"BELA"

Here a dugout was drawn up on the stones, well hidden from the view of any one on shore. She got in and paddling around the ice, entered the mouth of the creek. Grounding her craft with infinite care on the sand, she groped for a moment in her baggage, then arcse and stepped ashore, carrying several long, thin strips of moosehide.

The three men sleening on the floor the property of the stable.

The three men sleening on the floor the gray. There could be no doubt of what it was. The lust of pursuit flame what it was. The lust of up in the man's heart. He forgot his prudent advice to his mates.

"Making for the foot of the lake," he thought. "And the wind's against them. It's rising. I could easy ride around the shore and cut them off."

He got up and made his way vith energetic action back to the stable.

The three men sleeping on the floor of the shack suddenly started up in their blankets. "What was that?" they asked each

"A shout for help," said Jack.
Joe sprang up and opened the door.
Some confused sounds from the direction of the creek reached his ears, but he had not enough woodcraft to dis-tinguish them from the legitimate sounds of the night.

The fire was black now, Big Jack struck a match. "Sam's gone!" he cried, suddenly.

Shand felt around the floor with his hands. "His blankets, too!" he added. "Treachery!" cried Joe with an oath. "You wouldn't believe me before. That's why he hid the guns. Come on, I heard something from the creek."

They pulled on their moccasins and, snatching coats, ran out. Husky re-mained on the bed, cursing. At the creek-mouth the sandbank was empty. The last pallid rays of the moon re-

vealed nothing.

They were accustomed to come there many times a day to wash or to draw water, and the welter of footprints in the sand gave no clue. Finally Joe, with a cry, pounced on a dark object at the water's edge and held it up. It Sam's neck handkerchief.

"Here's the mark of a boat, too, in the sand," he cried. "I knew it! Gone together in her boat!"

objected in her boat!"
"It was a man's voice I heard," objected Jack. "What for would he want to cry out?"
"Wanted to give us the laugh when

he saw his getaway clear," said Joe, bitterly. "Oh, damn him!"
"As soon as it's light—" muttered Shand, grinding his teeth.
"What'll you do then?" demanded

Joe.
"I'll get him!" said the quiet man.
"We have no boat."
"Boat or no boat."
"Boat or no boat."

"Oh, you're going to do greaf things. He belongs to me." Shand sneered. "Take it out on

him with your tongue."

Joe replied with a torrent of abuse. Big Jack laughed a harsh note. "You fools!" he said. "Both of you. What do you think you're going you, what do you thank you're going to do so big? She's given us our answer sooner than we expected, that's all. If she prefers a cook to a man, that's her affair. All we got to do is shut up. I'm going back to the shack.

They would not confess the reasonableness of Jack's words. "Go where you fike," muttered Shand. "I'll stick by myself."

Jack strode back along the path. Joe followed him, merely because he was one of those natures who will choose an enemy's company sooner than face the prospect of being left with his

They left Shand to his own devices. They left shand to his own devices, thusky greeted them with eager questions. Joe curred him, and Jack clenched his teeth upon the stem of his pipe in grim silence.

They revived the fire and sat , in front of it. Each man was jealous of his own rage and pain and refused to share it. Joe and Husky blekered in a futile way. Big Jack, in spite of his philosophic protestations, kept the tail of an eye on the whitening window-pane. In the end he rese abruptly. Joe

followed suit as a matter of course.

Jack turned on him, snarling. "Have
I got to be followed by you like a dog" tere I go

crossing on the stepping stones walked out on the point beyond and sat down on a boulder. From here he could see a long way down the lake shore.

At this season in the latitude of Caribou night is brief. The sun sinks but a little way below the horizon, and a faint glow hovers over his head all night the way here. night, traveling around the northern horizon to the east, where it heralds his reappearance.

It was light in the east now and the

lake was stepping into view. Big Jack searched its misty expanse with

his keen little eyes.

By and by as the light strengthened, looking down shore he saw a tiny, dark object steal beyond the next point and become silhouetted against

You Can Do Your Bit in the trenches, in the home, in the office, in the factory. in the store, when the body is nourished with foods that build healthy muscle without overtaxing the digestive organs. Shredded Wheat Biscuit contains the greatest amount of bodybuilding nutriment at lowest cost. It strengthens the muscles of the stomach and intestincs by making them do their normal work in a natural way. A betterbalanced ration than meat or eggs, more easily digested and costs much less. Readycooked and ready-to-eat. For breakfast with milk or cream, or for any meal with fruits. Made in Canada.

