

A JEWEL IN THE ROUGH

As the afternoon closed in, her cough seemed to grow more and more troublesome; the pain in her chest, too, had never been so bad; she had to keep her hand there all the time as she labored round the room, putting everything to rights, making sure that the cabin was neat and tidy against Will's return. At last she sat down in the circle of hot light round the fire, and little Tim crawled into her lap. She put her arms around him and held him absently. She was thinking over Katrina's words. "The spring," she had said, "it was almost her." Her eyes looking upward to the darkening windows caught the old and smoke-bred almanac pinned up to the wall beside it. She set the child down, and getting up, walked slowly over to it and ran one trembling finger down the dates. Each one for December, when they had first hung it up, had a heavy black line against it, where she had scratched it out with eager fingers; only the last days had no mark against them any longer. What did it matter to her when the spring came? The almanac for her would have come to an end before that. But now a fresh gleam of hope seemed to have entered her heart, and with a feverish movement she drew the old stump of pencil from her pocket and scratched off the unmarked date of that day; they were still far, far from the spring—too far. Oh, to go back in the spring, to escape from this prison of darkness, this country of horror and starvation and misery to be back once more in her home in the oak! Her mind fled away from the dreary interior of the darkening cabin. She stood once more in the rich, grassy meadow with the golden sunlight of an evening summer sky warm around her, the song of the birds in her ears, the soft scent of the meadow-sweet in her nostrils, before her the little narrow path leading to the cottage that seemed to bask sleepily in the yellow glow. She made a step forward with dilated eyes, then the cough seized her, the vision dissolved and fled. Again the cabin with its blackened rafters enclosed her. She turned from the calendar. What was the spring's coming? It might come, but they would not go back. What right had she to think of it? They had made no strike, and had not Will sworn he would never go back without the gold? This accused gold! If they could but have found it as others had! She put her hands to her head to drive away the thoughts, they were familiar and so useless. She had thought them over and over again so often. As she went back to the fire, she noticed one of Will's woolen shirts lying on a chair. Why, that was the one she had meant to wash that morning! How could she have forgotten it! And now perhaps she would not get it done before he returned. Her heart began to beat, her limbs trembled. How weak and queer she felt this afternoon! Still, she would do it somehow. There was hot water on the fire that Katrina had put there. She lifted with an effort the great iron kettle from the fire, and with that in one hand and the shirt in the other, she went into the adjoining sloping-roofed compartment that served as scullery, woodshed, pantry, and wash-house. It was many degrees colder here, and the long iron nails that kept the boards together overhead had sparkling icicles on them that glittered as the fire-light from the inner room touched them, and she could hardly draw her breath. Nevertheless, she walked over to the wash-tub and poured in the water, and set to work with shaking hands. "Had ever shirt seemed so large?" she wondered vaguely, and her thin arms moved slowly, lifting it up and down with difficulty. It seemed getting so dark, too. She should have lighted the candles; it wouldn't look so cheery for Will if he came back to find the cabin dark. But was this only the twilight falling? No, it was in her eyes. She leaned heavily on the edge of the wooden tub, trembling, the floor unsteady beneath her, a strangling suffocation in her throat, a swimming darkness pressed upon her, and then suddenly she knew that in the chill of that dark twilight she was alone with Death. He had come for her at last.

Oh! to have had Will's strong arms round her, a human breast to lay her head down upon, and so die! A nameless terror possessed her, overwhelmed her; she started from the wash tub. There was a sudden cry, "Will! Will!" and she fell forward on the damp flooring, a little eager scarlet stream of blood pouring out from the nerveless lips to stain the soap-suds under the trestle.

The child sitting playing in the ring of the warm fire-light in the adjoining room heard that last cry, and, startled, dropped his toys, looking with round eyes to the blackness beyond the open door. He listened with one tiny finger in his mouth for many minutes, but no further sound came to disturb him from the wash-house, and he went on playing.

