

# THE UNQUENCHABLE FIRE:

## Or, The Tragedy of the Wild.

### CHAPTER XIV.

The dull woods look black in the bright sunlight; and beyond and above the crystal of the eternal snow gleams with appalling whiteness. No touch of spring can grey those barren fields, where foot of man has never trod, and no warmth can penetrate to the rock-bound earth beneath. And above again, lost in a sheen of painfully blending light, lie the hoary mountains of all time, the patriarchal glaciers. All the world seems to be reaching to the sky above—a wall 'twixt Earth and Heaven.

The old log storehouse of Victor Gagnon, now shut up like a deserted fort of older days, without its stockade, is less than a terrier's kennel set at the door of a giant's castle. And yet it breaks up the solitude so that something of the savage magnificence is gone.

The profound silence of the Northland; what of that? The forest cries echo and re-echo, and to human ears, the savage din is full of portentous meaning, but it is lost beyond the confines of the valley, and the silent guardians of the peaks above sleep on undisturbed.

A flock of water-fowl, speeding their way to the opening pastures, hover circling. For the moment they droop downwards with craning necks at the unusual sounds; then, their curiosity satisfied, wing on like the waving trail of a snake in the sky.

What they have seen is nothing to them. Their swift, long-voiced eyes may have observed the stealing creatures moving at the edge of the forbidding woods. The fox, hungry as he always hungers, foremost, lest other scavengers like himself shall steal the prize he seeks. A troupe of broad-antlered deer racing headlong down the valley with a pack of mountain dogs at their heels. Shaggy wolves, grey or red, lurking within the shadow as though fearing the open daylight, or perhaps him whose voice has summoned them. These things they may have seen, but their meaning is lost to the feathered wanderers. For the snow is melting and the rivers are opening; there are fish to be caught, and soon the frog-spawn will yield them tasty delicacies.

And as they wing on, the cry of the human floats over the tree-tops and beats itself out upon the solemn hillsides. It has in it a deep-toned note of invitation to the fierce denizens of the forest. A note which they cannot resist, and they answer it, and come from hill and valley, gathering, gathering, with hungry bellies and dripping jaws.

And driving his way through close-growing bush comes the unkempt figure of a man. A familiar figure, but so changed as to be hardly recognisable. His clothes are rent and scored by the thorny branches. His feet crush noisily over the pine-cones in moccasins that have rotted from his feet with the journey over melting snow and sodden vegetation. There is a quivering fire burning in his eyes which is uncertain, like the sun's reflections upon rippling water. He looks neither this way nor that, yet his eyes seem to be flashing in all directions at once. The bloody scar upon his cheek is dreadful to look upon, for it has scarce begun to heal, and the cold has got into it. He is armed, as Davia had said, this strange, horrific figure, and at intervals his head is thrown back to give tongue to his wolfish cry. And it almost seems as if the Spirit of the Forest has claimed him, and the pulse that beats his life is the same as that which moves the legions following in his wake.

He journeys on through the twilight gloom. The horror of the life gathered about him is no more grim than is the condition of his wits. Over hill and through brake, in valley and along winding track made by the forest lords. Now pushing his way through close-growing scrub, now passing like a fierce shadow among the bare, primeval tree-trunks. Nothing stays him. His goal is ahead, and one instinct, one desire urges him onward. He knows nought of his surroundings, he sees nought. His chaotic brain looks out upon that which his mad desire prompts.

Suddenly the bush parts. There stands the store of Victor Gagnon in the bright light of day. Swift to the door he speeds, and he pauses as he finds it locked. But the pause is brief. A shot from his pistol blasts the lock, the door flies open at his touch, and he passes within. Then follows a cry that

has in it the tone of a baffled creature robbed of its prey; it is like the night cry of the puma that shrinks at the blaze of the camp fire; it is fierce, terrible. The house is empty.

But the cunning of the madman is there to his aid. He sets out to search, peering here, there, and everywhere. But the moments pass, and no living thing is to be seen within, and his anger rises like a fierce summer storm. He stands in the centre of the store which is filled with a disordered array of stuffs. His eyes light upon the wooden trap which covers the earthen cellar, where Victor stores his skins. Once more the fire flares up in his dreadful eyes. And his cunning asserts itself. An oil lamp is upon a shelf. He dashes towards it, and soon its dull, yellow flame sheds its feeble rays about. He stoops and prises up the heavy square of wood, and looks below where it is black, and he only sees the top rungs of a rough ladder. His poor brain is incapable of argument, and with a fierce joy he clambers down into the dank, earthy atmosphere of the cellar.

