"SALADA"

It has the reputation of nearly a quarter of a century behind every packet sold——

Black—Green—or Mixed —— E204

"BELA"

Not big Jack nor Shand, perhaps, but Joe was not to be trusted. But surely they would see he was a prisoner. Something of the kind must have been passing through Bela's mind. Putting down her paddle for a moment, she threw back the blankets and drew out her gun. It had been carefully protected from the water. She laid it on top convenient to her hand and resumed,

"She's a good plucky one," thought Sam, grimly. "As for me, I play a pretty poor part in this affair, whichever way you look at it. A kind of dummy figure, it seems."

So low were its shores that the intake of the river was hidden from them until they were almost in it. Finally it opened up before them, with its wide reaches of sand stretching away on either hand, willows backing the sand, and a pine ridge rising behind the willows.

Here the wind whistled harmlessly over their heads, and the surface of the water was quiet except for the cats-paws darting hither and thither. Before entering the river Bela paused again, and bent her head to listen.

"Too late!" she said. "We can't pass!"

At the same moment the horses burst from behind the willows a quarter of a mile across the sand. They had the ford!

"We can't pass," Bela repeated, and then with a gasp, in which was more of anger than fear, she added: "An' they got guns, too!"

CHAPTER XI.

Seeing the dugout, the men raised a shout and bore down upon them across the sand. Bela was not yet in the river. She swiftly brought the dugout around and paddled down the lake shore across the river from the men.

They, suspecting her of a design to land in this side, pulled up their horses, and returning to the ford, plunged across. Whereupon Bela coolly paddled out into the lake. By this maneuver she was enabled to get out of range of their guns before they got to the water's edge.

Holding her paddle, she turned to watch them. The sounds of their curses came down the wind. They were directed against Sam, not Bela.

Sam smiled bitterly. "I catch it both ways," he muttered.

"You want them catch you?" asked Bela, with an odd look.

Sam scowled at her helplessly.

She rested on her paddle, looking up and down the shore and out on the lake, manifestly debating with herself what to do. To Sam their situation seemed hopeless. Finally Bela took up the paddle with an air of resolution.

"Now, what the devil are you goin' to do?" demanded Sam.

"We go to the island," she answered coolly.

An island! Sam's heart sank. He saw his escape indefinitely postponed. To be kept prisoner on an island by a girl! Intolerably humiliating prospect! How would he ever be able to hold up his head among men afterward?

"What the devil are you up to, anyhow?" he broke out angrily again. "Do you think this will do you any good? What do you expect to gain by it?"

"What you want me do?" asked Bela, sullenly, without looking at him.

"Land, and tell them the truth about what happened!"

"They too man," said Bela. "Shoot you before they listen. Not believe, anyway."

Sam could not deny the reasonableness of this.

"Oh, damn!" he cried, impotently. "You've got me into a nice mess! Are you crazy, or just bad? Is it your whole idea to make trouble between men? I've heard of women like that. One would think you wanted— Say! I'll be likely to thank you for this, won't I? The sight of you is hateful to me!"

Bela made her face like a wall, and looked steadily over his head at her course. There is no satisfaction in flinging words against a wall. Sam's angry voice dwindled to a mutter, then fell silent.

The island lay about a mile offshore. In a chaos of lowering gray sky and torn white water, it seemed to hang like a serene and lovely little world of itself.

The distant shores of the lake were spectral in the whirl of the elements, and the island was the one fixed spot. It was as brilliant as an emerald in a setting of lead. A beach of yellow sand encircled it, with a border of willows, and taller trees sticking up in the middle.

Borne on the shoulders of the great wind, they reached it in a few minutes. Bela paddled under the lee side and landed in quiet water. Sam arose on his chilled and stiffened limbs, and stepping ashore, stood off, scowling at her blackly.

There he was! He knew he couldn't escape alone in that cranky craft; certainly not while the wind blew. Nor could he hope to swim a mile through icy water. He wondered bitterly if ever a man before him had been placed in such a galling position.