An hour passed perhaps before Will set foot in Good Luck Row, and he tramped up it with a sounding pace. There was fire in his eyes, the blood ran hard in all his veins, his rubber boots had elastic springs in their soles. Yet he carried an extra weight with him. There was something in his pocket in a buckskin bag that burned his hand as it had been red-hot iron when he touched it. As he came to No. 14 and saw the windows dark, he merely hurried his pace, and hardly stayed to lift the door latch, but just burst through the half-opened door and brought his huge, curly frame over the threshold.

"Well, Annie, my girl, we've struck it at last," he shouted at the top of

his voice, "and you shall come home right away. Where are you, Annie? Didn't I say wait a bit for me?"

He had entered by the wash-house, but the darkness was thick, almost palpable, before his face and revealed nothing. He went forward to the open front door, beyond which the burned-down fire gave only a faint red light, and his foot kicked something heavy on the floor. With a curious feeling gripping his heart, he stopped dead short where he stood and fumbled for a match. Then he struck it, and in its sickly glare looked down. "Annie, my dear!" he called in a shaking voice, and bent down, holding the match close to the upturned face. The light played for an instant upon it and went out. "Annie!" he called again, and the word broke in his throat.

A thin wall went up from little Tim in the dusk of the inner room. Where the man stood was silence and darkness. His strike had come too late. His wife was dead.

Half an hour later a man burst into the Pistol Shot. It was between hours, and the bar-tender was just going round lighting the lamps; the place was nearly empty, only a few miners were standing at the end of the counter, talking together. The new customer staggered across the floor as if already under the influence of drink, kicking up the fresh seaweed on the ground; then he reached the counter and demanded drink after drink. He tossed the whiskeys handed to him down his throat, and then retreated to a bench that stood against the wall and sat down staring stupidly in front of him. The little group of men looked at him once or twice curiously, and then one said:

"Why, it's Bill Johnson, who's just made a strike. Come up, boys; let's congratulate him."

The men moved up to the motionless, staring figure, and one of them slapped him on the shoulder.

"Say, Bill, old man, you're in luck, and we'll all drink your health. Got any gold to show us?"

The sitting figure seemed galvanized suddenly out of its stupor. Will raised his head with a jerk, and the men involuntarily drew back from the glare of his bloodshot eyes. He put his hand to his pocket and drew out a small dirty buckskin bag. He dashed it suddenly on the ground with all his force, so that the sawdust flew up in a little cloud.

"Curse the gold!" he said; and he got up and tramped heavily out of the saloon.

CHAPTER IV.

They buried Mrs. Johnson very soon. As one of the neighbors sensibly, if rather crudely, remarked, "Them cabins were too small for them to keep corpses hanging around in them." And so, the second day after her death, in a flood of thin, sweet sunshine they buried her where had loved the light and the sea, and had longed so wearily for them through so many days.

Katrine and Talbot stood side by side at the open grave. He had been in the town that day and met Katrine on the street, learned from her where she was going, and accompanied her. He knew something of all she had done for the dead woman, and he watched her now with interest and surprise at her composure. Katrine's face was unmoored, and her eyes were dry through it all.

"Another 'last gold has killed,' she said to him as they turned away, and her face looked grave and grey in the flood of the cold sunlight.

Will was not present. He was down at the Pistol Shot. He had been on a big drunk for the past two days, not even returning to his cabin at night, and the body of his wife would have lain unguarded had not Katrine brought her fur bag and slept beside it each night on the deserted beach. Little Tim had been taken in by a neighbor—all the mothers round seeming anxious for the honor after it was known that Will had "made his strike."

They walked in absolute silence for some time up the incline. Talbot was going back to the west gulch, and Katrine said she would walk a little of the way in that direction, too. The afternoon was bright and clear, and the air singularly still—so still that the intense cold was hardly realized. The rays of sunshine struck warmly across the snow-banks piled on each treading. The sky was pale blue, and side of the narrow path they were the points of the straight larches on the summit of the ridges cut darkly into it like the points of lances. There was something in the atmosphere that is called a day in late autumn in England. They were nearing the top of the ridge, and both had their gaze bent on the narrow ascending path before them, when suddenly a tiny ob-

