from the

nd umbrella

lines New

"BELA"

He was a littleman, radiating good- i up positions by the door across the nature and fun. He had round, ruddy cheeks looking as if the half of an apple had been glued to each side of his face, and a spreading, crinkly brown beard. Blenvenue! Bienvenue!" cried

Johnny Gagnon, with sweeping obeis-

ances, Johnny, have you got a new a twinkle,

The riverbank became a scene of delightful confusion; black cassocks, red tunies, erange ribbons and blue ostrich | doctor. boy smests showed strange hirsute ments. One had a face like a round white doily with brown fringe; the other was spotted with hair like new grass,

The agent and the doctor were or-dinary-looking men. They did not add to the picturesqueness of the scene, but each carried a bag which was charged with comance for the natives.

The two policemen were almost as young as the boy-priests, but bigger and redder and clean-shaven. Here the eyes of the Gagnon girls lingered longest,

The greatest sentation, naturally, was created by the blue hat. It was the last to come ashore. It lingered on the gunwale with an appealing turn manwards until a red arm was offered on one side, a black arm on the other, whereusen it hopped ashore with a coy was to the right and to the left. It was not hard to see why the boatmen had christened her the "chicadee-

Young Joe, catching a glimpse of the face beneath, muttered: "Schoolmarm!" impolitely.

The natives, however, made no such distinctions. To them she was just a white woman, only the second they had ever seen. They had no means of knowing whether they came more beautifut than this. Miss Mackall, booted, hatted, and corrected in town, was the headliner of the show.

The experience to one of her life and a little intoxicating. The blue hat wearer, exulting in the consciousness that everybody was looking at her, saw nothing of this strange land she was in.

As soon as the general hand-shaking was over, Big Jack addressed himself to Sergeant Coulson. "I've got a prisoner for you, sergeant."

Coulson instantly stiffened into on arm of the law. "What charge?" he

"I don't exactly know the legal name of it. He carried off a gir against her will. This girl!"-pointing to Bela. "Regularly tied her up and carried her off in a cance, and kept her prisoner on an island in the

ake." The posternan was startled under his military air. "Is this true?" he asked Bels.

Bela, without saying anything, allowed him to suppose that it was, We'll have a hearing at once," said "Gagnon, can we use your Coulson. shack?

Could he use it!
"Aristide! Michel! Maria!" shricked Johnny. "Run, you turtles! Carry ever't'ing outside. Tak' down the stove!"

Bishop Laisunesse went to Bela with kind eves.

"My poor girl!" he said, in her own tongue. "Have you had a bad time?" "Wait," murmured Bela, deprecat-

ingly. "I tell everything in there." "Mercy! Abducted!" cried Miss Mackail, with an inquisitive stare. "She's bold enough about it. Not a

"I'm afraid this will hardly be suitable for her to hear," murmured the doctor, who had constituted himself one of Miss Mackall's gallants. "Will

you wait in the boat?"
"A trial! I wouldn't miss it for worlds," she retorted. "Which is the criminal? One of her own sort, I sup-

pose. Fancy! carrying her off!" Within a few minutes the Gagnon household effects were heaped out of doors, and the stage set for the "trial." at was strange how the squatty little shack, with its crooked windows and doors instantly took on the look of a

court the seats were ranged across one end between the two doors for the policemen and the guests of honor. Both doors were left open to give light to the proceedings, and a great bar of

sunlight fell athwart the dusty floor.
Couson sat in the middle with a table before him, and the other policeman at his left with notebook and pencil to take down the evidence. Both youngsters as the representatives of authority wore an air of gravity be-

your their years.

Was Mackall sat at the other side of Comson, ever making play with the ostrich feathers. The doctor and the

Indian agent were next her.
At the other end of the line sai Bishop Lafeunesse. He had sent the boy priests back to the boat to repack the baggage. Whatever their feelings, they had obeyed with a cheerful air.
Of all those present only the bishop showed any compassion. Bela stood near him, and he occasionally leaned forward and patted her arm. She received it with an odd look, at once

grateful and apprehensive. The body of the room was filled with the natives, including the Gagnon family, the boatmen, and the servants, all squatting on the floor facing the table of justice. While they waited for the appearance of the prisoner they occupied themselves with Miss Mackall's gloves and parasol, and the artificial bouquet at her girdie. No such articles as these had ever been seen before on Musquasept was led in with his hands tied Jeen fire. He held his head high.
Jack fact him standing in front of the room from Pela.

