## THE WEEKLY ONTARIO, THURSDAY, JUNE, 24 1920.

## "He says he's got to have Mr. Mors' orders," said Baptiste. Lafe turned to Hilary, who

WOODEN

SPOIL

By VICTOR

ROUSSEAU

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

IRWIN MYERS

pyright, 1919, by George E. Deras Co.

Say, I'll take you through Ste. Marie

They had reached the main road

again; they went on a little way and

then turned westward over a rough

track through a burned-over district

densely covered with fireweed and

white starved asters. Soon mothe

rig appeared before them, topping the

to the elderly priest, who sat inside. "This gentleman is Mr. Askew, the new

owner of the Rosny concession. He's

The cure looked Hilary over, then

he leaned forward and extended his

"I am please to meet you, Mr. As-kew," he said. "I 'ope we shall be-

come friens, like Mr. Lafe here, an' not

"Ah, Father Lucy, you make me tired ometimes," said Lafe. "What in thup-

der's the use of praying for rain when

the forests are burning, instead of

getting busy and putting out the fire?"

do not understand," said the cure, "pat-

ting the Yankee on the shoulder be-

nevolently. "Mr. Lafe is fine fellow,"

he added to Hilary, "but he want to go

It was evident to Hilary that the two were fast friends. Father Lucien

clucked to his pony, took off his hat

with a flourish, and resumed his jour-

"Father Lucy's a good sort," mut-

tered Lafe, "but he makes me tired sometimes. Slew as the devil, Mr.

Askew. And yet, now I come to think

of it, he does get results in his own

time. He ain't equal to cleaning up Ste. Marie, though." After a pause he added: "Some-

times I've thought that Father Lucy,

had something up his sleeve about Ste.

An hour's drive brought them within

lost a replica of St, Boniface ex-

sight of the village. Ste. Marie was

ternally, with the same shacks, clus-

tered about the brick offices of the

Marie after all."

company.

too quick all the time."

"Mr. Lafe, there is many thing you

"Bonjour, Father Lucy," he called

hill. Lafe pulled in as it approx

old Mr. Askew's nephew."

hand, which Hilary grasped.

quarrel so much."

on the way pack to the mill !"

the conversation. "Ask him if he loesn't understand what I am here for," he suggested. for," he suggested. Dupont was impregnable in his pe-sition. He had immeer from both com-cessions, and Mr. Morris was in charge of both. What orders had been left with reference to his freight?

"That sounds reasonable." he mid.

He dropped Lafe at the mill and are some fine trent lakes a few miles Brove alowly homeward across the to the north. We might make a day's bridge, thinking hand. There would trip of it." His sehtences were not continu probably be no trouble with Leblane

after he had shown that he was master. And Lafe would be a pillar of strength. Hilary had instinctive faith in the slow-speaking Yankee. "I must get little Baptiste on our side, too," he said sloud, as the bussy

topped the hill beyond the bridge; and, then he became aware of Madelaine ay spon her horse, at the end of the branch road, waiting for him to map and books" Hilary felt uncertain and awkward.

Ought he to raise his hat to her? glance at her face showed him that

> "My decisions are always sudden." ing proposition, as you are prob

> > "I have not expressed dissatisfaction yet," answered Hilary. "Please let me see-"

ris, "is merely that you hold over your decision until we can go into the books together. Frankly, if I were you I should try to sell. It was my advice to your uncle, but he was a little obstinate about confessing to an error in judgment, Mr. Askew." "Before I see the books," said Hil-

Are you not associated with the Ste. Marie company?" Morris wiped his forehead again.

That She Was Perfectly Aware Who

she was perfectly aware who he was. It showed him a firm chin, reso set, two angry blue eyes, and flushed chasts whose redness did not come from hard riding. He decided to how. But before he did so the human hard riding.

"Not much to see now," said Lafe, "But on pay night it's flerce, Mr. As-kew. I guess this place is a real hell."

Kew. I guess this place is a rear net. "Rowdy, Connell, you mean" "I didn't mean that, Mr. Asiew. It's that, God knows; but what I meant by hell was a place where everybody" a law to himself with nothing to re-the the structure of the structur

"I don't know that I'll be so very

a zest to the game.

