

# "BELA

ed down

fight me!

the same for you.

him.

Joe finally submitted.

"Ah, you short sport," he

contemptously retorted, "you deserve

Joe sprang up with a tearful oath

Big Jack, expecting something of the kind, intervened from one side. Shand from the other. Joe's arms were promptly pinned from behind

you we'd see fair play done. What can you do against the three of us? If we had lost we would have done

ets and go outside, or we'll drag you without blankets."

leased him. Still muttering, he gathered up his bed and went out without looking back.
"Come on!" said Big Jack bruskly to Sam. "You heard the contract."
Another and unexpected mutiny awaited them here. Sam very promptly areas from among his ting

awaited them here. Sam very promptly arose from among his tins

promptly arose from among his tins and turned on Big Jack. He had be, come as pale as Shand, but his eyes were hot enough. His lips were compressed to a thin line.

"Yes, I heard it!" he cried. "And a

rotten, cowardly frame-up I call it! I didn't agree to stand by it! I wasn't consulted. So I can say what I like. I say you're a lot of hulking

cowards! Four of you against a girl!

She came here for shelter. We never lacked for hospitality from her people.

And this is the way you repay it. With youur mouth full of talk about fair play, too. You make me sick!"

For an instant they stared at him flabbergasted. For the masters to be

bearded by an humble grub-rider was incredible. Husky, the one most con-

cerned, was the first to recover him-self. Flushing darkly, he took a step

to dish-washing and let your betters alone, if you know what's good for you!"

Sam's pale cheeks flamed and paled

"You know I'm right And you all know it. You're playing a cowardly

Husky towered over the slight fig-

"Get out," he roated, "before smash you!"

"Go anead:" said Sam, without budging. "I'm not afraid of you!" For the first time the girl seemed really interested. Her nostrils were distended. Her glance flew from face

to face. There was a pregnant pause,

not having struck on the instant, he

could not strike at all. Under the blaze of the smaller man's eyes, his

own glance finally bolted. He turn

ed away with an assumption of face-

"Take him away," he said to his

mates, "before I kill him."

An audible breath escape I the girl.

She turned back to the fire.

Jack and Shand looked disconcerted by Sam's accusation; nevertheless, obsessed by their fetish of fair play,

they had to see the thing through Jack in particular, having proposed

the game and having lost, was bound

They seized Sam between them and started to drag him toward the

"Bring out the beds," he command-

The girl showed no further con-

HOW BETTER CAN WE

INCREASE PRODUCTION

Than By Putting That Extra 100 Lbs.

of Finish on a Beef Steer,

Finished Animals Will Bring BIG PRICES at the

URONTO FAT STOCK SHOW

**UNION STOCK YARDS** 

DECEMBER 7th AND 8th, 1917

PREMIUM LIST ON APPLICATION

by his code to assist Husky.

"Go ahead!" said Sam,

Husky's great fist was raised

part!

tiousness

toward Sam with clenched fists. "Shut up, you cook!" he harshly cried. 'It's none of your put! You stick

He struggled impotently, tears

Get your blank

Still muttering,

"I won't stand for it!" he cried

said I would'nt stand for it by throw of the dice. You've got

him He struggled impotently, to of rage coursing his cheeks, "You fool!" said Jack. "We

A long wrangle followed us to who do it over! It was'nt on the table! chould throw first. They finally left it to the dice, and the choice fell on Joe.

Shand was at his left hand; Husky Husky, having won, blissfully calm faced him; Jack was at his right. They held their breath while the bones rat-tled in the cup. When they rolled out, their eyes burned holes in the floor. "Ten!" cried Joe, joyfully. "I'm

"Ten!" cried Joe, joyfully. "I'm all right! Beat that if you can!" Sam, obliged to wait the result with-out participating, was suffocating with suspense. When the cup passed to Shand he touched the girl. She looked the him inquiringly. None of the other four were paying the least attention to them then. Sam asked her with a sign if she understood the game. He had heard that the natives were inveterate gamblers

nodded. He, then, by an unmistakable gesture, let her know that the stake they played for was—herself. Again she nodded coolly. Sam stared at her dumfounded.

