

"BELA"

He opened his eyes and smiled, and feebly moved his hand toward Sam's "I glad you come," he murmured. "Wait long."

Sam gripped his hand. He forgot all his anger. It seemed shocking to him to find the old man unshaken in his extremity. He had heard tales of Indian callousness.

"Where's the other boy?" he demanded. "Has he run away?"

Muskoosis shook his head. "Jack good boy," he said. "I send him look for other horse. I afraid horse run home."

Sam ordered St. Paul to unsaddle the horses, to make a fire, and put on water.

"How do you feel?" he asked Muskoosis, solicitously.

"Pretty good," the old man answered, smiling. "I not feel bad no more. I guess."

"Sollers will be along directly with medicine. He will know what to do for you."

"Medicine not mak' old heart go on," said Muskoosis. "I have finish my hunt."

"I wish I could get you home!" murmured Sam.

The old man moved his head from side to side to see the trees and the sky. "This my home," he said. "It is good grass. There is no better bed."

"You mustn't talk like that," cried Sam, distressed. "You mustn't give up."

Muskoosis smiled. "Not givin' up when old man die," he returned. "I lak live ver well. I lak the summer and the winter. Mos' of all I lak my big lak. I lak smooth and rough. I lak the green shores and the round bays and the little rivers that come down. It is a good world. But I lak leave it now. I lak go to bed after big hunt."

"You shouldn't talk so much," said Sam. "It tires you."

"Let me talk," returned Muskoosis, smiling still. "I soon done talkin'." I lak tell you man all an old man know. But not much good, I guess. Young man got learn same lak his father."

The old man murmured on out of his store of wisdom. Sometimes he appeared to doze, but always he kept hold of Sam's hand. It was a tremendous and arresting experience for young Sam. He was profoundly affected.

From time to time he endeavored to get the old man to take a little stimulant. Tea was all he had to offer him. Muskoosis refused it.

"I don't see why Sollers doesn't come!" said Sam.

"He not comin'," replied Muskoosis. "I tell St. Paul tell him not come. I only want my friend."

"Why do you like me?" asked Sam. "I don't know," answered Muskoosis, smiling. "Got good heart, I guess."

At last Sam did hear horses' hoofs in the distance. "Here he is now," he said, only to realize presently that the sound was from the other direction. "It's Jack," he added.

Soon he could make out that there were two horses coming from the east. He frowned uneasily, and would have risen, but Muskoosis had his hand on the old man's arm to keep him from doing so.

Sam had to kneel there while the horses came closer and closer, galloping at top speed. His beating heart warned him of what was in store. Was it possible the old man had lied to him at death's door? There was no shadow on that peaceful face.

The two horses dashed into sight around the bushes, and were sharply pulled up on their haunches. They were ridden by Bela and Jack. At the sight of her the old wild commotion was resumed in Sam's breast. Forgetting all else, he jumped up, snatching his hand out of Muskoosis'.

"You tricked me!" he cried, furiously to him.

The motionless figure gave no sign. Bela turned on the native boy "You lie to me!" she cried, raising the switch.

He put heels to his horse and evaded her.

Bela turned to Sam. "You think I come here see you," she cried, furiously. "It's not true. I hate you!"

"God knows I didn't come to see you!" retorted Sam, bitterly.

"I'll go back," she said, instantly turning her horse.

"Wait!" said Sam. "Look after Muskoosis. He's really sick. I'll go."

Bela looked at the little figure lying so still, and her anger failed her. Her face broke up. Slipping out of her saddle she went to him, keeping her back turned toward Sam. Sam picked up his bridle and went to catch his horse.

He had to lead it back close to where she was in order to get his saddle. He could not help looking at her once. She was kneeling on the other side of Muskoosis, bending over him, and clasping both his hands to her breast as if to warm them. She had forgotten Sam. Her lovely face was soft and haggard with grief. Tears coursed down her cheeks.