Lamartine that you mu Two days before Hilary would have

jumped at the balt, would have shown his resentment of the lie, declared hoshere, but I- wanted to see the proper-

with reference to his freight? Lafe was pleased and surprised at the way Hilary took it. But Hilary had learned a good deal during that "If you had let me know," said ris, "I could have made arrange "If you had let me know," said Mor-You have come in the slackest month

"Give him Mr. Morris' orders, Connell, whatever they are." And, when the matter had been settled, he added: "You were dead right, Connell, we've got to settle with the big fellows first." for some fishing, Mr. Askew? There

There was a considerable pause after each, long enough to allow Hilary to reply. If Hilary's silences had aroused respect in the mind of Lamartime, they aroused positive fear in, that of Morris. Hilary came to the point. "I have

come here to assume charge, Mr. Mor-ris," he said. "Please let me see the Morris wiped his forehead with a handkerchief which he took from his

desk. "That's that's a sudden decision, Mr. Askew," he said. trying to

> Morris laid one finger upon the edge of the desk. "Of course I know nothing of your affairs or circumstances, Mr. Askew," he said, with a tone of aggrievement, "but if you intend to take charge immediately, in this im-pulsive way, that means that I must step out. The concession is not a payware, but your uncle was satisfied with my management."

"My suggestion," interrupted Mor-

ary, "I have a question to ask you.

He hated directness as much as Lamartine. "I certainly am," he said,

ager of my concession?"

have not neglected my obligations to

Lamartine inat you incourses to pay a you want a map you in nave to go or visit to Quebec, but that letter was the government. Mr. Lamartine has written some days ago. You didn't the legal documents." "There must be a map," said Hilary

"They say it's Monsieur Brousseau's orders," he explained. "You see, mon-sleur, we know now that the property "It isn't drawn to scale. You'll find a rough plan of the leases among those papers." He moved toward the door, ls yours, but Monsieur Brousseau hires the mill hands." laid his hand on the handle, cleared his throat and looked back. "Tell them in future I shall hire the

mill hands. Tell them it is my mill." go over the books together and clean "I have only to say that my yearly This was met with blank incredulity. contract expires on October first." he Evidently Brousseau's lease of mill said. "If, you wish to renew it I shall expect adequate notice." rights had passed for ownership

"Anyway, say that their jobs are Hilary looked up from the books. good for the coming year," announced Bilary, and wondered whether he "You may regard it as terminating on October first, then," he answered. "Ifdared hope to make good on that state-ment. "Where's Lafe Connell?" he I wish to renew it I shall let you know when I have looked into these." This time Morris' anger was quite bobba

"Lafe, he is discharged, too," aninfeigned. You can accept my resigswered Jean-Marie. "He go right away nation/ now," he shouted. "Do you to catch the boat home, carrying his think I am the man to accept dismissal bag. See, Monsleur Askew !" at the hands of a young American greenhorn like you? Why, I've thrown Hilary looked up. On the creat of the hill behind Rocky river, spainst the skyline, was a solitary figure, away thousands trying to develop this the skyline, was a solitary rotten proposition of your uncle's, out striding along with a bag in its hand. of friendship for him! And what do you think you're going to make out of of frien The down boat to Quebec was al-most due. Looking seaward, Hilary the concession? You can't speak the saw the white hull rounding the lightlanguage, you can't get along with the house point, and the black smoke from her funnels an interted cone against the heavens. Hutbantly Lafe would people, you know nothing of the Canalumber business. You'll be bankrupt inside of six months and glad to be homeward beind within a half hour; and ne time was to be lost if he sell out for a song. That's all I have

to say to you, except that I'm resignhoped to stop him. He jumped into the buggy and urged the horse through the disputing crowd. Without Lafe Connell he felt that his

hance was almost a hopeless one. He drove madly along the cliff and down the last descent. As he reached the stable the ship was being attached to the wharf. Hilary jumped out and ran to the wharf. A few passengers were gathered about the little baggag office and others were standing before the gangway, waiting to embark. Among them was Lose with a sarpet-bag. Hilary from housing upon him just as he set foot upon the planks. Lafe spun round and looked sullenly

orge, where was the main way he at him. Hilary held to his arm! tween the mill and the interior of the seigniory, Hilary decided.

was the creek which he had passed that morning when he drove out with Connell to inspect the seigniory. trees. He came upon the clearing, te and the old camp still standing, and a great pile of newly hewn timber

"What Are You Deserting For?"