Feeling their importance in the scene, all looked a little self-righteous. Occosionally they relieved their feelings by spitting outside the door. Sam did not look greatly concerned; his conscience was clear. True, he felt the degradation of the bound waists, but must he not presently be one for me?" asked his lordship, with | triumphantly vindicated? He had been waiting for this moment all night.

"Mercy! Not at all what I expected!" whispered Miss Mackall to the "The handsome wretch! feathers all mingled. The two slender | Fancyt Carrying her off like what do you call him. Much too good for her.

It's her they should punish!" The proceedings were opened by a formal questioning.

"Name?" "Samuel Gladding." "Age?"

"Twenty-four?"

"Nativity?" "American. Born in Orange, New Icraey." \ "No."

"First came to Canada?" "February 18 last." "Arrived in Caribon Lake?"

"Citizen of Canada?" "May 3. Travelling with Messrs. Skinner, Marr, Hagland, and Fraser.

in the capacity of cook." During the course of the questioning the prisoner gradually apprehended that the sentiment of the room was against him. The suspicion crept into his mind that it might not be so easy as he had thought to clear himself.

"You are charged with having abducted this girl, Bela," Coulson went on, and keeping her a prisoner on Bela. Eagle Islend. It is your right to waive examination, in which case I shall "He"—pointing to Sam—"run send you out to Miwasa Landing for away from me." Here the spectators trial. Do you wish to proceed?"

"Yes," said Sam. Young Coulson's legal formula failed him here. "Well, what have you got to say for yourself?" he asked quite humanly:

As Sam was about to defend himlost in a crowd of women was novel self it suddenly rushed over him what a comic figure he would make, accuswaggled and cocked alarmingly. The ing a girl of abducting him. He closed his mouth and blushed crimson. Big Jack and his pals smiled at each other meaningly.

Well?" demanded Coulson. "It's not true," mumbled Sam. "Didn't you go with her?"

"Yes-but-But what?" "Butowhat?" "I had to."

What do you mean?" There was no help for it.

"It was she carried me off!" There was an instant's silence in the room. The white men stared at the unexpected answer. The red pen-

ple hardly understood it. "What do 70n mean?" demanded Coulson, scowling. "Just what I said!" cried Sam. recklessly. "Jumped on me when I was asleep; tied me hand and foot,

and bundled me in her canoe." There was a great burst of derisive laughter. The decorum of the court was entirely destroyed." Never had such an original defense been heard. Coulson and his clerk laughed with the rest. Even the bishop had to laugh, albeit indignantly. Jack, Shand and Joe fairly doubled up by the door. Sam stood through it, blushing and glaring around at his tormentors.

"I believe him!" cried Miss Mackall; but nobody heard her. When order was restored, Coulson said, with a shake in his throat: "You 'bardly expect us to believe-that, do

you? "I don't care whether you believe it or not!" returned Sam, hotly. "Let me question her, and I'll show you. I

guess that's my right, isn't it?" "Certainly," said Coulson, stiffly, "Stand asige for a while and let her tell her story without interruption. You can question her when she is

All the white people except the white woman looked at the girl with sympathetic eyes. Bela's face was pale and one hand was pressed to her breast to control the agitated tenant

To be obliged to speak out before so many white people was a terrible ordeal for the girl of the lake. She suspected, too, that there would be some difficult questions to answerand there was no Musq'oosis to advise her. Alas, if she had taken his advice she would not have been here at all!

In These War Times you want real food that contains the greatest amount of body-building material at lowest cost. The whole wheat grain is all food. Shredded Wheat Biscuit is the whole wheat in a digestible form. Two or three of these little loaves of baked whole wheat with milk and a little fruit make a nourishing, strengthening meal.



Made in Canada.