"My friend! My friend!" Sam heard her whisper. "Speak to me. Say you forgive me. Ah, don't leave me! I have no friend but you!"

Sam looked on in a kind of horror. He began to tremble. He dropped the bridle rein, and the horse strayed away again. If he could believe his eyes, if Bela was a gentle, loving woman, what had he done? Seeing her like this, his heart went to her like a bird to its nest.

Muskoosis opened his eyes and murmured. She lowered her head close to listen. They talked together. Sam looked on like one stricken. Finally Bela turned her face toward him, though it was not Sam she seemed to see.

"Come," she said. "He want you."

Sam knelt on the other side of Muskoosis. He held one hand, Bela the other. The old man's face wore a look that humbled him. At the same time the nearness of Bela was making him dizzy. She did not appear to be aware of him.

"I'm sorry I spoke like I did," Sam said, involuntarily.

The old man smiled. "You right," he whispered. "I trick you. Trick both. I want you mak' up before I go."

Bela and Sam both turned their heads in keen discomfort.

"Never mind that now," said Bela. "Yes," he said. "So foolish! Both! You are crazy about each other. I know it. What for you quarrel and speak bad words? What for you run away? What for you say you'll 'not' me, man, you? All foolishness! Young people lak babies. Throw down their food. Bam-by got cry for it."

Muskoosis drew his hands together and tried to place the woman's hand that he held in the man's. Both resisted, and he had not strength enough.

"Well—good-bye," he sighed.

Instantly Sam took Bela's hand, and hers crept into his as if at home there. The old man smiled faintly.

"Look at each other," he whispered. "But it was at him they looked. Still smiling, a dread change came over his face. His body quivered slightly, there was a strange sound in his throat. His jaw dropped.

"Oh, he's gone!" whispered Bela. Then they looked at each other, looked straight into each other's souls. She swayed toward him, and his arms went around her swiftly. The still figure was between them on the ground.

"My love! My love!" he murmured. "I have been a fool! I didn't know you. I was full of false pride. I ask your pardon."

"I love you!" she breathed. "I think I die when you leave me!" Their lips met.

Bela struggled to free herself. "This no tam be happy," she whispered.

They looked down at Muskoosis again. His eyes were wide open, and he was smiling at them in a different way.

"I feel better," he said, slyly. Bela and Sam sprang up in terror, and retreated a little way, staring at him, staring at each other with wild eyes. Gradually they realized how they had been tricked, and the old scowls returned to each face. Both were silent.

Muskoosis sat up in his blankets. "For goodness, don't begin any more foolishness," he said, calmly. I am angry. To-day I shoot four partridge while I waitin'. Let's have supper. I will wash the clay off my face."

Sam suddenly straightened his back. "I don't care!" he cried. "Do you, Bela?"

"No!" she answered, flying to his open arms.

(The End.)

A FORTUNE IN POULTRY

Increase your egg yield by purchasing a choice cockerel of our high record Rocks, Wyandottes, Leghorns, or Rodas. 1918 Mating List containing 65 photos of stock, buildings, feed and tonic formulas free.

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Our 222 Egg Kind, Box 56, Rotkwood, Ont.

SLANG

And Why Some Expressions Become Permanent.

Of the fate of current slang words we find an index in the fact, whenever it has been determined, of analogous words in the past. The word automobile is built to describe a new species, and we promptly shorten it to auto. Somewhat more than 100 years ago a new and fashionable vehicle was the velocipede. By 1820 the abbreviated form was in good use. One might infer auto would be in good use by 1920 were it not for the fact that the vaguer car is superseding it. From the past we learn that abbreviations which are at first slangy are likely to survive if they are permanently useful. On Sept. 25, 1719, Steele published in "The Tatler" an unsigned letter written by Swift, who complained of the popular and fashionable corruption of the language.