In her turn she asked him with a glance of scorn why he was not in the game. Young Sam blushed and looked He was both abashed and It was impossible for him to convey his feelings by signs. Moreover it seemed pretty clear to him now that she was not worth bothering about.

And so beautiful! Meanwhile Shand threw seven, and Joe rejoiced again. But when Husky, opposite him, got a beggarly three, the young man's triumph was outrageous The evening had left an unsettled score between these two.

"You're done for lobster!" he cried with intolerable laughter. "Take your blankets and go outside!"

A vein on Husky's forehead swelled.
"You keep a civil tongue in your head,
or I'll smash your face, anyhow," he You're not man enough, Braky!"

taunted Joe. "Well, I'll help him," said Shand,

"Me, too," added Jack. "Play the game like a man and keep your mouth

When the cut went to Jack, Sam caught the girl's eye again. He could not help trying once more. He looked significantly toward the door. While the four heads were bent over the floor she could easily have gained it. Once outside, she was safe. She slightly

shook her head. Sam ground his teach and doggedly attended to the dishes. A surprising angry pain transfixed his breast. What did he care? he asked himself. Let he She deserved no better than she might get! But the pain would not be assuaged by the anger. She was so

While rage gnawed at Husky's vi-While rage gnawed at Husky's vi-tals, and he tried not to show it, Big Jack shook the cup with cool confi-dence and tossed the dice on the floor. Strange if he could not beat three! The little cubes rolled, staggered and

came to a stop. For a second the four stared incredulously. A pair of An extraordinary chance took place in Husky. He grunted and blinked. Suddenly he threw back his head and roared with laughter. Big Jack steeled himself, shrugged and rose. Going to the fireplace, he tapped the ashes out of his pipe and prepared to fill it

For a second the

"Taint for me to kick," he said, coolly; "Since I got it up!" Jack de-served better at the hands of forcoolly

The cup passed to Joe again. He shook it interminably.
"Ah, shoot!" growled Shand.

Whereupon Joe put down the cup and prepared to engage in another snarling argument. Only a combined threat from the three to put him out of the game forced him to play. He got five, and suddenly became quiet

door. Sam struggled desperately and vainly in their grasp. Joe, attracted by the raised voices, had run in again. He, for his own ends, showed a disposition to help Sam. Jack overand anxious. Shand threw four, whereupon Joe's little soul rebounded in the air again. awed him with a look

Husky got eight. Shand rose without a word and, crossing the room, proceeded to roll up his blankets.
"Wait till the came is over," said Big Jack quietly. "We'll all go out together and save trouble."

Young Joe, once more in possession of the cup, was unable to get up suffi-cient nerve to make the fateful cast. He shook it as if he meant to wear a hole in the tin. He offered to let Husky shoot first, and when he refused tried to pick a quarrel with him.

Finally Big Jack drew out his watch, Ten seconds," he said, "or you for-eit. Are you with me, Shand?"

" muttered the other. Joe, with a groan of nervous apprehension, made his cast. He got ten. Another reaction took place in him. "Let me soe you beat that!" he cried, offensively. "I'm all right!' He leered at the girl.

Husky picked up the dice and with one hasty shake tossed them out. By this time he had had as much suspense as he could stand. His nervous cast sent the cubes flying wide. One turned up a five between them. The other rolled beyond Joe. They had to crawl on hands and knees to see it. Six

back spots were revealed.

"Eleven!" roared Husky. "I win!"

Joo's self-control gave way altorother. Tears were in his voice.

Do it over!" he cried. "You got to

corn in the matter. Sam, observing her, suddenly ceased to struggle. What was the use, he thought since she seemed resigned to her fate?

Outside the door they released him. Jack went back to look after Joe, and to help with the bedding. When the four of them were joined together, they paused for a moment to decide which direction they should take.