"What's the matter, Lafe?" he asked

He got down from the buggy and fastened the horse to a tree.

paying fourdation. I guess everyone's not extend the elbows, joint with any force, but any of his short blows, deliv-from Morris and Brousseau and Leered from a shoulder like a mutton joint, would have knocked a man senseblanc down to Jean-Baptiste the scaler. I knew they were swindling you, and Broussean telephoned me to keep you in the dark, and—I tried to do it."

"Never mind, Lafe, Yon and I will

"And I tell you this," went on Lafe.

big fellows we want to get."

the job together," Lafe answered.

CHAPTER IV.

The First Encounter.

He was about to continue his way

along the main road to the mill, but an

impulse urged him to turn the horse

about and seek the road that led to Le

blanc's old concession. Presently he

heard the sound of axes among the

semed to draw together. At that me

pression of approaching trouble.

stacked up under the trees.

break for home again?"

in St. Boniface?

wisely and carefully.

earings.

Hilary stepped aside as Pierre pre-cipitated himself upon him, and gave him a short uppercut with the left. Pierre went reeling past him, tripped over a projecting trunk of a tree, and fell sprawling to the ground.

"Give fellows like Baptiste-Baptiste A second later he was up/again, rushand me-an example of honest work. ing at Hilary. Despite Hilary's blows, which nearly blinded him, and covered and you'll see they'll follow you and take a pride in the business. It's the his face with bloed, he managed to get

home two body deliveries which knock-Hilary held out his hand, "We'll ed the wind out of the American. Hilhake on that," he said. "You accept ary was forced to give ground. He the post, Lafe, and you won't make s had boxed at college a good deal; that was several years before, but the mem-"Never again, so long as we're on ory instinctively came back to him. "It's Far off the steamship was pursuing foot-work wins," his teacher had told him. He stepped from side to side, guarding himself against Pierre's furier way toward Quebec. Hilary watching her, was conscious of a zes of living which his conversion of Lafe ous lunges dexterously, until the opportunity for a telling cross-counter did not wholly explain. What, he won with the right sent Pierre crashing dered, was the secret of his interest backward.

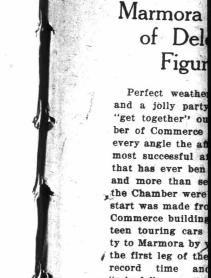
> He rose, spitting the blood out of his mouth, and rushed at Hilary again.



His Mouth, and Rushed at Hilary, Again.

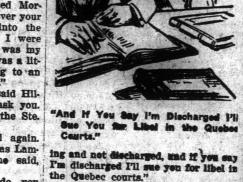
This time he managed to lock his arms about him and, holding him securely. with the left, pummeled him. Hilary fergot his science and shot his right upward between the arm and the body, landing on Pierre's chin. Pierre reeled. but he did not let go his hold. He grasped Hilary like a bear, hugging him till the breath was nearly out of his body, and forcing the point of his chin in under Hilary's collar-bone.

