela coolly. "The water moch cold."

Joe was quite carried away. "You beauty!" he cried. "Your skin is like cream. Your hair is like black velvet. You sit there as proud as a leading lady. I can't wait for you!"

"I ain't promise nothin' yet," said Bela warily.

Johnny Gagnon's place was at the strategic point on Musquesip, where the forest ended and the meadows began. In the winter-time the freighters left the ice here, and headed straight across the bottom lands for the lake.

Gagnon kept a stopping-house for the freighters. It was the last house on the route to the head of the lake seventy-five miles away, excepting the shack at Nine-Mile Point, which had never been occupied until Big Jack and his party camped there.

Besides being a strategic point, it was one of those natural sites for a homestead that men pick out when there is a whole land to choose from. The bank rolled up gradually from the water's edge, and Gagnon's whole establishment was revealed from the five-dwelling, bunk-house, stable—all built of logs and crouching low on the ground as if for warmth.

The buildings had been there so long they had become a part of the landscape. The log walls were weathered to a silvery gray, and the vigorously sprouting sod roofs repeated the note of the surrounding grass.

On this particular afternoon there was something afoot at Johnny Gagnon's. The different members of the large family were running about like ants in a disturbed hill. A cloud of dust was rising from the horse door, expelled by a resolute broom.

Unnumerable pails of water were being carried up from the river, and windows and children washed impartially. One of the big boys was burning rubbish; another was making a landing-stage of logs on the muddy shore.

In any other place such a spasm of house-cleaning need excite no remark, but among the happy-go-lucky natives of the north it is portentous. Clearly a festival was imminent.

Such was the sight that met the eyes of those in the rowboat and the dugout as they came around the bend above. Johnny Gagnon himself came running down to meet them. He was a little man, purely Indian in feature and coloring, but betraying a vivacity which suggested the French ancestor who had provided him with a surname.

The surname lasts longer than most white characteristics. It is a brand possession up north. If a man has a surname he is a Gagnon.

Johnny was a vivacious Indian. Such anomalies are not uncommon on the border of the wilderness. His sly, black eyes were prone to snap and twinkle, and his lips to part over dazzling teeth.

His hands helped out his tongue in the immemorial Latin style. Though

he was the father of four strapping sons and several marriageable girls, not to speak of the smaller fry, time had left surprisingly few marks on him.

Johnny held up his hands at the sight of Sam, bound. He was delighted to have this additional excitement added to his brimming store.

"Wa! a prisoner!" he cried. "Good! we will have a trial. You must tell me all. You come back just right. Big tam! Big tam! Never was so much fun in my house before!"

"What's up?" asked Jack.

"Big crowd comin' to-morrow!" replied the excited Johnny Gagnon. "Tracking up rapids to-day. Send a fellow up ahead ask my wife bake plenty bread."

"What all is it?"

Johnny counted them off on his fingers: "Bishop Lajeunesse and two priests. Every year come to marry and baptize. That's three. Four, Indian agent. Him come pay Indians government money by the treaty. Got gov'ment money. Five, gov'ment doctor. He look at him for sick. It is in the treaty. Six, seven, Sergeant Coulson and 'not'er policeman. They go round wit' agent and ask all if any man do wrong to him. That is seven white men comin'! But wait! But wait! There is something else beside!"

"What?" asked Jack.

"A white woman!" announced Johnny, triumphantly.

Bela frowned and stole a side glance at Sam. The men having lately come from the land of white women were not especially impressed.

"Only one white woman here before," Johnny went on. "Her com y'ny trader's wife. This her sister. Call Mees Mackall. Her old, but got no oban" at all. That is fanny thing, I think. Boys say all tam talk, laugh, nod heads. Call her chickadee-woman." Bela looked relieved at this description.

Sam, hearing of the expected company, smiles. Surely with the law and the church at hand, an honest man had nothing to fear. He glanced at Bela a little triumphantly, but she made her face inscrutable to him.

Somewhat to his surprise, he perceived that Jack and the other men were also pleased at the news. There was something here he did not understand.

CHAPTER XIV.

Sam, tied hand and foot, was confined in the bunkhouse at Gagnon's. All the heavy hours of his imprisonment were charged up against Bela, and by morning the score was a heavy one.

Big Jack or one of the other men was always in the room or at the door, and Bela had no opportunity to approach the prisoner.

Bela slept in the main house with the Gagnon girls. Before the general turning in that night, Big Jack and Black Shand each contrived to separate her from the others long enough to make a proposal similar to Joe's. In each case Bela returned the same answer.

