

THE UNQUENCHABLE FIRE:

Or, The Tragedy of the Wild.

CHAPTER VII.—(Cont'd)

The dull-lit interior of rough woodman's belongings. The plastered walls of logs, coarse and discolored. The various utensils hanging suspended from five-inch spikes driven in the black veins of timber. The blazing stove and crooked stove pipe; the box of tin dishes and pots; the sides of bacon hanging from the roof; the pile of sacks containing biscuit and dried fish; the outspread blankets which formed the woman's bed; and in the midst of it all the dazzling presence of Aim-sa, fair as the twilight of a summer evening.

The door closed softly; and as it closed Aim-sa rose from her blankets. Her expression had changed, and while the men went to their humble couches she moved about with feverish haste, attentive to the least sound, but always hurried, and with a look of deep anxiety in her swift-moving eyes.

No word was spoken as the men rolled into their blankets. The thick wall shut out all sound from within the hut. The night was intensely still and silent. Not even was there a single wolf-howl to awaken the echoes of the towering hills. It was as though all had gone to rest, even those whose waking hours began when the shades of night closed in.

Nick was asleep. Not even the agitation of mind caused by a first love could keep him long awake when the hour for sleep came round. With Ralph it was different. His nature was intenser. His profound disposition was capable of greater disturbance than was the more impetuous Nick. He remained awake; awake and alert. He smoked in the darkness, more from habit than enjoyment. Although he could see nothing, his eyes constantly wandered in the direction of the man beside him, and he listened for the heavy breathing which should tell him of the slumber which would endure till the first streak of dawn shot athwart the sky. Soon it came, and Nick snored heavily.

Then, without sound, Ralph sat up in his blankets. He bent his head towards the sleeper, and, satisfied, rose softly to his feet. Opening the door he looked out. All was profoundly quiet and black. Not a star shone in the sky, nor was there a sign of the dancing northern lights. And while he stood he heard for the first time that night the cry of some distant forest creature, but the timber-wolves kept silent in the depths below the hut. He drew the door to behind him and moved out into the night.

Cold as it was, he was consumed by a perfect fever of agitation. His thoughts were in a state of hazy chaos, but the one dominant note which rang out with clarion-like distinctness was that which drew him towards Aim-sa's door. And thither he stole softly, silently, with the tip-toeing of a thief, and with the nervous quakings of a wrongdoer. His face was wrought with fear, with hope, with the eagerness of expectancy.

He passed from the deeper shadows in which the lean-to was bathed, and stood at the angle of the house. He paused, and a hurrying of the snow at his feet warned him that he had stepped close to the burrow of one of Nick's huskies. He moved quickly aside, and the movement brought him beyond the angle. Then he stood stock still, held motionless as he saw that the door of the dugout was open and the light of the lamp within was illuminating the beaten snow which fronted the house. He held his breath. Again and again he asked himself the meaning of the strange phenomenon.

He could see only the light where he stood; the doorway was hidden by the storm-porch. But as he strained his eyes in the direction and craned forward, he became aware of a shadow on the snow where the lamp threw its dull rays. Slowly he scanned the outline of it, and him and was moved by speculation. The shadow was uncertain, and only that which was nearest the door was recognizable. Here there was no mistake; some one was standing in the opening; and that some one could only be Aim-sa.

He was filled with excitement, and his heart beat tumultuously; a frenzy of delight seized upon him, and he stepped forward swiftly. A moment later he stood confronting her.

Just for one moment Aim-sa's face took on a look of dismay, but it passed before Ralph had time to read it. Then she smiled a glad welcome up at the keen eyes which peered down into her own, and her

voice broke the silence in a gentle, suppressed tone.

"Quiet—quiet. The night. The storm is near. Aim-sa watches." And Ralph turned his face out upon the blackness of the valley, following the direction of the woman's gaze.

"Ay, storm," he said mechanically, and his heart pounded within his breast, and his breath came and went heavily. Then, in the pause which followed, he started and looked towards the lean-to as a sound came from that direction. He was half-fearful of his sleeping brother.

Aim-sa's eyes turned toward the rugged features before her, and her gaze was of an intensity such as Ralph could not support in silence. Words blundered unbidden to his lips, uncontrolled, and he spoke as a man who scarce knows what he is saying. His mind was in the throes of a fever, and his speech partook of the irrelevance of delirium.