"That sand-bank at the mouth of the creek" expected Joek."

the creek," suggested Jack,
The sound of a shot rang muffled

in the cabin behind them. For an instant they were stupified A strange joy lightened Sam's breast Dropping their bundles, they ran back and flinging the door open, stood back warily, half expecting to be received with a fusilade.

The smell of gunpowder assailed

their nostrils. The light of the fire revealed Husky's burly figure sprawl-ing on his back, with his feet among

ing on his back, with his feet among the tin dishes on the hearth. The girl was not to be seen.

They cautiously ventured in. She was not behind the door. She could not have gone out by the door without their knowing it, for they had been within ten paces. Both windows were intact. The only place of concealment within the shack was the bed. A swift investigation proved that there was nothing in it or under that there was nothing in it or under

The old feeling of awe of the super. natural returned. They avoided each other's eyes. The figure on the floor stirred a little and groaned. A dark, wet stain was spreading on his shirt Jack dropped to his knees beside him.

"Through the shoulder," he said to the others. "No vital organ." "Can you hear me?" he asked of the

"A she-devil!" muttered Husky.
'A devil!"

"A devil!"
"Where did she go?"
"I don't know, Everything turned black. A devil—had a gun in her dress! Speaks English, too, Understood every word!"
None of Husky's mates had any skill in surgery. Like men in the flush of their strength, they refused to harbor the thought of injury or disease, and had come to the wilderness ill provided. ess ill provided. Jack, lacking antiseptics or healing

medicaments, bound up the shoulder roughly. They laid Husky on the bed roughly. They laid Husky on the bed and endeavored to forget him. Jack, Shand and Joe elected to sleep in the stable to escape the injured man's stertorious breathing and his groans. They took care to bar themselves in against the terrors of the night.

Sam was glad to see them go. Their endless and futile discussion of what had beneated the stable terrors of the stable terrors.

had happened tried his temper.
In the morning Husky was feverish,
His mates shrugged and left him to
Sam. Their attitude toward the injured one was as naive as that of children or animals. Sam had no love for the gross fig-

ure on the bed, who, he felt, had earned what he got. Nevertheless, he did what offices humanity suggested; washing the wound and redressing it; bringing ice from the lake shore to mitigate his fever. He had to smile at Husky's changed tone in his lucid

"Do you think this will croak me?" he continually asked. "Lord, I ain't ready to die! I leave it to you, cook, shouldn't a man have some warning of his end? Lord, if I ever get over this I'll lead a different life! I swear I will! Lord, think of dying in a Godforsaken place like this without a
parson to clear the track for you! It
ain't fair to catch you like this. Not
even a Bible in the outfit!"

"I have a Bible," said Sam, grimly.
"Get it for me; there's a good fellow," begged Husky.

Sam did so. "Do you want me to
read it to you?" he asked

"No use," said Husky. "Couldn't
never get the hang of it. But let me
have it here in bed with me. That's
something."

As the day wore on the patient grew
worse, and the other men became more will! Lord, think of dying in a God-

again. Instead of falling back, he took another step toward husky. 'You can't shout me down, you bully," he said, quietly in his face.

> worse, and the other men became more and more chary of approaching him. However, toward the end of the after-

noon, a cold squall of rain drove them indoors in spite of themselves.

They squatted on the floor at the farthest possible distance from the bed and half heartedly dealt the cards for

euchre. Meanwhile Sam busied himself baking bread, trying to remember nique: He could think of her now a pleasant warmth about the She had redeemed her sex in with his eyes. Careless of whether he heard them

the men joked outrageously about Husky's condition. It was their way

of hiding their helpless terror.
"Well, old Husk is bound for the heavenly shore, I guess," said Jack. heavenly shore, I guess," said Jack.
"We'll give him a bang-up funeral,"
suggested Joe. "Spill a little booze
and carve a board to put at his head.
It's the least we can do for a pal."
"When Husk get3 to the golden
gates," Jack went on, "if Peter tries
to hold him up, he'll say. "What is it
worth to you, old man?"

This well-known saying of their
partner produced a subdued laugh all
around.

