# "BELA

"I'll be there."

"I'll be there."
No better place for a tryst could have been found. No one ever had any occasion to use the back trail, and it was invisible for its whole length to travelers on the main road. After issuing from the woods of Grier's Point it crossed a wide flat among clumps of willows, and climbing over the spur of a wooded hill, dropped in Beattie's back yard. back yard.

They met half-way across the flat in the tender dusk. The fairy light took away ten years of her age, and Sam experienced almost a bona fide thrill of romance at the sight of her slender figure swaying over the meadow to-

ward him. In his gratitude for her kindness he really desired to feel more warmly lo-ward her, which is a perilous state of ward her, which is a perilous state of spread his coat for her to sit on, and dropped beside her in the grass.
"Smoke your pipe," she said. "It's

more cozy. He obeyed.

"I wisn I had a cigarette myself."
she added with a giggle."
"Do you smoke?" asked Sam, sur-'No," she confessed; "but all the

No, she confessed; "but all the girls do, nowadays."
"I don't like it," said Sam, bluntly.
"Of course I was only jokir." she returned, hastily.
Their conversation was not very ro-

mantic. Sam, with the best intentions in the world, somehow frustrated her attempts in this direction. He was propped up on one elbow beside her.

"How thick and bright your hair felt" the marrand bright your hair

she murmured.
You've got some hair yourself,"

returned Sam politely.

She quickly put both hands up. "Ah! don't look at it. A hair-dresser spoiled it. As a child it hung below my waist." Sam, not knowing exactly what to say to this, blew a cloud of smoke. "What a perfect night!" she

breathed.
"Great!" said Sam. "That nearhorse of mine, Sambo, picked up a stone on the beach this morning. I didn't discover what was making him lame until we weer half-way round the bay. I wish I knew more about horses. I pick up all I can, but you never can tell when these fellows are giving it to you straight."

shame the way they plague

you!" she exclaimed warmly.
"Oh, it's nothing, now," replied
Sam. "I can stand anything now that got a man's job. I'll make good I think I can see a difference already. I think about it day and night. It's my dream. I mean, making good with those fellows. It isn't that I care so much about them either. But after what's happened. I've got to make them respect me!"
And so on, in entire innecence. Sam

was aware of no feelings toward her save gratitude and friendliness. Nevertheless, it would not have been the first time it happened, if these safe and simple feelings had suddenly landed him in an inextricable coil. Men

are babies in such matters.

But nothing happened this night.
Sam walked back with he to the foot of the hill, and they pa-'ed without touching hands.
"Sha'n't I see you through the

wood?" he asked.
She shook her head. "Some one might see from the house. There's plenty of light yet. To-morrow nig:

at the same time

'All right" said Sam. She stood watching until he dicappeared as ing the willows, then turned to mount the shallow hill. Down among the trunks of the big pines it the Francia cutfit.

was gloomier than she had expected. The patches of bright sky seemed immeasurably far overhead. The wood was full of whispers. She began to be sorry that she had let him go so soon, and hastened her steps.

Suddenly, as she neared the top of the hill, a human figure materialized in the trail before her. She was too much garried to serrem. She standed the shock her head. "I—I declarated to the shock her head. "I—I declarated to the same of the shock her head. "I—I declarated to the shock her head."

much startled to scream. She stopped, petrified with terror, struggling to draw her breath, its chadowy face was curned toward her. It was a very creating to the struggling to the struggling to draw her breath, its chadowy face was curned toward her. It was a very creating the struggling to the stru turned toward her. It was a very creatur of night, still and voiceless. It fur of night, still and voiceless. It blocked the way she had to pass. Her limbs shook under her, and a low

TET a women encoyour suffering. I want you to write, and let no tell you of existing to those of their described. And you to days the end present the end of the women in Connada who will shally tell what my method has done for the m.

If you do troubled with weak, tired feelings, head on the back the end of the end of

I am only thinking of you," she, But no ofer woman goin' get him

from me."
"It icn't my fault if he wants me." "Want you!" cried. Bela scornfully.
"An old woman! You try catch him lak he is fish!"
Mics Mackall broke into a low, hysterical weeping.
"Shut up!" said Bela, "Listen to wat I say."

