

"BELA"

"What can you do?" Mahooley demanded.
"Any hard work."
"You don't look like one of these here Hercules."
"Try me."
"Lord, man!" said Mahooley. "Don't you see me here twiddling my thumbs? What for should I hire anybody? To twiddle 'em for me, maybe."
"You'll have a crowd here soon," persisted Sam. "Four men on their way to take up land, and others following. There's a surveying gang coming up the river, too."
"Moreover, you ain't got good sense," Mahooley went on. "Comin' to a country like this without an outfit. Not so much as a chaw of bacon, or a blanket to lay over you nights. There ain't no free lunch up north, kid. What'll you do if I don't give you a job?"
"Go to the company," returned Sam. "Go to the company?" cried Mahooley. "Go to hell, you mean. The company don't hire no tramps. That's a military organization, that is. Their men are hired and broke in outside. So what'll you do now?"
"I'll make out somehow," said Sam. "There ain't no make out of it!" cried Mahooley, exasperated. "You ain't even got an axe to swing. There ain't nothing for you but starve."
"Well, then, I'll be your good-dad," said Sam stiffly.
"Hold on!" shouted the trader. "I ain't done with you yet. Is that manners, when you're asking for a job?"
"You said you didn't have anything," muttered Sam.
"Never mind what I said. I ask you what you were going to do."
The trader's eyes began to bristle a little. "What's that to you?" he asked, growling.
"A whole lot!" cried Mahooley. "You fellows have no consideration. You're always coming up here and starvin' on us. Do you think that's nice for me? Why, the last fellow left a little pile of white bones beside the trail on the way to my girl's house, after the coyotes picked him clean. Every time I go up there I got to turn my head the other way."
Sam smiled stiffly at Mahooley's hunger.
"Can you cook?" the trader asked. Sam's heart sank. "So-so," he said. "Well, I suppose I've got to let you cook for us and for the gang that's coming. You'll find everything in the kitchen across the road. Go and get acquainted with it. By gosh, you can be thankful you run up against a soft-hearted man like me."
"Gosh, murmured an inquiry concerning Sam's cooking.
"Well!" roared Mahooley, with an outraged air. "Stiffy, would you look at what's in the kitchen? Go on, man! You're dumped lucky if you get a skint of grub every day. Grub comes high up here!"
Sam reflected that it would be well to submit until he learned the real situation in the settlement. "All right," he said, and turned to go.
"Hold on!" cried Mahooley. "You ain't set what we'll have for dinner." Sam waited for instructions.
"Well, let me see," said Mahooley. He tipped a wink in his partner's direction. "What's your fancy, Stiffy?"
"Oh, I leave the mean-you to you, Mahooley."
"Well, I guess you can give me some patty de foy grass, and squab on toast, and sugar cake."
"Sure," said Sam. "How about a blazin' Tortoni for dessert?"
"Don't you give me no lip!" cried Mahooley.

CHAPTER XVI.

On the fourth day thereafter the long tedium of existence in the settlement began to be broken in earnest. Before they could digest the flavor of one event, something else happened. In the afternoon word came down to Stiffy and Mahooley that the bishop had arrived at the French mission, bringing the sister of the company trader's wife under his care.
Likewise the Indian agent and the doctor had come to the police post. The whole party had arrived on horseback from the Tepliskow Lake district, where they had visited the Indians. Their boat was held up down the lake by adverse winds.
Before Stiffy and Mahooley had a chance to see any of these arrivals or hear their news, quite an imposing caravan hove in view across the river from the store, and shouted lustily for the ferry.

There were four wagons, each drawn by a good team, beside half a dozen horsemen. The horses were in condition, the wagons well laden. The entire outfit had a well-to-do air that earned the traders' respect even from across the river. Of the four men, one carried his arm in a sling.
Stiffy and Mahooley ferried them across team by team in the snow they kept for the purpose. The four hardy and muscular travellers were men according to the traders' understanding. They used the same scornful, jocular, profane tongue. Their very names were a recommendation: Big Jack Skinner, Black Shand Fraser, Husky Marr, and Young Joe Hagland, the ex-pugilist.

