

REPORTS

MARKETS

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"BELA"

"Let them curse," said Bela. "Curse won't catch us. Already they row in half an hour. Get tire soon."

"They've got a spare man to change to," Sam reminded her. He was now as keen to give them the slip as Bela.

The mainland ahead promised freedom, not only freedom from his late masters, but freedom from her, too.

Looking over their shoulders they saw the steersman change to one of the cars. Thereafter the rowboat came on with renewed speed, but the dugout seemed to draw steadily ahead.

Sam's heart rose. Bela, however, searching the wide sky and the water for weather signs, began to look anxious.

"What is it?" asked Sam. "Wind got down," she replied, grimly.

Sure enough, presently the heavy sea began to sag, and they could feel the dugout lose way under them. They groaned involuntarily. At the same moment their pursuers perceived the slackening of the wind and shouted in a different key.

were struggling forward, sculling with the remaining oar. Bela watched anxiously to see what they would do when they got in the river. If they knew enough to go ashore and take to the land trail, it was possible that even on foot they might cut her off at a point below where the trail touched the river.

Apparently, however, they meant to follow by water. And the last sight she had of them before rounding the first bend they were still sculling.

The river pursued its incredibly circuitous course between cut banks fringed with willows. All the country above, invisible to them in the dugout, smooth current carried them on.

On the outside of each bend the bank was steep to the point of overhanging; on the inside there was invariably a mud flat made gay with water flowers. So crooked was the river that Jack-Knife Mountain, the only object they could see above the willows, was now on their right hand, now on their left.

On the turns they sometimes got a current of wind in their faces and came to a dead stop. Now that they no longer required it, the wind was momentarily strengthening.

"Wouldn't it be better to take the sail down?" Sam suggested. "Can't take it down without land on shore," Bela answered sullenly.

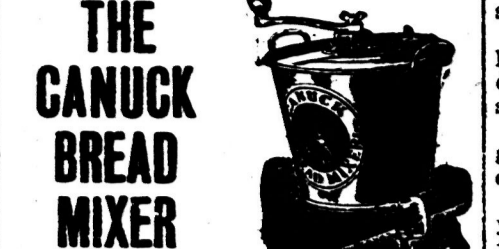
Sam comprehending what was the matter, chuckled inwardly. On the next bend, seeing her struggles with the baffling air-currents, he asked teasingly: "Well, why don't you go ashore and take it down?"

"If I land, you promise not run away," she said. Sam laughed from a light heart. "Not on your life," he said. "I'm my own master now."

Bela had no more to say. "Where are you bound for?" Sam presently asked. "Down river," she answered. "I'll have to be leaving you," said Sam.

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Give your wife a "Canuck" for Christmas. Christmas giving for 1917 must be confined to useful—not luxurious—gifts.

E. T. WRIGHT CO., Limited., Hamilton, Can. Sam, mockingly. "I'm going the other way. To the head of the lake."

"If you gack they catch you." "I'll lie low till they're thrown off the scent. I'll walk around the north shore."

"If you stay with me little while, pretty soon we meet police coming up," she suggested. "Then they can't touch you."

"Much obliged," replied Sam. "I've no fancy to be jumped on at night and tied up like a roasting fowl."

"I promise I not do that again," said Bela. "Sure!" retorted Sam. "No doubt you've got plenty other tricks just as good."

"If you look at me you see I speak truth," she murmured. "I your friend, Sam."

The threatened break in her voice brought all his old disquiet surging up again. As he put it, he suspected her of "trying to put one over on him again."

"Very well, keep it then," he snapped, turning away. Her face broke up again. "No, no! I not mad at you!" she cried, hurriedly. "I give you food. But wait; we got talk."

Sam, scowling and hardening at her approach, was careful to keep his distance. He suspected her of a design to detain him by force.

"There's been too much talk," he growled. "You'd better hustle on down. They'll be here soon."

"All right, I take you there," she said eagerly. "More quick as you can walk, too. Half a mile down the river there is little backwater to hide. We let those men go by and then come back. I do what you want, Sam."

"Will you give me a little grub, or won't you?" he insisted. "I'd rather starve than go with you!"

"You fool!" said Bela, with a fine assumption of anger. "He throw me down. Speak bad to me! I hate him! I want punish!"

"Sounds fishy somehow," muttered Jack, hesitating. "You come wit' me," she said, shrugging. "See all I do is to get us away."

"No marry!" cried Bela, with a fine assumption of anger. "He throw me down. Speak bad to me! I hate him! I want punish!"

"Come on!" cried Shand, from the top of the bank. "Catch him first and decide what'll be to him after."

"Go on," said Bela, sullenly. "I not track him wit'out you give him me for punish."



ROYAL YEAST Has been Canada's favorite yeast for over a quarter of a century. Bread baked with Royal Yeast will keep fresh and moist longer than that made with any other, so that a full week's supply can easily be made at one baking, and the loaf will be just as good as the first.

Back. I do what you want, Sam. "Will you give me a little grub, or won't you?" he insisted. "I'd rather starve than go with you!"

She burst into tears. "All right, I give you food," she said. She turned back to the dugout and, throwing back the cover of the grub-box, put what bread and smoked fish she had left into a cotton bag.

Sam awaited her, raging with that intolerable bitterness that a tender and obstinate man feels at the sight of a woman's tears.

She offered him the little package of food, every long howler. Sam strode away, blinded and deafened by the confusion of his feelings. His face was as stubborn as stone.

CHAPTER XIII. When Sam had passed out of sight around the willows, Bela, still shaken by sobs, went down on her hands and knees to search for the penknife she had spurned. Finding it, she kissed it and thrust it inside her dress.

Going to the dugout, she stretched out in it, and gave herself up to grief. Not for very long, however. Gradually the sobs stilled, and finally she sat up with the look of one who has something to do. For a long time thereafter she sat, chin in hand, thinking hard with tight lips and inward-looking eyes.

Sounds from around the bend aroused her. She heard the working of an oar in its socket and the cautious voices of men. An alert look came into her face.

She glanced over the gunwale at her face in the water and disarranged her hair a little. Flushing herself down, she commenced to weep again, but with an altered note; this was self-conscious grief addressed to the ears of others.

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THE MILK COMMITTEE



In the above picture are shown the members of the milk committee, appointed by the food controller, which has made a careful study of the milk situation in this country, considering such questions as supply, costs of production, utilization, etc.

The Brawn and Brain of a boy are not made out of books or sermons. They are built out of foods that supply in well-balanced proportion and in digestible form every needed element.

THOSE AWFUL CRAMPS. Suggestions that may save Much Suffering. Marysville, Pa.—"For twelve years I suffered with terrible cramps. I would have to stay in bed several days every month. I tried all kinds of remedies and was treated by doctors, but my trouble continued until one day I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for others. I tried it and now I am never troubled with cramps and feel like a different woman."