## BUSINESS AND ROMANCE

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"Wooden Spoil" is the story of an American's lively adventures in the Canadian woods. He falls heir to a hundred square miles of forest and a lumbering business. Upon taking possession he finds that he has also inherited trouble. Being young and two-fisted, he welcomes the trouble, objects to being run out of the country and goes to work. Doubtless the Seigneur's altogether adorable daughter has something to do with his decision.

Love, jealousy, loyalty, treachery-all the passions of a primitive, red-blooded people-figure in this stirring tale. Strikes, adventure, fighting, hardships-action crowds every chapter.

A manly hero, a lovable heroine, a real .ove and a happy endingit's a good story from start to finish.

## CHAPTER I.

The Rosny White Elephant.

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Lamartine, the notary, occupied was cle sank half his fortune in it. He located inconspicuously in a small building in an old part of the Lower the case; the timber cannot be cut Town. Small, wiry, black-haired, except at a loss, on account of its with an air of unconvincing plausibilfty about him, Monsieur Lamartine portation. The balsam fir is too gumwas seated at his desk, drumming his my to make any but inferior paper, befingers, staring out of the window, and low the standard even of the newspaturning again to look at a letter signed | pers. It occupies the greater portion Hilary Askew, when his boy brought of the tract, together with second him a card with the same name upon growth birch, which is, of course, of it. Monsieur Lamartine frowned.

busy with an important court case," Askew, I cannot advise you to considhe said. "Ask him to call at this time tomorrow."

he'll wait," announced the boy, return-

The notary considered. "Well, tell | timber can be put?" him I'll see him in a few minutes," he answered.

When the boy was gone he took swering. down the telephone receiver and gave

"Is that you, Brousseau?" he asked. "Monsieur Hilary Askew has turned

end of the line which made the notary amile.

"I can't say. I haven't seen him yet," said Monsieur Lamartine, in anwith a smile on his lips and a check distance and warn him. Good-by."

He hung up the receiver, rang for past five years. the boy and told him to admit Mr.

was different from what he had ex- have a real forest in bearing. pected. He was about as big, and he but he appeared more determined, he men who have the knack of disentan- me up wrong." gling themselves from sophistries. However, Hilary looked good-natured. And he was certainly inexperienced. Monsieur Lamartine gave him a chair and looked very plausible indeed.

"Your visit has followed very close "Perhaps you did not get mine, advising you to wait before coming to Quebec?"

"No," said Hilary, "but I would have come anyway. I want to get this matwer settled."

"The American haste," said the notary, tooking almost ingenuous. "But the law is not to be taken by storm, least of all in Quebec. It is only a month since your uncle died. Perhaps It will be months before we can turn over the property to you. I understand that you were not in close touch with your uncle during his latter years?"

"I hadn't seen him since I was a boy. That was what made the legacy a surprising one. He had not shown any interest in me. I had a hard fight to get through my forestry course. So when I heard that I had become the owner of a tract of a hundred square miles it seemed like an intervention of Providence. That is almost a kingdom, sir."

"Ten miles by ten?" inquired the notary, smiling. "Well, I suppose it does seem a large territory to you, although the Rosny seigniory was one of the smallest of the old feudal grants. It is almost the last on the north shore of the St. Lawrence that remains in the hands of the original family."

"Four hundred thousand dollars seems a big sum for my uncle to have paid for it," said Hilary.

"Your uncle," said Monsieur Lamartine, beginning to drum softly, "made this investment against the advice of a good many people. The Rosny timber rights are practically valueless, because the wood is principally balsam

fir instead of pine and spruce." He noted that Hilary only watched him instead of answering, and he began to feel that he would not be disposed of as easily as he had antici-

"The property has never begun to pay its way," continued Monsieur La- a week here-two weeks. Look about martine, "Your uncle paid three hundred and fifty thousand for the cutting know we are the only walled city on rights alone. He found himself up against the law which places a limit black, or swamp spruce, I believe; him to do so.

twelve for white spruce; twelve or thirteen for pine. And nearly all the trees on the Rosny limits that aren't The office in Quebec which Georges fir are under the legal size. Your unwas-excuse me-eccentric. This is sparseness and the high costoof transuse only for firewood. The expenses "Tell Monsieur Askew that I am are very considerable. In short, Mr.

er your uncle's legacy seriously." "I'm sorry to hear that," answered "Mr. Askew says he's busy, too, and Hilary. "But I suppose something can be done with the wood. There are uses besides pulp-wood to which the

> Monsieur Lamartine drummed his fingers for quite a while before an-

might find it commercially profitable to develop your tract," he said presently. "But no man without an ample fortune and a thorough knowledge of swered the other brusquely. He There was a sputtering at the other lumber conditions in this province pulled out a drawer and removed an could dream of pulling out even."