"Let me go! Let me go!" wept the other woman. "I'll scream!"

No, you won't," said Bela coolly.
"You not want Gilbert Beattie know you run out at night.'

"I won't be murdered in cold blocd! I won't! I won't!"
"Shut up!" said Bela. "I not goin'
kill you jus' yet. Not if you do what

Markall stopped weeping. "What do you want?" she asked eag-

erly.
"You got go 'way from here," said

"You got go 'way from here," said Bela cooly,
"What do you mean?"
"Bishop Lajeunesse goin' back down lake day after to-morrow. If you here after he gone I kill you.
A little assurance began to return to Miss Mackall. After all, it was not a superatural but a human enemy.

a supernatural, but a human enemy with whom she had to deal.

"Are you crazy?" she demanded, with quavering dignity.
"Yes," replied Bela calmly. "So they say."
"Oh!" sneered Miss Macket

"Oh!" sneered Miss Mackall. "Do you think I shall pay any attention to your threats. I have only to speak a word to my brother-in-law and you will be apprecial." be arrested.' "They got catch me first;" said Bela

No white man can follow me in "No white man can follow me in the bush. I go where I want. Always I will follow you—wit' my gun."
The white woman's voice broke again. "If anything happened to me, you'd be tried and hung for murder!"
"What do crazy woman care for that?" asked Bala

that?" asked Bela.

Miss Mackall commenced to weep

Bela suddenly stepped aside. "Run home!" she said contemptuously, Better pack your trunk." Miss Mackall's legs suddenly recovhome!'

ered their function, and she sped up the trail like a released arrow. Never in her life had she run so fast. She in her life had she run so man, but bling, and offered up a little prayer of thankfuluess for the security of four walls and a locked door.

Next morning she was unable to get up in time to see Sam pass. She appeared at the dinner table pale and shaky, and pleaded a headache in ex-plemation. During the meal she led the conversation by a roundabout course to the subject of Indians. "Do they ever go crazy?" she asked Gilbert Beattle, with an offhand air.

'Wes, indeed," he answered. 'It's one of the commonest troubles we have to deal with. They're fanaties by nature, anyway, and it doesn't take much to turn the scale: Weh-ti-go is their word for insanity. Amon the people around the lake there is an extraordinary superstition, which the priests have not been able to era-dicate in two hundred years. The Indians say of an insane man that his brain is frozen. And they believe in their hearts that the only way to melt it is by drinking human blood—a woman's or a child's by preference. That is the real explanation of many an obscure tragedy up here.

Miss Mackall shuddered and ate n more

Late that afternoon she managed to waited for Sam at the entrance to patch of woods a little way toward the French outfit. "What's the matter?" he exclaimed at the sight of her.

the sight of her.
"Ah, don't look at me!" she said
phappily. "I've had an awful night.

"To-morrow

"Just as you say," said Sam. "If you feel all right to-morrow afternoon, you might get a horse and ride around the bay.

mean of terror escaped her breezt.
Finding a little strength at last, she made a dart among the trees so that she could encircle the apparition.

"Stop!" it commanded.

"Stop!" it commanded.

"Stop!" it commanded.

"I do! I do!" she cried. "I've got to have a talk with you. I don't know what to do!"

"Stop!" it commanded.

Miss Mackall fell half fainting against a tree.

The figure came closer to her, and she saw that it was a woman. A horrible presedence of what was coming still further demoralized her. Women do not require explanations in words, which was a marked been do not require explanations in words, whis Mackall recognized the adventuress of Musquase bl. and knew what she had come for. She sought to temporize.

"What do you want?" she faitered.
"I want kill you," said Bela, softly, "My finger is hungry for the trigger."
She moved slightly, and a spot of light caught the barrel of the rifle oper her arm. Miss Mackall meaned again.

"What did I ever do to you." she wolled.
"You know," replied Bela, grimly.
"You tried tak my mean."