Next morning they were all early astir. The Gagnon boys put on clean blue-gingham shirts and red woolen sashes, and the girls tied their sable locks with orange and cerise ribbons. The cheeks of both boys and girls bore a high polish.

Squaw Gagnon tucked up lace window curtains for a final touch and brought out a square of carpet for the bishop to rest his reverend feet upon. To this household it was the greatest day in the year and the sun was shining like the shiniest-checked Gagnon of them all. The younger children kept careful watch on Sam. He was an attraction fortuitously added to the big show.

Johnny Gagnon himself was the most excited of the family.

"You come jus' right!" he was continually exclaiming to Jack. "They stop all day now. Have trial in my house. Maybe stay to-night, too. I wish we had a fiddle. We can dance. But we can stay and sing."

The girl, dressed in a dress of this color, came out of the white men thought. "Place at my window, maybe!" and glanced covertly at Bela. Bela looked out of the window.

"What! dance with the bishop here?" said Jack, affecting to be scandalized.

"Sure!" said Johnny. "Bishop Lajeunesse no long-chin religeux. Bishop say let young folks have a good time. Laugh and mak' fun wherever he go. He is a man!"

Early as they were, they no sooner finished breakfast than they heard a shrill hail from down river. Every soul about the place, excepting Sam, dropped what he was about and scampered down to the water's edge.

Presently around the bend below appeared the tracking crew, slipping in the ooze, scrambling over fallen trunks, plunging through willows. Behind them trailed the long, thin line that must be kept taut, whatever the obstruction. Finally the yolk boat poked its nose lazily into view like a gigantic duck.

The other four of the crew stood upon the cargo with long poles to fend her off the shore, and the steersman was mounted on a little platform astern wielding an immense sweep. In the waist stood the passengers. As the celebrities were recognized a shout went up from the shore.

There was the bishop with red buttons and the ordinary priests with black. There were the police in their gay, scarlet tunics; the Indian agent with his bag of money, and the doctor with his bag of tools. Finally there was the blue hat with ostrich feathers that was already famous in the country.

Before the summer was out, news of that hat travelled all the way to the Arctic Ocean. Any one of these passengers would have made a gala day for Johnny Gagnon's family. To have them all at once was almost more than they could take in.

The tracking crew was on the opposite bank. Coiling up their lines and jumping aboard, all hands poled her across. The bishop, gathering his cassock around his waist, was the first to leap ashore.

(To be continued.)

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True Eloquence.

True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil for it in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must consist in the man, in the subject and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may inspire to it. They cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbursting of a fountain from the earth or the bursting forth of volcanic fires with spontaneous, original, native force.—Webster.

TORONTO FAT STOCK SHOW

Do not forget the Toronto Fat Stock Show which will be held at the Union Stock Yards on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 7 and 8. The entries are the largest ever made in the history of the show, which promises to be one of the best ever held in the Dominion of Canada. The premium list is a large and attractive one. Fine premiums are offered for all grades of cattle, sheep, etc. Said premiums are offered in the swine department, and the large packing houses are taking an especial interest in this exhibit. The judging will take place on Friday, Dec. 8, and the auction sale of show stock on Dec. 8, beginning at 10 a.m.

THE HOME GARDEN.

Get Good Results With Either Flowers or Vegetables.

Never permit the surface of the soil in the garden to form a crust. Constant stirring with hand tools or a when cultivator should be practiced between the rows and about the plants. This permits air to penetrate the soil, which it facilitates chemical action and bacterial activity, destroys weeds which would utilize large amounts of plant food that the cultivated plants require, and finally it conserves the moisture supply. The hoe and the rake are most generally used for this purpose. This advice applies with equal force to both the flower and vegetable gardens.

Where plants are grown closely in the rows it will be necessary to weed between the plants by hand. Small implements are made for this purpose and are sold at a trifling price.

Cultivating should be done after every rain, but not until the water has drained off and the soil is in workable condition. Working in muddy soil will cause it to form a cement-like mass, in which plant food will be securely locked, and the plants will suffer because it is not released for their support.

As soon as the excess moisture has run off or soaked in or partially evaporated, cultivation should be given to prevent the crust which otherwise will form. A crust formed on the surface of the soil restricts the plants, causes excess evaporation and the loss of moisture required by the plants and prevents access of air.