He had no sooner picked up a saddle than Joe came in. They looked each other over without speaking. Joe made for another saddle.

"You're free to go where you want," said Jack, grimly. "I've only got to say I choose to ride alone."

"I don't care how you ride," re torted Joe. "Keep out of my business that's all."

They saddled their horses in silence Joe said at last with a sneer Thought you told us to sit down and

Jack's face flamed suddenly.

"I promised him a beating if he interfered and, by God, I mean to give it to him before her eyes. That's what she's got to take if she picks a cook!"

He fixed Joe with blazing eyes "And if any man comes between me and my promise, I'll take him first! As for the girl, she can go her way. wouldn't take her for a gift!"

Joe laughed unpleasantly.
As Jack started to lead his horse out of the stable, he saw what he had not before noticed several guns lean-ing in a corner of the stable. His eyes

hted up. 'Where did they come from?" he "Where did they come from: he demanded, choosing his own.
"Shand found them under the sods of the stable roof," said Joe.
"Where is Shand?"
"He has already taken a horse and

Sam was awakened by being vio lently rolled over on the sand. He felt human hands upon him, but he could not see his enemy. He struggled with a will, but his limbs were conwith a will, but his limbs were confined by the blanket. A heavy body knelt upon his back, and fetters were pulled around him, binding his arms and his legs inside the blanket.

It was then that he shouted lustly. It was cut short by a cotton gag in his mouth. He was ignominiously rolled down the send to the water's edge.

mouth. He was ignominiously rolled down the cand to the water's edge. What with the darkness and the confusion of his faculties, still he could not see who had attacked him.

Inert as a log, he was lifted up. dragged away, and finally dropped in a boat. His captor stood away from him, panting. Sam rolled over on his back and saw—Bela. For a moment he was paralyzed by

without looking at him she quickly took her place in the stern and pushed off. Suffocating rage quickly succeeded his first blankuess. Unable to move or to utter a sound, his heart nearly broke with it.

The black traitress! After all her professions of friendliness! After making her eyes so soft and her voice so sweet! She was worse than his ugliest suspicions had painted! He did not stop to guess why he had been attacked. She was his enemy. That was enough.

Sounds reached them from the di sounds reached them from the di-rection of the shack, and Bela, lower-ing her head, paddled swiftly and sil-ently for the point. Her face showed only a dim oval in the failing light. But there was grim resolution in its

lines.
Only once did she open her lips. Sam was frantfelly twisting in his bonds, though owing to his position on the keel of the dugout he did not nuch theaten her stability.

Bela whispered: "If you turn us over you drown quick." Angry as he was, the suggestion of

"What's the matter with you?" retorted Joe. "Do you own the whole
out of doors?"

They had no more than rounded
the men that noint when they heard the men that no more than the noint when they heard the men that no more than the noint when they heard the men that no more than the noint when they heard the men that no more than the noint when they heard the men that no more than the noint when they heard the men that no more than the noint when they heard the men that no more than the noint when they heard the men that no more than the noint when they heard the men that no more than the noint when they heard the men that no more than the noint when they heard the men that no more than the noint when the noint when they had no more than the noint when they had no more than the noint when they had no more than the noint when they heard the men that no more than the noint when they had no more than the noint when they heard the men they had no more than the noint when they heard the men they had no more than the noint when the no

the point when they heard the men come running down to the creek. Bela continued to hug the shore. They were soon swallowed in the murk. The moon went down.

By and bay the first rays of light began to spread up the sky from the eastern horizon, and the earth seemed to wake very softly and look in that direction.

With the light came a breath from

with the light came a breath from the east, cool as a hand on the brow of fever. Twittering of sleepy chicka-dees were heard among the pines, and out in the lake a loon laughed.

Day came with a swoop up the lake. The zerbyr breame a breeze, the breeze half a gale. The leaden sheet of water was torn into white tatters, and the waves began to crash on the ice-rimmed shore, sending sheets of spray into the trees, and making it impossible for Bela to land had she

impossible for Beia to land had she wished to.

This was a hard stroke of luck against her. She would have come out of sight of the point by the time it was fully light, had it not been for the head wind.

