

THE UNQUENCHABLE FIRE:

Or, The Tragedy of the Wild.

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd)
When night closed down, and supper was finished, and the untidy living room which backed the store was cleared by the half-breed, the business of the evening's entertainment began. The first thing in Victor's idea of hospitality was a brew of hot drink. He would have called it "punch," but the name was impossible. It was a decoction of vanilla essence, spiced up, and flavored in a manner which, he claimed, only he understood. The result was stimulating, slightly nauseating, but sufficiently unusual to be enticing to those who lived the sober life of the mountain wild. He would have bestowed good rum or whisky upon these comrades of his, only his store of those seductive beverages had long since given out, and was not likely to be replenished until the breaking of the spring. The variety of strong drink which falls to the lot of such men as he is extensive. His days of pain-killer, which he stocked for trade, had not yet come round. The essences were not yet finished. Pain-killer would come next; after that, if need be, would come libations of red ink. He had even, in his time, been reduced to boiling down plug tobacco and distilling the liquor. But these two last were only used in extremis.

The three men sat round and sipped the steaming liquor, the two brothers vying with each other in their praises of Victor's skill in the brew. The first glass was drunk with much appreciation. Over the second came a dallying. Nick, experiencing the influence of the spirit, asked for a tune on the fiddle. Victor responded with alacrity, and wailed out an old half-breed melody, which was a series of repetitions of a morbid refrain. Ralph cheered visibly and asked for another. Then Victor sang, in a thin tenor voice, the twenty and odd verses of a song called the "Red River Valley"; the last lines of the refrain were always the same, and wailed out mournfully upon the dense atmosphere of the room:—

"So remember the Red River Valley,
And the half-breed that loved you so true."

But, even so, there was something perfectly in keeping between the recreation of these men and the wild, uncouth life they led. The long, grey winter and the brief, fleeting summer, the desolate wastes and dreary isolation. After a while the sun of Victor's entertainment was worked out and they fell back on mere talk. But as the potent spirit worked, the conversation became louder than usual, and Victor did not monopolize it. The two brothers did their share, and each, unknown to the other, was seeking an opportunity of turning Victor's thoughts into the channel where dwelt his recollections of the wonderful White Squaw.

Nick was the one who broke the ice. The more slow-going Ralph had not taken so much spirit, as his brother. Nick's eyes were bright, almost burning, as he turned his flushed, rugged face upon the half-breed. He leaned forward in his eagerness, and his words came rapidly, almost fiercely.

"Say, Victor," he jerked out, as though he had screwed himself up for the necessary courage to speak on the subject. "I was thinkin' o' that white crittur you got yarin' about when you come around our shanty. Jest whar's that Moosefoot Reserve, an'—an' the bit o' Maybe I'd fancy to know. I 'lows I was kind o' struck on that yarn."

The trader saw the eager face, and the excitement in the eyes which looked into his, and, in a moment, his merry mood died out. His dark face became serious, and his keen black eyes looked sharply back into Nick's expressive countenance. He answered at once in characteristic fashion.

"The Reserve's nigh on to a hundred an' fifty from here, I guess. Down in the Foothills. The bluff lies beyond." Then he paused, and a flash of thought shot through his active brain. There was a strange something looking out of Nick's eyes which he interpreted aright. Inspiration leapt, and he gripped it and held it.

"Say," he went on, "you ain't thinkin' o' makin' the Reserve, Nick?" Then he turned swiftly and looked at Ralph. The quieter man was gazing heavily at his brother. And as Victor turned back again to Nick his heart bent faster.

Nick lowered his eyes when he found himself the object of the double scrutiny. He felt as though he would like to have withdrawn his questions, and he shifted uneasily. But Victor waited for his answer, and he was forced to go on.

"Oh," he said, with a shame-faced laugh, "I was only jest thinkin' in. I 'lows that yarn was a real good one."

There was a brief silence while Victor's thought was passing behind his dark face. Then slowly, and even solemnly, came words which gripped the hearts of his two guests.

"It wa'n't no yarn. I see that White Squaw wi' my own two eyes."

Nick started to his feet. The punch had fired him almost beyond control. His face worked with nervous twistings. He raised one hand up and swung it forcefully down as though delivering a blow.

"By Gar!" he cried, "then I go and find her; I go an' see for myself."

And as he spoke a strange expression looked out of Victor's eyes.

Ralph removed his pipe from his lips.

"Good, Nick," he said emphatically. "The dogs are fresh. Guess a long trail'll do 'em a deal o' good. When'll we start?"