Ignoring his black looks, Bela hastened to collect dry sticks.

'I mak' fire and dry everything," she said.

Sam cursed her and strode off around the beach.

"Tak' dry matches if you want fire," Bela called after him.

He would not give any sign that he heard.

He sat down on the other side of the island, as far away as he could get from her. Here he was full in the path of the driving, unwearied wind, which further irritated his exacerbated nerves.

He swore at Bela; he swore at the cold, at the wind, at the matches which went out one after another. He felt that all things animate and inanimate were leagued against him.

Finally, in the lee of some willows, he did get a fire going, and crouched in the smoke, choking and sneezing, as angry and unhappy a specimen of young manhood as might have been found in the world that morning.

Finally he began to dry out, and a measure of warmth returned to his limbs. He got his pipe going, and felt a little less like a nihilist.

Suddenly a new, ugly thought made him spring up. Suppose she took advantage of his absence to steal away and leave him marooned on the island? Anything might be expected of such a woman. He hastened back around the beach.

She had not gone. From a distance he saw her busy by a great fire, with the blankets and all the goods hanging around to dry.

He squatted behind a clump of willows, where he could watch her, himself unseen. Her attitude suggested that she was cooking something, and at the sight hunger struck through him like a knife. Not for worlds would he have asked her for anything to eat.

By and by she arose with the frying pan in her hand, and looked up and down the beach.

"Oh, Sam!" she called. "Come and eat!"

He laid low, sneering miserably; bent on cutting off his nose to spite his face. He wondered if there were any berries on the island. No, it was too early in the season for berries. Edible roots, maybe. But he wouldn't have known an edible root from any other kind.

After calling a while, Bela sat down in the sand and proceeded to satisfy her own appetite. Fresh pangs attacked Sam.

"Selfish creature!" he muttered. "That woman is bad through and through!"

She arose and, filling another plate, started toward him, carrying it. Her eyes were following his tracks in the sand. Sam instinctively sprang up and took to his heels.

His cheeks burned at the realization that she would presently discover that he had been sitting there watching her. He had not thought of the telltale sand. Wherever he might seek to hide, it would betray him.

He made a complete circuit of the little island. Bela presumably following him. The circumference of the beach was about half a mile. He ran as hard as he could, and presently discovered her ahead of him. He had almost overtaken her.

Thereafter he followed more slowly, keeping her in sight from the cover of the bushes. The secret consciousness that he was acting like a wilful child did not make him any happier.

When he came around to Bela's fire again, seeing the dugout drawn up on the sand, his heart leaped at the chance of escape. If he could push off in it, without capsizing, surely, even with his lack of skill, he could drive before the wind. Or even if he could keep it floating under the lee of the island, he could dictate terms.

He waited, hidden, until she passed out of sight ahead, then ran to it. But even as he put his hands on the bow, she reappeared, running back. He fled in the other direction.

The chase went on reversed. He no longer heard her coming behind him. Now he could not tell whether she was in front or behind. He passed the dugout and the camp fire again. No sign of her there. Rounding the point beyond, he came to the place where he had made his own fire.

Trying to keep eyes in every side of his head at once, he walked around a bush and almost collided with her. There she stood with dimpled face, like a child, behind the door.

She burst out laughing. Sam turned beet color, and, scowling like a pirate, tried to carry it off with dignity.

"Don't be mad at me," she begged, struggling wihh her laughter. "You so fonny, run away. Here's your breakfast. It's cold now. You can bring it to the fire."

There was bread and smoked fish on the plate she was offering. Sam, though his stomach cried out, turned his back on her.

"You got eat," said Bela. "Tak' it."

"Not from you," he returned, bitterly.

There was a silence. He could not see how she took it. Presently he heard her put the plate down on the sand and walk off. Her steps died away around the point.

Sam eyed the food ravenously and began to argue with himself. In the end, of course, he ate it, but it went down hard.

