

THE UNQUENCHABLE FIRE:

Or, The Tragedy of the Wild.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Cont'd)

That evening the setting sun shone down upon a solitary camp fire on the Northland trail, and beside it sat a large man crouching for warmth. He was smoking; and as he smoked he thought much. All the days he had lived he had never known a woman's love. And he muttered as he licked the sticks of his fire together, and spat into the blaze as it leapt up.

"Maybe it's a fine thing. Maybe they're queer critters. Mostly I'd just as well be an' um—I wonder."

The sun sank abruptly, and the brief twilight gave place to a night that was little less than day. The northern lights danced their mystic measure in the starlit vault to the piping of the Spirit of the North. And the hush of the Silent Land was only broken by the cries which came up from the dark valleys and darker forests. And the lonely giant, Jean Leblaud, slept the light slumber of the journeyer in the Wild—the slumber that sees and hears when danger is abroad, and yet rests the body. And he dreamed not, though all his schemes had gone awry, for he was weary.

CHAPTER XV.

"Aim-sa! Aim-sa! I come!" The cry rings against the mountain-sides, shuddering and failing; then it is lost in the vastness, like the sound of a pebble pitched into rushing waters. The woodland chorus takes it up, in its own wolfish tongue, and it plunges forth again, magnified by the din of a thousand echoes.

High up to the lair of the mountain lion it reaches; where the mighty crags, throne-like, overshadow the lesser woods; where the royal beast, lordly and over an inferior world, stealthily prowls and lashes its angry tail at the impudence of such a disturbance in its vast domain. Its basilisk stare looks out from its furtive, drooping head, and its commands ring out in a roar of magnificent displeasure.

Even to loftier heights still the cry goes up; where the mighty grey eagle ruffles its angry feathers, shaking out its vast wings, and screaming invective lest its supremacy should have been slighted by the loud-voiced boast of the wingless creatures of earth. Then, in proud disdain, it launches itself out upon the air, and with a mighty swoop downwards, screaming defiance as its outstretched pinions brush the sleek coat of its lesser rival, it passes on over the creaking tree tops to learn the real cause of the hubbub.

Down the valley, away to the east, the timid deer gather, snuffing at the breeze, fearful, protesting, yet fascinated. The caribou pauses in his headlong race to listen; only a moment later, to speed on the faster.

And the shuddering cries render the sense of rugged vastness greater; stupendous, magnificent, in its coldly gleaming splendor, is that world of brooding solitude. And those who seek to banish the deadly calm grow more insignificant, more infinitesimal with their effort.

"Aim-sa! Aim-sa! Wait, I come!"

The cry is more muffled. The dark canopy of primeval foliage deadens it till the sound is like a voice crying out from the depths of the earth. For the man is passing through the forest with the fierce directness of one who is lured by the haunting vision of that which is his whole desire. The jagged, riven mountains have no meaning for him. He looks straight out, nor tree-trunk, nor bush, nor jutting rock bars his vision; there, beyond, ever beyond, is that which alone he seeks. It moves as he moves; beckoning, calling, smiling. But always, like a will-o'-the-wisp, it eludes him, and draws forth the cry from his throat. The sweet, mocking face; the profound blue eyes, sparkling with laughter or brooding in perfect seriousness; the parted lips about the glistening teeth so luscious in their suggestion; the dark flowing hair, like a soft curtain of wondrous texture falling in delicate folds upon her rounded shoulders. Always ahead the woman speeds, always beyond. And his mighty strides avail nothing.

The wolves upon his trail lope slowly over the forest bed of cooling vegetation; with careless slowness, but with relentless intent, the creatures openly seek their prey. Her blood is upon the air, and they come with the patter of thousands

of feet, singing their dolorous chorus with all the deep meaning of the savage primordial beast. And he heeds them not, is deaf to their raucous song as he is blind to the mighty hills about him. What cares he if the earth links up with the blue heavens above him? What cares he for the everlasting silence of those heights, or the mute Spirits which repose upon the icy beds of the all-time glaciers? He is beyond the knowledge of Storm or Calm. He knows nought of the meaning of the awesome Voice of Nature. The Vision is all to him, and he gazes upon it with hungry, dreadful eyes. His heart is starving; his mind is an empty shell of all but the pangs of his all-maturing desire. If need be he will pursue to the ends of the earth. He has been to the depths of Hell for her; he has felt the withering blast of Satanic fires. There is nought for him but possession; possession of the woman he seeks. And the cry of his heart is more saddening than is the dispiriting wail of the wandering loon.

