

## INCHABLE FIRE: Tragedy of the Wild.

(cont'd)  
out a ques-  
abruptness.  
on the trail."  
No! Nick Westly. He's com-  
blood! Victor's blood!"  
sprang to her feet with  
of wild alarm upon her beau-  
"He's killed his bro-  
she added. "He's mad—  
mad."  
man did not move a muscle.  
eyes darkened as he heard  
announcement.  
he said thoughtfully.  
comin' fe Victor. Wal?"  
sat up. Her brothers  
soothing effect upon  
tell you."  
the story of the  
dy, and the manner  
watched the mad-  
actions until he  
store. And the story  
intense horror in  
unemotionally and  
air. Only his eyes  
was in any way  
finished he asked  
he git here?"  
ame the swift re-  
ight; maybe in an  
ant now. He's big  
an' he's mad. I  
shudder of ap-  
over her frame.  
for Victor's story  
asked again. "You're  
weighing up a difficult problem."  
"Sure. He don't know you, nor  
me, at this layout. There's only  
Victor. I guess I don't know how  
he figured it, he's that crazy; but  
it's Victor he's layin' fer, sure.  
Say, I saw him sling his gun an'  
his 'six.' An' his belt was heavy  
with ammunition. I reckon there's  
jest one thing fer us to do when  
a crazy man gets around with a gun.  
It's time to light out. Where's Victor?"  
And her eyes fell upon the  
treasure chest.  
"Him an' me's changed places.  
He's back ther'." Jean jerked a  
thumb over his shoulder to indi-  
cate the huts in the wood.  
"He was on her feet in an in-  
stant, and her eyes sparkled an-  
grily.  
"What d'ye mean, Jean?"  
The man shrugged. But his  
words came full of anger.  
"He didn't mean marryin' ye."  
"Well?" The blue eyes fairly  
blazed.  
"The boodle," with a glance in  
the direction of the treasure. "He  
was fer jumpin' the lot."  
"Hah! An'—"  
And Jean told his story. And af-  
ter that a silence fell.  
"It's cursed—it's blood-money!"  
"It's blood-money," said Jean with  
emotion as she said the words.  
Jean started.  
"We're goin' to git," he said  
slowly. And he looked into the wo-  
man's eyes as though he would read  
her very soul.  
"An' Victor?" said David har-  
shly.  
"Come, we'll go to him."  
At the door David was seized with  
an overwhelming terror. She gripped  
Jean's arm forcefully while she  
peered along the woodland fringe.  
"Let's git on quick," David whis-  
pered. And her mouth was dry with  
her terror.  
They found Victor as Jean had  
left him. The prisoner looked up  
when the door opened. His eyes  
brightened at the sight of the wo-  
man.  
No word was spoken for some  
moments. And in that silence a  
drama was swiftly working itself  
out. Victor was calculating his  
chances. David was thinking in a  
loving woman's unreasoning fash-  
ion. And Jean was watching both.  
At last the giant stooped and re-  
moved the gag from his captive's  
mouth. The questioning eyes of  
Victor Gagnon looked from one to  
the other, and finally rested upon  
David.  
"Wal?" he said.  
And David turned to Jean.  
"Loose him!" she said imperi-  
ously.  
And Jean knew that trouble had  
come for his plans. He shook his  
head. The glance of Victor's eyes  
as they turned upon Jean was like  
the edge of a super-sharpened knife.  
The trader knew that a crisis had  
arrived. Which was the stronger of  
these two, the brother or the sister?  
He puzzled while he waited.  
"What are you goin' to do with  
him?" David asked.  
She could scarcely withhold the  
anger which had risen within her.  
But Jean did not answer; he was  
listening to a strange sound which  
came to him through the open door.  
Suddenly he stooped again and be-  
gan to readjust the rope that held  
the prisoner. He secured hands and

