The Big Muskeg

VICTOR ROUSSE'AU

STEWART KIDD COMPANY

THE WIDOW

SYNOPSIS .- Looking over Big Muskeg, a seemingly impassable swamp in the path of the Missaof the line, and Wilton Carruthers, chief of engineers, are considering the difficulties. A rifle shot instantly kills Bostock and breaks Carruthers' arm. Carruthers tries to carry the body to a post of the Hudson's Bay company, where Mc-Donald is the factor. McDonald's daughter, Molly, sees Carruthers struggling in the muskeg and drags him from the swamp, with his burden. Unaccountably, her father objects to her saving Carruthers. Weakened by his wound and exer-tions, Carruthers is disturbed by the appearance of Tom Bowyer, Bostock's business rival and personal enemy. Bowyer insults Molly, and Carruthers strikes him. Carruthers declares his love for Molly. She promises to be his wife. Carruthers has to reach the town of Clayton to attend a meeting at which Bostock's enemies plan to wrest control of the Missatibi from him. Molly goes with him. They are delayed by a storm. Attacked by his dogs, Carruthers' life is saved by Molly, who is forced to kill the animals. "The snow, the snow!" They set out on foot for Clayton, reaching it with Car-ruthers in an almost dying condition. He is in time to foil Bostock's enemies and keep control of the line for Mrs. Bostock. He finds enemies at work at Big Muskeg. Bowyer persecutes Molly with at-

CHAPTER VII

Inside Information. Wilton's first act on reaching the shack was to write a letter to Inspector Quain, informing him of the presence of Hackett and Tonguay at the camp, and telling him of their liquor-vending activities. In the morning he sent for Andersen, who appeared disheveled, humble, and repent-

"I t'ank you send me back to the cache-" the foreman began.

Wilton struck his fist on his desk. "No. Andersen, I'm not going to send you back to the cache," he answered. 'You'll hold your job, and you'll keep the men under control and see that there's no more whisky-peddling around here."

"By jink, Mr. Carruthers, you yoost Muskeg. bet I will!" cried the Swede. "I done all I could to drive them two fallers away from here. Last night I took one drink, thinking I'd get the men away quietly, and then-I guess I don't remember no more," he ended apolo-

"If you see them around here again, or hear of them, you'll let me know at once," said Wilton, "That's all, Andersen. Just try to live up to your job; I don't expect impossibilities. And tell the men I want to see them at ten o'clock."

At that hour he went out to inspect the laborers, who were lined up outside the cook-house. They were a dirty, disheveled lot, still showing the traces of the last night's dissipation.

Wilton looked at them grimly, "Well, men, we've met one another already." he said. "I'm your new boss. You've had a taste of me, and you've seen something of my methods. I expect my workers to make good, and I expect to make good myself. And if any man brings liquor into camp, or sets



"By Jink, Mr. Carruthers, You Yoost Bet I Will!" Cried the Swede.

his foot across the portage without his mother wouldn't recognize him. Those of you who are dissatisfied can take your pay and go."

He went back to his shack. Digby, who had stood thoughtfully beside him during this colloquy, came in after

"There must be quite a considerable amount of this sort of thing, Mr. Carruthers?" he inquired.

"What do you mean by 'this sort of thing'?" demanded Wilton sharply, here, Mr. Carruthers, I didn't come

"Making men so that their mothers | here to beg you for a job. I want one, won't know them," answered the engineer. "It may be all right for those who like it, but it wasn't on my curriculum. In England, when a man misbehaves, we take out a summons against him."

"Where'd you serve it?" "That is a problem," admitted Dig-"I've thought over that. Butthis sort of thing wasn't what I signed on for. That's all there is to it. If you'd told me what was expected of me, I might have signed with you or I might not. I'd have thought about it. I object to my rights being invaded. So I wish to offer my resigna-

"All right," said Wilton shortly. Then, feeling that the other had a sort of justice in his attitude: "It is rather tough to expect you to do police work," he acknowledged. "But I don't think there will be any more

Digby looked at him in frank astonishment. "Why, I like it!" he said. "I had the time of my life last night. It's simply the principle of the thing. But I'm afraid I didn't quite make my position clear."

"Not altogether." answered Wilton. "However, I'm sending some special mail down this noon, and you can go in with the sleigh."

Digby's defection was a serious blow, for it would be necessary to make arrangements for a man to take his place. However, Wilton decided to take no steps to that end immediately. He inspected the camp, saw that a good job was being made of the cleaning up, and went to look at Kitty's house.