And so, to his distraught fancy, his cries receive answer and promise, and he stumbles blindly on; so the wolves draw near, ever nearer, as their courage rises in response to the voice of their famished bellies. So the strange pursuit goes on, on; over hills and through valleys, now scaling barren, snow-clad rocks, now clambering drearily down jagged rifts of earth; over Nature's untrodden trails, or along the beaten path which the passage of the lurking forest beast has made. Through clearing and brake, and over the rotting ice which fills the bed of the mountain torrent. On, on into Nature's dim remoteness, where only the forest creatures lord it, and the feet of man have never set.

At length the forests disappear, and the magnificent heights rear their snowy crests thousands of feet skywards. The valleys are left and behind him and below the primeval giants are but a dark shadow of little meaning. The greatness is about him; the magnitude of the higher mountain world. And as he faces the unsealed heights he again treads the snow, for the warm embrace of spring has not yet unfolded the higher lands, and the gracious influence of the woods is no longer to be felt.

He pauses, breathing hard, and the expression of his wounded face is not pleasant. The flesh is blue, later it will be black, and the eyes are as fierce as the crouching puma's. He looks about him as one in a daze. The baying of the hunting wolves comes up from below. They still dog him, for the blood trail holds them fast. A ledge stretches away, winding upwards; a mass of tumbled rocks foot one towering solitary pinc, and beyond is blank snow.

For the moment he is lost, his vision has deserted him. It may be that weariness has overcome the power of his illusion, for he stares vacantly about. He looks back, and the breadth of what he sees conveys no meaning. The woods, with the sound of life coming up to him in deadly monotony of tone. The hills beyond, rising till the drooping sun, like a ball of deep red fire, resting upon the now lurid glacial field, impotently seeks to scorch out its icy heart. And again, beyond, far into the hazy distance, hills in their hundreds; incalculable, remote, all bearing the ruddy tint of sunset; a ghostly array, chaotic, overwhelming to the brain of man. Nothing has any meaning to him. His eyes are the eyes of a dead man to all but the illusion of a disordered brain. He sees as a man blinded by the sun. Only such as he dare to stand and gaze above. The mind of man has its brief limits, size and distance soon reach them. Here it is good to keep the eyes upon the level, for man is but the veriest of insignificant creatures in such a world, and his mind cannot stand the overwhelming vastness he gazes upon.

Suddenly the man starts. A sound such as he craves has come to him again. He wheels to the right, whither the ledge winds round the crag. He peers out; again he sees, and with a heartfelt cry he rushes on. A moving figure is upon the road; a smiling figure, a beckoning figure.

Up rises the way, a toilsome path and rugged; slippery and oozing to the unshod feet. He feels no pain; there is the figure. He presses on, and the hungry legions move out from the forest below and follow boldly upon his trail.

He rounds the bend, nought stays him. The call shudders down the mountain-side, and its music is strangely soothing and sweet to his

BOVRIL

WILL GIVE
YOUR CHILDREN
STRENGTH

It is prime beef, highly concentrated, and prepared so that it is easily and quickly digested.

That is why a cup of Bovril rapidly relieves fatigue and gives strength to the ailing.

Try a few drops of Bovril in a lettuce sandwich.

ears. Quite abruptly a broad plateau spreads out before him. It is edged on one side by a sheer drop to unimaginable depths, on the other the uprising crags overhang with a beetling threat. The plateau is strewn with bleaching bones, and from beneath the overhanging rocks comes a fetid stench. Now the figure is lost again, and the dreadful straining eyes look out for the fair face and beckoning hand. His heart labors, and great pain is in his chest. For he is high up in the mountain air, and it is a labor to live.