"How 'r-ride slots!" stuttered Miss.
"Maybe," returned Bela, "Not-yet," the other of a mass speechless.
"The other of a mass speechless.
"The figure came closer to her, and they what to do!"
"Very well," he said stoutly. "I'll come up to the house to-morrow why I shouldn't."
"Yes, that is best" she agreed.
"Frie on now."
Som cheked to his team, and they started brickly down the trail. "Lord, the tocks about seventy!" he was thinking. Miss Mackall stood watching until they rounded the first bend.
Bela's fire was his mass a begin in the traderbush behind. Miss Mackall gasped in pirecus terror and stood rooted to the self-in that the traderbush behind. Miss face was as telentless as a bight united boat. The come tell bina, "Levely to choot."

Bela's face was as telentless as a bight united boat. The condition of the color of a mass popelities.
"The other of a mass probability of the said stoutly." "I'll other tool."

"Year of the house too."
"Yer well," he said stoutly. "The condition."
"Yer well," he said stoutly. "The cond to do."

"the otherwise as als speechess,
"You not good to here to-morrow
wheth," hala want on anietly, "Rishop
lajames of layer to-morrow moon-

ins." Mask Mask If turned and flow up Vise Valid turned and flow up the trail.

The trail force was built benkad with a fill result on a floor.

Nies Markai's result was at the back of the back bersh ber window facing the 
end of the lack trail, where it issued 
from the word. The nights were 
now mild red frequent, and doors and 
vindows rood wife. Locks are hefor ted north of the landing. Or if 
they are, the key hangs hospitably 
within reach.

Miss Mackail, however, insisted on 
locking the doors and securing her

life, write to me to-day. Address: locking the doors and securing her Mrs. U. Eummrs, Laz & Windser, Cat. Window. There were no blinds, and

she hung a petticoat inside the glass Laughing at her old-maidish precau-tions, they let her have her way. As a further safeguard against nervousness during the night, she had one of her nieces to bed with her.

There was no sleep for her. In every little stir and breath she heard the footfall of her enemy. She was tormented by the suspicion that there was something lurking outside her window. She regretted leaving the petticoat up, for it prevented her seeing outside. She brooded on it until she felt as if she would go out of her mind, if she were not reassured.

Finally she mustered up sufficint courage to get out of bed and creep to the window. Helding her breath, she gathered the petticoat in her hand

she gathered the petticoat in her hand and smartly jerked it down. She found herself looking into the face of the native girl, who was peering through the glass. There was a little light in the sky behind her.

Bela sprang back, and Miss Mackall saw the gun-barrel. She uttered a piercing scream and fell fainting to the floor. The whole family rushed to her aid. Hysterics succeeded. to her ald. Hysterics succeeded. They could make nothing of her wild cries. When she recovered she was

num.

In the morning Gilbert Beattle and his wife discussed it soberly. "Nerves', said the man. "We'd best let her go out with the bishop, as she wants. This is no country for her. We might not get another chance this year to send her out with a proper escort." send her out with a proper escort."

"It's too bad!" sighed his wife. "It thought she would make such a good wife for one of the new men that are coming in now. They need wives so

"H-m!" said Gilbert. Gilbert Beattle, driving home by way of the French outfit, after having seen his sister-in-law embark, found that another party of settlers had arrived. Many of the natives, attracted by news of those events, had also come in, and the settlement presented a scene of activity such as it had

never known.

It gave the trader much food for thought. Clearly the old order was passing fast and it behooved an enterorising merchant to adjust himself to the new. Beattie was no longer a young man, and he felt an honest anxiety for the future. Would he be able to maintain his supremacy?

When he reached his own store he found a handsome native girl waiting to see him He had seen her before, but could not place her. He asked her

"Bela Charley," she answered. "O-ho!" he said, looking at her with a fresh curiosity. "You the she, eh?" Whatever they might be saying about this girl, he commended the calm, self-respecting air with which she bore this girl, he competed with which she respecting air with which she scrutiny. "Do you want to trade?" he asked. "One of the clerks will wait

She shook her hend. "Want see ou."
"What can I do for you?"

"Company got little house beside the road down there. Nobody livin'

"Well, what of it?" "You let me live there?" she asked.
"You'd better go home to your people, my girl," he said, grimly.
"I have left them," she returned,

What would you think of doing?" he asked, curiously. "How could you make your living?"

