

# "BELA"

"What can you do?" Mahooley demanded.

"Any hard work."

"You don't look like one of these here Hercules."

"Try me."

"Lord, man! said Mahooley. "Don't you see me here twiddling my thumbs? What for should I hire anybody? To twiddle 'em for me, maybe."

"You'll have a crowd here soon," persisted Sam. "Four men on their way in to take up land, and others following. There's a surveying gang coming up the river, too."

"Moreover, you ain't got good sense," Mahooley went on. "Comin' to a country like this without an outfit. Not so much as a chaw of bacon, or a blanket to lay over you nights. There ain't no free lunch up north, kid. What'll you do if I don't give you a job?"

"Go to the company," returned Sam. "Go to the company?" cried Mahooley. "Go to hell, you mean. The company don't hire no tramps. That's a military organization, that is. Their men are hired and broke in outside. So what'll you do now?"

"I'll make out somehow," said Sam. "There ain't no make out of it!" cried Mahooley, exasperated. "You ain't even got an axe to swing. There ain't nothin' for you but starve."

"Well, then, I'll bid you good-day," said Sam, stiffly.

"Hold on!" shouted the trader. "I ain't done with you yet. Is that manners, when you're askin' for a job?"

"You said you didn't have anything," muttered Sam.

"Never mind what I said. I ast you what you were goin' to do."

The badgered one began to bristle a little. "What's that to you?" he asked, scowling.

"A whole lot!" cried Mahooley. "You fellows have no consideration. You're always comin' up here and starvin' on us. Do you think that's nice for me? Why, the last fellow left a little pile of white bones beside the trail on the way to my girl's house, after the coyotes picked him clean. Every time I go up there I got to turn my head the other way."

Sam smiled stiffly at Mahooley's humor.

"Can you cook?" the trader asked. Sam's heart sank. "So-so," he said.

"Well, I suppose I've got to let you cook for us and for the gang that's comin'. You'll find everything in the kitchen across the road. Go and get acquainted with it. By gad; you can be thankful you run up against a soft-hearted man like me."

Sam murmured an inquiry concerning wages.

"Wages!" roared Mahooley, with an outraged air. "Stiffy, would you look at what's askin' for wages! Go on, man! You're damned lucky if you get a skinkful of grub every day. Grub comes high up here!"

Sam reflected that it would be well to submit until he learned the real situation in the settlement. "All right," he said, and turned to go.

"Hold on," cried Mahooley. "You ain't ast what we'll have for dinner." Sam waited for instruction.

"Well, let me see," said Mahooley. He tipped a wink in his partner's direction. "What's your fancy, Stiffy?"

"Oh, I leave the mean-you to you, Mahooley."

"Well, I guess you can give me some patty de foy grass, and squab on toast, and angel cake."

"Sure," said Sam. "How about a biscuit Tortoni for dessert?"

"Don't you give me no lip!" cried Mahooley.

CHAPTER XVI.

On the fourth day thereafter the long tedium of existence in the settlement began to be broken in earnest. Before they could digest the flavor of one event, something else happened. In the afternoon word came down to Stiffy and Mahooley that the bishop had arrived at the French mission, bringing the sister of the company trader's wife under his care.

Likewise the Indian agent and the doctor had come to the police post. The whole party had arrived on horseback from the Tepiskow Lake district, where they had visited the Indians. Their boat was held up down the lake by adverse winds.

Before Stiffy and Mahooley had a chance to see any of these arrivals or hear their news, quite an imposing caravan hove in view across the river from the store, and shouted lustily for the ferry.

There were four wagons, each drawn by a good team, beside half a dozen loose horses. The horses were in condition, the wagons well laden. The entire outfit had a well-to-do air that earned the traders' respect even from across the river. Of the four men, one carried his arm in a sling.

Stiffy and Mahooley ferried them across team by team in the snow they kept for the purpose. The four hardy and muscular travellers were men according to the traders' understanding. They used the same scornful, jocular, profane tongue. Their very names were a recommendation: Big Jack Skinner, black Shand Fraser, Husky Marr, and Young Joe Hagland, the expugnant.

After the horses had been turned out to graze, they all gathered in the store for a gossip. The newcomers talked freely about their journey, and its difficulties, avoiding only a certain period of their stay at Nine Mile Point, and touching very briefly on their meeting with the bishop. Something more was hidden there.