At Hilary's appearance two or three Pierre was several years the older, en looked up from the legs which and winded by fast living, but his musthey were sawing and whispered. They cles were as firm as a young man's. Knewing that his enemy's science was ment Hilary had a clearly defined immore than a match for his superior strength, he maintained the clinch, but gradually shifted his grasp upward, first pinioning Hilary's arm, then grip-



start was made fro Commerce buildin teen touring cars ty to Marmora by the first leg of the record time an "cripple" reporter party suffered a yond Stirling and hour late in getting that was the only red. At Marmora the by Mr. S. B. Wrigh

Mr. F. A. Bapty, s of the Deloro Sm ing Co., and after been checked in quite ready for the was served by the mora Methodist C tor of the Marmora ed the visitors after tice was done to th of home cooked for ladies. Immediately party got under way upon arriving at this were invited into building where Mr. some of features to be visited and to ing things about th the ore is handled. a number of questio itors and said, incide loro is the smaller town in Ontario. Deloro plant the part into groups of ten and signed to a guide who through the huge pla ed each departmen Even those who had before found many m the entire tour of most interesting an The ore which is bro Cobalt district, is he four distinct products silver, nickle, cobalt The visitors were show these products are w crude ore and the pr revelation to those for



"Another question. How do you He opened the door, but Hilary reconcile that with your duties as mancalled to him, "One moment, Mr. Merris,"/he said "Now, my dear sir," protested Mor-Morris turned and looked at him unris, raising his finger, "if that is your

certainly. He was ready to accept any grievance it is an unjustifiable one. extension of the olive branch. There is nothing in my duties here in-"Take your cigars," said Hilary, compatible with my having other inening the drawer and bringing out terests. I think you will find that I the box.

Mr. Morris turned purple, snorted, then snatched up the box and made his exit.

Apparently he wished to convey the impression of a furious quar

"What are you deserting for?"

does what he wants to do. That's my idea of hell, sir," The road wound along the shore.

Presently St. Boniface came into sight. "I think I'll' go into the office, Connell," said Hilary.

"I guess you'll have to break in open, then," said Lafe. "Mr. Morris took the keys with him."

"When's he coming back?" "We were expecting him this afternoon."

Hilary considered for a men ent. "Th wait till tomorrow then," he said. "Hello, Monsieur Baptiste!"

The little scaler and timekeeper was hurrying toward the buggy. "Mon-sieur!" he gasped. "Monsieur Askew, yesterday I did not know who you were. Excuse !"

"That's all right, Baptiste," anwered Hilary. "Just remember that ning things here now, that's all. And, by the way, that order about trespassers and visitors is at an end. There's going to be nothing done here that we'll be afraid of people finding out. Got it?"

"You certainly do have the knack of

Lafe a

"I suppose so," said Hilary. Dupont came toward the rig, accompanied by the timekeeper. The captain was a tail old man of about sixty years, with a gray beard, a eyes that seemed to burn with some consuming fire. His look, as he turned it on Hilary, was so searching, and so , and so momentarily hos tile, that Hilary felt unco mfortable There was a history behind that pene-trating stare-a history and a hate. But after a moment's examina of Hilary's face a film seemed to come the reason for his strange gaze. Du-pont was satisfied. He stood by Lafe, and Jean-Baptiste translated. over the old man's eyes. Whatever ptain says the scho full," he said. "He want to start for Quebec on tonight's tide."

"Tell him to speak to Mr. Askew here," answered Lafe. "Say that Mr. Askew's in charge." The timekeeper translated back into he French. A smile flickered upon ont's face. He shook his head and

diplomatic with Brousseau after said Hilary, as he drew rein at the stable entrance. CHAPTER HL Hilary Talks Business Hilary was smoking on the pos the next morning, formulating his plans, when he heard the bell on the plane, when he heard the best on the side of the telephone box begin to ring clangorously. Then Monsteur Tremblay came out and made it clear to Hilary that he was wanted. It was Lafe Connell calling. "Say, Mr. Askew," he said. "Tr phoning you from my boarding place They came back yesterday afternoon the boat was late; maybe you didn' know. They've been cross-question me and Baptiste all the moral Brousseau's just left, and Morris Broussean's just left, and morris may ordered the storekeeper's rig to drive over to you in an hour's time." "Thanks, Connell,", said Hilary. "Th much obliged. I'm coming over." Jean-Marie Baptiste evidently had got it, for he looked almost terrified. He touched his hat and withdrew with He touched his hat and withdrew with He reached the office just in time see him. He was an older man than Hild atting things across, Mr. Askew," said had expected to meet. He seemed well afe admiringly, "I guess you're ready on the shady side of fifty. He had Lafe admiringly, "I guess you're ready ton the shady side of many to go back to the hotel. Wait. There's old Dupont, the captain of the lumber schooner. I guess you'll want to meet him?" "Mr. Morris, I think," he said, de scending and tieing the pony to the hitching post in front of the building. Morris held out his hand, which Hilbeaten face, and pale gray it seemed to burn with some ng fire. His look, as he turned were here, Mr. Askew," he seid. " was just coming over to see you." "I heard you were here," said Hil-