"Plenty people here now," she said. "More comin'. I goin' keep stoppin' house for meals."

he asked, frowning. Sure! said Bela. He shook his head. "It wouldn't

'You're too good-looking," he replied, bluntly. "It wouldn't be respec-

"I tak' care of mysolf," averred Bela. Anybody say so.

"How about that story that's going the rounds now?' 'Moch lies, I guess.'

"Very likely; but it can't be done," o said, firmly. "I can't have a he said, firmly. scandal right in front of my wife's "Good for "trade," suggested Bela,

insinuatingly. "Mak' the new people come up here. Now they always hangin' round Stiffy and Mahoo-ley's."

This argument was not without and spirits. He liked his job, and he

weight; nevertheless, Beattie continued to shake his head. "Can't do it unless you get a chaperon.' "Chaperon?" repeated Bela, puz-

zled.
"Get a respectable woman to come

Bela nodded and marched out of the men still greeted him with their



# Babies With Itching, **Burning Skins Sleep**

And tired mothers rest after giving baby a hot bath with Cuticura Soap followed by a gentle application of Cuticura Ointment. Peace falls on distracted households when Cuticura enters. Trial free. For free sample each address post-card: "Cuti-cure, Dept. N, Boston, U. S. A." Bold by dealers throughout the world.

store without wasting any further In an hour she was back, bringing

Mary, Bateese Otter's widow. Mary according to the standards of the set tlement, was a paragon of virtue. Gilbert Beattle grinned.
"Here is Mary Otter," said Bela,

calmly. "She poor. She goin' live with me. I guess she is respectable. She live in the mission before and scrub the floors. Pere Lacombe tell her come live wit' me. Is that all right?"

Since Bela had secured the sanction of the church upon her enterprise, Beattie felt that the responsibility no longer his. He gladly gave her her way.

The astonishing news spread up and the road like lightning. Bela Charley was going to open a "resteraw." Here was a new and fascinat-

ing subject for gossip.

Nobody knew that Bela was in the Notice that Bela was in the settlement. Nobody had seen her come. Exactly like her, said those who were familiar with her exploits in the past. What would happen when Bela and Sam met again? others

While everybody had helped this story on its rounds, no man believed that Bela had really carried off Sam Funny that this girl should turn up almost at the moment of the other girl's departure! Nobody, however suspected as yet that there was any thing more than coincidence in this.

The main thing was Bela was known to be an Al cook, and the grub at the French outfit was rotten. Mahooley himself confessed it.

Within two hours six men, including Big Jack and his pals, arrived for din-ner. Bela was not at all discomposed. She had already laid in supplies from the company. Dinner would be ready for all who came, she said. bits per man. Breakfast and supper,

To-day they would have to sit on the floor, but by to-morrow, proper arrangements would be completed. No, there would be no accommodations for sleeping. Everybody must go home at ten o'clock. While they waited they could cut some good gods to mend the roof, if they wanted.

Some of the guests, thinking of the past, approached her somewhat diffidently; but if Bela harbored any re-sentment, she hid it well. She was the same to all, a wary, calm, efficient

Naturally the men were delighted to be given an opportunity to start fresh. Three of them labored at the roof with a will. Husky, who only had one good arm, cleaned fish for her. The dinner, when it came on, was no disappoint

Sam, rattling back over the rough trail that afternoon, stamped in his empty box-wagon and whistled cheer-fully. Things were going well with was making money. He had con-ceived a great affection for his lively little team, and, lacking other com panions, confided his hopes and fears

Not that he had yet succeeded in and live with you, and I'll say all winning from under the load of deriright." tongues in their cheeks. But now that he had a man's 'job, it was easier

He believed, too, that he was making progress with them. The hated gibe "white slave" was less frequently heard, Sam, passionately bent on mak ing good in the community, weighed every shade of the men's manner to ward him, like a lover his mistress'. He met Big Jack and his pals driving back around the bay in Jack's wagon. They had staked out land across the bay, but still spent most of their time in the settlement.

Both drivers pulled up their horses.

The men hailed Sam with at least the appearance of good nature. As for Sam himself, he had made up his mind that since he was going to live among them, he would only make himself ridiculous by maintaining a sore and distant air. He was learning to give as good as he got.