"Go shead," said Coulson, sympa-

Bela drew a steadying breath and raised her head. Pointing at Sam with unconscious dramatic effect, she said clearly: "He speak true. I carry

Again there was a silence in the court, while the spectators gaped in pure astonishment. The three men by the door scowled in an ugly fashion. Sam himself was surprised by her candor. He looked at her suspiciously, wondering what she was preparing for

Coulson regretted his sympathy "What do you mean?" he demanded sharply. "Is this a loke?"

Bela shock her head. "I tie him up and tak' him away lak he say." "Then what is all this about What aid you do it for?" asked the police-

This was the question Bela dreaded. A stubborn look came over her face. "He is my frierd," she said. "I hear those of'er men say they hate him. Say they going kill him and nobody know. I t'ink if I tell Sam that, he jus' laugh. So I got tak' him away myself to save him."

The white spectators leaned forward, mystified and breathlessly attentive. Here was a brand-new story which did not fit any of the timehonored court-room situations. The bishop looked sad. He suspected from her face that she was lying. Jack, Shand, and Joe could not contain their angry exclamations.

"It's a lie!" cried Jack. "The cook was nothing to us, neither one way or the other. Of course, after we thought he carried her off, we were

sore, naturally." "She's just trying to shield him now!" cried Joe, furiously. "Well, I can't hold him if

doesn't want him held," said Coulson. "She told me yesterday she wanted him punished," insisted Jack. "One moment," said Coulson. "I'll get to the bottom of this." He turned to Bela with a severe air. 'Is that

true?" "Yes, I tell him that," admitted

"What did you do that for?" smiled. "I not strong enough to eatch him. So I mak' them catch him. I mak' them bring him to the police so all is known. They cannot hurt him

if all is known." The bishop, watching Bela. was sadly puzzled. Poor Bela herself, if he had known, was confused between the truths and the untruths.

"Why should they want to hurt him?" demanded Coulson. "I don't know." Here she was evasive again.

"What were you doing in their eamp in the first place?" he asked.
"I just travelin'," said Beis. "But you stayed there long enough to make friends. How long were you

"Three-four days." "What did you stay for?" "That's no answer. You must have

known the risks a girl ran in a camp "I tak' care of myself all right." "Answer my question," he insisted.

"What did you stay there for?" "I not stay in their house," she par-"Never mind that. What did you

stay around there for?" Bela was cornered. True to her wild nature, her eyes turned desirously toward the open door. The bishop laid a hand on her arm. "Tell the truth, my daughter," he said, gently. "No one shall harm

Bela turned to him. "I am 'mos' white," she explained, as if he were the only reasonable person present. "I leaves. lak be wit' white people."

audience at what they considered her presumption. Bela's eyes flashed scorn on them. She forgot her terrors. "I am not one of these!" she cried. "I am white! I want marry a white

man!" An odd start of surprised laughter escaped the white spectators. They glanced at each other to make sure

they had heard aright. "Oh!" said Coulson. "Now we're getting down to it. The prisoner here was the one you picked out?" "Yes!" answered Bela, defiantly. "He is the best man."

"Well-" exclaimed Coulson. Suddenly the richness of the situation broke on the spectators, and a gale of laughter swept through the room.

The bishop laughed, too, though he patted Bela's arm encouragingly. At ton, owner of the vessel. The chunk

Only the three men by the door did they glared at the girl and at the pri-Big Jack, the most astute of the

It occurred to him that unless the coming out, their humiliation would The Wanderer had pretty good luck be complete and abject. With a glance of warning at his

companions, he threw back his head \$160,000. and laughed louder than any. Shand and Joe, comprehending, followed Their laughter had a bitter ring, but in a gale of laughter the difference passed unnoticed.

The prisoner turned white to his lips. He preserved an unnatural calmiress. Only his wild, pained eyes betrayed the blinding, maddening rage that was consuming him. Bela, whose eyes were only for him, turned pale to match. "Sam," she

whispered, imploringly. "Cut me loose," he said, quickly. She looked about her. One passed her a knife, with which she cut his bonds, all the time searching his face with her terrified eyes, seeking to discover what he meant to do. "I suppose I am free to go," he said,

stiffly, to Coulson. "Sure!" answered the policeman. Fa was kindly now-grateful, indeed. for the magnificent joke which had been provided.