This was built substantially of logs, and had already been half completed. It consisted of four rooms and an outkitchen, and stood at the edge of the new road near the ridge, about five hundred yards from the nearest bunk-

That afternoon he made his first examination of the Muskeg. He took soundings in several places, but the peat seemed bottomless. Nowhere could he reach rock bottom, except within a few feet of the shore.

The underlying bed of peat was everywhere. He went two or three miles up and down the stream without discovering any way of bridging the

busy now to see Molly He was more than an hour daily, but he always went to the portage for a short visit after supper.

The factor, who had learned to expect his coming at the same hour each day, withdrew upstairs before he arrived. Once or twice, when they came face to face, he turned his head away in sullen anger.

As a prospective father-in-law, Mc-Donald seemed about as hopeless a proposition as could be conceived, but the time to consider his own and Molly's future would not come until the line was on its feet. Big Muskeg was the giant in the way. Often Wilton, staring down at its sullen depths from the top of the ridge, would feel it as a personal enemy, defying him to overcome it.

One evening Wilton was sitting in his shack, utterly disconsolate. He had sounded nearly every possible place without result, and even Molly had failed to cheer him. He saw no alternative before him except to return to Clayton and confess himself beaten.

Andersen tapped at the door and said that a man wanted to see him. Wilton rose up and, to his surprise, admitted Lee Chambers.

The engineer was roughly dressed and wretched-looking. He told Wilton that he had tramped in from Cold Junction, thirty miles southwestward, the present terminal point of the New Northern.

"I thought maybe you would give me a job," he said. "I've left Mr. Bowyer for good. We had some trouble. He wanted me to make a the first team of horses struggled into crooked report, and I would not do camp, drawing its freight. it. I'm through with him and his

dirty schemes." Wilton gave him a chair and looked and the first day of May brought him over coldly. He did not like Kitty. Chambers, and he suspected that he was lying, and that Bowyer had sent him to him for his own purposes.

Digby's disappearance had left him in a hole, but that hardly justified his snugly in the new cottage, with a camp taking on Lee Chambers, though he was one of the ablest of his profession | In her widow's black she looked pretin Manitoba.

"Well, Mr. Chambers," he said, "I'm carrying on my work here on the lines established by Mr. Bosteck. Joe Bostock had two maxims. The first was: | ble his heart was almost too full for 'Never lay off a man if you can help it.' The second was: 'Never take on a man who's left you.' And to be quite frank-I feel about the same way. You my permission, I'll make him so that left the Missatibi, which had treated and Wilton's loyalty to the dead man you well, and we have reason to believe you gave useful information to

Mr. Bowyer." "I swear I didn't!" shouted Chambers, springing to his feet. "Prove that, Mr. Carruthers!"

"I can't prove it," Wilton admitted. "I am giving you my personal feeling about yourself, in confidence,"

she asked. "Well, it's a mighty poor sort of confidence," spluttered the engineer, "See woman in the world," "Why, Wilton?"

ten her. and I can get one on any other line in Manitoba. But I want to even things He's played me a dirty trick, and I

show you, eh? How'd you feel about it then?" Wilton's cool glance never wavered. "I'm willing to hear more on the sub-

don't take things lying down. I know

ject. Mr. Chambers," he said. "Right! Before you'd even started to clear the bush I was up here sounding every yard of Big, Muskeg clear along both shores. And there's rock bottom within two miles of here. Does that interest you, Mr. Carruthers?" "It does," said Wilton frankly.

"If I show you-" "I need an assistant, and you can have the position as long as you want

Lee Chambers grinned. "That's good enough for me," he said. "I'll hold it



In Her Widow's Black She Looked Prettier Than Ever.

road would have much use for me after Tom Bowyer finds out what I've done

Wilton gave Chambers a bed in his shack. The next morning they started out to sound the muskeg. A little more than a mile north of the portage, where the river dwindled to a mere trickle between two lakes in summer. was an uninviting bed of peat, covered with rotten slush; it was one of the few spots where Wilton had not

"You'll get bottom here," said Chambers. He swept his arm upward. "You see, I've figured it out like this: Those ridges are limestone. But the foundation's granite. You've noticed that, of course. The granite was there first. The limestone was forced up later through the clefts by subterranean action. It filled up the holes and hollows and spread up above the granite till these bluffs were formed. But the granite hasn't shifted. Here's where the granite bed extends across the muskeg. The mud filled up the cleft and spread across the foundation. But the foundation's there. Try her out!" Wilton got bottom after two or three attempts. As Chambers had said, here was the foundation for the permanent way-not the best conceivable, and one that would require considerable ballasting, but undeniably the only route possible.