During dry spells, if the plants give evidence of suffering for the lack of moisture, water should, if possible, be supplied artificially. The usual method in small gardens is sprinkling with a hose. Late in the afternoon is the best time to sprinkle, when a thorough wetting should be given. Small furrows can be opened between the rows of plants and water turned into these ditches from the hose. After the water has soaked in draw the earth back in place.—New York Sun.

MILITARY NOTE.

(Boston Transcript)

Lady of Honor—You say you are in the army. Then why aren't you dressed as a soldier?

Regeed Regeed—It's de army of de unemployed, lady, but dis is me fatigue uniform.

Hard to Drop Meat?

All depends on what you eat as a substitute. It is a good time to study "food value." You may be eating the wrong foods, the foods that cost most and give the least nutriment. Shredded Wheat Biscuit contains more real, body-building nutriment, pound for pound, than meat, eggs or potatoes and costs much less. Two of these Biscuits with milk and a little fruit make a nourishing meal at a cost of a few cents. Make Shredded Wheat your "meat." A satisfying breakfast on which to start the day's work. It is ready-cooked and ready-to-eat. Made in Canada.

Wonderful Invention.

Thomas A. Edison was talking about some of the queer anti-submarine inventions that had been submitted to the national defence committee.

"The best I can say for them," he declared, "is that they remind me of the lunatic. A lunatic in an asylum once said to a visitor:

"I ain't a lunatic, mister. I'm as sane as you are. I'm an inventor, I am. I've got an invention that is going to make me a second John D. Here, let me explain it to you."

"The lunatic took out a pencil and an old envelope and drew a bird cage. 'There you are,' he said. 'That's the invention. Just a cage, an ordinary bird cage, but you'll observe that on this side there's a door with a heavy iron knob, and on the opposite side there's another door, also with a heavy knob."

"Now, then, you see, we take this bird cage and we put her on a bronze pedestal 17 feet high, the pedestal standing on a marble slab. We place a 17-foot ladder on the right side of the pedestal, leading up to this door, and a 17-foot ladder on the other side, leading to the opposite door."

"Now, what happens? A fly comes along and climbs up the right-hand ladder. It opens the right-hand door by means of an iron knob, walks through the cage, opens the left-hand door by means of the other iron knob, and starts down the ladder on the other side. And that's where we get him, sir."

"The inventor in his excitement gave a wild leap into the air.

"Yes, sir, that's where we get him," he yelled. "That's where the inventor comes in. That's where I make money. You see, mister, the eighth rung is missing in this second ladder, but the fly don't know it, and he falls on the marble slab and breaks his neck."—Exchange.

BEDTIME STORIES.

(Buffalo Express)

"Do you tell bedtime stories at your house?"

"I used to, but my wife always calls me a liar in such a loud tone that the kids would wake and start to cry."

THE CAUSE OF BACKACHE

Every muscle in the body needs constantly a supply of rich, red blood in proportion to the work it does. The muscles of the back are under a heavy strain, and have but little rest. When the blood is thin they lack nourishment, and the result is a sensation of pain in those muscles. Some people think pain in the back means kidney trouble, but the best medical authorities agree that backache seldom or never has anything to do with the kidneys. Organic kidney disease may have progressed to a critical point without developing a pain in the back. This being the case, pain in the back should always lead the sufferer to look to the condition of his blood. It will be found in most cases that the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to build up the blood will stop the sensation of pain in the ill-nourished muscles of the back. How much better it is to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the blood than to give way to unreasonable alarm about your kidneys. If you suspect "your kidneys" any doctor can make tests in ten minutes that will set your fears at rest, or tell you the worst. But in any event, to be perfectly healthy, you must keep the blood in good condition, and for this purpose no other medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

POSTURE OF WOMEN.

Upon It in Great Measure Depends Good or Bad Health.

Miss Jessie B. Merrick, director of physical education for women in the University of Washington, insists that every woman's home or office be a laboratory of health. She points out that there was a time when woman's household duties were so varied that all her muscles were brought into play. Work has become so highly specialized, however, and woman has taken her place so actively in the business world with man that she is deprived of the opportunity to give a rational life in which she would exercise every part of her body in accordance with its natural functions.

Good posture is to be thought about. It depends upon the maintenance of natural conditions of life. Some health specialists attribute all abnormalities of health to bad posture. Depressed mental condition, ill-fitting clothing and poorly-adapted furniture all contribute to a slouchy sitting or standing posture.

Bad posture is blamed for such diseases as sciatica and lumbago.

Good posture represents initiative, courage, responsibility, self control and self direction.

A strong nervous system is to be gained by physical activity in games, dances and exercises having rhythm.

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