The day wore on. It continued to blow great guns Sam wandered up and down his side of the island, meditating fine but impractical schemes of escape and revenge.

He might get aawy on a raft, he thought, if the wind changed and blew in a direction favorable to carry him ashore. The trouble was the nghts were so short. He might build his raft one night, and escape on it the next. How to keep her from finding it in the meantime offered a problem.

He began to look about in the interior of the island for suitable pieces of dry timber. He could use a blanket for a sail, he thought. This reminded him that his blankets were at least his own, and he determined to go and get them.

Rounding the point, he saw her sitting in the sand, making something with her hands. Though she must have heard him coming, she did not look up until he addressed her. Sam, in his desire to assert his manhood, swaggered a bit as he came up.

She raised a face as bland as a baby's. Sam was disconcerted. Desiring to pick a quarrel, he roughly demanded his blankets. Bela nodded toward where they hung and went on with her work. She was making a trolling spoon.

So much for their second encounter. Sam retired from it, feeling that he had come off no better than from the first.

Later, back on his own side, bored and irritated beyond endurance, he rolled up in his blankets and sought sleep in an escape from his own company.

He slept and dreamed. The roaring of the wind and the beating of the waves wove themselves into his fancies. He dreamed he was engulfed in a murky tempest. He was tossing wildly in a shell of a boat, without oars or sail. Sometimes green and smiling fields appeared close at hand, only to be swallowed up in the murk again.

The noise was deafening. When he endeavored to shout for aid, his tongue was clamped to his jaw. Behind him was a terror worse than the storm, and he dared not look around. It seemed to him that he struggled for an infinity of time, a hopeless, heart-breaking struggle against increasing odds.

Suddenly the sun broke through, cheering his heart. It was a sun that came down close to him, warming him through and through. It was not a sun. It was a face—a woman's face. At first it was a face he did not know, but beautiful. Then it was Bela's face, and he was glad.

Closer and closer to his own face it drew, and he did not draw away. Finally she touched his lips with hers, and a wonderful sweetness pervaded his whole frame. He awoke.

For a moment he lay blinking, still wrapped in the dream. At any rate, the storm was real. The bushes still thrashed, and the waves beat. Before him stretched the same wide waste of gray water splashed with white.

The sight of the water brought full recollection back. He had been looking at it all day, and he hated it. It was a fine thing a man should have no better control over his emotions while he slept.

Beside him on the sand lay another tin plate, with bread and fish. Fresh fish this time, half a pink salmon trout lately pulled from the water. Touching the plate, he found it warm. Was it possible—

Looking in the sand beside where he had lain he saw the rounded depression made by two knees, on the other side of him was a hand-print. Sam scowled and violently scrubbed his lips with the back of his hand. Even so, he would not admit to himself that the hateful thing had happened.

Nevertheless he ate the fish.

"I've got to keep my strength up if I'm going to help myself," he excused it.

The sun was hidden, but he knew by that instinct which serves us when we give up mechanical contrivances, that it was no more than noon. Half of this hideous day remained to be gotten over.

He sat dwelling on his grievances until the top of his head seemed about to fly off. Then he set to work to search for and collect dry logs and stow them under the willows, and in so doing managed to tire himself out.

It was dusk, which is to say nearly 10 o'clock, when he awoke from another nap. A silence, astonishing after the day-long uproar, greeted his ears. The wind had gone down with the sun, and the world was infolded in a delicious peace.

The lake was like a polished floor. Above the tree-tops behind him the sky was still bright, while over across the water sat Night in robes, awaiting her cue. On the island there was not a cheep nor a flutter to break the spell.

Sam wondered idly what had aroused him. He saw with a frown that there was food beside him as before. But it had been there some time. It was cold, and sand had drifted into the plate.

At last he heard the sound which had awakened him. It was a strain of music which came stealing as gently on the air as the first breath of dawn. Sam's breast was like wax to music.