"Jam! Sam!" Bela murmured, niteously. The spectators eagerly watched for the final scene of this humorous and wish there was a Walker House

in every little town

I wish there was a WALKER HOUSE In every little town; Then I could travel merrily, And always sit me down At night in peace and comfort, Happier than king with crown, If there was just one Walker House

I wish there was a WALKER HOUSE In each place where I go.
The comforts of my dear old home While on the road I'd know. The meals—the Cheerful Service, too. Would leave no cause to frown,
If there was just one Walker House
In every little town.

In every little town.

The Walker House The House of Toronto Geo. Wright

original drama. Bela, unconscious of everybody but one man, made a lovely, appealing figure.

"Sam," she whispered, "now you know I your friend. Don't go! Wait little while. Sam-here is the bishop. Marry me, and let them laugh!" Sam flung off the timid arm. "Marry you!" he cried, with a quiet bitterness that burned like lye. "I'd sooner jump into the river!"

Empty-handed and hatless, he strode out of the shack. "Sam, wait!" she cried, despairingly, flying after.

CHAPTER XV. Into the bay that occupies the northeasterly corner of Caribou Lake empties a creek too small to have a name. To the left of its mouth, as one faces the lake, ends the long. pine-clad dune that stretches along the bottom of the lake from the intake

of Musquasepi. To the right as the shore turns westward the land rises a little and the forest begins. Back of the beach the little creek is masked by thickly

springing willows. An hour after the sun had passed the meridan the branches of the willows were softly parted, and Bela's pale face looked through, her eyes tense with anxiety. She searched the lake shore right and left. The wide expanse of sunny water and the

bordering shore were empty. Resssured, she came from behind the bushes, walking in the creek, and splashed down to the beach, still keeping wary eyes about her. She carried her gun in one hand, and over the other shoulder the carcass of a wild goose hung limply.

ly searched the sand of the beach for tracks. Finding none, a breath of relief escaped her. She flung the dead goose in the sand. From this position she could see down the beach as far as the intake of the little river,

two miles or more away.

Careless of the icy water flowing over her feet, she stood for a while, straining her keen, anxious eyes in this direction. Finally she made out a tiny dark spot moving toward her

on the sand. She retreated up the creek and crouched behind the willows in the pose of lifeless stillness she had in-herited from the red side of the house. The red people in the first place learned it from the wild creatures. She watched through

A coyote trotting with his airy gait Here a titter assed over the native came along the top of the dune, looking for Ell-considered trifles. He squatted on his haunches a couple of hundred yards away, and his tongue

hung out. He saw the dead goose below, a rich prize; but he also saw Bela, whom no human eyes could have discovered. He hoped she might go away. was prepared to wait until dark if necessary. However, the approach of another two-legged figure along the beach behind him presently compelled him to retreat down the other side of the dune.

(To be continued.)

\$35,000 of Ambergris in a Lump. A prize lump of ambergris secured by the whaling brig Viela is reported by Capt. John A. Cock, of Province-

least, she was telling the truth now. of ambergris taken from a sperm It was too extraordinary to be other- whale captured just south of Cape Hatteras, weighed 121 pounds, and was valued at \$35,000. Each man of a crew not laugh. With eyes full of hate, of sixteen will have a share in the prize, Another old whaling barque of the New Bedford fleet returned to port recently after a four years' cruise. three, was the first to recover himself. This was the Wanderer, built at Mattapoisett in 1878 and still apparently rest of the story were prevented from as sound as the day she was launched.

> on her return cruise. In all she took 6,200 barrels of sperm oil, valued at Most of this was sent home via the Azores and Barbadoes. Capt. Antoine Edwards, commander of the vessel, fig. ured that an average catch of \$40,000 a year was not so bad these days.

> "Did you take any desperate measures when you found the man-was so "Yes, sir; we went for a doctor. sir."-Baltimore American.