Nick looked across at his brother. He was doubtful if he had heard aright. He had expected strong opposition from the quiet, steady-going Ralph. But, instead, the elder man gave unhesitating approval. Just for one instant there came a strange feeling in his heart; a slight doubt, a sensation of disappointment, something foreign to his nature and unaccountable, something which took all pleasure from the thought of his brother's company. It was quite a fleeting sensation, however, for the next moment it was gone; his honest nature rose superior to any such jealousy, and he strode across the room and gripped Ralph's hand.

"Say, we'll start at daylight, brother. Jest you an' me," he blurted out, in the fulness of his large heart. "We'll hunt that white crittur out, we'll smell her out like Injun medicine men, an' we'll bring her back wi' us. Say, Ralph, we'll treat her like an angel, this dandy, queer thing. By Gar! we'll find her, sure. Shake again, brother." They wrung each other forcefully by the hand.

"Shake, Victor." And Nick turned and caught the trader's slim hand in his overwhelming grasp. His enthusiasm was at boiling pitch. The brew of the essences had done its work. Victor's swift-moving eyes saw what was passing in the thoughts of both his guests. And, like the others, his enthusiasm rose. But there was none of the simple honesty of these men in Victor. The half-breed cunning was working within him; and half-breed cunning is rarely clean.

And so the night ended to everybody's satisfaction. Ralph was even more quiet than usual. Victor Gagnon felt that the stars were working in his best interests; and he blessed the lucky and innocent thought that had suggested to him the yarn of the White Squaw. As for Nick, his delight was boisterous and unrestrained. He revealed openly in the prospect of the morrow's journey.

Nor had broad daylight power to shake the purpose of the night. Too long had the trappers brooded upon the story of the White Squaw. Victor knew his men so well, too; while they breakfasted he used every effort to encourage them. He literally herded them on by dint of added detail and well-timed praise of the woman's beauty.

And after the meal the sled was prepared. Victor was chief adviser. He made them take a supply of essences and "trade." He told them of the disposition of Man-of-the-Snow-Hill, the Moosefoot chief, assuring them that he would sell encouragement was left ungiven, and ready in the traces.

A hearty farewell; then out upon the white trail Nick swung the willing beasts, and the furry of the loose surface-snow in their wake hid the sled as the train glided away to the far north-east.

Victor stood watching the receding figures till the song of the runners died down in the distance, and the driving voice of Nick became lost in the grey solitude. Then he and, passing upon the trampled snow, moved out upon the store, disappeared within the pine wood which backed away up the slope of the valley.

Later he came to where three huts were hidden away amongst the vast tree trunks. They were so placed, and so disguised, as to be almost hidden until the wanderer chanced right upon them. These habitations were a part of Victor's secret life. There was a strange mushroom look about them; low walls of muck-bedaubed logs supported wide-stretching roofs of reeds, which, in their turn, supported a thick covering of soot-begrimed snow. He paused near by and uttered a low call, and presently a tall girl emerged from one of the doors. She walked slowly towards him with proud, erect carriage, while at her heels followed two fierce husky dogs, moving with all the large dignity of honored guards. The woman was taller than the trader, and her beauty of figure was in no wise hidden by the blanket clothing she wore. They talked earnestly together for some time, and then, in answer to a further summons from Victor, they were joined by a tall, gaunt man, with the solemn cast of face of an Indian, and a pair of eyes as darkly brooding as those of a moose. Although he was very dark skinned, he was plainly of the bastard race of his companions, and a certain resemblance between himself, and the woman spoke of relationship.

The three talked long and seriously, and finally Victor returned alone to the store. Again he took up his stand in the doorway, and remained gazing out upon the picture of the snow-covered valley.

His face was serious—serious even for the Wild, where all levity seems out of place and laughter jars upon the nerves. On his brow was a pucker of deep thought, whilst his eyes shone with a look of deep cunning. His usual expression of good-fellowship had passed. Victor had hitherto lived fairly honestly, because there was little or no temptation to do otherwise where his trading post was stationed. But it was not his nature to do so. And as he stood gazing out upon the rugged picture before him he knew he was quite unobscured; and so the rough soul within him was laid bare to the grey light of the world.

(To be continued.)

SEWING UP A HEART.

Remarkable Operation Described by New York Surgeon.

Dr. John F. Erdmann, of New York, describes in The Medical Record the case of a man, 21 years old, who received a stab wound in the heart, and upon whom he operated. The patient made a complete recovery. The man, who is called "S. H.," was a waiter in a restaurant, and he received the wound in a fight there on Aug. 22 last. The blade of the weapon used was three-quarters of an inch wide, and six inches long. "S. H." knocked his assailant down after he had been stabbed.