All is silent again except for the shuffling of his almost bare feet upon the uneven ladder. The last rung is gone, and he drops heavily to the ground. Then, for a while, silence reigns.

And during that silence there comes a figure stealing round the angle at the back of the building. It is a slight, dark figure, and it moves with extreme caution. There is a look on the narrow face which is one of superstitious horrors. It is Victor Gagnon escaped from his prison, and he advances haltingly, for he has seen the approach of his uncanny visitor, and he knows not what to do. His inclination is to flee, yet he is held fascinated. He advances no further than the front angle of the building, where he stands shaking with apprehension.

Suddenly he hears a cry that is half stifled by distance, for it comes from the depths of the cellar within. Then follows a metallic clatter of something falling, which, in turn, is followed again by a cry that is betwixt a fierce exclamation of joy and a harsh laugh. And a foreboding wrings the heart of the half-breed trader.

Now he listens with every sense aiding him, and a strange sound comes to his ears. It is a sound like to the rushing of water or the sighing of the wind through the skeleton branches of forest trees. And it grows louder, and, in its midst, he hears the stumbling of feet within the house. Something he knows not what, makes him look about him fearfully, but he remains at his post. He dare not move.

At last he thrusts his head forward, and peers round the corner so that he has full view of the door. Then he learns the meaning of the sound he has heard. Great clouds of smoke are belching through the opening, and are rolling heavily away upon the chill, scented air. His jaws come together, his breath catches, and a look that is the expression of a mind distracted leaps into his eyes. He knows that his store is on fire. How it has happened he does not know, nor does he stop to think. The rest matters little. And he does not leave his lurking-place, for he knows that there is no means of staying the devouring flames. Besides, the man must still be within. Yes, he is certainly still within the building, for he can hear him.

The cries of the Wild come up from the forest, but Victor no longer heeds them. The hiss and crackle of the burning house permeates his brain. His eyes watch the smoke with a dreadful fascination. He cannot think, he can only watch and he is gripped by a more overwhelming terror than ever.

Suddenly a fringe of flame pursues the smoke from the door. It leaps, and rushes up the woodwork to the thatch above and shoots along to the pitch of the roof. The rapidity of the mighty tongues is appalling. Still the man is within the building, for Victor can hear his voice as he talks and laughs at the result of his handiwork.

The madman's voice rises high above the roar of the flames. Louder and louder it grows. The fire seems to have driven him to the wildest pitch of insensate excitement and Victor begins to wonder what the end will be.

A moment later he hears distinct words come from the burning house. They come in a shout that is like the roar of some wild beast, and they sound high above every other sound. There is in them the passionate ring of one who abandons all, everything to one overpowering desire.

# BOVRIL

## Assists Digestion

It makes a gravy or sauce which is delicious in flavor and which also is a great aid to digestion.

A little Bovril makes Soups of all kinds more nourishing.

'Aim-sal! Aim-sal! Wait, I'm comin'.'

There is an instant's silence which the sound of the hungry flames devours. Then, through the blazing doorway, the great form of Nick Westley rushes headlong, shouting as he comes.

'Aim-sal! Aim-sal!' And the cry echoes and re-echoes, giving fresh spirit to the baying of the wolves that wait in the cover of the woodland. On rushes the man heedless of the scorching roughness of the ground to the flesh of his feet. He gazes with staring eyes upon the woods as though he sees the vision of the woman that has inspired his cry. On he speeds, towards the beasts whose chorus welcomes him. On to the dark woods, where he plunges from view.

Jean Leblonde, standing within cover of the woods which lined the creek, was lost to all sight and sound other than the strange scene enacted at the store. Once or twice he had spoken, but it was more to himself than to Davia, for he was engrossed by what he beheld.

But now, as he saw the man rush within the woods, he thought of the wealth of skins within the burning house. He was a trapper, and, to his thinking, the loss was irreparable. He loved the rich furs of the North as any woman loves her household goods. As for the store, that was little to him except that beyond his—Jean's hopes. He knew that the trader was ruined. For the rest, it would be as is always was in the Wild. The valley would simply go back to its primordial condition.

But he watched Victor curiously. He saw him stand out before the wreck of his store, and a world of despair and dejection was in his attitude. A mighty bitterness was in the great Jean's heart for the man he gazed upon, and a sense of triumphant joy flashed through him at the sight.

'See,' he said, without turning from his contemplation, and pointing with one arm outstretched. 'He's paid, an' paid bad. The teachin's come to him. Maybe he's learned.'

There was no reply; and he went on.