Of the "mangled" words which Swift complains of here, not for mobile vulgus, is the only one which really survives. It is a word which has given away for its older kinsman, probably because grouch appeals more plainly for itself—may, might stand for any one of the derived forms or built upon. The Greek. Similar causes might account for the fate of post and pain, which, if they have not actually passed out of the language, are more ghosts of archaisms. Reputation is a phrase now-days only in a few slangy phrases (dealing with a "rep"), but is not widely accepted because the word is not so widely used as to prove a stumbling block.

Some persons who use it at all are willing to use the whole of it. Incoherent and inappreciable are seldom used informally; for such occasions incoherent and inappreciable still stand ready, but they are dusty with disuse. An expression that is used to-day in newspaper diplomacy, charge d'affaires, is shortened and anglicized to charge, and used as if it were a title, but we retain mob because it means only

one thing, and that thing we have always with us. By analogy we might sugar a successful career for auto and phone, were it not for the fact that photo has been knocking at the gate for 50 years with lessening chances of gaining admittance, and that gent and pants have been on the waiting list even longer. Of American speakers of English, probably 9-10 know no other word than pants for the garment it names; still this all but unanimous vote for it does not make it acceptable to the necessary "majority of the best writers and speakers," for it still has the taint of vulgarity, whereas other words to the same effect have not.—Professor R. P. Uiter in Harper's Magazine.

HEALTH

(Montreal Star.)
Good health is the greatest asset of humanity.

And very few fully appreciate the fact.

Excessive eating is the cause of half our bodily ills and is responsible for hundreds of thousands of premature deaths.

Vitiated palates produce greedy appetites which know no wisdom.

If, strictly as a health measure, the world would today cut down food consumption by one quarter, the food crisis, the impending famine, would be settled before it arrived, the armies could be fed without fear of scarcity, and we would all enjoy life better.

Talking of sacrifices of money to help the war, rational economy of food would be worth thousands of millions.

There is a Message In This Lady's Story

SHE TELLS WHAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS DO FOR WOMEN.

She Was Troubled With Weakness and Her Daughter Had Nervous Trouble. Dodd's Kidney Pills Proved the Remedy They Both Needed.

Hamilton, Ont., March 4.—(Special.)—The story told by Mrs. M. Dickens, of 70 Tom street, this city, carries a message of hope to every suffering woman in Canada.

"After my baby was born," Mrs. Dickens states, "I used to suffer with my back and had no heart to do my work around the home. But I read about Dodd's Kidney Pills and what they have done for others. So I thought I would get a box and see what they would do for me.

"I am pleased to say that after taking two boxes I found such great relief I would not be without them in the house.

"My daughter, too, had been very sick on and off for a long time. Her nerves got so bad we were afraid we would see her in the hospital. But I am pleased to say she is better through taking Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I never thought Dodd's Kidney Pills could have done such good work and I am telling all my friends about them."

Women's troubles, or nearly all of them, come from sick kidneys. The cure for them is the old established remedy for sick kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

FORGED ANTIQUES

Even British Museum Experts Have Been Fooled by Them.

The "antiquity" manufacturer is a man who thrives on expert forgery. Furniture, prints, china, pictures, plate, tapestry—he imitates them all most successfully. Each man has his specialty. One devotes himself to old leather jackets, another produces horn books, a third turns out "medicinal" MSS.

The British museum once bought a Faisley plate for \$250. While an attendant was handling it one of the seals attached to its back attesting its genuineness became detached, disclosing the mark of a modern French potter.

On other occasions terra cotta figures of Isis and Osiris, bought by the institution for hundreds of pounds, have been discovered to be composed of modern clay.

A good story is told of a forged silver cup in Rome that purported to have come from some secret excavation in Sicily. This ancient cup was ornamented with a circular bas-relief representing the frieze of the Parthenon. But in the height of his innocence the forger had given the frieze in its present ruined condition. The exhibition of the cup was received with shouts of laughter.—London Standard.