"I saw the patient at 10.30 or 10.45," says Dr. Erdmann, "practically three and a half hours after the injury, and was told that in the interval between his entering the hospital and my seeing him, he had a transfusion of 500 cubic centimetres of salt solution.

"His condition at the time I saw him was one of profound shock, marked pallor, the pulse uncountable, and almost imperceptible, dyspnea, rapid and shallow breathing, cold perspiration, and semi-consciousness. The heart sounds were distant and almost imperceptible. The patient complained of constant abdominal pain."

Dr. Erdmann describes the exploration of the wound to discover the extent of the injury, resulting in the discovery that the liver had been forced four inches out of place, and that there was a hole in the right ventricle of the heart admitting a gloved finger.

A curved needle, threaded with plain cat gut, was placed down to the heart, he says, and during a systole (contraction) puncture was made, irrespective of penetrating the cavity or not. As soon as the needle had pierced one side of the incision the finger was withdrawn and the needle made to make its exit from the opposite side. A knot was tied and the heart held dangling from this suture. The subsequent stitches—eight or ten in number—were readily placed, one more being placed in the line of the heart wound proper, and two more rows placed. A long drain was placed, and the patient was back in bed in about thirty minutes.

The patient was out of bed on the fourteenth day, and was discharged on Sept. 30, having been kept in the hospital simply to prevent his undergoing any undue exercise or labor.

An amusing blunder was made in the case of an Irish judicial declaration that certain resident magistrates "could no more state a case than they could ride a Greek ode." This was made to read that the magistrates "could no more state a case than they could ride a Greek goat."

Shiloh's Cure
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.

KAISER'S SLY GAME.

German Menace Against England Is Only a Feint.

Sir Oliver Lodge, the distinguished scientist, sees right through Emperor William's schemes. He is absolutely certain the Kaiser's fleet is not meant to fight England. "Some people," said Mrs. Poyser, "can see through a barn door. Maybe that's the reason they see so little on this side of it." And what Sir Oliver told the University of Birmingham Debating Society, seems far-fetched. "I ask you to be on your guard against the newspaper enterprise which tries to foment warlike feelings between this country and a friendly neighboring country. The German aims are not piracy and robbery against England. I think it is a port on the Mediterranean and a port on the Adriatic that they want when the Austrian Empire is breaking up, so that they may the more easily colonize the North Coast of Africa. I take it that the German Emperor's navy is to overawe and prevent any opposition on the part of France, and especially Italy, who would no doubt dislike having Germany so near as a neighbor. But so long as Europe thinks his navy is directed against England he is quite pleased, because that is not the real intention, and the Germans do not wish to declare what is their real intention."

BANK INSPECTION.

Traders Bank at Annual Meeting Favor Government Inspection.

At the 26th annual meeting of the Traders Bank in Toronto, January 24th, the following resolution was passed:—

It was moved by E. F. B. Johnston, K.C., director, seconded by Mr. J. S. Williamson, shareholder, and resolved:—

"That the shareholders and directors of the Traders Bank of Canada place on record their hearty approval of any legislation of the Dominion Parliament whereby an independent examination and audit under the direction of the Government of all Canadian Banks shall be made from time to time;

Resolved, also, that whilst the system of auditing should be determined by the Government, it is hoped that in the public interest, the method to be devised will be thorough and efficient, and of a practical character, as the result of a defective system would create injustice and tend to injure those who might be induced to rely on reports having the sanction of a Government or other official auditor.

That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the Hon. the Minister of Finance."

If, as the Traders Bank shareholders and directors suggest, the Government does inaugurate a scheme of inspection, it will be the most radical improvement in Canadian Banking procedure in recent years. The Management of the Traders Bank must be credited upon their stand upon this question. Government inspection of Banks is needed in Canada to make our system beyond question the most solid and efficient in the world and those banks which, like the Traders, throw their influence in this direction deserve the commendation of the Public.

Other outstanding features of the 1910 business brought out in the meeting are given below, and they

SPONH'S DISTEMPER CURE

for DISTEMPER Pink Eye, Catarrh of Shipping Fever, and Catarrh of the Glands, attacks the poisonous germs from the body. Cures Distemper in Dogs and Sheep, and Cholera in Poultry. Largest selling live stock remedy. Cures La Grippe among human beings and is a fine kidney remedy. See and try a bottle. 5c and 15c a dozen. Cut this out. Keep it. Show it to your druggist who will get it for you. Free Booklet, "Distemper, Causes and Cures." DISTRIBUTORS—ALL WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS. SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, 408 BELL, IND., U.S.A.