A Cure for Pimples

"You don't need mercury, potash or any other strong mineral to cure pumples caused by poor blood. Take Extract of Rootsdruggist calls it "Mother Seigel's Carative Syrup-and your skin will clear up as fresh as a baby's. It will sweeten your stomach and regulate your bowels." Get the genume. 50c. and \$1.06 Bottles. At drug stores.

BATTLE WITH A BOG.

Redmire's Suction Tore the Leather Gaiters Off a Man's Legs.

Readers of "Lorna Doone" can never forget the terrible drowning of Carver in the bog. That death trap is still to be seen in the Exmoor country, and not long ago a valuable hunting horse was engulfed in the mire. and his rider barely escaped with his life. S. Baring Gould, who had a narrow escape from a similar English bog tells of it in his "Book of the West." The author was with an official from the ordnance survey, who, was correcting the map of the count

"In the dusk we lest our way and got into Redmire. It was winter, the bog was unusually wet, and we could scarcely trip from one stone to another. Six bullocks had been lost in

that very spot during the year. "All at once I sank above my waist and was rapidly being sucked in farther. I called to my companion, but in the dark he could not see me. The water reached to my armpits. Happily I had with me a stout bamboo six feet long. I place it athwart the surface and held my arms as far extended as possible. By quickly jerking my body I gradually lifted it, and then threw myself forward as far as could. Finally I managed to cast myself full length on the surface. The suction was so great that it tore the leather gaiters off my legs. "For a quarter of an hour

stretched out, gasping, before I got breath enough to worm myself along to dry soil."

A GOOD EXAMPLE

Nothing that the C. P. R. has done in the direction of food conservation has resulted in so many letters of commendation, as the footnote printed on all menu cards on C. P. R. dining cars and hotels. This reads:

"In the interest of food conservation, young lambs, little chickens, lit- In reality, however nobody receives tle pigs, and their by-products, are not used in the C. P. R. service." The editor of a prominent mining

journal says in a leading article: "It must bave required some grit." as well as a full sense of duty for an institution which includes such hotels and restaurants as are found on that railway, to put such a memorandum before their high-class patrons. But it has been done, and its moral ef fect has been wider than the actual wastage that has been saved. Those who have read the notice have, in some cases at all events , followed the good example of the railway, and have given up purchasing any of the im-

mature animal food. "If the food controller could prohibit the sale or use of these young animals it would be another means of

food economy." LIVING AEROPLANES.

Wherein Birds Differ From Flying Machines Made by Man.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the bird's wings enable it to fly. If wings spelled flying any of us could attach a pair and soar into the air. The hollow bones of the birds make light bodies, but they are attached to a rigid backbone. which forms the main feature of the bird's body. This gives the central firmness, and the muscles do the rest. The wings bal-

as a rudder for steering. Often enough the bird seems to use its tail as a sort of brake. It is interesting to compare the bird with the product of man's skill—the lous food commodities. The Governaeroplane. To begin with, there is no ment only appoints allowance inspecaeroplane made which copies the up and down motion of the bird's wings,

ance their owners, and the tail acts

all our machines having fixed wings. But naturally man tried to copy the living fliers around him. He made wings of feathers. etc., connected them with his shoulders and legs and found that his muscles could not raise him an inch.

The muscles, or motors, which now drive him through the air, are as strong as 200 horses, so no wonder he body so perfectly formed for flight, pepper-and-salt suit should be good has flying muscles equal in weight to all its other muscles put together .-Pearson's Weekly.

ORGAN IF BALANCE.

When It Becomes Affected It Pro duces an Attack of Vertige.

When any one feels dizzy and perhaps almost about to faint his brain cannot properly control the working of his eyes. They may move round from side to side, perhaps independently instead of together, and so it

around. Another reason for dizziness has to walk. If I tried to do any work, I do with a wonderful part of the body | would have to lie down before it was near the ear and without which none of us could sit upright, much less stand, though few people have ever heard of it. This organ, which used to be thought to have something to do with hearing, really controls our balance. In some people it is affected by disease, an dthese constantly suffer from dizziness and a feeling that everything is spinning round and

round. As every one knows, we can make ourselves dizzy and so think everything is spinning round by whirling around ourselves several times in one direction. This disturbs the organ of balance, and this disturbance gives us the feeling. If you turn round the other way you put things right by restoring the original state of affairs within the balancing organ. The name for the feeling that things are spinning round is vertigo, and "vert" simply means "turn." & Kansas City Journal.