The durant leaned and rolled like an

The dugout leaped and rolled like an Insane thing. Having a vell-turned hull, she kept on top, and only spray came over the bow. To Sam, who could see only the sky, the mad motion was inexplicable

His anger gave place to an nonest terror. If anything happened, what chance did he stand? Bela's set, sullen face told him nothing. Her eyes were undeviatingly fixed on a point a few feet ahead and to the right of the bow. Twisting her paddle this way and that, she snaked the dugout over

the crests.

Though she seemed to pay no attention to him, she must have guessed was passing in Sam's mind. Without taking her eyes from that point ahead where the waves came from, she felt in a bundle before her and drew out a knife. Watching her chance, she swiftly leaned forward chance, she swiftly leaned forward and cut the bonds around his legs. When another luli came she cut his arms free.

"More careful," she said, without looking at him.
Sam did not heed the warning. The icy quality of the spray in his face filled him with a wholesome respect for the lake. He cautiously worked his arms free of the blanket, and rais-ing himself on his elbows, looked over the gunwale. He saw the waves come tumbling clumsily toward them and gasped.

the gunwale. He saw the come tumbling clumsily toward them and gasped.

It seemed like a miracle the little craft had survived so long. One glance at the shore showed him why they could not land. He fell back, and his hands flew to the knot behind his band. He tore off the gag and threw

could not land. He fell back, and his hands flew to the knot behind his head. He tore off the gag and threw it overboard. Bela looked at him for the fraction of a second.

"Well, what's your game?" he bitterly demanded. "It's pretty near ended for both of us. I hope you're satisfied. You savage!"

Bela's eyes did not swerve again from that point ahead. In one respect she was a savage; that was the extraordinary stolidity she could assume. For all the attention she gave him he might have been the wind whistling.

At first it fanned his anger outrageously. He searched his mind for cruel taunts to move her. It was all wasted. She paddled ahead like a piece of the boat itself, now pausing a second, now driving hard, as those fixed, wary eyes telegraphed automatically to her awes. fixed, wary eyes telegraphed automat

ically to her arms. One cannot continue to rail at a wooden woman. Her impassivity finally wore him out. He fell silent, and covered his face with an arm that

he might not have to look at her. Be-sides, he felt seasick. East of Nine Mile Point the lake East of Nine Mile Point the lake shore makes in sharply, forming the wide deep bay which stretches all the way to the foot of the lake where Musquasepi, the little river, takes its rise. The stony, ice-clad shores, backed by pines, continued for a mile or so, then gave place to wide, bare mud-flats reaching far inland.
On the flats the tee did not mile up.

On the flats the ice did not pile up, but lay in great cakes where the re-ceding waters stranded it. This ice was practically all melted now, and the view across the flats was unimpeded. It was nine miles from the point to the intake of the river by water, and fifteen miles by land. The trail skirted inside the flats.

Bela kept to the shore until the increasing light made further concealment useless. She then headed boldment useless. She then headed Dougly across for the river. It was at this time that the wind began to

blow its hardest.

She could not tell, of course, if she

She could not tell, of course, if she had yet been discovered from the point. Not knowing the ways of white men, she could not guess if they were likely to pursue.

Under ordinary circumstances, with a little start, she could easily have beat a horse to the river, but the head wind reversed the chances. She might have landed on the flars, but there was not a particle of cover there was not a particle of cover there, and they would have offered a fair mark to any one following by the Moreover, Sam would have run away

It was too rough for her to hope to escape across the lake in the trough of the sea. So there was nothing for her but to continue to struggle toward the river. 16 bank of heavy clouds was rising in the east. It was to be a

gray day.

After a while Sam looked over the edge again. The dugout seemed scarcely to have moved. They were still but half-way across the wide bay. On the lake side they were passing a wooded island out in the middle. The wind was still increasing. It came roaring up the lake in successive gusts. It was like a giant playing hated her for being forced to admire istering the coup de grace. Bela could be a compare keep the crests of the ways. no longer keep the crests of the waves Sam was drenched and chilled.

He stole another look in her face. The imminence of the danger threat-ening both, forced his anger into the background for the moment. She never changed her attitude except occasionally to swing the paddle to the other side of the boat.

At the impact of each gust she low-

ered her head a little and set her teeth, her face had become a little haggard and gray until the long con-tinued strain. Sam chafed under his enforced inaction.

"You have another paddle," he sald. "Let me help."
"Lie down," she muttered, without

looking at him. "You don' know how. You turn us over."