feet together in a manner from  
which Victor was not likely to free  
himself easily, and yet from which  
it was possible for him to get loose.  
David followed his movements keen-  
ly. At last the giant rose; his task  
was completed.  
"Now," he said, addressing them  
both, "say your say—quick!"  
"You ain't leavin' him here!"  
said the woman, looking squarely  
into her brother's eyes.  
"That's so."  
A strange light leapt into David's  
eyes. Jean saw it, and went on  
with a frown.  
"I'm easy, dead easy; but I guess  
I've had enough. He'll shift fer  
himself. If he'd 'a' acted straight  
ther'd 'a' been no call fer me to  
step in. He didn't. He ain't set-  
tin' you right, Davi'; he can't even  
act the thief decent. He'd 'a'  
robbed you an' me, an' left you  
what you are. Wal, my way goes."  
Then he turned to Victor, and  
briefly told him David's story of the  
mountain tragedy. And as he came  
to the climax the last vestige of the  
trader's insolence vanished. Nick  
was on his way to the store armed  
and mad. Panic seized upon the  
listener. His bravado had ever  
been but the veneer of the surface.  
His condition returned to the sub-  
versive terror which had assailed  
him when he was caught in the  
mountain blizzard.  
"Now, see you here, Victor,"  
Jean concluded coldly, yet watch-  
ing the effect he had produced. "Ye  
owe us a deal more'n ye ken pay  
easy, but I'm fixin' the reckonin'  
my way. We're goin', an' the  
boodle goes w' us. Savvy?" David  
watched her brother acutely, nor  
could she help noticing that the  
great man was listening while he  
spoke. "I 'lows you'll git free o'  
this rope. I mean ye to—after  
awhiles. Ye'll keep y'r monkey  
tricks till after we're clear o' here.  
Then ye'll do best to go dead easy.  
For that crank's comin' right along,  
an' I 'lows, if I was you, I'd as lief  
lie here and rot, an' feed the  
gophers w' my carcass, as run up  
agin him. I tell ye, pard, ther's  
a cuss hangin' around wher' Nick  
Westley goes, an' I don't reckon  
it's like to work itself out easy by  
a big sight."  
Jean finished up with profound  
emphasis. Then he turned about  
and faced his sister.  
"Now, gal, we're goin'."  
"Not while Victor's left here."  
Jean stood quite still for a mo-  
ment. Then his rage suddenly  
broke forth.  
"Not while that skunk's left!" he  
cried, pointing scornfully at the  
prostrate man. "Ye'd stop here fer  
him as has shamed ye; him as 'ud  
run from ye this mornin' if he had  
the chance; him as 'ud rob ye too;  
him as thinks as much to ye as a  
coyote. Hussy y' are, but y' are  
my sister, an' I say ye shall go w'  
me."  
He made a step towards her.  
Then he brought up to a halt as the  
long blade of a knife gleamed be-  
fore his eyes. But he only hesi-  
tated a second. His great hand  
went out, and he caught the wo-  
man's wrist as she was about to  
strike. The next instant he had  
wrenched the weapon from her  
grasp and held her.  
Now he thrust her out of the hut  
and secured the door. And he be-  
lieved that what he had done was  
only right.  
And as they passed out into the  
bright spring daylight again, a  
change seemed to come over David.  
Her terror of Nick Westly returned  
as she noted the alert attitude of  
her brother. She listened too, and  
held her breath to intensify her  
hearing. But Jean did not relax  
his hold upon her till they were  
once more within the store. Then  
he set her to assist in the prepara-  
tions for their flight. When all was  
ready, and they stood outside the  
house while Jean secured the door,  
David made a final appeal.  
"Let me stop, Jean," she cried,  
while a sob broke from her. "I  
love him—Victor; he's mine."  
"God's curse on ye, no!" came  
the swift response, and the man's  
eyes blazed.  
Suddenly a long-drawn cry rose  
upon the air. It reached a great  
pitch and died lingeringly away. It  
was near by, and told its tale. And  
the woman shuddered involuntarily.  
It was the wail-cry of the moun-  
tains; the cry of the human. And,  
as if in answer, came a chorus from  
wolfish throats. The last moment  
had come.  
David caught Jean's arm as  
though seeking protection.  
"I will go," she cried; and the  
man took her answer to be a final  
submission.  
The stillness of the day, the mo-  
roseness of the grey world, had  
passed. Life filled the air, although