Black Shand remarked in his curt vay: "Husky wouldn't get along in way: heaven. Ain't got no ear for music."
"He'd be in trouble down below

too," said Jack. "He'd undertake to show the Old Boy himself how to build a fire."

Outside, the pine branches thrashed wildly, the gusts of rain were flung against the panes of the little window above the players' heads. Water found its way through more than one place in the sod roof and dripped cullenly

on the floor. From time to time the game shifted, seeking a dry spot.

On such a day the ploneers were keenly conscious of their isolation. The emptiness of the land seemed to press upon their breasts, hindering free breathing. Moreover, their nerves were still jingling as a result of the

events.
was their situation when, without warning, the latch of the door

They froze in their card-playing at-titudes, turning horrified eyes in the direction of the sound. The door opened inward, and a ghastly moment passed before they could see what was behind it. Then each man's breath escaped with a little sound of amazement and awe.

CHAPTER VI.

Rain-drops sparkled like diamonds in Bela's dark hair and upon her glowing cheeks. She was, as ever composed and inscrutable. In one swift glance around she took in the whole scene—the card players under the window. Sam arrested at his pan and the injured man breathing hard upon the bed.

She went toward the latter with a

noiseless, gliding motion.
"Mak' hot water," she said, coolly,
over her shoulder to Sam. "Get clean for bandage."

Jack and his mates, nearing English speech, glanced at each other meaningly. Nevertheless, speech hu manized her, and they relaxed.

There was no leaping up of the un-holy fires of the night before. They regarded her with great, new respect They remained sitting motionless, absorbed in her every move.

They remained sitting motionless, absorbed in her every move, like the spectators of a play.

At the sound of her voice the injured man opened his eyes with a grunt. Seeing her, he rolled away as far as he could get on the bed, crying out in mingled pain and terror:

"Keep her away! Keep her away!

Don't let her get me!"

Bela fell back with a scornful smile.

Bela fell back with a scornful smile.

"Tell him I not hurt him," she said
to Sam, who had gone to her. "Tell
him I come to mak" him well."

Sam sought in vain to reassure

Husky.
"I won't let her touch me!" the injured man cried. "She's a witch!"
"Let me," she said to Sam, shrugging. "I tell you w'ât to do."

Under her direction Sam cut away his own rude bandage from Husky's shoulder and washed the wound. The bullet had gone cleanly through Meanwhile Bela was mascerating bullet had gone cleanly through.

Meanwhile Bela was mascerating
some leaves she had brought. She
showed Sam how to apply the mass to
the wound before rebandaging it.

Husky strained away.

"Polson! Polson!" he cried. "Keep
away from me!"

"You crazy!" said Bela, impatient-

ly. "Look at me!"
She chewed some of the poultice and swallowed it before Husky's eyes. "Are you afraid, too?" she asked He shook ris head, smiling, and ate

But Husky, notwithstanding the evidence of his eyes, continued to cry out and to resist their ministrations.

"All right," said Bela, at last. "I can't do not'ing. He got die, I guess. She started for the door.

A swift reaction passed over Husky, All in the same breath with his pro-tests be began to beg her not to desert him. She came back, and he made no further objections to having her dres and bind his wound. When it was all done, she made for

the door again as coolly as she had come. Sam experienced a sudden sinking of the heart.
"Are you going?" he cried, invol-

untarily Big Jack jumped up at the same momest. "Don't go yet," he begged.

Jack and the others had recovered sufficiently from the shock of surprise to discuss in whispers what they should say to her.
"I come back to-morrow," said

Bela. "I go home now to get medi-"Where do you live?" "I not tell you," she answered.

The sound of a snicker behind him brought a scowl to Jack's face.

could easily find out," he muttered.
"If you follow we, I not come "If you follow we tack," she announced.

"No offense," said Jack, hastily.
"But it's darned funny. I leave it to you. Your coming and going like this, How did you get out last night?"

night?"
"I not teil you," she said again.
"Tain't no wonder Husky's a bit
leary of you. We all think—"
"What you think?" she asked,
mockingly.
"Well, we think it's funny," Jack
repeated, lamely.