He lay in water impotently grind-ing his teeth. He could not but admire her indomitable courage, and he nated her ofr bein gforced to admire her. To be obliged to lie still and let a woman command was a bitter

draft to his pride.

A wave Teaped over the bow, falling in the dugout like a barrowful of stones. Sam sprang to a sitting posttion. He thought the end had come.

SICK WOMAN HAD **CRYING SPELLS**

Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Enhaut, Pa.—'I was all run down and weak inwardly. I had female troubles and nervous feelings and my head bothered me. I would often have crying spells and feel as if I was not safe. If I heard anyone coming I would run and lock the door so they would not see me.

and my head both-ered me. I would often have crying spells and feel as if I vas not safe. If I heard anyone com-ing I would run and lock the door so they would not see me. I tried several doc-tions and they did not

I tried several doctors and they did not help me so I said to my mother I guess my mother I guess as there is no help for me.' She got me one of your little books and my husband said I should try one bottle. II stopped the doctor's medicine and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It soon made a change in me and now I am strong and do all my work."—Mrs. Augustus Baughman, Box 86, Enhaut, Pa.

Why will women continue to suffer

Why will women continue to suffer Why will women continue to suffer day in and day out and drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

If you would like free confidential advice address Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

UMBI EXION

to preserve her complexion, and she finds this an easy task, if she uses Zam-Buk. This herbal balm not only keeps the surface skin smooth and soft, but penetrates to and feeds the underlying tissues. It stimulates the cells to healthy action and produces rigorauteir action, and produces vigorous cir-culation, which by carrying away all impurities creates a permanently clear complexion. How much more satisfying than a temporary complexion produced by powders and cosmetics! 50c. box, all druggists or Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

The dugout staggered drunkenly un-der the additional load. But Bela's

face was still unmoved.

"Lean over." she commanded, nodding toward the little pile of baggage between them. "Under the blankets, between them. "Under the blankets in the top of the grub-box, my tea

He found it, and set to work with a will to bail. As fast as he emptied the water, more came in over the bow.

The foot of the lake and safety seem ed to recede before them. Surely it was not possible a woman could hold out long enough to reach it, he he thought, glancing at her.

"Why don't you turn about and run before the wind?" he asked. "Can't turn now," 'she muttered. "Wave hit her side, turn over quick." Sam looked ashore again. For up wards of a furlong off the edge of the flats and breakers were ruling their parallel lines of white. Above all the other noises of the storm the continu-ous roaring of these waters reached

their cars. "You could land there," he sug-gested. "What if we did get turned out? It's shallow." She was not going to tell him the

real reason she could not land, lose my boat," she muttered. "Better lose the boat than lose your-self," he muttered, sullenly.

Bela did not answer this. She pad-elled doggedly, and Sam bailed. He saw her glance from time to time toward a certain point inland. Seeing her face change, he followed the direction of her eyes, and presently distinguished, far across the flats, three tiny horses with riders appearing from among the trees.

They were proceeding in single file around the bay. Even at the distance one could guess they were galloping. So that was why she would not land!

She did not need to be told who the three riders were. His sensations on perceiving them were mixed. It was not difficult for him to figure what had happened when his absence had been discovered, and he was not at all sure that he wished to escape his mysterious captor only to fall into those hands.

This line of thought suddenly suggested a possible reason why he had been carried off—but it was too humiliating to credit. He looked at her with a kind of shamed horror. Her

face gave nothing away.

By and by Sam realized with a blessed tightening of the heart that the storm had reached its maximum. The gusts were no longer increasing in strength; less water was coming over the bow. Not until he felt the rewas he aware of how frightened

he had been. Bela's face lightened, too. Progress under the cruel handicap was still painfully slow. The wind was like a hand thrusting them back; but every gain brought them a little more under the lee of the land. If Bela's arms held out! He looked at her wonderingly.

"We will sink now," she said, coolly. "Good!" cried Sam.
In their mutual relief they could al-

most be friendly. Bela was heading for the intake of the river. Along the tortuous course of that stream she knew a hundred hiding places. The land trail followed the general direction of the river, but touched it only at one or two places

The question was, could she reach the river before the horsemen? Sam watched them, trying to gauge their rate of progress. The horses had at least four miles to cover, while the dugout was now within a mile—but the horses were running.

Sam knew that the trail crossed the river by a ford near the intake from the lake because he had came that way. If the horsemen cut off Bela at the ford what would she do? he wondered. The outlook was bad for him in either event. He must escape from both parties.