"You must live with me," he said, his brows frowning with the intensity of his passion. "You must be my wife. The white man, takes a squaw, an' he calls her 'wife.' Savvy? Guess he ain't like the Indians that has many squaws. He jest takes one. You'll be my squaw an' we'll go away from here." A smile was in the woman's blue eyes, for her memory went back to the words Nick had spoken to her that morning.

Ralph went on: "Guess I love you that bad as makes me crazy. Ther' ain't nothin' to life w'out you." His eyes lowered to the ground; then they looked beyond her, and he gazed upon the disordered condition of the room without, observing it.

"Nick don't need me here. He can have the shack a' everything, 'cep my ha' share o' the money. Guess we'll trail north an' pitch our camp on the Peace River. What say?" Aim-sa's eyes were still smiling. Every word Nick had spoken was vivid in her memory. She looked as though she would laugh aloud, but she held herself in check, and the man took her smile for one of acquiescence and became bolder. He stretched out his hands and caught hers in his shaking grasp.

"The white man loves—Aim-sa," the woman said softly, while she yielded her two hands up to him. "Love? Ay, love. Say, ther' ain't nothin' in the world so beautiful as you, Aim-sa, an' that's a fact. I ain't never seen nothin' o' wimmin before, 'cep my mother, but I guess now I've got you, I can't do w'out you, you're just got to say right here that you're my squaw, an' everything I've got is yours, only they things I leave behind to Nick."

"Ah," sighed the woman, "Nick—poor Nick! He loves—Aim-sa, too. Nick is great man." "Nick loves you? Did he get tellin' ye so?"

There was a wild, passionate ring in Ralph's question. The woman's expression suddenly changed. The passionate look merged into one of pery anger, and his eyes burned with a low, dank fire. Aim-sa saw the sudden change, but she still smiled in her soft way.

"An' you?" "The voice of the man was choking with suppressed passion. His whole body trembled with the chaos of feeling which moved him.

The woman shook her head. "An' what did ye say?" he went on, as she remained silent.

"Nick is great. No, Aim-sa not loves Nick." Ralph sighed with relief, and again the fiery blood swept through his veins. He stepped up close to her, and she remained quite still. The blue eyes were raised to his face, and Aim-sa's lips parted in a smile. The effect was instantaneous.

Ralph seized her in a forceful embrace, and held her to him whilst he gasped out the passionate torrent of his love amidst an avalanche of kisses. And they stood thus for long, until the man calmed and spoke with more practical meaning.

"An' we go together?" he asked. Aim-sa nodded.

"Now." The woman shook her head. "No—surprise, I wait here." Again they stood; he clasping her unresisting form, while the touch of her flowing hair intoxicated him, and the gentle rise and fall of his bosom drove all thought wild within him.

They stood for many minutes, till at last the still night was stirred by the rustling herald of the coming storm. The long-drawn-out sigh of the wind, so sad, so weird in the

darkness of night, would have passed unheeded by the man, but Aim-sa was alert, and she freed herself from his embrace.

"At sunrise," he said. "Now—sleep." And she made a sign as of laying her head upon a pillow.

Ralph stood irresolute. Suddenly Aim-sa started. Her whole bearing changed. A swift, startled gaze shot from beneath her long curling lashes in the direction of the distant hills. A tiny glimmer of light had caught her attention, and she stepped back on the instant and passed into the hut, closing the door softly but quickly behind her. And when she had disappeared Ralph stood as one dazed.

The significance of Aim-sa's abrupt departure was lost upon him. For him there was nothing unusual in her movements. She had been there, he had held her in his arms, he had kissed her soft lips. He had tasted of love, and the mad passion had upset his thoughtful nature. His mind and his feelings were in a whirl, and he thrilled with a delicious joy. His thoughts were so vivid that all sense of that which was about him, all caution, was obscured by them.

At that moment there was but one thing that mattered to him—Aim-sa's love. All else was as nothing. "So it came that the faint light on the distant hills burned steadily; and he saw it not. So it came that a shadowy figure moved about at the forest edge below him; and he saw it not. So it came that the light breath from the mountain-top was repeated only more fiercely; and he heeded it not. In those moments he was living within himself; his thoughts were his world, and those thoughts were of the woman he had kissed and held in his arms.