When the bell rang for supper they trooped across the road. The kitchen in reality consisted of a mess-room downstairs with a dormitory overhead; the actual kitchen was in a lean-to behind. When the six men had seated themselves at the long trestle covered with oilcloth, the cook entered

with a steaming bowl of rice.

Now, the cook had observed the new arrivals from the kitchen window, and had hardened himself for the meeting, but the travellers were unprepared. They stared at him, scowling. An odd silence fell on the table.

Mahooley looked curiously from one to another. "Do you know him?" he demanded.

Big Jack quickly recovered himself. He banged the table, and bared his big yellow teeth in a grin.

"On my soul, it's Sammy!" he cried. "How the hell did he get here? Here's Sammy, boys! What do you know about that! Sammy, the White Slave!"

A huge laugh greeted this sally. Sam set his jaw and doggedly went on bringing in the food.

"How are you, Sam?" asked Jack, with mock solicitude. "Have you recovered from your terrible experience, poor fellow? My! My! That was an awful thing to happen to a good boy!"

Mahooley, laughing and highly mystified, demanded: "What's the con, boys?"

"Ain't you heard the story?" asked Jack, with feigned surprise. "How that poor young boy was carried off by a brutal girl and kept prisoner on an island?"

"Go away!" cried Mahooley, delighted.

"Honest to God he was!" affirmed Jack.

Joe and Husky not being able to think of any original contributions of wit, sang all the changes on "Sammy, the White Slave!" with fresh bursts of laughter. Shand said nothing. He laughed harshly.

"Who was the girl?" asked Mahooley.

They told him.

"Bela Charley!" he exclaimed. The best-looker on the lake! She has the name of a man-hater."

"I dare say," said Jack, with a serious air. "But his fatal beauty was too much for her. You got to hand it to him for his looks, boys," he added, calling general attention to the tight-lipped Sam in his apron. "This here guy, Apollo, didn't have much on our Sam."

"A highly-colored version of the story followed. In it Big Jack and his mates figured merely as disinterested onlookers. The teller, stimulated by applause, surpassed himself. They could not contain their mirth.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" cried Mahooley. "This is the richest I ever heard! It will never be forgotten!"

Sam went through with the meal, gritting his teeth, and crushing down the rage that bade fair to suffocate him. He desisted to challenge Jack's equivocal tale. The laughter of one's friends is hard enough to bear sometimes, still, it may be borne with a grin; but when it rings with scarcely concealed hate it stings like whips.

Sam was supposed to sit down at the table with them, but he would sooner have starved. The effort of holding himself in almost finished him.

When finally he cleared away, Mahooley said: "Come on and tell us your side now."

"Go to hell!" muttered Sam, and walked out of the back door.

He strode up the road without knowing or caring where he was going. He was moved merely by the impulse to put distance between him and his tormentors.

Completely and terribly possessed by his rage as youths are, he felt that it would kill him if he could not do something to fight his way out of the hateful position he was in. But what could he do? He couldn't even sleep out of doors because he lacked a blanket. His poverty had him by the heels.

He came to himself to find that he was staring at the buildings of the company establishment mounted on a little hill. This was a mile from the French outfit. The sight suggested a possible way out of his difficulties. With an effort he collected his faculties and turned in.

The buildings formed three sides of a square open to a view across the bay. On Sam's left was the big warehouse; on the other side the store faced it, and the trader's house behind a row of neat palings, closed the top. All the buildings were constructed of squared logs, whitewashed. A lofty flagpole rose from the centre of the little square, with a tiny brass cannon at its base.

Sam saw the trader taking the air on his veranda with two ladies. The

neat fence, the gravel path, the flower-beds had a strange look in that country. A keen feeling of homesickness attacked the unhappy Sam. As he approached the veranda one of the ladies seemed vaguely familiar. She gazed toward him with extended hand.

"Mr. Gladding!" she exclaimed. "So you got here before us. Glad to see you!" In a lower voice she added: "I wanted to tell you how much I sympathized with you the other day, but I had no chance. So glad you got out of it all right. I knew from the first that you were not to blame."

Sam was much taken aback. He bowed awkwardly. What did the woman want of him? Her over-impulsive voice simply confused him. While she detained him, his eyes were seeking the trader.

"Can I speak to you?" he asked.

The other man rose. "Sure!" he said. "Come into the house."