(To be continued.)

Mapping the United States. Beginning nearly forty years ago to

construct accurate topogrephic and geologic maps of both the known and the unexplored regions of the United States, the United States geological survey has speedily progressed with this part of its work until topographic maps of 40 per cent. of the country are now published, besides maps for large areas in Alaska and Hawaii. Extensive areas have also been covered by geologic maps, and all the work from the beginning of the field survey to the printing of the finished map is done by this government bureau. Other activities of the survey are the classification of public lands, the an nual collection of mineral statistics of the United States and investigations of the nation's water resources, all in volving the publication of scientific and technical reports containing over

20,000 pages annually.

During the last thirty years over \$15,000,000 has been spent by the 3000. logical survey in geologic and topographic surveys in the United States.

Seems a very large number of cups to get from a pound of tea. But that proves the fine quality of Red Rose Tea, which goes further and tastes

better because it consists chiefly of rich, strong teas grown in the famous district of Assam in Northern India.

A pound of Red Rose gives 250 cups.

Kept Good by the Sealed Package



# THE GADFLY

The airplane hovered directly over the submarine base. It rose, it circled, it darted away and returned with an insect's persistence. Such was its buzz-ing mobility that the aircraft guns barked to no purpose. At length, as if satisfied with its observations, the gadfly mounted swiftly, slipped behind a fleecy cloud and appeared no more

On the morrow it became visible again, very suddenly, dropping straight down upon the seaport. It poised at a low altitude for a full minute. Two were noticed. One the other turned some kind of crank When the air artillery went into action the plane zigzagged to and fro with bewildering speed, ascending as it did so and eventually vanishing in

The next day was cloudy with a feel of rain. Not one but half a dozen of the aerial insects overhead, now all most stationary, now shooting back and forth, resembling nothing so much as as group of flies in restless confusion at the iminence of a summer shower. The swarming was short lasting only a few minutes, and again the defending guns, though they scored paipable hits, failed to bring down a single plane.

The defenders were decidedly asy. It was impossible to what form the attack would take, impossible to tell when it would be delivered.

At the hive of the enemy all was a bustle of preparation. Long strips of film were being developed; and seated in a darkened auditorium a thousan eyes saw what four had seen a few hours earlier. Elsewhere exact measurements were made and scales of distances computed. These two dry docks which appeared an inch apart on the celluloid strip—how far apart were they one the ground? A moment's figuring would tell.

Maps were made and distributed and precise objectives outlined in dozens

or written orders. A delay of forty-eight hours followed, less for the completion of pre-parations than for the sake of enemy uncertainty. On the sixth day the

attack was made.
The airplanes advanced in what seemed a long thin line, but on coming over the seaport they desplayed a variety of formations. They were like a flock of wild geese, now in a wavering shape, now in column, now looping through the air in a shifting curve. Arrived over their general target they suddenly separated as if a shell from an aircraft gun had burst among them. nding them flying forty ways of the hundred planes descended swift ly in its own fashion and as straight as might be for its special prey.

The defenders were thrown into confusion. It was impossible to alter the aim of the guns quickly enough; impossible quickly enough to find new ranges; the division of one fairly targe though fluctuating target into targets a hundred widely divergent vrought chao Six aircraft shot at a single plane; five other

In five minutes a series of explosions began. The dry docks were blown to pieces Torpedo planes launched toredoes which either destroyed the submarines lying in the canals or, running amuck, struck the revetments the canal banks sheltering them and choking the outlets of the canals with earth and cement rubble. Other planes dropped inflammables upon the town. Still others spurted liquid fire or let fall small compact bundles of substance which detonates when merely tickled with a feather.

The fury of the onset was over in a few minutes. But it was repeated. Five times in that afternoon a hun-

Eat Less Meat—Eat More Whole Wheatthat is the way to save money, save strength, save health and save food. Cut out the expensive indigestible foods. The whole wheat is the most perfect food given to man. But be sure you get the whole wheat grain in a digestible form. Shredded Wheat Biscuit is 100 per cent. whole wheat and is made digestible by steam - cooking, shredding and baking. It contains more real body-building nutriment than meat, and costs much less. Delicious for any meal with milk or cream, and fruits.