MAPLEINE

A Savoring used the same as lemon or vanilla. By dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding Mapleine, a delicious syrup is made and a syrup better than maple. Mapleine is sold by grocers. If not used for 1 or 2 oz. both and recipe book. Crossed Ltd., Co., Seattle, Wa.

HOTEL TRAYMORE
ON THE OCEAN FRONT.
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.



A magnificent ten-story fire-proof addition is just being completed, making this famous hotel the newest and most up-to-date of Atlantic City hotels. A new feature is the unusual size of the bed rooms, averaging 19 feet square.

Every room commands an ocean view, bath attached with sea and fresh water. Chivalry in every chamber. Temperature regulated by Pharmaceutist, the latest development in steam heating. To appear in every room. Golf privileges. Capacity 600. Write for illustrated booklet.

CHARLES O. MARQUETTE, Manager.
TRAYMORE HOTEL COMPANY, D. S. WHITE, President.

Here's a Home Dye
That **ANYONE** Can Use.

HOME DYING has always been more or less of a difficult undertaking—Wait see when you use

DYOLA
ONE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

Send for Sample Card and Story Booklet 10c. The J. R. STRATTON CO., Limited, Montreal, Can.

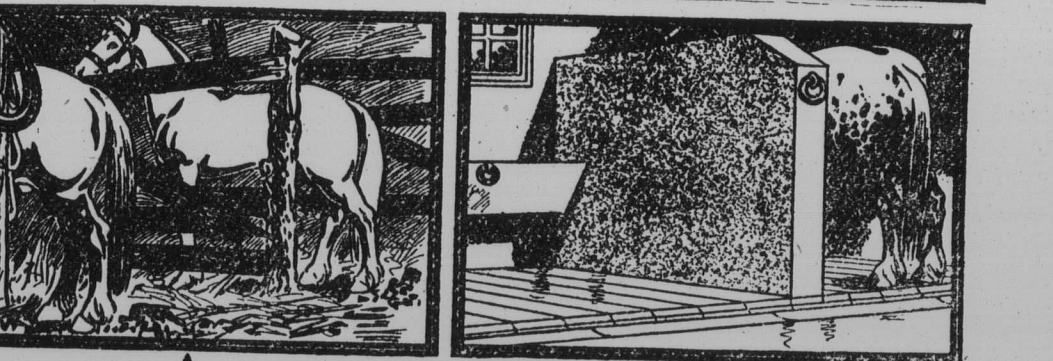
JUST THINK OF IT!
With DYOLA you can color either Wool, Cotton, Silk or Mixed Goods Perfectly with the SAME Dye. No chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods you have to color.

PAYMENT OF MEMBERS.

A statement has been circulated to the effect that the British Government proposes in its Payment of Members Bill to fix the salary of Members at \$2,500 per annum. The idea at first was that \$1,500 should be the amount, but it has been urged since that that is altogether inadequate, inasmuch as no man can possibly meet the ordinary expenses of a Parliamentary session out of such an allowance. The House of Commons may be the best club in London; nevertheless it is, like all other things that come under the category of the best, an expensive place. It is suggested that the Laborists are likely to object to anything more than \$2,000.

"Are checks fashionable now?" asked a highly-dressed young man of his tailor, as he looked over some cloth. "I don't believe they are, sir," was the reply. "For I haven't seen any about lately." He looked so hard at the young man when he said it that it caused an absence in the shop very rapidly.

Shiloh's Cure
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.



Which of These Pictures Best Represents Your Stable?

If your Stable Interior is of wood, you'll do well to tear down those old, unsightly stalls and mangers—and build new ones of Concrete.

In fact, the entire Stable—inside and out—should be built of Concrete.

This is the modern material—it has the merits of sightliness, endurance, and economy—and is sanitary.

The farmer himself can, by its use, make many little improvements that, with any other material, would require the employment of skilled labor.

"What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete"

- Tells you how to use concrete in constructing:
- | | | |
|----------------|----------------|------------------|
| Barns | Hens' Nests | Stables |
| Cisterns | Hitching Posts | Stairs |
| Dairies | Horse Blocks | Stalls |
| Dipping Tanks | Houses | Steps |
| Foundations | Poultry Houses | Tanks |
| Fence Posts | Root Cellars | Troughs |
| Feeding Floors | Silos | Walks |
| Gutters | Shelter Walls | Wall Curbs |
| | | Etc., etc., etc. |

Canada Cement Co., Limited
10-18 National Bank Building
MONTREAL



You may send me a copy of "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete."

Name

Address