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
Contains no alum

We unhesitatingly recommend Magic Baking Powder as being the best and purest baking powder possible to produce. It possesses elements of food that have to do the building up of brain and nerve matter and is absolutely free from alum or other injurious substitutes.

ject darted into the middle of it and ran up the opposite bank. On the instant Katrina drew one of the pistols from her belt and fired. The little dark form rolled down the bank, dropped back into their path and lay there motionless. It was a fine shot, for the tiny moving thing was fully thirty yards from them and looked hardly the size of a dollar. Talbot glanced at her with silent admiration. He himself never shot except for food or other necessity, and wanton killing rather annoyed him than otherwise, but here the skill and correctness of wrist and eye were so obvious that they compelled him to an involuntary admiration.

"You are a good shot!" he exclaimed, looking at the bright, clear-cut face beside him, warned into its warmest tints by the keen air and the continuous mounting of their steps.

"But not a good woman," she answered, shortly, quickly reading the thoughts that accompanied his words. She did not look at him, but straight ahead.

"You might be both," he said, with a sudden impulse of interest and regret.

Katrine laughed.

"I don't know," she said, lightly. "Good women are not usually good shots. You don't generally find them combined. But, anyway, what have I to do with goodness? I don't need it in my business."

He did not answer, and they walked on in silence till they came up to the little dark lump in the road. It was a small marmot. Katrina glanced at it and passed on. Talbot stopped and picked up the scrap of blood-stained fur.

"What did you do it for?" he asked, curiously.

"Practice, that's all," she answered. "Don't you feel sorry to kill merely for the sake of practice?"

"No, I wouldn't have been sorry if I had wounded it; but it's a good thing to be dead, I think. I wouldn't eat a mouse if I should kill it."

"There was another sense, and then she said, suddenly, "One must keep up one's practice here, going about as good as any other woman in the world in my living as I do. These," and she tapped her pistols, "are my great protection. Only last night a great brute leaped over me and wanted to kiss me—would have done, only he saw I would shoot him if he did."

"Would you shoot a man for kissing you?" replied Talbot in an astonished tone, elevating his eyebrows.

"Yes, why, I'd rather be shot than kissed!" exclaimed the girl, fiercely, with an angry flush on her smooth cheek.

Talbot looked at the contemptuous, curling lips, at the whole beautiful face beside him, and walked on in silence, wondering. Her momentary anger was gone directly, and they were good comrades all the rest of the way.

At the point where she stopped to say good-bye to him, she held out her hand: "Thank you for coming to the

M'neard's Linctum Co., Limited.
Dear Sirs—I had a Bleeding Tumor on my face for a long time and tried a number of remedies without any good results. I was advised to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, and after using several bottles it healed all up and disappeared altogether.

DAVID HENDERSON.
Belleisle Station, Kings Co., N. B. Sept. 17, 1904.

burial with me; it was good of you; and she pressed his hand with a grateful smile.

It was about a fortnight later on, one of those dreary gray afternoons of late winter, nearly dark already, though still early by the clock, and the mercury in the thermometer, had gone out of sight and stayed there. Katrina came tripping along a side street on her way back to the row, warm in her skin coat, and her face all aglow and abloom under her fur cap. She had turned into the Swan and Goose saloon on her way, had put in half an hour over a game, and won a fat little canvas bag stuffed with gold dust; had thinned it out somewhat in hot drinks across the bar, and now, warmed through with rum, and light-hearted, she was returning with the bag still well lined in her waist-belt.

She had recovered from the great shock of Annie's death. Her nature, though essentially kind, was not of that soft, tender stamp that receives deep and painful impressions from other's sufferings. She would exert herself strenuously for another, as she had done for Annie, but it was not in her nature to sorrow long or deeply for the irrevocable. There was a certain hardness and philosophy in her temperament that her life and

surroundings and all her experience had tended to develop. And in Annie's death there was nothing striking or unusual, and in this corner of the world, so crowded with scenes of suffering, so filled with paths of every form. There were women hoping and waiting, and longing and starving, in every street of the town, she knew; sickness and sorrow and death looked her in the eyes for some poor face at every corner. Annie had been but one poor little unit in the crowd of sufferers, but one example of the misery of the town, the plague-stricken town, the town stricken with a curse—the curse of the greed of gold.