Nor does he see the crouching object to his right, lying low to the ground, with muscles quivering and eyes shooting green fire upon him. There is no movement in the savage body but the furious, noiseless lashing of the tail, and the bristling of the hair at its shoulders. But suddenly a strange thing happens in a creature so fierce. It backs—backs slowly away. Its awful eyes are averted, as though in a fear it is powerless to contend with. Its sovereign anger is lost in an ardent cowardice, and the beast slinks within a low-mouthed cavern. What is it that has power to put fear into the heart of the monarch of the mountain-side? Who can say? Perhaps it is the madness which peers out of the man's eyes. Perhaps.

And the man moves on unconscious of his danger and the lurking of the prey monarch. And as he passes the spell of his presence passes also. A roar comes from the depths of the cavern, which in turn is answered by the wolves as they crowd up to the edge of the plateau. But though their reply is bold they hesitate to advance further. For they know who dwells where the broken, bleaching bones lie, and fear is in their cavern hearts. They snuff at the air with muzzles upthrown, and their mangy coats bristle with sullen anger. The crowd increases; the courage of the coward begins to rise within them, and they seem to ask themselves why should they fear when the odds are in their favor. A fierce argument arises, and the debate takes the form of a vicious clipping of huge fangs, which is brutish and less of reason than anger. A mighty roar interrupts them, and for a moment, quells their warlike spirit. And then silence reigns.

Then, as if by chance, one great dog-wolf is driven out upon the battle-ground. He is a leader, high of shoulder, deep of girth, with jaws like the iron fangs of a trap, and limbs that are so lean that the muscles stand out upon them like knots of rope. And his action is a signal to the crowd of savage poltroons behind. With one accord they send their fierce battle-cry out upon the still air, and leap, like the rush of an avalanche, to the lair of the mountain lion. Out from his shelter springs the royal beast, and close upon his heels comes his queen. And side by side they stand, ready for the battle, though the odds be a million to one against them.

Their sleek bodies are sea-a-quick with rage, their regal tails whip the earth in their fury, while their eyes, like coals of green fire, shine with a malevolence such as no words can describe. Truly is their title a just one, for such magnificent fearlessness is a glorious sight.

(To be continued.)

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

It's easy to economize if you haven't the money.

Beware of the straight tip. It may lead to a crooked deal.

But the safest get-rich-quick scheme of all is to inherit it.

A woman isn't necessarily a good cook because she is a good roaster.

You do some things well and some otherwise—but what's your average?

And some people can't see the good of being good unless other people find it out.

When a girl knows that a man loves her she always likes to pretend to doubt it.

When a woman tells a man she enjoys a man hearing him talk, it means that he is an excellent listener.

A man never gets too old to remember some of the things that never occurred when he was a boy.

Unless a man gets married he'll probably go to his grave believing that he knew it all.

'LEAKS' IN THE FOOD SUPPLY

HINTS AS TO THE MOST ECONOMICAL TO BUY.

The Cost of Foods and the Actual Nutriments Supplied Are in Inverse Proportion.

From one-fourth to one-half the average family's income is spent for food. The increase in price of almost all foods in the last few years has resulted either in an increase in the amount spent for food or a decrease in the amount of food purchased. Why not try to apply the rules for "increased efficiency" and "conservation" to this question of food supply in order to obtain a larger return for the money expended?

The "leaks" in the food supply are in careless and unseasonable buying; in wasteful and poor cooking; in thoughtless use of fuel and in ignorance of the real value of food.

Few housekeepers understand the relation between the cost of a food and its nutritive value to the body. Most housekeepers say, "It ought to be good; it cost enough," and they feel that they fully perform their duty to their family if they spend a generous sum of money, furnish an abundant amount, and satisfy all appetites.

As a rule, the cost of foods and the actual nutriment supplied by them are in inverse proportion. The more a food costs in money, the less is usually its real value, since in the majority of cases two-thirds to nine-tenths of the expensive foods are merely

WATER AND REFUSE.