Nothing gave him warning of the things which were doing about him. He saw no tribulation in the sea upon which he had embarked. He loved; that was all he knew. Presently, like a sleep-walker, he turned and moved round towards the deeper shadow of the lean-to. Then, when he neared the door of the shed in which his brother was, he seemed to partially awake to his surroundings. He knew that he must regain his bed without disturbing Nick. To-morrow at sunrise he and the squaw were to go away. And long he lay awake thinking, thinking.

Now the shadow hovering at the forest edge became more distinct as it neared the house; it came slowly, stealing warily up the snow-clad hill. There was no crunch of footsteps, the snow muffled all such sounds. It drew nearer, nearer, a tall, grey, ghostly shadow that seemed to float over the white carpet which was everywhere spread out upon the earth. And as it came the wind rose, gusty and patchy, and the hiss of rising snow sounded stingingly upon the night air and often beat with the force of hail against the front of the dugout.

Within a few yards of the hut the figure came to a halt. Thus it stood, immovable, a grey sombre shadow in the darkness of night. Then after a long pause, high above the voice of the rising wind the howl of the wolf rang out. It came like a cry of woe from a lost soul; deep toned, it lifted upon the air, only to fall and die away lost in the shriek of the wind. Thrice came the cry of the forest world; then the door of the dugout opened, and Aim-sa looked out into the relentless night.

The figure moved forward again. It drew near to the door, and, in the light, the grey swathing of fur became apparent, and the cavernous hood lapping about the head identified the Spirit of the Moose-foot Indians. Then followed a low murmur of voices. And again the woman moved back into the hut. The grey figure waited, and a moment later Aim-sa came to him again. Shortly after the door closed and the Spirit moved silently away.

All was profoundly dark. The darkness of that night was a darkness that could be felt, for a merciless lizard was raging at its full height.

The snow-fog had risen, and all sign of trail or footstep was swept from the icy carpet. It was a cruel night, and surely one fit for the perpetration of cruel deeds.

(To be continued.)

WHEN ROYALTY TIPS.

A German newspaper publishes some particulars of the tips and gratuities distributed by royal personages on their travels. The Kaiser has a tariff that provides with German bureaucratic thoroughness for every claim upon his generosity when travelling, and, what is more, every recipient gets what has been allotted to him. It is different in the case of Nicholas II. of the old world, the richest man of the century. The Russian Emperor lacks the money sense entirely, like his grandfather, and the gifts of various kinds arranged for his travels are on a scale of amazing extravagance.

Shiloh's Cure
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.

HOW TO HOLD TRADE.

Mr. Shovelton. Discloses One Secret of Success.

"Most of us," said Mr. Shovelton, "are looking out for ourselves; I think we'll all admit that. The trouble with most of us is that we don't do this intelligently; we are always thinking of ourselves and our own interests only; and that's where we slip a cog. Let me illustrate:

"I buy fruit to carry home; I've done that for—well, a good many years, and for a long time I bought around in various places. Then one day some years ago I stopped at a store where I liked the looks of the fruit and where, as I noticed a moment later, the paper bags were a little heavier than those I had been accustomed to find. The bags here cost the dealer more, maybe a quarter or a half a cent more a piece; but I liked the looks of them. They were good, stout bags that wouldn't break on the way home.

"And when this dealer had put the fruit in one of these bags he didn't simply twist the neck of it and hand it over to me so in a form inconvenient to carry. He folded the top of the bag over and rolled it down to form a handle—a grip piece; and then he tied this bundle around securely with twine, thus making it up altogether into a bundle that was secure and handy to carry.

"Of course I liked all that, and I found that he always did up his packages so or putting on sometimes a wood and wire handle; but he always made the package secure and handy for me. He had some thought for me, and I've been buying of him ever since; and if he should move I'd follow him. I would go out of my way to trade with him.

"The moral is this: Any small storekeeper, if his goods are right, can build up a trade and hold it and increase it if he has the intelligence and the human quality that prompts him faithfully to consider not himself alone but as well the wants and interests of his customers."

THE WORLD'S WHEAT.

Summary of the International Agricultural Institute.

A new publication of the Dominion Department of Agriculture is a monthly bulletin called "The Publications of the International Agricultural Institute." It undertakes to republish or summarize the most important articles which appear in the three monthly publications of the institute, viz.: "The Bulletin of Agricultural Statistics," the Bulletin of the Bureau of Economics, and Social Intelligence (agricultural organization, co-operation, etc.), and the Bulletin of Agricultural Intelligence and Plant Diseases.