He led the way into an office, and, turning, looked Sam over with a quizzical smile. His name was Gilbert Beattie, and he was a tall, lean, black Scotchman, in equal parts good-natured and grim.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"Give me a job," replied Sam abruptly. "Anything?"

"Aren't you working for the French outfit?"

"For my keep. That will never get me anywhere. I might as well be in slavery."

"Sorry," said Beattie. "This place is run in a different way. The Service, we call it. The young fellows are indoctrinated by the head office and sent to school, so to speak. I can't hire anybody without authority. You should have applied outside."

Sam's lip curled a little. A lot of good it did telling him that now.

"You seem to have made a bad start all around," Beattie continued, meaning it kindly. "Running away with that girl, or whichever way it was. That is hardly a recommendation to an employer."

"It wasn't my fault!" growled Sam, desperately.

"Come now," said Beattie, smiling. "You're not going to put it off on the girl, are you?"

Sam bowed, and made his way out of the house. As he returned down the path he saw Miss Mackall leaning on the gatepost, gazing out toward the sinking sun over Beaver Bay. There was no way of avoiding her.

She started slightly as he came behind her, and turned the face of a surprised dreamer. Seeing who it was, she broke into a winning smile, play was lost on Sam, because he was not looking at her.

"It's you!" murmured Miss Mackall. "I had lost myself."

Sam endeavored to sidle around the gate. She laid a restraining hand upon it.

"Wait a minute," she said. "I want to speak to you. Oh, it's nothing at all, but I was sorry I had no chance the other day. It seemed to me as I looked at you standing there alone, that you needed a friend!"

"A friend!"—the word released a spring in Sam's overwrought breast. For the first time he looked full at her with warm eyes. God knew he needed a friend if ever a young man did.

Miss Mackall, observing the effect of her word, repeated it. "Such a humiliating position for a manly man to be placed in!" she went on.

Sam's heart expanded with gratitude. "That was kind of you," he murmured.

It did not occur to him that her position against the gatepost was carefully studied, that the smile was cloying, and that behind the inviting friendliness of her eyes lay the anxiety of a woman growing old. It was enough that she offered him kindness. Both the gift and the giver seemed beautiful.

"There is a bond between us!" she went on, half coquettish, half serious. "I felt it from the first moment I saw you. Arriving together as we did, in a strange and savage country. Ugh!"—a delicate shudder here. "You and I are not like these people. We must be friends!"

A humiliated and sore-hearted youth will swallow more than this. Sam lingered by the gate. At the same time, somewhere within, was a dim consciousness that it was not very nutritious food.

But it went to the right spot. It renewed his faith in himself a little. It gave him courage to face the night that he knew awaited him in the dormitory.

Events still followed fast at the settlement. Next morning a native came in to Stiffy and Mahooley's with the information that two yolk boats were coming up the lake in company. One was enough to make a gala day. Later came word that they had landed at Grier's Point. This was two miles east.

Owing to the low water in the lake, laden boats could not come closer in. The first was the police boat, with supplies for the post and for the Indian agent. The second carried the government surveyors, six strong, and forty hundredweight of implements and grub.

Presently the surveyors arrived at the store, making a larger party of white men than had ever before gathered on Caribou Lake. The natives were in force also. Seeming to spring from nowhere, they gathered in quite a big crowd outside the store and peered through the windows at their betters.

Within a great gossip was in progress. Especially was the story of Sammy, the White Slave, told and retold, amid uncontrollable laughter. At dinner-time they adjourned to the kitchen for a look at the tale, according to the way you looked at it. It was considered that Sam did not take the chaffing in very good part, but they had to confess that he fed them adequately.

As soon afterward as riding horses could be secured, the whole party, excepting the traders, rode off around Beaver Bay. The government land was to be laid off on the other side, and Big Jack and his pals were looking for locations there. As Graves, the chief surveyor, was mounting his horse, Mahooley said to him casually: "How about freighting your outfit around?"

"Oh, that's all arranged for," was the answer.

Mahooley shrugged, supposing that

the company had secured the contract outside.

When the excitement of the departure died away, Mahooley for the first time perceived a squat little figure in a blanket capote sitting patiently on the platform in front of the store.

"Musquosis!" he exclaimed. "Blest if I didn't overlook you in the shuffle. How did you come?"

"Graves bring me in his boat," Musquosis answered.

"Come on in."

"I come get trade for my rabbit-skin robe."

"Sure, what'll you have?"

"What you got?"