asked. pret it together later. "May I have the books and map of the seignlory limits and leased tracts, Mr. Morris?" asked Hilary. "If you think my services are worthless I have no desire to retain my position here" Hilary rose, crossed to Morris' desk and tapped the roll top. "I suppose you do not refuse to produce them?" he asked. ary. "I came to see you and talk

things over." Morris, recognizing the situation, ac-cepted it and turning back, pailed the key out of his pocket and epened the books heaped together, as if they had just been under examination. "Go ing the cogged chain that drew them into the mil me, Morris took & box of cigars from his deak drawer and offered it to Hilary, who declined. Morris chose one and, biting off the end, lit it. Hilary could see that his hand trembled a little. "Well, sir," he said, seating himself, papers."

"this is the last place in the world straight concession of eighty-five thou-sand, five hundred odd arpents, with where I should have expected to see you. I have just heard from Mr. three sides approximately equal. If

less humiliating ending, for Hilary heard him shouting angrily outside. Quite the contrary. What helps one, Through the window he saw Jean helps the other." Baptiste come running up to him. "Quite so," said Hilary. "I don't dis-There came, later, the confused sound pute that you have had a right to enof many voices in consultation. But gage in other interests. But how about Hilary turned his attention to the their use of our mill?" "At a sum, Mr. Askew, which makes The deficit for the half-year had uite a little showing on the credit side

been eight thousand dollars. That much Lamartine's papers had shown, of our ledgers. We can't afford to throw money away, and our cuttings are not large enough for the one interfere with the other." and Hilary could find no fault with the statement. It was, of course, impos sible to arrive at any discovery with-"You mean the timber is bad." "Damn bad," said Morris. "Gummy out experience of the practical workfir, Mr. Askew. What little spruce there is I've been holding to make a ing of the concession, and Hilary guickly realized that little was to be obtained by a prolonged scrutiny. There was, however, a considerable show in case we decide to sell." "That sounds plausible," said Hilexpenditure for provisions at the Ste. ary; and then he shot his bolt. "Why Marie company's store, which he as sumed to be the store on the property bes the Ste. Marie company wish to

purchase this gummy fir of ours?" he in view of an item on the credit side for the lease of a building. There, at any rate, Morris' dishonesty was mani-fest. Hilary closed the boeks. He Morris rose up, trembling with anger that was only half feigned. "I see you have suspicions of my good faith, Mr. Askew," he said indigwould discharge no man for insolence, but he felt that Morris was entitled to

nantly, "That is the only pessible inno more than his salary until Octobe terpretation I can put upon your ques Having closed the desk, he looked bout the effice. A door led into an "If you will answer it, we can inter-

extension of the two-story building. He found that the key to the outer, "I am not prepared to answer it off door fitted this, and, opening it, en-tered a very comfortable little living hand. Many companies would like to get our property. The Ste. Marie room, with a small kitchen at the mpany may or may not have that inback. A stairway at the back of the tention. I should no more think of disclosing the Ste. Marie's plans to house, built on the outside, evidently led into the bedrooms. He decided to you than I should think of disclosing take over Morris' quarters for his perour plans to the Ste. Marie." sonal use.

He had just returned into the offic and put on his hat preparatory to leaving when there came a tap at the The frightened face of Jean-Marie Baptiste looked in.

"Monsieur Morris has raised h-" said the scaler. "How's that?"