Without thinking what he was doing, he kicked himself free of the blankets, and arose to go closer. It was like a lovely incantation, drawing him irrespective of his will.

He did not instantly recognize the source of the music. It might have been the song of a twilight bird, a thrush, a mocking-bird. He forgot for the moment that there was no song-birds so far north.

Presently he knew it for the voice of a woman singing softly, and a good ways off—Bela! Still he did not stop.

"I guess I can listen to her sing without giving anything away," he told himself. But his breast was danderously seduced by the sweetness of the sound.

As he drew closer the detached notes associated themselves into a regular air. It had nothing in common with the rude, strident chants of the Indians that he had neard on the rivers. It was both familiar and elusive. It was like an air he knew, but with a wild, irregular quality different from our airs. It was mournful, sweet, and artless, and it made the heart swell in his breast.

As he progressed around the beach he saw her fire. It was dark enough now for the blaze to shine. Drawing still closer he saw her beside it, and frowned, remembering his injuries—but the song drew him still.

He began to listen for the words. Suddenly he recognized it—one of the loveliest of old English songs. Evidently it had been transmitted from ear to ear until it had acquired the character of a new race of singers.

He progressed from bush to bush. He wasn't going to have anything to do with her, he would have said, but she could sing. He came to a final stop only a few yards away, and watched her through the leaves with burning eyes. She was in her favorite attitude, sitting on her heels, her strong young back curving in to her swaying waist.

Her hair all abound, fell around her in shifting masses like smoke. While she sang she combed it with long strokes, holding her head now on this side, now on that, and ever revealing a lovelier pose of her round arms. The half light lent her an unearthly beauty.

The sight was no less affecting than the sound. A great pain filled Sam's breast, and the old inward struggle dragged him back and forth. She was at once so desirable and so hateful in his eyes. It was the cry of bewildered youth: "What right has anything so bad to be beautiful!"

No doubt of her badness occurred to him. Had she not ruined his chances in that country? The old antagonism was there, the readiness to believe ill of the other sex that is born of mutual fear. She had become the immemorial siren in Sam's eyes, and he was fighting to save his soul. But she was beautiful enough to make a man wish to be damned.

She came to the end of her song, and presently started another, a more rollicking air, but still charged with wistfulness. Who had taught her those hushed, thrilling tones? Sam recognized this air, too, and thought of the mother who had sung it to him years ago.

It was "Twickenham Ferry." Why that of all songs? he wondered rebelliously. It was not fair that she should be armed thus to seek out the weekest joints in his armor.

The desire to stop the song with his own mouth became more than he could bear. The struggle was almost over when she paused and bent her head to listen, and looked up and down the beach.

It broke the spell.

"She's just trying to bring you to her!" Sam told himself, aghast. "That's why her hair is down and all. And you're falling for it, you fool!" He turned and fled back around the beach.

(To be continued.)

Man's Staff of Life is the whole wheat grain—not the white, starchy centre of the wheat—make no mistake about that—but be sure you get the whole wheat grain in a digestible form.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit contains all the tissue-building, energy-creating material in the whole wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and baked. A perfect food for the nourishment of the human body. A better balanced ration than meat, or eggs, or starchy vegetables, supplying the greatest amount of body-building nutriment at lowest cost. For breakfast with milk or cream, or for any meal with fruits. Made in Canada.

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 on out-of doors exercise. But lack of exercise and over study 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 fickle appetite, is unable to stand or sit still, you must remember that health is much more important than education, and more 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 The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HEROIC CZECHO-SLOVAKS.

Centuries of Oppression Have Failed to Break Their Spirit.

The liberation of the Czecho-Slovaks from Austria-Hungary being one of the declared purposes of the Entente Allies, a communication to the U. S. National Geographic society on the Czechs, by Ales Hrdlicka, the noted anthropologist, is of timely interest. A portion of Professor Hrdlicka's communication is issued by the geographical society as the following war geography bulletin:

"The determination of the entente Allies to liberate the Czechs from Austria-Hungary has introduced on the international forum a most interesting new factor, of which relatively little has been heard during the war and which in consequence has largely escaped, in this country at least, the attention which it deserves.