After the horses had been turned out to graze, they all gathered in the store for a gossip. The newcomers talked freely about their journey in and its difficulties, avoiding only a certain period of their stay at Nine Mile Point, and touching very briefly on their meeting with the bishop. Something more was hidden there.
When the bell rang for supper they crossed across the road. The kitchen in reality consisted of a mess-room down stairs with a dormitory overhead. The actual kitchen was in a lean-to behind. When the six men had seated themselves at the long trestle covered with oilcloth, the cook entered

with a steaming bowl of rice.
Now, the cook had observed the new arrivals from the kitchen window, and had hardened himself for the meeting, but the travellers were unprepared. They stared at him, scowling. An odd silence fell on the table.
Mahooley looked curiously from one to another. "Do you know him?" he demanded.
Big Jack quickly recovered himself. He banged the table, and bared his big yellow teeth in a grin.
"On my soul, it's Sammy!" he cried. "How the hell did he get here? Here's Sammy, boys! What do you know about that! Sammy, the White Slave!"

A huge laugh greeted this sally. Sam set his jaw and doggedly went on bringing in the food.
"How are you, Sam?" asked Jack, with mock solicitude. "Have you recovered from your terrible experience, poor fellow? My! My! That was an awful thing to happen to a good boy!"
Mahooley, laughing and highly mystified, demanded: "What's the con, boys?"
"Ain't you heard the story?" asked Jack, with feigned surprise. "How that poor young boy was carried off by a brutal girl and kept prisoner on an island?"
"Go way!" cried Mahooley, delighted.
"Honest to God he was!" affirmed Jack.
Joe and Husky not being able to think of any original contributions of wit, rang all the changes on "Sammy, the White Slave!" with fresh bursts of laughter. Shand said nothing. He laughed harshly.

"Who was the girl?" asked Mahooley.
"The girl?" he asked.
"Bela Charley!" he exclaimed. The best-looker on the lake! She has the name of a man-hater."
"I dare say," said Jack, with a serious air. "But his fatal beauty was too much for her. You got to hand it to him for his looks, boys," he added, calling general attention to the tight-lipped Sam in his apron. "This here gawd, Apollo, didn't have much on our Sam."
"A highly-colored version of the story followed. In it Big Jack and his mates figured merely as disinterested outsiders. The teller, stimulated by cognac, suppressed himself. They could not contain their mirth.
"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" cried Mahooley. "This is the richest I ever heard! It will never be forgotten!"
Sam went through with the meal, gritting his teeth, and crushing down the rage that bode fair to subvert his friends. He declined to challenge Jack's equivocal tale. The laughter of one's friends is hard enough to bear sometimes, still, it may be borne with a grin; but when it rings with scornful, concealed hate it stings like whips.

Sam was supposed to sit down at the table with them, but he would sooner have starved. The effort of holding himself in almost finished him.
When finally he cleared away, Mahooley said: "Come on and tell us your side now."
"Go to hell!" muttered Sam, and walked out of the back door.
He strode up the road without knowing or caring where he was going. He was moved merely by the impulse to put distance between him and his tormentors.
Completely and terribly possessed by his rage, as youths are, he felt that it would kill him if he could not do something to fight his way out of the hateful position he was in. But what could he do? He couldn't even sleep out of doors because he lacked a blanket. His poverty had him by the heels.

He came to himself to find that he was staring at the buildings of the company establishment mounted on a little hill. This was a mile from the French outfit. The sight suggested a possible way out of his difficulties. With an effort he collected his faculties and turned in.
The buildings formed three sides of a square open to a view across the bay. On Sam's left was the big warehouse; on the other side the store faced it, and the trader's house behind a row of neat palings. Closed the top. All the buildings were constructed of squared logs, whitewashed. A lofty flagpole rose from the center of the little square, with a tiny brass cannon at its base.
Sam saw the trader taking the air on his veranda with two ladies. The

Don't say "Breakfast Food"—say "Shredded Wheat"—for while you no doubt mean Shredded Wheat, you may get one of those mushy porridges that are a poor substitute for the crisp, delicious shreds of baked whole wheat—that supply all the nutriment for a half day's work. Two Biscuits with milk or cream make a nourishing meal at a cost of a few cents.