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no life was visible. The wild scene  
of distant foothills seemed to have  
receded into the hazy distance, and  
that which was about them stood  
out the more acutely. The giant  
peaks reared frowningly behind  
them, rendering the valley of Little  
Choyeuse Creek, with its great di-  
vide, insignificant, even puny.  
David's fear was written in her  
face, Jean's expression was in-  
scrutable; only was it sure that he  
listened.  
But Jean was not without the su-  
perstitious dread which madness in-  
spires. And as they raced, he bear-  
ing the burden of the treasure  
chest, for the wood-covered banks  
of the creek, he was stirred to hor-  
ror by the familiar sounds that  
pursued him. It was their coming,  
at that time, in daylight; and in  
answer to the human cry that had  
first broken up the silence of the  
hills. How came it that the legions  
of the forest were marching in the  
wake of that other upon the valley  
of Little Choyeuse Creek?  
Jean halted when they stood up-  
on the rotten ice of the creek. Now  
he released his sister, and they  
stood facing each other well screen-  
ed from view from the store.  
The sudden peace of the valley had  
merged into the deep-toned, con-  
tinual howl of hoarse throats. A  
terrible threat was in the sound.  
Jean unslung his rifle and looked  
to his pistol.  
"There's six in this gun," he  
said deliberately. "Five of 'em is  
fer them beasties, if ye sary. The  
other's fer you if you git playin'  
tricks. Mebbe ye'll thank me later  
fer what I'm doin'." It don't cut  
no figger anyway."  
Then he prodded the ice with his  
iron-shod staff.  
David watched him while he list-  
ened to the din of the forest world.  
At length the staff had beaten its  
way to the water below.  
"What are ye doin'?" she asked  
quietly suddenly.  
And Jean's retort was a repeti-  
tion of her own words.  
"It's cursed—it's blood-money!"  
She took his meaning, and her  
cupidity cried out in revolt. But  
her protest was useless.  
"You're not goin'!" she be-  
gan.  
"It goes," cried Jean fiercely,  
"wher' he ain't like to touch it,  
less Hell gits him. Father Lefleur,  
at the mission, says as gold's Hell's  
pavin', an' mebbe this'll git back  
wher' it come." And with venge-  
ful force he threw back the lid of  
the chest.  
David's eyes expressed more than  
any words could have told. She  
stood, silently, a mute but elo-  
quent protest, while Jean took the  
bags of gold dust one by one from  
the chest, and poured their contents  
into the water below. When the last  
bag was emptied, he took the packet  
of bills and fingered them gently.  
Even his purpose seemed to be  
shaken by the seductive feel of the  
familiar paper. Suddenly he thrust  
them into the hole, and his staff  
thrust viciously at them as he pushed  
them under the ice, where they  
would quickly rot. It was done.  
"Mebbe the water'll wash the  
blood off'n it," he exclaimed.  
"Mebbe."  
David's eyes looked derisively up-  
on the giant figure as he straighten-  
ed himself up. She could not un-  
derstand.  
But her look changed to one of  
horror a moment later, as above the  
cries of the forest rose the inhu-  
man note of the madman. Both  
recognized it, and the dreadful tone  
gripped their hearts. Jean leant  
forward, and seizing the woman by  
the arm dragged her off the ice to  
the cover of the bush.  
With hurried strides they made  
their way through the leafless  
branches, and, at length, well un-  
der cover, but whence they had a  
view of the store, they stood.  
(To be continued.)

### JAPAN BEGINS IRRIGATION.

Japan is beginning to go in for  
irrigation. "The pressure of the  
rapidly growing population," writes  
Consul West from Kobe, "renders  
it imperative that constant efforts  
be made to bring under cultivation  
more wild land or to increase the  
producing power of that already  
under crops. From the mountain-  
ous nature of the country the cul-  
tivable land in Japan is very small  
in proportion to the area."

A learned scientist has discover-  
ed that air is the principal ingredi-  
ent in wind.

## FIERCEST CONFLAGRATIONS

THE MONEY COST OF DEVAS-  
TATING FIEND.

Modern Appliances for Fire-Fight-  
ing do Not Reduce the Loss  
by Fire.

A man who could pocket one day's  
loss by fire would be not merely  
rich, he would be extremely wealth-  
y. His capital would be just un-  
der \$1,250,000, yielding the comfort-  
able income of, say, \$40,000 a  
year, says London Answers.

London has had many terrible  
fires. The worst, since "the Great  
Fire of London," in 1666, was the  
famous Tooley Street fire, which  
broke out on the evening of Satur-  
day, June 22nd, 1861. It started on  
Colton's Wharf, near London  
Bridge, in some huge warehouses,  
six storeys high, and covering three  
acres. Thousands of chests of tea  
and coffee, bales of beautiful silks,  
and tons of Russian tallow, tar, and  
oil, were stored there.

With such a mass of inflammable  
material, it was out of the question  
to extinguish the flames. All that  
could be done was to endeavor to  
confine them to a certain area. Pre-  
sently, thousands of rats came  
trooping out, and started swimming  
across the river to the far side.  
London Bridge was black with spec-  
tators. The crowd was so great  
that several people were pushed  
over the parapets and drowned.  
Burning tar and oil poured in cas-  
cades over the edge of the wharf,  
and floated down river in streams  
of fire. Then came the most ter-  
rible part of the catastrophe. As  
Mr. James Braidwood, director of  
the London Fire Brigade, was busy  
encouraging his men, the front wall  
of the great warehouse tottered,  
bulged outwards, and fell with an  
appalling crash, burying the chief  
under tons of smoking ruins.