Matters had brightened very much in Dawson lately, a new feeling of hope and fresh life had gone through the town. The weather was less severe, the days were lengthening, the skies were brighter, the sickness had died out, and people went about their work looking more cheerful again; and Katrina, freed from her anxieties and nursing, felt her elastic spirits bound upward in response to the general brightness of the camp.

(To be continued.)

Yieldable Railroad Cars.

A western car manufacturer is building "yieldable extension" railroad cars, which, it is claimed, will greatly lessen the danger to life and limb in railroad accidents. The cars are especially constructed with a framework which is designed to yield and to a certain extent telescope under a severe shock, instead of going to pieces, while remaining rigid under ordinary bumps, such as would be received in every-day use by the coupling of cars or the sudden application of the emergency brakes.

A MOTHER'S TRIALS

Care of Home and Children Often Causes a Breakdown.

The woman at home, deep in household duties and the cares of motherhood, needs occasional help to keep her in good health. The demands upon a mother's health are many and severe. Her own health trials and her children's welfare exact heavy tolls, while hurried meals, broken rest and much indoor living tend to weaken her constitution. No wonder that the woman at home is often indisposed through weakness, headaches, backache and nervousness. Too many women have grown to accept these visitations as a part of the lot of motherhood. But many and varied as her health troubles are, the cause is simple and relief at hand. When well, it is the woman's good blood that keeps her well; when ill she must make her blood rich to renew her health. The nursing mother's Pink Pills are a fair trial. No wonder that the woman at home is often indisposed through weakness, headaches, backache and nervousness. Too many women have grown to accept these visitations as a part of the lot of motherhood. But many and varied as her health troubles are, the cause is simple and relief at hand. When well, it is the woman's good blood that keeps her well; when ill she must make her blood rich to renew her health. The nursing mother's Pink Pills are a fair trial. No wonder that the woman at home is often indisposed through weakness, headaches, backache and nervousness. Too many women have grown to accept these visitations as a part of the lot of motherhood. But many and varied as her health troubles are, the cause is simple and relief at hand. When well, it is the woman's good blood that keeps her well; when ill she must make her blood rich to renew her health. The nursing mother's Pink Pills are a fair trial.

FOOD OF CHILDREN.

Nearly all of the babies that we were told in youth were wrong are looked upon with favor by Dr. Ganot, the French physician, who is a children's specialist. Children may eat between meals if they are hungry. Candy is good for children. Children should not go to sleep before dark, unless they are really sleepy. Children should not be punished for "sneezing" or "talking back." The old adage, "Children should be seen and not heard," is a mistaken one. These are just a few of the things that Dr. Ganot believes.

"Treat a child as an individual, not as an imbecile," he says. "If a child is hungry and says so, give him something to eat. Whether it is medicine or not. A child grows rapidly and needs a great deal of nutrition. The child himself is the best judge of whether or not he should have something to eat. A child who is given all he wants to eat, when he wants it, never overeats. The child whose food supply is restricted is the one who overeats at the first opportunity, when visiting at a neighbor's house or when his mother's back is turned."

Some food is too rich and is indigestible for a child. If a child is given heartful, muscle and bone producing foods, without too much flavoring or spices, he will not crave rich food. He will be satisfied with what is given to him, if it is fresh and wholesome. A child's palate is to be depended upon. Give him food whenever he asks for it, and give him what he wants.

SMOOTHEST REGULATOR FOR THE BOWELS IS HAMILTON'S PILLS

No Headache, Billiousness, Indigestion or Sour Stomach, Where They Are Used.

A FINE CONSTIPATION CURE!

They Cleanse the Liver and Move the Bowels While You Sleep.

Like a ship in the night, your constipated headache and digestive troubles will disappear after using Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

They cure the worst cases, act quietly at night while you sleep, and give you next morning the freshest, briskest, happiest feeling you have known in many a day.

Hamilton's Pills will cheer up the most despondent sufferer.