"Damn little. Take your choice."

After due observance on both sides of the time-honored rules of bargaining, the matter was concluded, and Musquosis made a feat of gathering up his bundles. As a matter of fact, the lad had not yet reached what he had come for.

"What's your hurry?" said Mahooley. "Sit down and talk a while."

This was not pure friendliness on the trader's part. He had a particular reason for wishing to cultivate the old Indian.

Musquosis allowed himself to be persuaded.

"Where's Bela?" asked Mahooley.

"Home."

"What's all this talk about her carrying off the cook?"

Musquosis shrugged. "Fellas got talk."

"Well, what are the rights of the case?"

"I don't know," he returned, indifferently. "I not there. I guess I go see Beattie now."

"Sit down," said Mahooley. "What do you want to see Beattie for? Why don't you trade with me? Why don't you tell all the Fish-Eaters to come here? They do what you tell them."

"Maybe," said Musquosis, "but we always trade with Beattie."

"Time you made a change then. He thinks he got you cinched."

"Gilbert Beattie my good friend."

"Hell! Ain't I your friend, too? You don't know me. Have a cigar. Sit down. What do you want to see Beattie about in such a rush?"

"I goin' buy team and wagon," said Musquosis, calmly.

Mahooley laughed. "What are you going to do with it? I never heard of you as a driver."

"I goin' hire driver," asserted Musquosis. "I sit down; let o'er man work for me. So I get rich."

This seemed more and more humorous to Mahooley. "That's the right ticket," he said. "But where will you get the business for your team?"

By way of answer Musquosis produced a folded paper from inside the capote. Opening it, Mahooley read: "This is to certify that I have awarded the Indian Musquosis the contract to freight all my supplies from Grier's Point to my camp on Beaver Bay during summer at twenty-five cents per hundredweight."

Richard Graves, Dominion Surveyor. (To be continued.)

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## HARBOR OF GALWAY.

### Is Ancient Irish City to Be Rejuvenated?

The announcement that the corporation of Dublin has urged the British Government to create a great harbor at Galway to deal with Canadian and American trade gives rise to the hope that the day is not far distant when the ancient glories of that historic mart may be revived. A war geography bulletin prepared by the National Geographic Society says:

"Galway is the capital of Galway county, where the River Shannon flows. It is situated on Galway Bay, in a direct line west from Dublin, 2,385 miles from Boston and 2,700 miles from New York. On his remarkable map Ptolemy marked Galway Bay, calling it Ausoba. To-day it contains not more than 15,000 inhabitants, emigration to America having sadly depleted the population."

"In the 'Ogygia of O'Flaherty's' we read: 'Gailieath, daughter of lasting Bressail, bathed in the full cold stream, when the bright branch was drowned. For her the River Gaillima is named.' And thus we named the town which has stood on the banks of this small stream from time immemorial. Traditionally known as Ballinsruane, the name Gillieath became in the mouths of the Norman settlers 'Galvir'—hence Galway."

"An attempt to compass in brief space the sanguinary history of this neighborhood must end in failure. For centuries it was in a ferment of land-robbery, pillage and fanaticism beggaring description. Centuries before the Christian era the Carthaginians and Romans traded with the descendants of a still earlier period. Tighe speaks of one Partholomus, a Scythian, settling in Ireland some centuries after the flood, and dying divided the country into four parts, assigning one to each of his four sons. They were dispossessed by the Firbolgians. Con and Eoghan made a partition in A. D. 768. In these partitions the cities of Dublin and Galway were the termini of one of the other lines of divisions."

"In the ninth century the town suffered from the ravages of the Danes, and for 100 years following 1171 the de Burkos, the O'Connors and the O'Flaherty's were engaged in a battle-royal for the possession of the surrounding territory, the house of O'Connor being wiped out in 1246.

"In 1473 the town was burned. Be-

One always has pleasant memories of a stay at the Walker House.

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## CONVEX LENS OF THE EYE.

### A Burning Glass That Adjusts the Sight to Varying Distances.

One of the manifold wonders of the human eye is the convex lens with which the focal distances of sight are made instantly and without mental effort. This lens in the eye is a literal "burning glass," as may be shown by the simplest of experiments.

Let the person at midday hold a straw against the face of the sun and focus his eyes on the straw. He can look at the straw, with its background of a dazzling sun, and without discomfort. But the moment he looks at the fiery ball of the sun itself unconsciously the lens of the eye comes to its proper focus, with the result that a "burning" sun spot appears on the retina of the eye, and it is said that few seconds of such looking would burn out the retina as if by fire itself.