A \$10,000,000 LOSS.

This fire burnt for four days and  
four nights, and the lowest esti-  
mate of the damage done was \$10,-  
000,000.

Next in magnitude among London  
fires was the Wood street outbreak  
of December 8th, 1882. One hun-  
dred and fifty men and twenty-six  
steamers could do little to check  
it, and before it was got under  
more than two million square feet  
of surface were left a barren, fire-  
blackened waste. The loss was cal-  
culated at nearly \$10,000,000.

Even more costly was the City  
fire of November, 1893. This began  
in Wall Street, Cripplegate, and  
spread to parts of no fewer than  
seventeen streets. Two and a half  
acres were absolutely burnt out,  
and the loss was about \$10,000,000,  
only half of which was covered by  
insurance. Although, happily, no  
lives were lost, 4,000 people were  
thrown out of employment. This  
great fire is believed to have been  
due to deliberate arson.

Dundee boasts the biggest fire  
which has devastated any British  
city outside London in recent years.  
On July 20th, 1906, fire broke out  
in the enormous bonded spirit  
stores of Messrs. James Watson &  
Co. All Thursday night the fire-  
men fought desperately against the  
fierce flames; but in vain. The fire  
worked its way down to the ground  
floor, and reached a great blend-  
ing-vat, containing 7,000 gallons of  
whisky. The blaze which followed  
resembled a volcanic eruption. The  
sewers were filled with bubbling,  
boiling spirits, and the fumes over-  
powered firemen and bystanders.

The flames spread in all directions  
and were not subdued till an area  
of five acres had been burnt out,  
and \$2,500,000 worth of damage  
done.

### TEN THOUSAND HOMELESS.

The present century, young as it  
is, has seen several record fires, in-  
cluding one which throws into the  
shade all other conflagrations. We  
refer, of course, to the burning of  
San Francisco, after the earth-  
quake of April, 1906. When one  
considers that an area nearly four

## CURED OF CONSTIPATION

Mr. Andrews praises Dr.  
Morse's Indian Root Pills.

Mr. George Andrews of Halifax, N.S.,  
writes:  
"For many years I have been troubled  
with chronic Constipation. This ail-  
ment never comes single-handed, and I  
have been a victim to the many ills  
that constipation brings in its train.  
Medicine after medicine I have taken  
in order to find relief, but one and all  
me in the same hopeless condition.  
It seemed that nothing would expel  
from me the one ailment that caused so much  
trouble, yet at last I read about these  
Indian Root Pills.  
That was indeed a lucky day for me,  
for I was so impressed with the state-  
ments made that I determined to  
give them a fair trial.  
They have regulated my stomach and  
bowels. I am cured of constipation, and  
I claim they have no equal as a medi-  
cine."  
For over half a century Dr. Morse's  
Indian Root Pills have been curing con-  
stipation and clogged, inactive kidneys,  
with all the ailments which result from  
them. They cleanse the whole system  
and purify the blood. Sold everywhere  
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who wants it good. You know  
it costs more to put on poor  
paint than to put on good paint.  
Your house should be painted  
with good paints, with

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to keep it looking fresh and  
bright and clean for years—costs  
not too much but just what is  
right for right paint. We want  
you to see our handsome little  
Booklet telling all about house  
painting. It will help you. Write  
for copy of our Booklet ABCDE  
free.

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MAKERS, Montreal.  
Est'd. 1842.

miles long of thickly populated  
buildings was laid in ashes, and  
the money loss was over \$250,000,-  
000, it seems a perfect miracle that  
the loss of life was only about 300.

San Francisco is not the only  
town that has been wiped out by  
fire during these first years of the  
twentieth century. In January,  
1904, the town of Aalesund, in Nor-  
way, was simply swept off the earth  
by a terrific conflagration. Aales-  
und was the headquarters of the  
Norwegian cod fishery and had  
over 12,000 inhabitants. The fire  
started on a Friday night, in the  
western end of the town. As il-  
lucky would have it, a furious gale  
was blowing from the sea, and  
showers of sparks fired the wooden  
roofs in dozens of different direc-  
tions. All efforts to stay the flames  
were fruitless, and by morning  
there was nothing left except — by  
a curious freak of chance—the cus-  
tom house offices, and 12,000 people  
were camping out in 30 deg. of  
frost.