Banker-Do you know anything about cheques and drafts? Applicant Yes, sir. I've run our urnace for years.-Boston Transcript.

All Europe is Hungry

The French Echo de Paris recently published a review of food restrictions in belligerent as well as neutral countries of Europe, with the exception of France, where more severe restrictions than heretofore are being considered by the authorities and will soon be announced. Following in a condensation of the article:

GERMANY:

The figures in regard to German food restrictions are known to us in detail.

The bread allowance differs in varcities from four pounds a week for every person to five pounds (about ten ounces a day for every person).

The meat allowance is nine ounces week for every person. As far as grease and food oils, including butter, are concerned, the

weekly allowance is two ounces, and even these are not always distributed. The official allowance of potatoes is seven pounds a week for every per-

son. But the distribution varies in different localities. As to milk, adults can receive none till needs of children, sick people and nursing women are satisfied. The theoretical allowance for these three classes was formerly a pint and a haif but recently it has been reduced to

a nint AUSTRIA-HUNGARY:

The situation in Austria is no better than in Germany. The daily allowance of bread is ten ounces. Meat has not been put on allowance in Austria; only two meatless days are prescribed by the law. At present the question of increasing the number of meat-

less days is under consideration. The weekly allowance of butter, grease and food oil is four and a half ounces, and consists of two and a half ounces of butter, one ounce of margarine and one ounce of bacon.

mere than one ounse of butter. The allowance of potatoes is three bounds per week, but the press believes that this will soon be reduced to two pounds. In Bulgaria the allowance of bread

day for every person. On the other hand, there are three meatless days each week. In Turkey the theoretical allowance is supposed to be nine ounces a day; but it rarely exceeds five ounces.

has been set at eighteen ounces a

SWITERLAND: In Switzesland the daily allowance of bread is nine ounces, with a monthly addition of nineteen ounces of flour. Military men in service receive thirty-seven ounces a day, and from time to time an additional three bun-

Rice is also on allowance: amount-

There are no meatless days in Switzerland, on account of the lack of other commodities that could take the place of meat. On June 11, 1917, a decree was issued by the Federal Council forbidding hotels and restaurants to serve more than one meat

or egg dish to a person. DENMARK AND SWEDEN: In Denmark the. daily allowance of bread is eleven ounces a person. In Sweden it is nine and a half ounces. NETHERLANDS:

Netherlands is nine ounces a person, the meat allowance seven ounces and the potato allowance fifteen ounces. ITALY. In Italy the Government has left to the local communities the power to determine the allowances of var-

The daily allowance of bread in the

tors, whose duty is to co-ordinate the regulations of the local authorities.

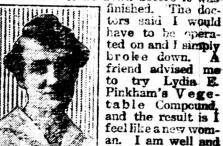
The New Suits. Show. Uneven coat lengths. Fitted and semi-fitted lines Belts simulated and belts red. A more economical use of fur trim-

Wigg-I wonder why Closefist alfailed at first. Even the bird, with a suits? Wagg-I suppose because a ways wears these pepper-and-salt

A FRIEND'S

Woman Saved From a Serious Surgical Operation.

Louisville, Ky.-"For four years I suffered from female troubles, headmay look as if things were spinnig aches, and nervousness. I could not finished. The doc-



have to be operated on and I simply broke down. A friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and the result is I feel like a new woman. I am well and strong, do all my own house work and

have an eight pound baby girl. I know Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved me from an operation which every woman dreads."—Mrs. NELLIE FISHBACK, 1521 Christy Ave. Louisville, Ky.

Everyone naturally dreads the geon's knife. Sometimes nothing class will do, but many times Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound has saved the patient and made an operation un-

If you have any symptom socut which you would like to know, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lyan, Lass., for helpful advice given free