Free to Boys

ELECTRIC MOTOR This strange electric motor is erected on heavy cast iron base. Frame is made of cast iron. Has starting, stopping and reversing lever for operating motor forward or backward. Perfectly balanced flywheel with belt attachment for running on belt. Will operate with one dry battery.

Send us your name and address and we will send you 49 packages of our lovely embossed Easter Postcards to tell at 49 cents a package. When sold send us the money and we will send you the motor, an electric motor.

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Where Lost Gold Goes.

Within the last 500 years one thousand million pounds' worth of gold has vanished.

Where have the missing million gone?

About one-third lies at the bottom of the sea. The treasure of lost vessels which strews the route from England to India alone has been estimated at eighty million sterling.

In 1738 the British frigate De Brook, wrecked off the American coast, took with her into the depths of the ocean gold worth £2,400,000, the spoils of an interloped Spanish treasure fleet. Another British warship, the Hussar, went down with over a million sterling in gold in 1780, and another million was lost in the Lutine in 1799.

Much gold, too, is lost through wear and tear. It is a soft metal in its natural state, and despite the alloys used to make it harder it wears away comparatively quickly when coined into money. It is the same with jewelry. In these ways and a hundred others the gold gained by men through sweat and blood finds its way back to the earth whence it came.—London Opinion.

Wild Pigeons.

Until little more than fifty years ago the most abundant bird in North America was the wild pigeon (Columba migratoria). It moved in immense flocks, calculated not by thousands, but by millions, and it is not known to-day if a single pair of this native American bird is alive.

"MEETLESS" DAY.

(Baltimore American.)
He—Will you meet me this afternoon for a little chat, dear?

She—No Harold; this is one of my meetless days.

PEERLESS STARTER

A Guaranteed Starting System for Ford Cars. Sells for \$22.50.
AGENTS WANTED.
THE MORGAN SALES CO.
415 Yonge Street, Toronto.

ONE WOMAN WHO KNOWS.

(New York Herald.)
There is one German woman in Wisconsin who does not hesitate to call a spade by its common or garden name in commenting upon the land of her birth. A letter from Neillsville, in that state, printed in the Tribune quotes her as saying:

"If the Germans here don't like America let them go back to Germany, where the poor people live like swine. It took me three years to save enough money to get to this country, and I had to borrow a little then to get a ticket for the trip. The people there wear wooden shoes, held on by a strap across the top, and I wore a pair when I came here; but I saved enough out of my first week's wages to buy a pair of leather ones. That was more than I could save in a month in Germany. They live like hogs over there, whole families in two small rooms, where they dress and undress before each other. It seemed like heaven when I got to America and had a room all to myself."

"The American people have treated me fine and never once made me feel like a lickspittle, as the rich people do in Germany. The German people here must not take the American courtesy and forbearance for fear or cowardice—no, sir, or they will get an awful bump soon. I know the American reserve and strength better than most people of my nationality. I think they have given us every chance in the world to get along and prosper, and it is a mean and dirty thing now to go to bragging and encouraging our country's enemy, Germany, a country that is so conceited that thinks it can rule the world. Germany is the worst place in the world for a person to live, and I would as soon be in hell this minute as to go back where I came from in Germany."

When the women of Wisconsin obtain suffrage rights there is one at Neillsville who can be counted against Lafolettism.

Paris Dress Tips.

Here is a little style summary worth considering.

A three-quarter coat effect with a very narrow skirt.

Tunic dresses where the combination of fabric is most striking.

One-piece dresses emphasizing the straight line silhouette in front and the bustle back.

Evening dresses with short skirts, bustle draperies and long-pointed trains.

The new boleros are narrow in effect. They are made with points falling at the sides; these points often are finished with tassels.

The spiral skirt is a Premier creation. It is made of one length of material, the selvedge forming the hem, wound about the body to lap at one side.