"Everybody is discharged-every-body what works for the St. Boniface Morris took a key from his waistcompany. Only the Ste. Marie men coat pocket with fingers that could stay. They are very angry. They say hardly find it. He inserted it after they could have got work on the south failures, snapped back the lock, shore for winter, but now too late and threw the top up, revealing the maybe.' "Go and tell the hands nobody is

ough them by all means, if you discharged - yet," answered Hilary. "Can't you get it through your head think you've been swindled," he cried. that I'm in charge here?" He flung another key on the desk. "This is the key to the office," he said. "Ah, yes, Monsieur Askew. But, you see, Mr. Morris he pay the men

"The other desk contains my private their wages," "Call them here," said Hilary. "The map, Mr. Morris?" "The seigniory is bounded on the west by the Rocky river. It is a Jean-Marie called, and the men came forward. "Now tell them what I have told you," Hilary continued.

Jean-Marie's translation was met with a velley of interjections. The

preached a little group that had form hat's that you say?" demanded Lafe fereciously. "Deserting what! ed. "Where's Monsieur Leblanc?" he Deserting who? I guess I don't have asked the nearest man.

to stay here when I've been fired, do I, even if my contract is good till Octoshoulders. He glanced toward the ber one? Just let go my arm !" camp. Hilary, looking that way, saw The passengers had embarked; the Black Pierre emerging from one of sailors stood waiting for Lafe before pulling back the gangway. the huts. He went toward him, and the two men met face to face.

"Come back to your senses, Lafe," said Hilary. "I haven't fired you, and I guess you can't go off that way with out giving me notice. It's all right, captain. He isn't coming," he called. ally drew in toward them. The sailers pulled in the gangway: The ropes were cast off. The paddle "Morning," said Hilary, nodding. "Where is Monsieur Leblanc?" began to churn the water into froth. "I don' know," answered Plerre Lafe flung his carpet-bag to the floor scowling. "Look for him if you want angrily. him. He's your man, ain't he?"

suppose you tell me what the "He is, but you are not. . What are trouble is," suggested Hilary. you doing on my land? And these men "What right you got to stop me?" de-manded Late. "Say, if it wasn't you I won't answer for what I wouldn't -are they ; ours?"

"What you mean, your land?" de manded Pierre. "I work here for Monhave done to you." "What's happened, Lafe?" "What's happened, Lafe?" "What's happened? Didn't you tell me you were going to hold fast? I thought the sieur Brousseau, with Monsieur Brousseau's men." Hilary saw, out of the corner of his

thought you was going to fire Morris, and he comes out and fires me and orders me off the concession. That's a grand way to start standing by your word, Mr. Askew." "I have fired him."

sneered openly. "What?" yelled Lafe, spinning banna taimly, disregarding the other's trucu-"I fired him after we'd had a talk,

lence. Lafe. And I guess he put on a front in order to get rid of you, because you charge of this territory. Now I find you here in Leblanc's place. I have know too much, hoping that it would net hired you. Again I ask what you mean nothing to me. But it does, Lafe. are doing here." Tell me what made you make that crazy dash for the steamer." "Because I'm sick to death of this in dama foolishness. This here is the Ste. Marie limits. Monsieur Brousseau darned country," answered Lafe. "Because I can't stand the people, or the climate, or Father Lucy praying out an' Monsieur Morris run the Ste. Marie

limits. Leblanc he work for them las fires, or the verandas. I'm sick of it, year. Now F got Leblanc's place." Mr. Askew, and Clarice and the kids is in Shoeburyport. That's why. ] guess," he said, raising his head and ooking at Hilary plaintively, "I guess my feelings kind of get the better of ning here?" Hilary thumped him on the shoulder

"That's all right\_Lafe," he said, "but you're going to sign on with me for a year from October first—just one year more. And you're going to sign as manager, at Morris' salary." Lafe Connell looked at him as if it

was all a dream. Lafe had been workmy land." ing at forty-five dollars a week since his arrival. "Mr. Askew," he seld, when he could steady his voice, "I guess I've been un-grateful. But when Morris told me I

was discharged I naturally concluded that he'd bought you out. I'll stay, Mr. down, his arms working like fiails. made short, vicious stabs at

ping his shoulder, until he had him by the threat.