In April, 1908, Chelsea, a popu-  
lous suburb of Boston, met with a  
similar disaster. Some ragpickers  
kindled a fire on a piece of waste  
ground. A strong wind carried the  
blazing refuse against some out-  
buildings, and, presently, a torna-  
do of fire was sweeping through the  
doomed town.

Ten thousand persons were left  
homeless, eighty-seven were burnt  
to death, and the loss was far over  
\$10,000,000.

### MAKING NAVAL GUNS.

#### The Huge Weapons Are Made on the Wire-Wound Principle.

The introduction of the huge 13.5  
inch gun into our Navy has caused  
a great deal of excitement in the  
navy yards of other nations. Of  
course this gigantic weapon will  
have to be equalled on all the fore-  
ign battleships that are now be-  
ing built.

Britain's guns are made on what  
is termed the wire-wound principle,  
that is to say, over the barrel is  
wound a huge length of steel wire  
until the gun is built up to the re-  
quired thickness.

The inner tube of the gun is placed  
on a lathe beside which is a reel  
on which the wire is wound. One  
end of the wire is wound round the  
gun, and then the lathe is set slow-  
ly in motion. The wire is thus slow-  
ly uncoiled from the reel to the  
gun, the reel travelling up and  
down the length of the gun as the  
wire is wound from the breech to  
the muzzle and back again. It takes  
several weeks to build up a gun in  
this way.

Heavy weights regulate the ten-  
sion of the wire, so that it may be  
wound as tightly as possible, and  
a gun of the largest size may re-  
quire over one hundred miles of  
wire.

England is almost the only na-  
tion to use the wire-wound gun, but  
the ordnance authorities consider  
that such weapons are far stronger  
than those built up of steel rings,  
and that a small flaw will not in-

jure the gun to any great extent.  
Another advantage is that the in-  
ner tube can be replaced when the  
rifling is worn so that the life of  
the gun is prolonged.

Messrs. Armstrong made guns on  
this principle in 1875 and 1879, but  
the explosives of those days did  
not require such strength, and it  
was not until 1887 that Woolwich  
Arsenal turned out a 9.2 weapon  
on the wire principle. Since then  
all British guns of large type have  
been wire-wound.

### TITLED WOMAN A PEDDLER.

#### Archduchess Isabella of Austria Sells Hungarian Lace.

For a titled woman to become a  
peddler from choice is rather un-  
usual, but Paris is prepared for  
everything, and an Archduchess  
selling lace there created very lit-  
tle sensation, though she did a land  
office business for the few hours  
she was in trade.

Archduchess Isabella of Austria,  
wife of the Archduke Frederick,  
and mother of six girls and a boy  
who is heir to the greatest fortune  
in Austria, had tried in vain to dis-  
pose of the lace made by Hungar-  
ian peasants under her patronage,  
and, failing to sell as much as she  
wished through others, she decided  
to undertake the task herself. On  
her way back from Spain, where she  
had been visiting the Queen Mother,  
she stopped for a few days in  
Paris.

Driving in her motor car to one  
after another of the best shops for  
feminine finery, she sent her card  
to the head of the firm, like any  
commercial traveller. Then with-  
out waiting for consent to invade  
the premises with her goods she  
swept by astonished attendants and  
followed by two lackeys bearing  
baskets filled to the brim with lace,  
made her way to the most crowded  
part of the stores, seated herself be-  
fore a counter and displayed the  
lace she wished to sell, explaining  
its merits to the women gathered  
about her.

Of course, many women gave or-  
ders for lace, which the Archduch-  
ess recorded in a notebook bearing  
the Imperial insignia on its cover.  
In the background lingered pro-  
prietors and floorwalkers, who  
knew better than to disturb an  
Archduchess, no matter how  
troublesome her eccentricities.  
When the lady had done all the  
business she could she signalled the  
lackeys to remove the lace, and  
with gracious bows of thanks she  
went on her way to the next shop.

### NOT SURPRISED.

"Funny thing about Bolivar,"  
said Wiggins.  
"What's that?" said Bjones.  
"Why, they operated on him for  
appendicitis the other day, and, by  
ginger! when they came to look  
there wasn't anything," said Wig-  
gins.  
"Well, I'm not surprised," said  
Bjones. "I never co-ld see any-  
thing in Bolivar myself."