The next day preparations were begun for cutting the new road from the camp. The weeks passed swiftly. With mid-April came the breaking up of the ice. The ground hardened, and

The end of April saw Kitty's house completed and the furniture installed,

She had telephoned Wilton to expect her, and she came in a rig, with a cartload of trunks and packages behind. Within an hour she was ensconced cook detailed to look after her needs. tier than ever, and absurdly young even to be married.

Wilton had supper with her, and all the while they sat together at the taspeech. He was dreaming of the future with Molly, a future in which Kitty shared. He pictured her happily married-for Joe would have wished that, had nothing mawkish or sentimental in

Kitty tapped him on the arm, and he looked up to see her face in a charm-

ing smile, and mirth dancing in her blue eves. "What are you thinking of, Will?"

"Kitty," he said, evading her question, "I think you are the plucklest tralla have been fixed at \$20 a week.

"To come up here and put up with these hardships, just because of Joe." She blushed faintly and lowered her eyes. "It was you who let me come, Will," she said.

"But you wanted to come because Joe would have liked it, Kitty. It's like you to hide your real feeling." She laughed and made a little face at him. But after supper she grew serious as he spoke of the work and his success, about which he had writ-

Wilton asked her if she would walk over to the portage to see Molly. "Tonight?" she asked doubtfully.

"Not if you're tired, Kitty." "I thought you might be content to

sit here and chat." "I should be, Kitty. But I told her out a little with Tom Bowyer first. I was coming. And I said I had a surprise for her. Can't you imagine how pleased she'll be to see you?"

what your problem is. I know you "Why, of course I'll come with you, can't cross Big Muskeg. Suppose I Will," she answered. And they strolled down side by side

and made their way to the tradingstore. They went in and, at the sound of their entrance, Molly came running downstairs, stopped short at the bottom and stared at Kitty as if she had seen a ghost. She put her hand to her heart with a sudden gesture of fear. "Molly, this is the surprise I prom-

ised you," said Wilton, "What's the matter, dear? Did we startle you?" Molly shook her head and came quickly forward, swallowing as if something was choking her. The women kissed each other. Then Wilton was

aware that both were watching him. All through the lively chat that followed he was conscious of that. He put the idea out of his mind with an effort, for he did not like subtleties of feeling that he could not understand. Yet there was a chilliness under the girls' chatter and laughter.

Presently Kitty said she was tired and must get back. Molly promised to come to see her as soon as possible. Wilton and Kitty hardly spoke on the way home. When he left her at her door she turned to him and asked

"Will, you are still as deeply in love with Molly as ever, aren't you?" "Of course I am, Kitty," he an-

swered. "Then I am glad, for your sake and hers," answered Kitty, and went quickly into the house.

Wilton walked back to his shack, a little puzzled. He had arranged to show Kitty the progress of the work on the following morning; but when he called for her he found her in the midst of her unpacking, and she put it off until the afternoon. Wilton laughed, chided her and went to his work.

She kept him waiting till three o'clock, when they started. He felt the pride of the artist as he led Kitty from one place to another. Locomotives were snorting, and lines of ballast trucks occupied the narrow-gage that had been laid down to the water's edge.

In the ballast pit, from which the screech of steam was heard from morn till night, the great, unwieldy steamshovel scraped its huge steel teeth into the face of the cut with the scrunch of an ogre's feast, and, turning, disgorged its plunder into the empty trucks alongside.

Kitty shuddered and pressed Wilton's arm. "It's like-it's like some living monster, Will," she said. "Let's go on.

He led her toward the muskeg. But on the way he stopped suddenly beside the summit of the ridge.

"Kitty," he said, in a low voice, "I don't know if I ought to tell you-perhaps you'd like to know. This is where Joe-"

Her grasp upon his arm tightened convulsively. "No, no, Will!" she said hurriedly. "I don't want to see it. I little fat and a tablespoonful of water can't bear to think of it."

They followed the line of ballast trucks along the narrow-gage down to the swamp's edge. Construction upon the foundations was well under way. Tons of debris had been poured into the muskeg, and had simply spread themselves over the bottom, finding their level like water. Soundings taken had showed the bedrock hardly raised from its level twenty feet beneath the surface.