Presently the surveyors arrived at the store, making a larger party of white men than ever before gathered on Caribou Lake. The natives were in force also. Seeming to spring from nowhere, they gathered in quite a big crowd outside the store and peered through the windows at their betters.
Within a great gossip was in progress. Especially was the story of Sammy, the White Slave, told and retold, amid uncontrollable laughter. At dinner-time they adjourned to the kitchen in a body to have a look at the hero or victim of the tale, according to the way you looked at it. It was considered that Sam did not take the chaffing in very good part, but they had to confess that he fed them adequately.

As soon afterward as riding horses could be secured, the whole party, excepting the traders, rode off around Bear Bay, up the government land, and was to be laid off on the other side, and Big Jack and his pals were looking for locations there. As Graves, the chief surveyor, was mounting his horse, Mahooley said to him casually: "How about freightin' your outfit around?"
"Oh, that's all arranged for," was the answer.
Mahooley shrugged, supposing that



Made in Canada.

the company had secured the contract outside.
When the excitement of the departure died away, Mahooley for the first time perceived a squat little figure in a blanket capote sitting patiently on the platform in front of the store.
"Musquooosis!" he exclaimed. "Blest if I didn't overlook you in the shuffle. How did you come?"
Musquooosis answered.
"Come on in."
"I come get trade for my rabbit-skin robe."
"Sure, what'll you have?"
"At you got?"
"Dunno. Take your choice."
After due observation on both sides of the time-honored rules of bargaining, the matter was concluded, and Musquooosis made a feint of gathering up his bundles. As a matter of fact, the old man had not yet reached what he had come for.
"What's your hurry?" said Mahooley. "Sit down and talk a while."
This was not pure friendliness on the trader's part. He had a particular reason for wishing to cultivate the old Indian.

Musquooosis allowed himself to be persuaded.
"Where's Bela?" asked Mahooley.
"Home."
"What's all this talk about her carrying off the cook?"
Musquooosis shrugged. "Fellas got talk."
"Well, what are the rights of the case?"
"I don't know," he returned, indifferently. "I not there. I guess I go see Beattie now."
"Sit down," said Mahooley. "What do you want to see Beattie for? Why don't you trade with me? Why don't you tell all the Fish-Fellers to come here? They do what you tell them."
"Maybe," said Musquooosis, "but we always trade with Beattie."
"Time you made a change then. He thinks he got you cinked."
"Hebert Beattie my good friend."
"He's not worth visitin', and you don't know me. Have a cigar. Sit down. What do you want to see Beattie about in such a rush?"
"I goin' buy team and wagon," said Musquooosis, calmly.

Mahooley laughed. "What are you going to do with it? I never heard of you as a driver."
"I goin' hire driver," asserted Musquooosis. "I sit down, let other man work for me. So I get rich."
"This seemed more and more humorous to Mahooley. "That's the right idea," he said. "But where will you get the business for your team?"
"By way of answer, Musquooosis produced a folded paper from inside the capote. Opening it, Mahooley read:
"This is to certify that I have awarded the Indian Musquooosis the contract to freight all my furs from Grizer's Point to my camp on Beaver Bay during summer at twenty-five cents per hundredweight."
Richard Graves, Dominion Surveyor. (To be continued.)

RELIEF AT LAST
I want to help you if you are suffering from bleeding itching, smart or protruding piles. I can tell you how, in your own home and without any one's help. All you need is Grizer's Point to my camp on Beaver Bay during summer at twenty-five cents per hundredweight.
Richard Graves, Dominion Surveyor. (To be continued.)

PILES TREATED AT HOME
I promise to send you a FREE trial of the new absorption treatment, and refer you to a doctor only if you will not write and ask. I send you of immediate relief. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Address
MRS. W. SUMMERS, Box 8, Windsor, Ont.

HARBOR OF GALWAY.
Is Ancient Irish City to Be Rejuvenated?