Something more than satisfying the appetite and pleasing the eye should be considered. A little sugar or a sweet dish, for example, may satisfy the appetite, but it does not satisfy the daily demand of the body for energy and tissue-making material.

Until the housekeeper knows something of real food values she does not know whether her family is being properly fed or how to do it most economically.

Ten cents spent for a quart of milk actually supplies almost three times as much food as the same sum expended in eggs at thirty-six cents a dozen, and supplies it in better form. Ten cents for bread furnishes three and one-half times as much as the quart of milk. Compared with meat, at present prices, milk again is found a more economical and less wasteful food; meat and eggs furnish protein and fat only, whereas milk also supplies sugar, and gives all three of the food elements needed by the body.

Milk at eight cents a quart will supply six hundred and fifty calories of energy to the body, while the eight cents spent for one of the cheaper cuts of meat—the chuck ribs at twelve to fourteen cents a pound—will furnish only about five hundred and fifty calories. The same money invested in a porterhouse steak at twenty-five cents a pound will bring the small return of three hundred and fifty calories, and that is counting in the fat, which many discard entirely.

THE PRICE OF MEAT

It is determined by the demand for certain cuts, by the tenderness and the flavor of those cuts, and never by the real proportion of protein and fat that they contain. Pound for pound, the flank and the porterhouse steak furnish the same amount of nutriment—but the price of the two are far different. Bacon at thirty cents a pound is considered too expensive by many, but that pound of bacon contains just two and one-half times the fuel value that the pound of round or loin steak does, provided all the fat is not tried out of it and thrown away.

Not until you know the real value of nuts can you decide between buying nuts in the shell or shelled. Many prefer buying them in the shell for sanitary reasons, as the

Constipation is the root of many forms of sickness and of an endless amount of human misery.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills,

thoroughly tested by over fifty years of use, have been proved a safe and certain cure for constipation and all kindred troubles. Try them.

25c. a box.

2 in 1

SHOE POLISH

Sold in all parts of the World.

Canada's Most Brilliant Representative.

It has proved its superiority over scores of other makes, and has won popularity solely on its merits.

It's good for your shoes.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO., Limited,
HAMILTON, Ont., BUFFALO, N. Y. and LONDON, Eng.

PRESERVING FRUIT

the best possible way means to use the best fruit obtainable and

Redpath

Extra Granulated Sugar. Then you will have preserves of highest quality. — Why take chances of failure by using substitutes?

LOAF SUGAR Always ask for "Redpath's" Red Seal Paris Lumps, Packed in Dust proof Cartons.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co., Limited
Montreal Established in 1854 by John Redpath

NEW CANCER THEORY.

Districts Where Sulphur Dioxide Abounds Has Most Cases.

That cancer is due to a parasitic fungus that stimulates the animal cells so that they become parasitic themselves, is the view advanced in a new work by C. E. Green, a British medical student. The theory is based on the resemblance of animal cancers in plant tumors, and supposes that the undiscovered organism of animal cancers must be very similar to Plasmodiophora brassicae, the cause of plant cancer.

Sulphurous substances specially favor the growth of the plant parasite, while calcium and copper tend to destroy it. As this would suggest, human cancer is most common in chimney sweeps, brewers and furriers, who are most exposed to sulphur vapors, and is rarest in tanners, copper workers and paper makers, whose occupations bring contact with copper or lime.

The houses and districts that have most cancer, moreover, are those where sulphur dioxide is present in the air—that is, where coal is burned and chimney draft and ventilation are imperfect.

WILL BE LARGEST CANAL.

Russia at the present time is contemplating the establishment of the world's longest waterway. It is to extend from the Black Sea to the Baltic. It will utilize two long rivers, dredged and straightened out, with an artificial connecting link or canal 60 miles in length. Russia now has the longest railway in the world. When the Black Sea and the Baltic waterway is finished she will also have the longest canal.

INDIA IS PROSPERING.

In India the prosperity during 1911 financial year (ended March 31) promises to equal, if not to surpass, that of the previous year, which had a surplus of exports over imports of \$230,000,000. Bountiful harvests and good export prices put India in the position of a good buyer in the markets of the world.



MAN ASHORE!