"A 1,500-year-old life-and-death struggle with the race which surrounds them from the north, west and south, with a near-burial within the Austrian empire for the last three centuries, has failed to destroy or break the spirit of the little nation of Czechs or Bohemians.

"The Czechs are now more numerous, more accomplished, mort patriotic than ever before, and the day is inevitably approaching when the shackles will fall and the nation take its place again at the council of free nations.

"The Czechs are the westernmost branch of the Slavs, their names being derived, according to tradition, from that of a noted ancestral chief. The term Bohemia was applied to the country probably during the Roman times and was derived, like that of Bavaria, from the Boii, who for some time before the Christian era occupied or claimed parts of these regions.

"Nature has favored Bohemia perhaps more than any other part of Europe. Its sod is so fertile and climate so favorable that more than half of the country is cultivated and produces richly. In its mountains almost every useful metal and mineral, except salt, is to be found. It is the Geographical centre of the European continent, equally distant from the Baltic, Adriatic and North Seas, and though inclosed by mountains, is so easily accessible, because of the valleys of the Danube and the Elbe rivers, that it served as an avenue for many armies.

"Besides Bohemia the Czechs occupy Moravia and adjacent territory in Silesia. The Slovaks, who show merely dialect differences from the Czechs, extend from Moravia eastward over most of northern Hungary.

"The Czech is kind and with a stock of native humor. He is musical, loves songs, poetry, art, nature, fellowship, the other sex. He is an intent thinker and restless seeker of truth, of learning, but not apt schemer. He is ambitious and covetous of freedom in the broadest sense but tendencies to domineering, opression, power by force over others, are foreign to his nature. He ardently searches for God and is inclined to be deeply religious, but is impatient of dogma, as of all other undue restraint. He may be opinionated, stubborn, but is happy to accept facts and recognize true superiority. He is easily hurt and does not forget the injury; will fight, but is not lastingly revengeful or vicious. He is not cold, calculating, thin-lipped, nor again as inflammable as the Pole or the southern Slav, but sympathetic and full of trust and through this often open to imposition.

"His endurance and bravery in war for a cause which he has approved were proverbial, as was also his hospitality in peace.

"He is often highly capable in languages, science, literary and technical education, and is inventive as well as industrial, but not commercial. Imaginative, artistic, creative, rather than really frigidly practical. Inclined at all times to melancholy, brooding, pessimism, he is yet deep at heart forever buoyant, optimistic, hopeful—hopeful not of possessions, however, but of human happiness, and of the freedom and future golden age of not merely their own, but all people.

"The Czechs and Slovaks in Austria-Hungary fight only under compulsion; their unwilling regiments were decimated; their political and national leaders fill the Austrian and Hungarian prisons. Thousands of Bohemian and Slovak volunteers are fighting enthusiastically under the banners of France and Great Britain, and there are whole regiments of them attached to the Russian army.

"Here in the United States the very word Austria sounds strange and unnatural to the Bohemian. They have found here their permanent home and while hoping and even working for the eventful freedom of Bohemia, and proud of their descent from the Czech people, they are citizens, or if not yet citizens, all loyal Americans."

In the Shops.

New metal laces in the lovely filet mesh with shadow designs. These are in bands, edges and allovers.

Guimpes, newly from Paris, are of fine net, with heavy, and rather geometrical designs done in white embroidery, and all by hand, of course.

Thank the British for some very practical tape measures, which are strong and practical, are clearly marked with easily read figures and have wires run through so that they'll not stretch or shrink.

Lovely Baby Buntings, really to "wrap the baby in," are here all the way from Japan, and are of lustrous satin or silk and daintily embroidered.

Herbert—How did Mabel happen to become engaged to Richard? Rupert—Richard took her around and showed her his home on the hill. Herbert—Hu! Love at first site.—Siren.