Brushed wool, beige in color, is used to give novelty to a Chippendale brown velvet coat. The wool collar is really a scarf. It is draped about the neck, one end continuing in surplice style and finishing at the centre back in a long tasseled end.

Aunty Toxin

BY F. A. MITCHEL

"Sam," said Dr. Wainwright, "last night I considered the possibility of a chicken house. I hope you have not been tampered with."

"No, Mars Doctor, I haven't. I haven't taken nothing from yo' chicken house at all."

"I'm glad to hear that, Sam, principally on your account. I'm expectin' you on those chickens, and it would be dangerous for any one to eat one of 'em."

Sam looked uneasy. "What yo' mean, Mars Doctor, by experimentin' on 'em?"

"That would be difficult for me to explain to you, but I'll try. Do you know what an antitoxin is?"

"No, Mars Doctor, I never done heard about any women at all by de name of Toxin. I know Aunty Tucker, but I don't know Aunty Toxin."

"An antitoxin isn't a woman, Sam. It's something to be given to head off disease. We put something containing the germs of the disease into a rabbit, a guinea pig or some other animal, and this gives us the disease when we take something from the body of the animal who has been exposed to the disease, and this prevents that person from having the disease. Having no rabbits or guinea pigs, I have placed two germs in one of the chickens in my hen house."

"Laws a-massy, Mars Doctor, which one of de chickens did yo' experiment on?"

"The little speckled hen."

"Sam rolled his eyes about, at last fixing them imploring on the doctor.

"Mars Doctor, I reckon I been exposed to de fever. Can't yo' gib me some ob de antitoxin?"

"What makes you think you have been exposed to the fever?"

"Why, Mars Doctor, last night when I was coming home from de cake walk I passed by yo' chicken house, an' I saw yo' little speckled hen sittin' on de roost. She looked so purty dat I couldn't help puttin' ma hand in an smoochin' de feathers."

"That wouldn't give you the fever, Sam," said the doctor reassuringly and wrote a twinkle in his eye. "However, Mars Doctor, I'll look into your blood and see if any fever has got into you."

"Yo' look in my blood, Mars Doctor?"

"Yes, Mars Doctor, I never heard ob de X-ray."

"No, Mars Doctor, I never heard ob de X-ray. I did not. I saw pictures in a book ob a man's hand showin' all de bones."

"That's it. I'm going to look inside of you to see if the fever is there."

"The doctor was a specialist, and every one who has ever consulted a specialist knows that he is equipped with devices for looking into every crevice in the human body. Stripping an electric light to its forehead, he said Sam to open his mouth wide. Then, putting a lens in his own eye, he held down the darky's tongue with an instrument designed for such a purpose and looked down his throat."

"Sam," he said, "there's chicken meat in yo' stomach."

Sam turned pale, but said nothing.

"If there was nothing the matter with yo' stomach, I'd look into yo' blood."

"But suppose?" gasped Sam, "dat de chicken had de fever?"

"The doctor surveyed the darky with an evident amusement.

"Sam," he said, "there are those who maintain that the negro is inferior intellectually to the whites. You have proved yourself more than a match for me. If you were equal to your own intelligence, and your capacity for work

"AT SIXTY-TWO."

Just sixty-two? Then trim thy light, And set thy jewels all reset; This past meridian, but still bright, And lacks some hours of sunset yet.

At sixty-two Be strong and true, Be strong and true, Be strong and true, Scour off thy rust and shine anew.

"To yet high day, thy staff remove, And fight thy battles for the truth; For what is age but youth's full bloom, A ripe, more transcendent youth.

A ripper, more transcendent youth. A wedge of gold Is never old, Streams broader grow as downward rolled.

At sixty-two life is begun, At seventy-three begin once more; At eighty-four begin to see the sun, And brighter shine at eighty-one.

At ninety-five Should you arrive, Still wait on God, and work, and thrive.

Keep thy locks wet with morning dew, And freely let thy grass flow; For life well spent is ever new, And years appointed younger grow.