The most interesting data in the Canadian Bulletin under review are those relating to the cereal crops in the southern hemisphere, viz.: Argentina, Chili, Australia and New Zealand. The total production of wheat in these four countries for the year 1910-11 is given as 269,161,000 bushels, as compared with 249,643,000 bushels for the year 1909-10. The latest figures for Argentina are 136,310,000, against 131,032,000 last year. For Australia 69,736,000 bushels, against 90,642,000 last year.

In the northern hemisphere the areas sown to winter wheat for the ten countries so far reported are 10 to 30 per cent. greater than the previous year. France is an exception, showing a reduction of 10 per cent. in the area sown to winter wheat. Great Britain shows an increase of 7 per cent.

A recapitulation of the world's wheat production for 1910, as compared with that for 1909, is presented as follows:

Northern hemisphere—1909, 3,230,221,000 bushels; 1910, 3,239,032,000 bushels.

Southern hemisphere—1909, 247,523,000 bushels; 1910, 249,632,000 bushels.

Other countries (from the Dors-busch Agency)—1909, 168,656,000 bushels; 1910, 163,200,000 bushels.

Total—1909, 3,636,405,000 bushels; 1910, 3,651,864,000 bushels.

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.

The Year 1910 a Good One for This Company.

On this page will be found a report of business done, profits made and losses sustained by the Western Assurance Company during 1910.

The year's premiums amounted to \$2,699,598.60, with interest and other receipts, totalled \$2,776,120.23 as the year's revenue. Fire and Marine losses were \$1,602,537.79, expenses \$950,883.80—total expenditure \$2,553,421.59. The year's profits were \$222,698.69.

The assets are now \$3,213,438.28, which, after deducting liabilities, give a surplus to policyholders of \$1,700,052.66. This Company has paid to policyholders since organization in 1851, considerably over \$54,000,000.00 in losses. At the annual meeting Hon. G. A. Cox was re-elected President and Mr. W. R. Brock, Vice-President.

THE RIGHT WAY

In all cases of DISTEMPER, PINK EYE, INFLUENZA, COLDS, ETC.

"SPOHN THEM"

on their tongues or in the feed put Spohn's Liquid Compound. Give the remedy to all of them. It acts on the blood and glands. It routes the disease by expelling the disease germs. It wards off the trouble no matter how they are "exposed." Absolutely free from anything injurious. A child can safely take it. 50c and \$1.00; \$5.00 and \$12.00 the dozen. Sold by druggists and harness dealers.

Distributors:
All Wholesale Druggists
SPOHN MEDICAL CO.,
Chemists and Bacteriologists
GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.



MAPLEINE

A glycerine based emulsion of lemon or vanilla. By dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding Mapleine, a delicious syrup is made and a syrup better than maple. Mapleine is sold by grocers. If not sold by grocers, write for recipe book. Crescent Mfg. Co., Seattle, Wash.

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY

(FIRE AND MARINE)
INCORPORATED A. D. 1851
HEAD OFFICE - - - TORONTO

Statement for the Year Ending December 31st, 1910

Fire and Marine Premiums	\$2,699,598.60
Interest and other receipts	76,521.63
Fire and Marine Losses	\$1,602,537.79
Fire and Marine Expenses	950,883.80
Profits on Year's Trading	\$222,698.69
Assets	\$2,213,438.28
Unearned Premiums and other Liabilities	1,513,386.62
Surplus to Policyholders	\$1,700,052.66
Losses Paid Since Organization of Company	\$64,000,737.16

DIRECTORS:
President, Hon. GEO. A. COX. Vice-President, W. R. BROCK.
Robt. Bickordike, M.P., E. W. Cox, D. B. Hanna, John Hoekin, K.C., L.L.D., Alex. Laird, Z. A. Leach, K.C., L.L.D., W. B. Meikle, Geo. A. Mott, W. Augustus Myers, Frederic Nicholls, James Kerr Osborne, Colonel Sir Henry Rollitt, C.V.O., K. R. Wood.
W. B. MEIKLE, General Manager. C. C. FOSTER, Secretary.

AFTER 22 YEARS.