The announcement that the corporation of Dublin has urged the British Government to create a great harbor at Galway to deal with Canadian and American trade goods has raised the hope that the day is not far distant when the ancient city that has stood on the banks of this small stream from time immemorial, emigration to America having sadly depleted the population.
"In the O'gygia of O'Flaherty" we read: "Gailleanh, daughter of lasting Bressail, bathed in the full cold stream, when the bright branch was drowned. For her the River Bailligh is named. And thus was named the town which has stood on the banks of this small stream from time immemorial. Traditionally known as Ballinsruane, the name Gillhinn became in the mouths of the Norman settlers 'Galvir'—hence Galway."
An attempt to compass in brief space the sanguinary history of this neighborhood must end in failure. For centuries it was in a ferment of land-robbery, pillage and fanaticism, beggary, and crime. Centuries before the Christian era the Carthaginians and Romans traded with the descendants of a still earlier period. Tighe speaks of one Partholuan, a Seythian, settling in Ireland "some centuries after the flood," and "dividing the country into four parts, assigning one to each of his four sons." They were displaced by the Firbolgians, Con and Eoghan made a partition in A. D. 196. "In these partitions the cities of Dublin and Galway were the termini of one or the other lines of divisions."
"In the ninth century the town suffered from the ravages of the Danes, and for 100 years following 1171 the de Burghs, the O'Connors and the O'Flahertys were engaged in a battle-royal for the possession of the surrounding territory, the house of O'Connor being wiped out in 1216.
"In 1472 the town was burned. Be-

One always has pleasant memories of a stay at the Walker House.
I KNOW WIFE AND KIDDEES ARE SAFE AND COMFORTABLE AT THE WALKER HOUSE TORONTO CANADA

ween 1651 and 1660 Galway was the scene of religious warfare, and down to 1793 the zeal of Protestant and Catholic made living a delightfully exciting time while the man who died peacefully in his bed left to his relatives the legacy of social ostracism. With the advent of the English into Galway at the close of the twelfth century it became an important commercial and military centre, and the Galwegian basileus of to-day traces his ancestry back to one of those families embalmed in the local verse:
"Arthy, Blake, Bodkin, Deane, Darcy, Lynch, Joyce, Kirwan, Martin, Morris, Sherret, French," known as the "Tribes of Galway."

"Heley Dutton, writing in 1822, speaks of the ruins of several abbeys in the vicinity of Galway erected between the fifth and thirteenth centuries, which are worth visiting, and because of Spain's ancient commercial relations with this port a trace of Spanish influence may be discovered in some of the old buildings. A traveller of eighty years ago wrote that 'at every second step I saw something to recall Spain to my recollection—the wide entries and broad stairs of Cadiz and Malaga, but a more recent visitor, W. E. Blake, found few relics of the past, only nurseries thrive in this stricken capital of the west that once traded with all the world and commerce of French and Spanish captains.' There is still to be seen Lynch castle, with its sculptured monkeys, from the window of which James Lynch Fitzstephen, Mayor of Galway in 1465, hanged his own son with his own hands for the treacherous murder of a Spanish nobleman on account of jealousy.
"Some three score years ago the plan of establishing a transatlantic line between Galway and New York was projected and came so near to realization that at least one ship made the voyage, only to finish disastrously on the rocks at the entrance to the harbor, while another ship destined for that route was burned on the American side. There were ugly rumors afloat at the time that the pilots who took the first ship in had been bribed by rival interests to work her destruction. However that may be, for many years thereafter there was a superstition in Galway that an evil genius was on the look-out to prevent the perfection of this plan.
"But evil geni and superstitions are being blown away by the great European war, and Galway is aroused to the importance of taking her stand in the commercial high-noon of the twentieth century, though perhaps without anticipating that degree of prosperity which in the olden time gave birth to such luxury as to shock the city council into ordaining:
"No young man, prentiz or other-wise, shall wear no gorgeous apparel, no silks, either within or without their garments, no yet fyne knit stockings, either of silk or other costlie wove (nor pant woffles)—pant ouffles, but be content with showse."

YOUR MENTAL MACHINE.
Shut Off Its Power at Night After a Day's Hard Work.
It is a great thing to learn—to shut off the mental steam when you quit work. What would you think of a factory manager who would leave all of his power turned on after the operation had left the factory, the delicate machinery running everywhere, pounding itself to pieces, grinding out its delicate bearings without producing anything?
Many of us do not turn off our mental power after we are through preparing or creating for the day. We carry our business home, take it to bed with us, think, plan, worry and waste precious energy in all sorts of ways, in superfluous thinking, foolish worrying that produces nothing, but grinds out the exquisite mental machinery and unfits it for the next day's work.
It is a great art to learn to shut off power when through our day's work, so that we can oil our mental machinery, refresh our minds and recuperate ourselves, so that we can go to the next day's work completely reinvigorated.
Many men seem to think that they are accomplishing something if they keep their minds on business, even when not at work, but they really accomplish less than nothing because they are wasting precious mental energy, the power for concentration, the vigor, the focusing of the mind, which is imperative for creating purposes.—Orison Sweet Martin.