(To be continued.)

# VEGETABLE WAX.

Old-Time Domestic Industry is Spreading Out.

Vegetable wax is already filling an important place in the economic needs of the world, and there are many indications that the production of wax from certain plants will increase as time goes by. It was not long ago that the world supplied certain of its needs with animal oils and develorment of the vegetable oil industry, as well as the development of the mineral oil industry, has been remarkable, The uses for wax have increased, and a number for wax-producing plants are being employed on a commercial scale. The industry of making high grade wax from the candelilla plant has made long strides in the last few years, and there are several big faccandilcla-growing sections of the Unit-It has been estimated that ed States. there are 1,000,000 acres of land on which candelilli is growing wild and in great profusion in what is known as the upper border regions of Texas It is believed that not only may the candelila-bearing territory be inlarged, but that the wax-producing qualities of the plant may be improved by cultivation. There are also large areas of the wild candelilla lands in corthern Mexico.

The recovery of wax from the bayperry was for centuries a New England household industry, and it has lately become a factory industry, the wax of the plant being generally used in the making of bayberry candles, held in high esteem for use and orna-ment by New Englanders. A bushel of the berries yields, as a rule, between four and five pounds of wax. Another plant belonging to the same genus is the "sweetgale," which grows anundantly in the bogs and marshe of Scotland. It is a small shrub with leaves somewhat like these of myrtle or willow, having a fragrant odor one bitter taste, and yielding an essential oil by distillation.

The wax of the candelilla paint is

used in making candles, phonograph records, wood and leather polishes, floor wax, certain varnishes, linoleum, rubber compounds and celluloid, and it also enters into use in pharmacy and in making of electrical insulation. The candelilla plant grows on the poorest quality of soil, and before it was found to have a commercial value for the wax contained it was considered a pest.

Though candles are not so generally used as they were before the days of mineral illuminating oils, gas and electricity, they still constitute an im-portant article. of manufacture. The candle is an ancient form of lighting. The word comes from the Latin word "candere." which means to "glow."

Beeswax and tallow were used for lighting purposes by the Romans. Lengths of cotton or flax fiber were dipped in these substances and they usually burned with much smoke and soot and little light. The rush-lights of the middle ages, and even of moter times, were rushes that been stripped nearly to the dry pitch and dipped in wax or tallow. "candlepower" was adopted unit of light measure by the London gas act of 1860 it was taken to mean the amount of light which would be given by a sperm candle, six of which would weigh a pound, and which consumed 120 grains of the candle each hour.

Candles are made and have made for centuries by four distinct processes called "dipping," "pouring," "arawing" and "moulding." Few candles of commerce are now made of pure beeawax or tallow, but usually by combining sterine, a trade name for a mixture of various animal and vegetable fats: obtained from ozocerite. Palm oil and cocoanut oil are also extensively used in the candle-making trade.—Washington Star.

#### **EARNING BIG WAGES**

One noticeable feature of the Victory Loan campaign was the surprisingly large contribution made by many of the railway employees. Con-ductors put down their names for \$500 without a murmur, some even wishing to pay cash instead of taking up the bonds on the instalment system. So, too, with the engineers and mechanics, and in a lesser degree with the trainmen and firemen. The reason is that the railway employee was never so well paid as he is to-day, indeed he is better off even than the munitions worker, as his income 18 not of a temporary nature, but he has the further advantage of pass privileges for his family and of a pension when he gets to be too old for ser-

Three hundred dollars a month is quite a common pay cheque to be drawn at the end of the month by a Canadran locomotive engineer who earns more than many a captain of an ocean-going liner, and sometimes \$350 is touched. The conductors range as a rule from \$200 to \$250 a month, sometimes more and sometimes less. Almost as well paid are the firemen on the western divisions, who earn from \$150 to \$230 per month. The stoker on board ship, who carned as much, would think the world has reached the millennium. Section foremen, who have special additional pri-vileges of houses at nominal rents, free fuel market passes for their wives and free land for gardens, earn from \$80 to \$110 per month. With these conditions in view, the contribu-tions to the Victory Loan by railway employees are less surprising.