Body of Guide, Perfectly Preserved, Yielded up by a Glacier.

The body of a guide, perfectly preserved, has been yielded up by one of the Swiss glaciers after a period of twenty-two years. In 1888 the guide fell into a crevasse. His body was lately recovered, its appearance unchanged by its long imprisonment in the ice.

There have been other cases of the bringing back of a long-lost body held for years in the close embrace of the ice, says Harper's Weekly. One of the first instances on record relates to the Hamel accident, which occurred in 1820. Several guides were swept down by an avalanche and hurled into a crevasse.

Hamel prophesied the glacier would yield them up in the course of one thousand years, but Forbes believed that the end of the glacier would be reached by the bodies in forty years. This statement was considered bold, but its accuracy was borne out by the event. In forty years the flow of ice brought the bodies to light.

In 1866 Henry Arkwright was lost in a glacier. In just thirty-one years his brother received a telegram from the Mayor of Chamouni stating that the body had been found. Every article of clothing was intact. His name and regiment could be read clearly on his handkerchief, and his gold pencil-case opened and shut as easily as when he had last used it, three decades before.

BALKY HORSES.

A Fault Sometimes Inherited—Simple Ways to Overcome It.

The incorrigible balky horses of the rural districts find their way to wholesale markets, where under the test of hauling a heavy truck wagon on a paved street with the wheels blocked the vice is immediately discovered, says the Horse Shoer's Journal.

If the animal has been sold as serviceably sound and guaranteed a willing worker and a cheerful puller the buyer rejects his purchase and the horse is resold without any guarantee except clear title of ownership.

Some horses have learned to balk by being overloaded and abused. Their courage has been overtaxed and they rebel, disheartened at the task they are asked to perform. Other horses appear to balk from natural inclination and appear foaled full of innate stubbornness.

Balking, like windsucking, cribbing, weaving and halter pulling, is a vice developed by natural inheritance. In breaking young horses to harness too much caution cannot be observed in asking the youngster to pull light loads to begin with.

The balky horse cannot be conquered by brutal treatment, but may be induced to pull by many devices intended to attract his attention from his resolution not to pull. To lift the forefoot and pound on the shoe, to put a handful of grass or dirt in his mouth, to give him a lump of sugar or an apple to eat have all proved successful in some instances in inducing a horse to pull.

To pass a cord around the pastern and pull the forefoot forward until the animal has to move is al-

so a means of starting a balky horse. An electric battery manipulated by the driver gives an animal a shock from a source that he does not comprehend and is the latest device in treating incorrigible horses.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR COLOR?

Good Luck Comes to the Girl Who Wears Her Astral Hue.

The girl who believes in good luck charms or likes to think that she does will want to know about her particular astral color. It is supposed to be both becoming and charmed with good fortune for the wearer; but, however that may be, here are the colors for each month.

The girl who was born in January should wear green. All shades of pink should be the February girl's choice, while those of March will feel most comfortable in purple. The April daughter can wear red and especially rose red. The special color for May is blue, and the girl born in this month should choose jewellery and clothes of light tints of blue. This girl is supposed to be sensitive.

Bronze green is for the June girl, which is apt to make her a little melancholy. Light red is the color for July, and deep blue for the girl born in August. Yellow is for the girl born in September. If you were born in October comfort you will take the greatest comfort in wearing brown, while if November is your month you may choose a light gray. Instead of the gay holiday colors the girl who is born in December should choose mauve. It will bring her luck and love and other good things.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.

ENGLAND DON'S NIGHTCAPS.

Put on your old white night cap once more. English physicians are confident that the abandonment of the odd looking thing that grandfather used to wear as, candle in hand, he led the ghostly procession to the cold bedrooms upstairs, protected him from coughs, colds and influenza. One physician, in discussing the advantages of night caps, declares: If there were more work for the makers of the old fashioned woolly night caps there would be less for the doctors.

If a girl has money she may be slender and graceful, but if she hasn't, people are apt to say she is built like a clothespin.

Here's a Home Dye

That ANYONE Can Use.

HOME DYEING has always been more or less of a difficult undertaking—Not so when you use

DYOLA
ONE IN ALL KINDS OF WOOL

JUST THINK OF IT!
With DYOLA you can color either Wool, Cotton, Silk or Mixed Goods Perfectly with the SAME Dye. No chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods you have to color.