'Maybe he's wishin' he'd treated you right, Davi'. Maybe he'd gi' something to marry you now; maybe. Wal, he's had his chance an' throw'd it.' There was an impressive pause. Presently he spoke again. 'Guess we'll be gittin' on soon. The mission's a good place fer wimmin as hasn't done well in the world, I reckon. An' the Peace River's nigh to a garden. I 'lows Father Lefleur's a straight man, an' I set you on the right trail, Davi. Yes, I guess we'll be gittin' on.'

Still there was no answer. Suddenly the giant swung round and looked at the spot where Davia had been standing. She had vanished.

And Jean, solemn-eyed as any moose, stared stupidly at the place where her feet had rested. He stood long without moving, and slowly thought straightened itself out in his uncouth brain. He began to understand. The complexity of a woman's character had been an unknown quantity to him. But he was no further from understanding them than any other man. Now an inner consciousness told him that the punishment of Victor had been the undoing of his schemes. Davia had seen the trader bereft of all, homeless, penniless. And so she had—gone!

He turned back at last and looked towards the store; it was almost burnt out now. But he heeded it not, for he saw two figures in deep converse close by in the open, and one of them was a woman. As he watched he saw Davia pass a large pistol to the man; and then he knew that her love was greater for her faithless lover than any other passion that moved her. He knew that that weapon had been given for defence against himself.

(To be continued.)

### JUST WHY.

'Do you find the cost of living any higher than it was, say, five years ago?'  
'Yes, sir. Two of my daughters have got married since.'

# ELECTRICITY FROM WIND

## THE DEVICE IS ATTACHED TO WINDMILLS.

Will Transform Rural Life, Making Power Available Despite Absence of Streams.

If we only knew how to do it, the average wind of thirty days might be made to supply us with enough power to perform all the mechanical operations in the world during a year.

How best to utilize this aerial force has been one of the ever-present problems of mankind since the first rude wind-mill was set up by a skin-clad savage in the Stone Age. Surprisingly little progress has been made in the matter. The mechanism of the latter-day windmill is, of course, a great improvement over that of the thirteenth century machine, but the gain in efficiency is not proportionately great. The utmost results secured from the best types of windmills are an uncertain amount of intermittent pumping and grinding. Nevertheless, on account of its economy and the fact that it will provide power where no other form of it is available, the windmill is one of the most useful and widely used mechanical contrivances.

A great step in advance was recently achieved by the perfection of an invention which makes the production of electricity from the wind a simple and inexpensive matter. After many years of investigation and experiment, J. G. Childs, a British engineer, has constructed what he calls a "wind turbine electric plant."

### REMOVES INCONSTANCY.

There is nothing essentially original in this invention. It does not involve new principles, nor even fundamentally new mechanism. It is the ordinary windmill with its defects remedied and its possibilities developed. By adopting it to the generation of electricity he has removed its chief former shortcoming, that of an inconsistent supply of power.

The wind turbine is constructed in sizes varying from a wheel of twelve feet in diameter to one of seventy-two feet, with, of course, corresponding efficiency. The main feature of the installation that has been in practical operation for some time is a windmill, not unlike those commonly used for pumping water, but differing materially in construction, and having a much higher efficiency. A wheel twenty-four feet in diameter is mounted on an apparatus, like the rest of the plant, works automatically. All the parts that carry loads are fitted with ball bearings so that the wheel will respond to the lightest breath of air.

An ingenious device, in the form of a tall gear, keeps it face on to a moderate wind, but throws it to a round so as to offer less resistance when a predetermined velocity is attained. Since the plant has been in operation a severe gale swept over the district in which it stands, and although an unusually large tree was blown down close by, the wind turbine did not suffer the least damage.

### CREATES POWER CHEAPLY.

The windmill operates in combination with a dynamo and storage battery. The generator is of

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four kilowatts capacity, with a normal voltage of about seventy. With an average wind of nine miles the output of the plant in a year will be 5,000 units, or considerably more than enough power to meet every requirement of the largest farm or estate.

It is the claim of the inventor that, allowing for wear and tear, the cost of the electricity obtained by this process will be something less than 1 per cent. per unit. That is to say, about \$30 a year would cover the expense of lighting, heating, and all mechanical operations on a large scale.

The plant needs practically no care. An ordinary handy man in one hour a week can give it all the necessary attention. The gear is incased in a cast-iron oil bath, and the machinery might be allowed to run for twelve months without lubrication.

Curiously enough the first installation of this latest invention of the present age is in connection with one of the oldest houses in England, Buckenhill Hall, which was built at the beginning of Charles I.'s reign. In the time of the first owner the mansion was lighted by candles, the corn was threshed with a mill, and the water was drawn in buckets. Now, all these tasks, and many others, are performed by electricity derived from the wind and automatically applied.