They will make tired old folks feel like kids at play.

They overcome backache, sideache, liverache and stomachache, and kidney ills.

If they fail to do this, you can have your money refunded. Fair enough, eh?

Don't stay sick or ailing! Use this Grand family remedy at once. It will give you energy, spirits, ambition, appetite, good blood, better nerves—in short good health. You can get all this in a 25c box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Sold by all dealers in medicines.

No man is so selfish as to want to keep all his popularity to himself.

Rheumatism

Now is the time to get rid of it! Nature is pulling for you—The warm weather's here—This is your chance—grasp it—take

Templeton's Rheumatic Capsules

Get it out of your system the easiest way!

Sold by reliable druggists for a dollar. Ask our agent or write us for a free sample. Templeton's, 142 King St. W., Toronto.

APPLE AND PEAR BLIGHT

Blight of apple and pear is a specific and contagious disease. Some varieties of pears are more susceptible to this disease than are others. There are three places on the trees where blight commonly occurs, the blossoms, twigs and larger limbs or trunk. The names blossom-blight, twig-blight and body-blight and canker are commonly used, but it should be remembered that these are different manifestations of the same disease. The bacteria which cause blight grow as parasites in the inner bark tissue and kill it. The individual bacteria are too small to be seen by the unaided eye. Nevertheless they are present by millions. They live over the winter at the edge of the cankers on the limbs and trunk. When warm weather comes in the spring they multiply to the extent that they ooze out in small drops near the edge of the canker. It is at this point that the new season's destruction begins.

Bees and other insects are attracted by the ooze, and after their bodies have become smeared with it they carry the bacteria from place to place. In this way bees deposit bacteria in the blossoms that they visit, and a few days later the blossoms wilt and turn black. In a similar manner other insects in their roaming, inoculate a few bacteria into the bark here and there and twig blight results. All this could be avoided by the grower of apples and pears if the cankers from which the ooze comes were eradicated during the winter. The cankers are irregular and slightly sunken areas of bark usually separated from healthy bark by a definite crack. By cutting into the canker it will be found that the bark is dry and brown. To remove the canker make a spindle-shaped cut with a sharp pointed knife, always keeping the outline of the cut at least a half-moore than any other woman in the world. After this outline cut has been made just deep enough to cut through to the wood, the bark is peeled off. Adhering shreds of bark should be removed and the wood scraped. It is advisable to wash the wound with corrosive sublimate solution (one tablet to a pint of water), which should be carried in a glass bottle and applied with a sponge. Although canker eradication is very important there are other sources of infection in the spring which need attention. Badly infected trees should be cut down and burned. Wild crab apple trees and hawthorns are often blighted and they should be removed from the vicinity of the orchard. Care should be taken also that any twigs which were blighted the past season should be removed. They are evident during the winter by the fact that the dead leaves cling to them. All suckers or water sprouts should be removed several times during the season. The operations outlined above must be carried out thoroughly if benefit is to be gained from them. They all serve to reduce the chances of infection the next spring if they are finished before any warm weather occurs. During the spring and early summer the grower should make careful inspections two or three times a week, walking down each row. All blighted blossoms should be removed by breaking off the spur. Blighted twigs should be broken or cut off several inches below the evident blackening. If cut with a tool the end of the twig should be swabbed with corrosive sublimate solution. All these control measures.—W. H. Rankin, Plant Pathologist.

Consistent.

"That movie star runs true to form, doesn't she?"

"Yes. She used to ride barebacked on her father's range, out west, and now she comes barebacked through her vampire scenes."

Thirty Deaths From Razor

A physician in Chicago states thirty deaths have resulted from paring corners with a razor. Avoid blood poisoning by using Putnam's Corn and Wart Extractor. Painless and sure is Putnam's Extractor, 25c at all dealers.

Even when there is nothing else to drink many a fellow can't keep his head above water.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Because of the disturbed labor conditions in the United States orders for tin and steel plate lately poured into South Wales from all over the world, buyers being willing to pay almost any price for early shipments. One order for tin plate amounted to 1,000,000 boxes. Some workmen were getting \$100 per week.