Hostess—Can't find your partner? What's her name? Youth—I can't renember her name, but she's slightly knock-kneed and has a mole in the small of her back.—Life.

HARD WORK WINS.

It is the Staff of Life On the Hard Road to Success.

Sir Frederick Treves, a noted British surgeon, said recently that hard work counts for more than brilliancy. If he had to submit to a major opera-tion, he added, he would choose a careful, hard worker rather than a

brilliant surgeon.

These remarks have excited some controversy. But, after all, do they contain any real disparagement of brilliancy? Brilliancy, like genius, is brilliancy: Brilliancy, like genius, is an accident. It is born, not made. The world would be a dull, flat plane in-tellectually if it did not throw up brilliant people. Hard work would never have given us Shakespeare, Beethoven, Keats, Heine, Poe. Shel-lev

But hard work is the staff of life On it we can count, on it we can rely. them, verifies brilliant hypotheses, connects and completes truths re-ceived in "flashee."

When the brillant man is also a hard worker he conquers the world. But the slow conquests of hard work by men of talent and ability are by no means negligible. We can train children to appreciate work and method, efficency, order an dindustry.
When they happen to be brilliant into

the bargain the reward of hard work will be correspondingly greater.

Woe to them who expect brilliancy alone to give them the success that is worthy and enduring.—Chicago

NERVOUS AILMENTS

Few people realize that nervous allnents, often arise from digestive troubles. The stomach fails, for some reason, to digest food properly. Then the son, to digest food properly. Then the system languishes and the nerves become exhausted in striving to continue their work. Impure blood also chases herve troubles, but frequently it is in the stomach where the mischief starts.

As the nourishment is carried to the nerves by the blood, it will be seen what an important connection exists between the stomach, the nerves and the blood, and how such troubles nervous headaches, nervous dyspepsia and insemnia may begin.

In such cases relief is easily obtainable by means of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills replenish the blood with the food elements on which the nerves thrive; at the same time they exercise a tonic influence on the digestive organs, enabling the system to derive nourishment from the food taken. By this perfectly natural process nervous ills are steadily dispelled by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If you are suffering from nerves, or require a blood-making tonic, give these pills a fair trial, and see how speedily the

best of bealth will be yours.
You can get these pills through 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.

MEDICAL SCIENCE

HEALTH AND HOLIDAYS.

HEALTH AND HOLIDAYS.

The first thing to think about, when planning how to get the utmost of refreshment and health from the annual holiday, is the decision as to what constitutes, for the particular individual concerned, a real holiday. It is clear that an essential element in the holiday is change, not change of air and locality only, or even necessarily at all, but change of occupation, of strain, memita' and physical, with fresh interests and stimul.

It is very little rest or change for the

atimuli,

It is very little rest or change for the tired housewife to take her family away to seaside or country lodgings, where she takes with her all but a few of her househole cares and duties. The change of air would do her little good if she could not at the ame time find change of occupation and a respite from responsibility. To get the most out of her holiday she should leave the house and family to look after themselves or be looked

day she should leave the house and family to look after themselves or be looked after by someone else, and get into a quiet hotel, boarding house or farm house, where she could have rest and peace with fresh alr, exercise and change of scene and surroundings.

The office worker of sedentary habits will do well to make his holiday as out-of-door and changeful as possible, though this does not mean that he should undertake violent physicial strains or very lorg strenuous walks. Such a system will do him more harm than good. A quiet and loafing walking tour with a congenial companion, or alone, is the type of holiday which will tend to leave him rested and invigerated for the year's work. It is, however, a bad plan to keep this end continually in view. Exercise undertaken for the sake of its healthfulness and not for its pleasure larely gives full value; the pleasure is a great part of the treatment.

THE TREATMENT OF FLAT FOOT.

THE TREATMENT OF FLAT FOOT. THE TREATMENT OF FLAT FOOT.

'Flat foot,"—the pojunar name for the condition in which the longitudinal arch of the foot, or the "instep," gives way and flattens out—is very commonly caused by much standing and persons who work in factories, standing at machinery, nurses, waiting and artists' models, are very usual sufferers from it. It is a painful and ungraceful deformity, affecting the walk and with it the carriage of the whole body, while the feet ache and throb so much that standing is an agony.

both parties.

The horsemen passing around the bay became mere specks in the distance. Reaching the foot of the lake, they had to cover a straight stretch of a mile and a half to the river. The trail lay behind willows here, and they disappeared from view. It was anybody's race.