Handicapped by His Name.
The handicap of a poet's name was illustrated in the case of Mr. William Wordsworth, who was the eldest surviving grandson of the poet, Mr. Wordsworth was a great scholar and a poet himself of high distinction. A volume of his sonnets was issued privately some years ago. On account of the similarity of his name with that of his grandfather, he always refused to publish any of his poetical writings, though pressed to do so by the people on such high authority as Matthew Arnold, who described one of the sonnets as the best in the English language.—Montreal Star.



CONVEX LENS OF THE EYE.
A Burning Glass That Adjusts the Sight to Varying Distances.
One of the manifold wonders of the human eye is the convex lens with which the focal distances of sight are made instantly and without mental effort. This lens in the eye is a literal "burning glass," as may be shown by the simplest of experiments.
Let the person at midday hold a straw against the face of the sun and focus his eyes on the straw. He can look at the straw, with its background of a dazzling sun, and without discomfort. But the moment he looks at the fiery ball of the sun itself, subconsciously the lens of the eye comes to its proper focus, with the result that a "burning" sun spot appears on the retina of the eye, and it is said that few seconds of such looking would burn out the retina as if by fire itself.
In the subconscious adaptability of the eye lens to adapt itself to different distances lies its value to the human sight. The man with a camera adjusts the focus of his lens by sliding them forward and back. The focus of the human eye, by changing their curvatures, allow of one looking at fine print six inches from his nose and in a fraction of a second to look up and away, probably fifty miles to a mountain peak that in an instant is in true camera focus.—Pittsburgh Press.

KNOW THE CAR'S LOAD.
Method by Which a Motorist Can Get the Best Tire Service.
"Perhaps the greatest and most important thing a motorist should know about a car is its weight with the average load carried," says an expert.
"By knowing the weight of his car when loaded ready to run the motorist is in a position to regulate his tires so that they not only act as the best shock absorbers, but also are fit to offset any injuries which may come from over or under inflation."
"With the weight of the car known when preparing for a trip which includes passengers it is very easy for the motorist to regulate his air pressure in the tires so that they will run with the least injury to themselves. This foresight will also prevent a break in the side walls caused by an overload.
"With the weight of your car, plus the weight of gasoline, water and extra tires, with the weight of the passengers added, you have the total running weight of your car."
"For a quick way of determining what air pressure you will carry in your tires if you have no regular table of inflation the following table is suggested:
"For three-inch tires divide the weight of the load by thirty-two.
"For three and one-half-inch tires divide the weight by forty.
"For four-inch tires divide the weight of the load by forty-eight.
"For four and one-half-inch tires divide the weight of the load by fifty-six.
"For five-inch tires divide the weight of the load by sixty-four.
"For five and one-half-inch tires divide the weight of the load by seventy-two."
"To further illustrate the working out of the above table suppose your car weighed 2,800 pounds and you are using four-inch tires. From the above we find that for four-inch tires the weight of the load should be divided by forty-eight. This will give you sixty pounds air pressure, which should be carried in your tires. The tire mileage will be greatly increased if the motorist will regulate his air pressure by the load he carries."

STUDY AND EXERCISE
Overstudy and lack of exercise make thin bloodless children. Study does not usually hurt a child at school unless the studies encroach on time that should be spent in out-of-door exercise. But lack of exercise and overstudy is a combination that brings on St. Vitus' dance. If your boy or girl at school is thin and pale, listless and inattentive, has a rickety appetite, is unable to stand still or sit still, you must remember that health is much more important than education, and no time should be given to exercise and recreation.
See to it at once that the child does not overstudy, gets plenty of out-of-door exercise, sleeps ten out of every twenty-four hours, and takes a safe, reliable tonic like Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until the color returns to the cheeks and lips and the appetite becomes normal. For growing children who become pale and thin Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not only safe, but in most cases are the very best tonic that can be taken. These pills build up the blood, strengthen the nerves, and assist nature in keeping pace with rapid growth.
You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.