During the past four years the cost of producing copper has more than doubled. Statistics show that the cost per pound in 1915 varied from 6 to 10 cents, while in 1919 this cost varied from 12 to 22 cents.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is now forced to employ 127 men to do the work done by 100 in 1917.

Over 30,000 employees of English co-operative societies lately struck for higher pay. These societies, with a membership of 15,000,000, consist entirely of workmen, and were supposed to have abolished the evils of the wage system.

Until 1919 cigar tobacco brought a higher price at the farm than any other type, but last year cigarette, chewing, snuff and export types of tobacco went to 41 cents a pound against 21 for cigar tobacco.

Fuel cost the railroads of the United States approximately \$290,000,000 for the year ending June 30, 1914; for the year just closed the expenditure for this item was in excess of \$600,000,000.

Cure That Cough To-day

—Without Medicine

Easily Done By Breathing In the Healing Fumes of Catarrhones.

No medicine brings such prompt relief, exerts such an invigorating influence, or so thoroughly and speedily cures throat troubles as "Catarrhones." Doctors, hospitals, sanitarians—all say that for those who suffer from changeable weather, for those who are predisposed to catarrh, lung trouble, deafness, or bronchitis, no treatment is so indispensable as "Catarrhones."

For certain cure, for relief in an hour, use Catarrhones, the only direct breathable medicine. Two months' treatment guaranteed, price \$1; smaller size 50c, sample size 25c, at all dealers everywhere.

A VETERAN RIVER MAN

In the reexploration of previously traversed, almost forgotten country, the penetration of new, and the opening to settlement of that great region of Canada north from the North Saskatchewan River to the boreal limit of wheat cultivation, and west to the northern extension of the Rocky Mountains separating Yukon Territory from the Northwest Territories of Canada, there has been for the last eighteen years, following the Klondike movement a steady influx north and west of Peace River and Lake Athabasca. Spite of the modern motor, and rail extensions ever and persistently northward, the primitive equipment of trader and voyager still holds its place, and travel routes still follow the waterways. Transportation of goods on the rivers of the north though occasional steamboats there be, is still by bateau, barge and scow, or towed up, or run with the current downstream, under deft management of pole, sweep and bow and stern line at the rapids.

Among the great early explorers of the northwest, the names of Samuel Hearne and Alexander Mackenzie are first connected with Great Slave River, which in its two-hundred-and-sixty-five-mile course northwest connects Lake Athabasca with Great Slave Lake, out of which flows again the Mackenzie River, two thousand five hundred and twenty-five miles northwest to the Arctic Ocean. Samuel Hearne ascended Great Slave River for forty miles in December, 1771, on his return from exploration to the mouth of the Coppermine River. Seventeen years later Alexander Mackenzie came down it from Athabasca on his way to the Arctic Ocean, on which he was to discover the river that bears his name.

The rapids of the Slave River are on the boundary line between Alberta and the Northwest Territories, and constitute a stretch of sixteen miles between Smith Landing and Fort Smith. From here the river is continuously navigable to the lake, itself traversable by steamers of deep draft.

A veteran river man, speaking of running rapids, said: "It's not so much the rack dead ahead, though the rush of water seems to be taking you right on to it, you have to guard against. The side rush of the current where it splits on the rock is strong enough to sweep the craft to one side before it can strike. You watch logs running through a rocky rapid, and notice how seldom they strike a rock end on. The really important thing for us is the possible sideways wipe of the hull aft, by pressure of water on the stern after the bows have cleared. The merriest thing is the half-bitten or covered rock with slow water. On successive trips you have to allow for all sorts of variations. A bit more or a bit less water coming down makes a difference in the way you have to handle a boat, same as in any other navigation. But given the same height of water in the river, and each trip you can say pretty certainly at each point of the rapid just which way the barge is likely to head, and be ready for its next move."

ENOUGH FOR A HONEYMOON.

(Boston Transcript.)

He (prosperous)—"I've saved an enough to live at the rate of \$10,000 a year."

She—"For how long?"

He—"Oh, six months."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE

4087 THE PROPHET