Hilary, gasping under the relentless The man scowled and shrugged his pressure, saw the faces of the lumbermen swim round him. He saw the tr umph and the joy, the meckery and the hatred on each; there was no pity for the American; many an old land uestion, many a racial conflict had be-Still without reason to believe in me incarnate in that fight under the Pierre's hostile intention, Hilary sudpines. Hilary resided that it was a battle, not for the timber tract, but for denly became aware that they were ais own life. ringed by a circle of men, who gradu-Pierre's face grinned into his own

malignantly, plastered with dust and smeared with the sweat that drove white furrows across it. Hilary let his hands fall limply. For just a second Pierre relaxed his grasp, to shift it so the thumb-knuckles should close on the the thumb-knuckles should close on an casolids. Then Hilary put all he strength into a terrific drive with the left. The blew caught Pierre between the eyes, his arms went up, releasing the eyes, his arms went up, releasing the tothered backward. The vells of the lumbermen, which had been continuous, suddenly ceased. Before Pierre could recover himself

eye, that the ring was swiftly con-Hilary let him have it with the right. tracting. It struck him that Pierre and Pierre went to the ground. Hilary still only half conscious, and hardly he were posted face to face, like prizefighters. He tried to keep his temper and to remember Connell's counsel. seeing the prostrate bedy, drew in a deep chestful of air. A black cloud Pierre thought he was afraid. He filled with dancing specks swam be-"Last time I came here," said Hilary fore his vision. Out of it he saw the face of one of the nearest spectators. "Monsieur Leblanc was in It was filled with an anticipation se pungent that instinctively Hilary leaped aside. Out of the cloud he saw Black Pierre plunge forward, knife in his hand. The spent blow cut Hilary's "I don' know what you mean," snortleeve. Pierre recovered himself and rushed at the American, a fearful specd Pierre, "an' I got no time to waste tacle, dripping sweat and blood. Hil-ary caught him with the right under the jaw, sending him flat. The knife went whirling away into the underbrush. Black Pierre lay still.

Hilary turned to the nearest of the "The Ste. Marie limits are on the awed lumbermen. "Bring him a cup other side of the Riviere Rocheuse," of water," he ordered.

said Hilary, "Holy Name, ain't I this side of Bi-The man understood and ran inte Pierre's hut., But Pierre was shamviere Rocheuse? Didn' you cross him ming; he opened his eyes, fixed them with burning hate on Hilary, and mum-

"That creek is not the Riviere Roheuse, as you know very well, Pierre." Black Pierre thrust his face forward bled. "Get up !" said Hilars. Pierre rose sullenly, diging out of the reach of the expected blow. He into Hilary's. "Say, I got no time te waste wit' you," he snarled. "If you was cowed, the fighting spirit was out ne to fight, say so."

of him, as it was out of his compan-"T'll give you five minutes to get off ons. As civilized men fear the law, the lumbermen feared the unknown forces that lay behind Hilary and "You wan' to fight, eh? All right," owled the other, suddenly stripping off his short, open jacket.

manifested themselves through the strength of his arm. Hilary had just time to fasten the top button of his coat before Pierre, with a bellow, charged him, his head

HASTIN MA Various Min Awaiting -Mineral ed it Wo Island. For decades Canada ed a land of barren wil so Hastings County. ada gleams forth as one est jewels in the imper-Hastings County will r jewel beyond price in O In 1792 when that statesman, John Grav

planned the eastern cour ened them up for thought Hastings Count fertile soil, a land that years would be dotted ous farm houses. Imagi disappointment of the ple from Ireland and S had come full of amb when they found their to be unproductive, rocky Even in those early realized that beneath th ing cover of thin soil gr treasures were stored, bu lacking financial backing able to get assistance fro government. However, ple Senerally are placing fidence in Hastings Count This old stock joke o Hastings County has lost Forty years ago a gr who was also a minera phesied that in fifty year would be the "treasure Ontario. People laughed ed sarcastically at the or 

(TO BE CONTINUED.)