

WOODEN SPOIL

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRWIN MYERS

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Say, I'll take you through St. Marie on the way back to the mill!"

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 brush and white stumps.

"Bonjour, Father Lucy," he called to the elderly priest, who sat inside the gentleman's car.

"I am please to meet you, Mr. Askew," he said. "I hope we shall become friends, like Mr. Lafé here, an' not quarrel so much."

"Ah, Father Lucy, you make me tired sometimes," said Lafé. "What in thunder's the use of praying for rain when the forests are burning, instead of getting busy and putting out the fire?"

"Mr. Lafé, there is many thing you do not understand," said the curé, patting the Yankee on the shoulder benevolently. "Mr. Lafé is fine fellow," he added to Hilary, "but he want to go too quick all the time."

It was evident to Hilary that the two were fast friends. Father Lucien clicked his tongue, took off his hat with a flourish, and resumed his journey.

"Father Lucy's a good sort," muttered Lafé, "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 St. Marie, though."

After a pause he added: "Sometimes I've thought that Father Lucy had something up his sleeve about St. Marie after all."

An hour's drive brought them within sight of the village. St. Marie was almost a replica of St. Boniface externally, with the same shacks, clustered about the brick offices of the company.

"Not much to see now," said Lafé. "But on pay night, it's herce, Mr. Askew. I guess this place is a real hell."

"Browdy, Connell, you mean?" "I didn't mean that, Mr. Askew. It's that, God knows; but what I meant by hell was a place where everybody's a law to himself with nothing to restrain him. A place where everybody 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 late the office, Connell," said Hilary.

"I guess you'll have to break it open, then," said Lafé. "Mr. Morris can't get in with him."

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

Hilary considered for a moment. "I'll wait till tomorrow then," he said. "Hello, Monsieur Baptiste!"

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

"That's all right, Baptiste," answered Hilary. "Just remember that in remaining things here now, that's all. And, by the way, I want to order about trespassers and visitors to be in the office. There's going to be nothing done here that we'll be afraid of people finding out. Got it?"

Jean-Marie Baptiste evidently had got it, for he looked somewhat terrified. He touched his hat and withdrew with a sort of shuffling bow.

"You certainly do have the knack of putting things across, Mr. Askew," said Lafé admiringly. "I guess you're ready 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."

"I suppose so," said Hilary. Dupont came toward the rig, accompanied by the timekeeper. The captain was a tall old man of about fifty years, with a gray beard, a weather-beaten face, and pale gray eyes that seemed to burn with some consuming fire. His look, as he turned off to Hilary, was so searching and so inscrutable, and so momentarily hostile, that Hilary felt uncomfortable.

There was a history behind that penetrating stare—history and a hate. But after a moment's examination of Hilary's face a grim smile came over the old man's eyes. Whatever the reason for his strange gaze, Dupont was satisfied. He stood by Lafé, and Jean-Baptiste translated.

"The captain says the schooner's full," he said. "He want to start for Quebec on tonight's tide."

"He says he's got to have Mr. Morris' orders," said Baptiste. Lafé turned to Hilary, who took up the conversation. "Ask him if he doesn't understand what I am here for," he suggested.

Dupont was impregnable in his position. He had lumber from both directions, and Mr. Morris was in charge of both. What orders had been left with reference to his freight? Lafé was pleased and surprised at the way Hilary took it. But Hilary had learned a good deal during that morning.

"That sounds reasonable," he said. "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." He dropped Lafé at the mill and drove slowly homeward across the bridge, shaking his head. There would probably be no trouble with Leblanc after he had shown that he was master. And Lafé would be a pillar of strength. Hilary had instinctive faith in the slow-speaking Yankee.

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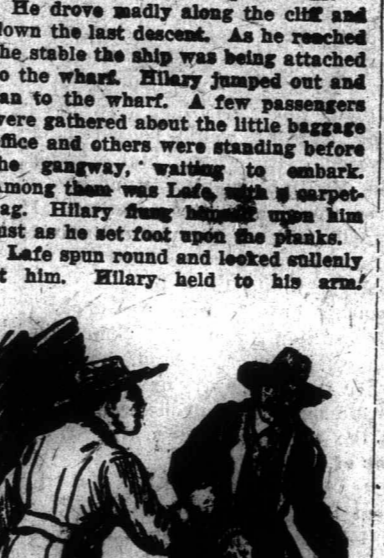
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At Stance at Her Face Heeded Him That She Was Perfectly Aware Who He Was.



And If You Say I'm Discharged I'll See You For Libel in the Quebec Courts.



What Are You Deserting For?



He Rose, Spitting the Blood Out of His Mouth, and Rushed at Hilary Again.

CHAMBER TOUR Marmora of Del Figure

Perfect weather and a jolly party "get together" on the part of Commerce every angle the most successful at that has ever been and more than seen the Chamber were start was made from Commerce building teen touring cars to Marmora by the first leg of the record time and "cripple" reported party suffered a yond stirring and hour late in getting that was the only red.

At Marmora the by Mr. S. B. Wright Mr. F. A. Baply, of the Deloro Sming Co., and after been checked in the quite ready for the was served by the Marmora Methodist Ctor of the Marmora the visitors after tice was done to of home cooked fo ladies. Immediately party got under way upon arriving at this building where Mr. some of features of to be visited and toing things about the the ore is handled, a number of question tors and said, includo is the smallest town in Ontario. Deloro plant the part into groups of ten and signed to a guide who through the huge pile each department. Even those who had before found many in the entire tour of most interesting and The ore which is bro Cobalt district, is h four distinct products silver, nickle, cobalt. The visitors were show these products are the crude ore and the pr revelation to those fo

HASTING MA

Various Min Awaiting —Mineral ed it We Island.

For decades Canada ed a land of barren wild so Hastings County. ada gleams forth as one est jewels in the imper Hastings County will Jewel beyond price in O In 1792 when the statesman, John Gray planned the eastern coue ended 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 Sc had come full of amb when they found their to be unproductive, rocky Even in those early d realized that beneath the ing cover of thin soil g treasures were stored, bu lacking financial backing able to get assistance fro government. However, ple generally are placin fiducias in Hastings Cou The old stock joke of Hastings County has lost. Forty years ago a gr who was also a mitea pledged that in fifty year would be the "treasure Ontario. People laugh ed sarcastically at the

(TO BE CONTINUED.)