So work away, Be young for ever, From sunset, breaking up day.

—The Advance—Author Unknown.

NOTHING LIKE IT FOR BRONCHITIS AND WEAK THROAT

REMARKABLE CURES IN THE WORST CASES REPORTED DAILY.

CURES WITHOUT USING DRUGS

Doctors now advocate an entirely new method of treating bronchitis and irritable throat. Stomach dosing is no longer necessary.

The most approved treatment consists of a healing vapor resembling the pure air of the Adirondacks.

This soothing vapor is full of germ-destroying substances, and at the same time is a powerful healing agent. It is sent to the L-tracheal tubes and lungs through a skillfully devised inhaler that can be carried in the vest pocket. Simplicity itself is the keynote of this splendid treatment.

CATARHROZONE is the name of this wonderful invention that is daily curing chronic cases of the weak throat, bronchitis and catarrh. Every breath through the inhaler is laden with soothing, healing substances that destroy all diseased conditions in the breathing organs. It cannot fail to cure because it goes where the trouble really exists, and doesn't attempt to cure an illness in the head or throat by means of medicine taken into the stomach. Catarhrozone is a direct, breathable, scientific cure.

There is no sufferer from a grippy cold or any winter ill that won't find a cure in Catarhrozone, which is employed by physicians, ministers, law-abiding and public men throughout many foreign lands. Large sizes last two months and costs \$1, and is guaranteed; small size, 50c, sample size, 25c, all storekeepers and druggists, or The Catarhrozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

Worth Knowing.

Pour boiling water over Lima beans which are to be shelled, and see now easily and comfortably the shelling will be accomplished.

If the handle comes off your potato knife, wind the blade where it goes into the handle with rather fine strong thread and thrust it into place, where it will then stay.

To use the end of your cake of toilet soap when it becomes thin put it in a new cake into hot water for an instant and then stick the two together. When cold, they will form one solid cake.

Make the covers of couch cushions rather smaller than the pillows themselves, and they will not flatten out and look thin as pillows usually do after being used for a few weeks.

STRENGTH FOR THE DAY'S WORK

Depends Upon Good Red Blood to Nourish the Body—Weak People Need a Tonic.

The tonic treatment through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for run-down condition of the health is based on sound medical principles and on common sense. More and more men and women are realizing that pure, red blood means health, and that efficiency in the workshop, the office, the home or in any of the varied walks of life depends entirely upon the quality of the blood. There are, however, thousands of people who do not realize the truth of these statements. They are without ambition or strength to do their day's work; are always tired out; have but little appetite and a poor digestion; cannot get a refreshing night's sleep, and are subject to headaches, backaches, and nervousness because their blood is weak, watery and impure.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give quick relief and permanently cure such men and women, because of their direct action on the blood, which they purify and build up to its normal strength. As through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the blood becomes rich and red, it strengthens the muscles, tones up the nerves, makes the stomach capable of digesting the food and repairs the waste caused by growth or work. The need in every family of a safe and effective tonic such as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is shown by the following statement of Mrs. Julius Tuck, Mill, Ont., who says: "Before I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was in a most wretched and run-down condition. My blood was thin and watery and my nerves were in such a condition that I could not do any work. I was so weak and trembled, and what a burden my household seemed. One of my neighbors advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I have great reason to be glad that I followed her advice, for before I had used half a dozen boxes all symptoms of my trouble had disappeared and I was as well as ever I had been in my life. I have also given the pills to my daughter with the most beneficial results, and I shall ever have a good word to say for them."

If you are feeling the least run-down, weak or depressed, do not delay—take these pills at once and note how speedily your old-time health will return. You can get the pills from any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TAPE WORM

has been expelled in twenty minutes by Professor MULLVENEX'S world famous Remedy. Write for all particulars.

211 Ossington Avenue, Toronto.

equal to either you would be a homo sapiens."

"What dat, Mars Doctor?"</