Wilton and Lee Chambers had therefore begun the construction of trestlework. Teams hauled bundles of logs, bound with a chain, to the scene of operations. The uprights for the lower tier were driven into the ground, and the horizontal members and diagonals were nailed up, completing a crazy. shaking structure just strong enough to take a pair of metals at the top.

As they reached the edge of this structure the whistle blew. The workmen knocked off and came slowly past them toward the camp. Wilton and Kitty stood alone at the edge of the embankment, where the flimsy structure of the trestle began.

Kitty looked at Wilton breathlessly. "It's wonderful, Will!" she said. "It makes me feel so out of place and use-

Wilton looked at her in surprise. "Why, how can you feel that way, Kitty?" he asked reproachfully. have been loyal to the core to Joe!"

"Don't say that!" she cried flercely, and, turning swiftly from him, began to make her passage across the temporary sleepers. Twelve feet beneath them the sluggish stream forced its narrow channel through the muskeg. Wilton called to Kitty.

"You'd better come back," he shouted. "It isn't very secure, and you might lose your footing."

"Ye go too far, Mr. Bowyer!"

The wages of chorus girls in Aus-

he quavered. "Ye canna insult

my girl in my own house!" CTO BE CONTINUED.

The Kitchen Cabinet

Dates are readily digested and when eaten with nuts to furnish nitrogen and fat, the combination is an almost

She alone is mistress of her art who has nothing left to throw away.

GOOD THINGS TO "PUT UP" It is pleasant to try some well-



perfect food.

ing those which have long been used in the family, for sometimes we find one which we like so well that it is added to the sacred fam-

fly cook book. Pium Catsup,-Take one-half peck of blue plums, one pint of vinegar, half the weight of the plums in sugar -less if liked less sweet. Add a tablespoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice, tied in a muslin cloth. Boil together, strain through a colander and boil again until of the right con-

Apple and Pepper Sauce.-Cut unripe, tart apples in thick slices, place in layers with sliced green peppers, using one-half dozen peppers to one dozen apples; and over each layer sprinkle salt, using one-half cupful. Tie in a muslin cloth one teaspoonful of crushed cloves, mace, peppercorns. and nasturtium seed, one cupful of sugar and three pints of vinegar; pour boiling hot over the apples six mornings. Then seal.

Chili Sauce .- Boll together five cupfuls of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of salt and one cupful of sugar, then add twenty-four large ripe tomatoes, three red peppers, and seven onlons, all put | age has been done to the wheat crop through the meat grinder. Cook one hour, bottle and seal.

Green Apples and Onions,-Slice green apples, using a dozen apples to three good-sized onions, cook the onlons in a little fat until somewhat soft, then add the apples unpeeled; cook until nearly done, then add a little sugar, salt and a dash of cayenne. Serve as a vegetable with pork chops

Canning Young Beets.-Wash and trim, leaving two inches of stem on each to keep them from bleeding. Cook until tender, skin and place in jars with two tablespoonfuls of sugar to each quart, and one teaspoonful of salt. Set jars into a kettle of water and seal, not tight; cook in the water for an hour. Seal and set in the cellar for winter use.

The best things are nearest-breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it co certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life --

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS

Now spring chicken is low enough to be indulged in occasionally. Cut the chicken up as



for frying, put it into a deep Scotch kettle with a few tablespoonfuls of water. cover tightly and steam for a few minutes, add a

from time to time; season well and cook until brown. The chicken will be tender and juicy with this slow

cooking. Stuffed Steak .- Grind a pound of round of beef through the meat grinder (season with salt, pepper and onion) with one egg. Prepare a bread stuffing as for poultry, grease gem pans, put in a layer of the meat, then of the dressing and lastly a layer of the meat. Bake and turn out on small plates and garnish with parsley.

Currant Pie.-Take one cupful of crushed ripe currants, one cupful of sugar, two egg yolks, a pinch of salt two tablespoonfuls of flour and one of cold water. Cook until smooth and thick. Cool and fill a baked shell, Cover with a meringue made of the two egg whites with three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; dot with half a dozen marshmallows and brown lightly in the oven. If currants crushed and put up fresh with sugar are used, one and one-half cupfuls of the fruit will be sufficient for a

Tomatoes d' Uxelles.-Stuff tomatoes with any desired filling and bake until tender. Cover with buttered crumbs and place them under the gas flame to become a golden brown.