#### BANKS AND BANKNOTES.

#### England's First Paper Money Was Issued by the Goldsmiths.

With the almost entire use of paper currency at the present time the history of its origin may not be uninteresting. In the days of the Stuarts merchants used to lodge their reserves of gold in the Tower, and when one day Charles I., in a thoughtless moment, annexed a large sum lodged in that way and forgot to put it back the merchants decided that henceforth they would put no more trust in princes, but would look to the gold-

smiths. The goldsmiths thereby became the first bankers, and the first goldsmith who hit upon the novel idea of giving a note, not only to the person who deposited gold, but also to the person who came to borrow, founded modern banking with an original deposit of £5.000.

The banker gave promise to pay up to, say, £25,000, and as long as there was no immediate demand on the part of the persons holding these promises to pay to have that promise converted into cash business proceeded merrily, but necessarily there was a limit beyond which it was not safe to do this kind of business, and it was always business, and it was possible that something unforeseen might happen that would bring an unusual number of notes for presenta-

As a matter of fact, this did happen frequently in the early days, and finally the Government stepped in and granted the almost entire monopoly of issuing notes to the Bank of England. -London Standard.

## He Had To.

If all men were like a colored porter in Frankfort, newspaper men would find the game an extremely easy one.

The porter, who is known to every man and boy in the city, recently was divorced from his first wife and was vorced fro his first wife and in a few days was married again. A reporter happened in the clerk's office just as he was about taking out his license. "When are you to be married.

Frank," asked the reporter.
The porter told him, and the questioning was continued until his wifeto be grabbed hold of his arm and whispered, "Don't tell that man all about this." "I've got to," the porter whispered

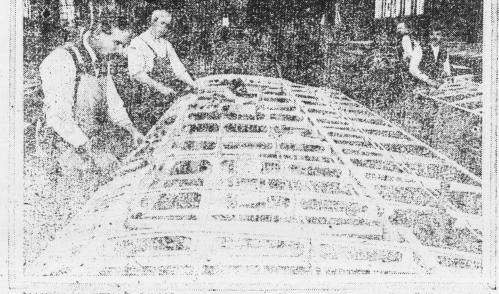
back. "He's a reporter."-Indianapolis

## THE CAUSE OF BACKACHE

Every muscle in the body needs constantly a supply of rich, red blood in proportion to the work it The muscles of the back are under a heavy strain and have but little rest. When the blood is thin they lack nourishment, and the rethey tack nourismment, and the result is a sensation of pain in those muscles. Some people think pain in the back means kidney trouble, but the best medical authorities agree that backache seldom or never has anything to do with the kidneys. Organic kidney disease may have progressed to a critical point without developing a pain in the back. This being the case, pain in the back should always lead the sufferer to look to the condition of his blood. It will be found in most cases that the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to build up the blood will stop the sensation of pain in the ill-nourished muscless of the back. How much better it is to reback. How much better it is to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the blood than to give way to unreasonable alarm about your kidneys. If you susalarm about your kidneys. If you suspect your kidneys any doctor can make tests in ten minutes that will set your fears at rest, or tell you the worst. But in any event to be perfectly healthy you must keep the blood in healthy condition, and for this purpose no other medicine can equal Dr. Williams, Pink Pills.

Your can get those pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mall at the cents a box or six boxes for \$256

to cents a box or six boxes for \$2.56 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co. Brockville. Cut.



MARING AMERICA'S WINGS. Ocemnittee on Biblic Information. SKILLED, WORKERS AS WELL AS SKILLED FLIERS MAKE AIRPLANES UNSURPASSABLE.

Imagine the care and skill required to put the airplane wings here shown. Each one of the scores of separate pieces has been cut out to exact measurement on the principle of standardization introduced into airplane production by the United States, and must be fitted together with the other sections into the stout wing which will soon be carrying an American airman over the German trenches. Uncle Sam has secured the services of the finest automobile body and furniture factories in the country, where this part of the work can be completed and the finished product seat on to some central point for assembling. Thousands of expert wood workers, cabinet makers and boat makers are being taken into the air service for semewhat similar work in the big airdromes behind the lines in France.