Bela, the extraordinary girl, still had a reserve of strength to draw od. As they gradually came under the influence of the windward shore the water calmed down and the dugout leaped ahead.

Sam watched her with a cold admiration speculating endlessly on what might be going on behind her mask-like face. With all her pluck, what could she hope to gain. Obviously it would be easier to escape from her then from three men, and as they drew closer and closer to the river the tension became acute. Suppose they arrived simultaneously, thought Sam, would the men shoot?

(To be continued.)

Hostess—Can't find your partner?

What's her name? Youth—I can't re-

KITCHEN ECONOMY. At the present time, when it is a na-tional duty to get the last ounce of nour-ishment and food value out of all food-stuffs consumed, a great change is need-ed in the manner of cooking vagetables.

CUTICURA HEALS BAD DISFIGUREMENT

Very Itchy. Burned at Night. Could Scarcely Sleep. Healed in One Week.



The common nabit is to peel nearly all root begetables, removing in this way a large part of their volume and a far larger portion of their food value. All such things as potatoes, carrots, turnips, and other roots are far better scrubbed thoroughly with a small brush and then cooked with their skins on The flavor and indees of the vegetable are keep inside it, instead of near poured away with the water, while the outer-boost layer of the root with its valanite food consultants is eaten instead of being wested. Most vegetables are heter flavored and me e nouraling if steamed instead of bolled.

While green tens are in sea on the careful cook will save and way the profa after the pair have been shelled. These pairs, being a a little sea of till soft on such to into through a deve make most celectous and involving an endied in 19 or fifteen minutes, a servel as a separate unth with e spe and set and a little butter on havely be twil from any arguments in flavor; surplus he meas are those which have shot up or a good boiled vegetable, and the "Jower heads of scakale may be used like earl flawer. The chief resson why some pende think a vegetarian or partly vegetarian diet unhealthy sail weakening is because halt the valuable properties of the vegetables have sone down the rook or into the dustin.

An Expert in Molives.

Cousin Henry is an expert in motives. If you were reading off a list of names and overlanked heary "ne would understand. He would know exactly the motive that prompled you to do it. If you don't think to introdue file it you don't thank to intro-duce file to the man who is with you be can see through it. He may have to go back four or five years, but but he will make a complete case you. In less than an hour he will know what your motive was. Right now he is angry because his daughter was not selected as yaddistants of was not selected as valedictorian of her class. You may think that the other girl deserved to be selected, but you don't know all that Henry knows. It is a long story, but he is willing to tell it to you, and after hearing it you will understand the motive—you will understand that it is a case of spite work—Claude Callan in Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

TORONTO FAT STOCK SHOW

From indications the Stock Show to be held at the Union Stock Yards of Toronto, December 7th and 8th next, will be bigger than ever. The 1916 show had 776 entries, comprising in all 2,309 show animals which sold for the Christmas trade, some of whom brought record prices. Premium list has been enlarged and each class car-

ries a handsome prize. For further particulars, write C. F. Topping, care of Union Stock Yards of

Follies of Science

The history of science has seven problems which men in all ages more or less have tried to solve, but which have finally been given up by ail. To

day they are called follies.

The usual list comprises the following: First, squaring the circle; second, duplication of the cube; third, trisec tion of an angle; fourth, perpetual mo-tion; fifth, transmutation of metals; sixth, fixation of mercury; seventh, elixir of life. Some lists put the phi-losopher's stone for the last three and then add astrology and magic to make the seven.

Seven Days King.

Masaniello (Thomas Aniello), bern 1622, was known as the "Seven Days King." He headed a revolt against the Duke of Arcos, at Naples, July 7th. 1647, forced him to abolish the tax on provisions and for seven days was master of Naples. He was most arrogant and bloodthirsty and was assassinated July 16th. He is the hero of two operas, one by Caraffa, called "Masaniello," and the other by Auber Christian by Savish and the Other by Auber Christian and the Other by Auber Christian and Other C (libretto by Scribe), called "La Muette de Porticii."

You never can tell. Many a straight tip comes from a crook.

FOR SALE **Book and Stationery** Business

IN HAMILTON Established 12 years in good

central location. Will be sold at a sacrifice. Good reasons for selling Apply to

THOS. FRENCH

JAMES STREET NORTH HAMILTON, ONT.