Apple and Blackberry Jelly .- To each peck of red astrakan apples add three pints of blackberries. Cook the berries and apples with as little water as possible. Drain, but do not squeeze. Use two-thirds as much sugar as juice and cook until it jells; first cooking the juice for ten minutes before adding the sugar. If carefully made it will be a beautiful red. The apples should be cored, but not pared. Cold Slaw .- Shred a head of cab-

bage very fine, then pour over the following boiling hot: one-half cupful of vinegar, a tablespoonful of butter. Remove from the heat, add a beaten egg and three tablespoonfuls of sweet cream. Season with salt and mustard, pepper and sugar. Pour over the cab-bage bolling hot.

CROPS ALL GOOD

Western Canada Farmers Jubilant Over Prospects.

Harvest In Southwestern Manitoba Expected to Come Close to Bumper Yield of 1915.

Those who have friends in Western Canada will be anxious to learn of the conditions there, and will be interested in knowing that generally the crop prospect is very favorable. Cutting and harvesting have become general, and it is anticipated that the results which will appear when thrashing is completed will be highly satis-

With the widely varying weather conditions that have prevailed in the different sections of the prairie provinces it would be impossible to forecast with any degree of accuracy as to how the crop is made. The Manitoba crop has held its own, and the outlook for the province as a whole is decidedly good.

With the exception of an area south and west of Brandon, grain crops in Manitoba continue to give promises of a good harvest, the best in fact for a number of seasons, reports the Canadian National Railways for the week ended July 22. Recent rains and favorable temperatures have improved conditions wonderfully.

Southwestern Manitoba will reap a harvest which will nearly equal the bumper harvest of 1915. Farmers in the district are very optimistic. The rye crop is exceptionally good; many fields will yield upwards of 30 bushels per acre. The fields are remarkably free of weeds, and the grasshopper menace, which has been evident in the southwestern portion of the province for the past three years, has been almost entirely obliterated. No damby rust, and the oats crop will aver-

age more than 60 bushels to the acre. In Saskatchewan there are large areas where the crops are excellent. In places where the prospects some few weeks ago were not encouraging, material change for the better is apparent. In these places unusually dry weather during a portion of the growing season kept the crops back, but what was most remarkable was the effect that the spring moisture had. While light in some places, this moisture kept sufficient strength in the growing crops to ensure a fair yield of a good quality of grain. This condition arises in the mid-central dis-

tricts of the province. The southern portions of the province have been exceptionally favored, reports showing that the yield of all

grains will be wonderfully good. The crops of all Saskatchewan are a week or ten days later than those

of Manitoba. Conditions in Alberta are said to be good, especially in southern Alberta, where copious and plentiful showers came in time to give assurance of good paying yields. This applies to

nearly all sections of that district. Northern Alberta, or at least that portion of it lying within thirty miles of Edmonton, has suffered from lack of moisture, a very unusual thing for that district, where there is generally an abundance. As a result, the heavy yields of wheat, oats and barley for which the district is noted will show considerable falling off over past years. The grain, though, is of excellent quality and the yield will be fair.

Pasturage is poor, and the hay crop will fall short of that of any previous year for quite an extended period.

On the whole, the prairie provinces of Western Canada will have a crop that will warrant the statement that it will prove satisfactory and remunerative.

A number of farmers put in corn this year, and from present appearances there is a likelihood of an abundant yield for fodder and ensilage, while a good deal of it will fully mature. A number of silos were erected this season. While grain growing is losing none of its interest, it is highly pleasing to note the number of farmers who are adding dairying to the grain growing industry.-Adver-

tisement. Winnifred-That fresh geek who just came in here from the poolroom makes me tired.

Gwendolin-Whatsa matter? "When I waited on him this morning he handed me a little round green thing offa one of the pool cues-"

"And then when I says, 'What's the big idea?' he says, 'Why, girlie, that's a tip.' "-Youngstown Telegram.

Cuticura for Sore Hands.

Soak hands on retiring in the hot suds of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. / Remove surplus Ointment with tissue paper. This is only one of the things Cuticura will do If Soap, Ointment and Talcum are used for all toilet purposes,-Advertisement.

Air Disarmament Completed. Since January, 1920, the allied commission of aeronautical control has destroyed 14,800 airplanes, and the work of disarming Germany in the air is ended. Of the 29,500 motors handled, some have been turned over to the allies, but the greater number have been broken up.

Some folks think caster oil should follow a dose of Vermifuge. Not necessary with Dr. Peery's. It's a "Dead Shot" for Worms and Tapeworm. One dose cleans them out. If it does not, we refund your money. 372 Pearl Street, New York City.—Advertagement.

A hog is a hog, whether he hogs