ZAM-BUK

Purely Herbal—No poisonous coloring
Antiseptic—Stops blood-poison
Soothing—Ends pain and smarting, etc.
Pure—Best for baby's rashes.
Heals all sores.

50c. box. All Druggists and Stores

"YOU ARE OLD, KAISER WILLIAM"

(With appropriate apologies to the late Lewis Carroll)

"You are old, Kaiser William," the Crown Prince said,
"And for years have done nothing but fight.
Yet now you incessantly prate about peace,—
Will the world understand the thing right?"

"When I started this war," he replied to his son,
"I thought we were certain to win,
But the terrible bloomer you made at Verdun
Has encouraged the allies like sin."

"You are old, said the youth," as I mentioned before,
And you've boasted of conquest for years,
Yet now that you've gotten the world good and sore,
You talk peace with a voice full of tears."

"At the start," Kaiser William replied to the lad,
"Our good old steam roller sure rolled!
But we'd better let go, now that things are so bad,
And endeavor to get a new hold."

"You are old," said the youth, "and have wallowed in death,
And you haven't had nearly enough.
Still you talk about peace with a palpitant breath—
Do you think that they'll fall for the stuff?"

"At the start," said his father, "it looked like a cinch,
And victory certain for us.
But now that we're finding ourselves in a pinch,
The people are making a fuss."

"You are old," said the youth, "and you speak about God,
And you treat Him almost as a friend.
Don't you think He should heed your imperial nod
And bring this affair to an end?"

"I've answered three questions; be off on your way,"
Said his father, restraining a sob;
"You've only lost fourteen divisions today;
"They'll think that you're quitting the job."

—Porter Emerson Browne, of The Vigilantes.

Canada's First Model Town.

Canada's first model town will be built on the Upper Ottawa. A splendid site overlooking Lake Timiskaming has been laid out according to modern principles of town planning by the Commission of Conservation, through its town-planning adviser, Mrs. Thos. Adams, who has acted as consulting engineer. Building operations will be started shortly by the Riordon Pulp & Paper Co., who are to erect a large sulphite mill and paper plant nearby, and for the accommodation of whose employees the town is intended.

A contour map showing the levels of the site were first prepared and the streets were then laid out so as to secure easy grades, directness of route, and absence of sudden deflections. If the usual method of rectangular survey had been adopted, the most important streets would have had grades of from 10 to 18 per cent., but, under the plan, the maximum grades have been reduced to 3 and 5 per cent. in most cases, with a maximum of 8 for short lengths.

Before any buildings have been erected the line of each street has been blazed through the forest so as to fix the best street locations and to secure the best aspects for the dwellings. Areas are being set aside for open spaces, social centres, churches, schools, etc., in advance. The main approach to the town will be by a street, 80 feet wide, passing through a square on which the stores and public buildings will be erected.

It is proposed to make the town a model of its kind, as it is recognized by the promoters that healthy and agreeable housing and social conditions are of vital importance in securing efficiency of the workers, and that large employers of labor have a direct responsibility in providing proper living conditions for their workers.—Conservation.

CLIMBED STAIRS ON HER HANDS

Too Ill to Walk Upright. Operation Advised. Saved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

This woman now raises chickens and does manual labor. Read her story:

Richmond, Ind.—"For two years I was so sick and weak with troubles from my age that when going up stairs I had to go very slowly with my hands on the steps, then sit down at the top to rest. The doctor said he thought I should have an operation, and my friends thought I would not live to move into our new house. My daughter asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she had taken it with good results. I did so, my weakness disappeared, I gained in strength, moved into our new home, did all kinds of garden work, shoveled dirt, did building and cement work, and raised hundreds of chickens and ducks. I cannot say enough in praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and if these facts are useful you may publish them for the benefit of other women."—Mrs. M. O. Johnston, Route D, Box 190, Richmond, Ind.