In the subconscious adaptability of the eye lens to adopt itself to different distances lies its value to the human sight. The man with a camera adjusts the focus of his lens by sliding them forward and back. The lenses of the human eye, by changing their curvatures, allow of one looking at fine print six inches from his nose and in a fraction of a second to look up and away, probably fifty miles to a mountain peak that in an instant is in true camera focus. — Pittsburgh Press.

## KNOW THE CAR'S LOAD.

### Method by Which a Motorist Can Get the Best Tire Service.

"Perhaps the greatest and most important thing a motorist should know about a car is its weight with the average load carried," says an expert. "By knowing the weight of his car when loaded ready to run the motorist is in a position to regulate his tires so that they not only act as the best shock absorber obtainable, but are fit to offset any injuries which may come from over or under inflation."

"With the weight of the car known when preparing for a trip which includes passengers it is very easy for the motorist to regulate his air pressure in the tires so that they will run with the least injury to themselves. This foresight will also prevent a break in the side walls caused by an overload."

"With the weight of your car, plus the weight of gasoline, water and extra tires, with the weight of the passengers added, you have the total running weight of your car."

"For a quick way of determining what air pressure you will carry in your tires if you have no regular table of inflation the following table is suggested:

"For three-inch tires divide the weight of the load by thirty-two.

"For three and one-half-inch tires divide the weight by forty.

"For four-inch tires divide the weight of the load by forty-eight.

"For four and one-half-inch tires divide the weight of the load by fifty-six.

"For five-inch tires divide the weight of the load by sixty-four.

"For five and one-half-inch tires divide the weight of the load by seventy-two."

"To further illustrate the working out of the above table suppose your car weighed 2,880 pounds and you are using four-inch tires. From the above we find that for four-inch tires the weight of the load should be divided by forty-eight. This will give you sixty pounds air pressure, which should be carried in your tires. The tire mileage will be greatly increased if the motorist will regulate his air pressure by the load he carries."

## YOUR MENTAL MACHINE.

### Shut Off Its Power at Night After a Day's Hard Work.

It is a great thing to learn—to shut off the mental steam when you quit work. What would you think of a factory manager who would leave all of his power turned on after the operators had left the factory, the delicate machinery running everywhere, pounding itself to pieces, grinding out its delicate bearings without producing anything?

Many of us do not turn off our mental power after we are through producing or creating for the day. We carry our business home, take it to bed with us, think, plan, worry and waste precious energy in all sorts of ways, in superfluous thinking, foolish worrying that produces nothing, but grinds out the exquisite mental machinery and unfit it for the next day's work.

It is a great art to learn to shut off power when through our day's work, so that we can oil our mental machinery, refresh our minds and recuperate ourselves, so that we can go to the next day's work completely reinvigorated.

Many men seem to think that they are accomplishing something if they keep their minds on business even when not at work, but they really accomplish less than nothing because they are wasting precious mental energy, the power for concentration, the vigor, the focusing of the mind, which is imperative for creating purposes.—Orison Sweet Marden.

## STUDY AND EXERCISE

Overstudy and lack of exercise make thin bloodless children. Study does not usually hurt a child at school unless the studies encroach on time that should be spent in out-of-doors exercise. But lack of exercise and overstudy is a combination that brings on St. Vitus dance. If your boy or girl at school is thin and pale, listless and inattentive, has a fickle appetite, is unable to stand still or sit still, you must remember that health is much more important than education, and more time should be given to exercise and recreation.

See to it at once that the child does not overstudy, gets plenty of out-of-door exercise, sleeps ten out of every twenty-four hours, and takes a safe, reliable tonic like Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until the color returns to the cheeks and lips and the appetite becomes normal. For growing children who become pale and thin Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not only safe, but in most cases are the very best tonic that can be taken. These pills build up the blood, strengthen the nerves and assist nature in keeping pace with rapid growth.

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Don't say "Breakfast Food"—say "Shredded Wheat"—for while you no doubt mean Shredded Wheat, you may get one of those mushy porridges that are a poor substitute for the crisp, delicious shreds of baked whole wheat—that supply all the nutriment for a half day's work. Two Biscuits with milk or cream make a nourishing meal at a cost of a few cents.

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