### INVALUABLE IN COUNTRY.

Here are some of its possibilities on a farm: It pumps all the water used on the place and feeds an artificial stream and lake. The owner is relieved of the thief dread that besets the country resident. He goes to bed with the comfortable assurance that should fire break out his hydrants will furnish ample streams of water driven by electrical force.

All the buildings are lighted by electricity, the plant running 100 or more 16-candle power lamps if necessary. All parts of the house are connected by telephone, and communication with the stables, the boathouse or the garage is readily secured through the same medium.

In the winter the residence and outbuildings are heated by electricity, and in the summer cooled by electric fans. One needs to have had experience of an electric cooking range to appreciate its benefits. It is the simplest and least troublesome arrangement imaginable. All that is necessary is to move a switch and the current does the rest. The food is not only cooked more easily and precisely but also more quickly than by any other process. In the kitchen de-

partment the utility of the plant is not limited to the culinary operations. It runs the laundry machinery and heats the irons.

**EFFECT ON SUBURBAN LIFE.**  
It is possible also to arrange so carpets are cleaned by the vacuum process and the furniture and walls dusted by suction. The housekeeper uses power from the same source to run her sewing machine and in the nursery it is employed to operate the youngsters' mechanical toys.

In the stables the plant drives machinery for cutting chaff, crushing oats, grinding corn, and hoisting hay into the loft. The gardener uses electric power in rolling the walks, cutting the grass and sprinkling the lawns.

The owner of the place uses an electric motor car because it is free from noise, dirt and odor, but more than everything else, because he gets an unlimited quantity of electricity free without trouble. His machine is always ready for immediate use and no appreciable time or trouble is expended in keeping it in that condition. When it comes in from a trip it is run into the garage, and recharged by the generator, either directly from the wind-plant or from the storage battery.

Life in the country will be made immeasurably more attractive by the wind turbine.

### A ROMANTIC STORY.

**Life History of the Prime Minister of New South Wales.**

The Prime Minister of New South Wales, the Hon. James Sinclair McGowan, has arrived in London to attend the Coronation ceremonies. Mr. McGowan's life story is a peculiarly romantic one. He was born somewhere in the Pacific. It was in the days of sailing ships, and the Western Bride lay becalmed. But in the hour of the future Premier's birth a breeze sprang up, and in three weeks the ship had arrived at her destination. The babe was hailed by the crew as an omen of good fortune, and christened after the Captain, whose name was Sinclair. "Captain Sinclair prophesied that I should have a fair wind all my life," Mr. McGowan adds, laughingly. Mr. McGowan's birth was registered at Stepney, as he was born at sea under the British flag in a ship belonging to the Port of London. Here comes a strange coincidence: Mr. McGowan was never out of Australia till he left for the Coronation, and the taking of the census coincided with his voyage. While on the high seas his name was counted among British born citizens, and once more the fact was recorded at Stepney. The Premier of New South Wales is a big, rugged man, who has followed his father's trade of a boilermaker. He has been a member of the New South Wales Parliament for over twenty years.

It's queer how much interest a dignified man can generate in a dog fight.

## A Prize Contest open to the Farmers of Canada

### \$3,600 in Cash Prizes for Farmers

READ the conditions of the Prize Contest we are conducting for the farmers of Canada. \$400.00 in prizes will be awarded into four groups, consisting of:

PRIZE "A"—\$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who will use during 1911 the greatest number of barrels of "CANADA" Cement. PRIZE "B"—\$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who uses "CANADA" Cement for the greatest number of purposes. PRIZE "C"—\$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who furnishes us with the photograph showing the best of any kind of work done on his farm during 1911 with "CANADA" Cement. PRIZE "D"—\$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who submits the best and most complete description of how any particular piece of work (shown by photograph sent in) was done.

Every farmer in Canada is eligible. Therefore, do not be deterred from entering by any feeling that

you would have little chance against your neighbor. For remember, Prizes "C" and "D" have no bearing whatever upon the quantity of cement used. As a matter of fact, your success in this contest will depend to a great extent on your careful reading of our 160-page book, "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete." In this book—sent free on request to any farmer, full instructions are given as to the uses of concrete, and plans for every kind of farm buildings and farm utility. You'll see the need of this book, whether you are going to try for a prize or not. If you have not got your copy yet, write for it to-night. Simply cut off the attached coupon—or a postcard will do—sign your name and address thereto and mail it to-night.

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