Made in Canada.

dred of these winged destroyers came thronging over the port. Their initial tactics varied, but always at a certain moment they split apart. Each insect left the swarm and became a single nornet stinging alone

The most important success was in the destruction of coast defences and in the explosion of a three-mile stretch of the mine field. At night the high seas fleet, creeping cautiously inshore, completed the extermination of the undersea crafts' nest.

On the following day, which was the seventh and Sunday, a single airplane hovered directly over the wasted submarine base. It rose, it circled, it darted away and returned with an insect's persistence. At length, as if sat-isfied with its observations, the gadfly mounted swiftly, slipped behind a fleecy cloud and appeared no more.—

#### Oil On the Troubled Waters.

Waves in mid-ocean are caused entirely by the action of the wind. The adhesion between the rapidly moving particles of air which compose the wind and the surface particles of the water causes the water's surface to be dragged along with the air. Small ripples are immediately formed. These stands ripples are immediately formed. These ripples soon overtake others near them. They unite, says Popular Science Monthly, and, due to the friction between the water particles, each succeeding ripple piles up on the top

of previous ones.

Just as soon as oil is spread upon Just as soon as oil is spread upon the water, however, the size of the waves is reduced like magic. The reason for this is interesting. Oil, unlike water, has very little internatification between its particles. The ripples of oil formed by the wind, therefore, cannot pile upon each other to any considerable height. Hence, water waves cannot grow in an area water waves cannot grow in an area of oil placed about a steamer. They begin to fall down instead. By the time these waves reach the boat they will have lost their formative ripples and the result is a perfectly calm surface over the portion of the sea through which the boat is making its way.

## Father of the American Navy.

A native born Irishman that the members of his race are particularly proud of is Commodore John Barry the "Father of the American Navy." He was born in Wexford, Ireland, in 1745. His father put him on a mer-chant ship before he was twelve years old, and at fourteen he was employed old, and at fourteen he was employed on a ship sailing from Philadelphia. He was a master of ships before he was twenty-one years old. When the Revolution began Barry was employed by Congress to fit for sea the first fleet which sailed from Philadelphia. Barry commanded the Lexington, which captured the first British war vessel taken by a regular cruiser. Blockaded by a superior British fleet vessel taken by a regular in the Delaware, he landed with his sailors and marines and joined Washington's army.-Detroit Free Press.

# **BABY'S OWN TABLETS** PRIZED BY MOTHERS

Mrs. Heny Vanreader, Rodney, Ont., writes: 'I have used Baby's Own Tab-lets for the past five years and prize them very much. They have proved of such value to me that I always keep them in the house." Once a mother has used Baby's Own Tablets she would use nothing else. They are thorough but mild in action and never fall to make the sickly baby well. fall to make the sickly baby well.
They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont

#### Spoiling Old Friendships. So far as men are concerned,

warmest friendship is that which exists between two fellows whose wives have never met. A friend that we have known and liked for years has drifted away from us, and we suppose he feels that we have drifted away from him. We liked each other so well that we wanted our wives to meet and be good friends. Finally they met, and, as might have been expected, they cared nothing in the world for each other. In fact, one of them said she couldn't see what on earth anybody could find in her to admire, and we suppose the other said mire, and we suppose the other said about the same thing. We felt that our friend knew what our wife thought of his wife, and we were a little ashamed to be in his company. Probably he felt the same. At any rate, we haven't had much of anything to do with each other since. thing to do with each other since. We speak, but no one would ever guess that we once were bosom friends.-Claude Callan in Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

## Books of Youth.

The books that charmed us in youth recall the delight ever afterwards; we are hardly persuaded there are like them any deserving equally our affec-tions. Fortunate if the best books fall in our way during this susceptible and forming period of our lives.—Alcott.