Hilary leaned forward in his chair. swer. "But if I can't send him home didn't build any extravagant hopes a pleasant journey, sir. You wish me upon my uncle's legacy. I'm not con- to continue to represent you?" in his pocket I shall try to keep him structed that way. What I want prinin Quebec until I have seen you. And cipally is to settle somewhere among you'd better try to get Morris by long trees and do something with them. I'm tired of what I've been doing these

"I'm tired of hunting a job here and He looked at Hilary keenly as he I want my own trees. I want to see shook hands with him. The young man | them grow up, and thin them out, and

"So I've decided to take hold of that had the same air of American energy; St. Boniface tract and see what I can make of it. I'm going to show my unlooked like one of those uncomfortable | cle, Monsieur Lamartine, that he sized

> Monsieur Lamartine smiled at his caller's frankness.

"I understand how you feel, Mr. As kew," he said. "What you want is a nice little tract of a few hundred acres, not far from Quebec. A place upon your letter, Mr. Askew," he said. with a little trout lake on it, to build your camp beside, ten acres freehold and the rest leased. You'll enjoy that, and"-he paused and scrutinized him with his fox look-"I think I may be able to dispose of the Rosny white elephant for you."

Hilary returned no answer, and Monsieur Lamartine could not decide whether it was a sign of strength or



Monsieur Lamartine Could Not Decide Whether It Was a Sign of Strength or Weakness,

of weakness. Still he was sure that a man who loved trees apart from their commercial value was a dreamer and unpractical.

"They would pay forty-five thousand that would enable you to realize your own aspirations. You are fond of fishing, Mr. Askew? Think it over. Spend you. Inspect our fine old city. Do you

this continent?" He stopped; perhaps he saw Hilary on the size of trees. Seven inches for redden, perhaps his instinct warned

Rosny tract." "The offer is too small? I doubt-

"I will discuss that after I have seen the concession."

The notary sighed. "Well, at least think the matter over for a while," he said. "Mr. Morris, the manager, is away on business. He should be in waving his arms. "What you want Quebec tomorrow, and perhaps he can here?" he demanded. "Strangers are arrange to take you up there."

"I am thinking of going at a very early date," said Hilary, "in fact, by the boat tomorrow."

"Mr. Askew, I assure you, you had better wait for Mr. Morris. He is a man of expert judgment. You cannot property," he answered. have a better adviser, and he has absolutely no personal interest one way or another. There are so many things to consider; and then-you don't speak French, do you?" "A little."

"It would not help you, anyway. The dialect up at St. Boniface is seventeenth century. They are a wild lot up there, a very bad lot of people; smugglers and poachers, Mr. Askew."

Hilary, who had already sensed Lamartine's objection to his going to St. Boniface, awakened to suspicion at last. "I shall leave on tomorrow morning's boat," he said. "When I have made my decision I shall let you know. I think I shall refuse your company's offer. Will you let me have the papers, Monsieur Lamartine, including the last half-yearly statement and the map of the limits?"

"But it is entirely irregular, Mr. As kew. Really-"

"Let me have the papers, please," said Hilary, smiling. "And you need have no fear that you will be held responsible for my anticipating my in-"A company with a large capital heritance. I imagine I have as much right there as Mr. Morris."

"Of course, if that is your decision, there is nothing more to say," anenvelope containing some documents. "You will find the statement here," he "Monsieur Lamartine," he said, "I'll said. "Mr. Morris has the books and tell you how I view this matter. I the map of St. Boniface. I wish you

"For the present, yes. Good-day." When he was gone Monsieur Lamartine sat back in his chair and drummed his fingers for nearly a minute. Then he called up Brousseau.

"He's just gone," he said. "And he Askew. Then he rose to receive his a job there to tend somebody else's starts for St. Boniface tomorrow morntrees. I'm tired of other people's trees. ing, in spite of all my representations."

> He smiled at the sputtering that came over the wire.

It was well into the afternoon when Hilary reached St. Boniface on the small tri-weekly mail boat. For fifty or sixty miles below Quebec the coun- diplomatically disengaged himself. try, sparsely inhabited though it is, and primitive, contains settlements in season; and it was not until the St. store." Lawrence widened into the Gulf that Hilary realized, almost with surprise, that the ship was sailing into a territory as primitive as it had been a score of years after Jacques Cartier landed. Something of the primeval nature of time to time over his shoulder as he the land entered Hilary's heart and gripped it. He had never known what it was he wanted. But he knew now: it was to take hold of a virgin land and tame it, to grapple with life, not among the men of cities, but somewhere with the smell of the pines and gaging himself from among these came ing the deck of the little ship, he felt become possible.

when he stood upon the porch of the tiny hotel at St. Boniface. Nobody ly the landlord of the little hotel ex- before him. pected nobody. After an ineffectual him, in which hardly a word was mu- Hilary. tually intelligible, Hilary gave up the effort and started up the hill road which led, he surmised, toward the Brousseau's telephoned warning. lumber mill.

a congested mass of logs.

Hilary crossed the bridge and approached the mill. Two or three men, ounging outside the store, looked at him without any sign of interest. met you, Mr. Connell. Everything was very still and peaceful; there was hardly a sound to be mill machinery.

Between the dam and the store, upon a terrain heaped with tin cans and miscellaneous debris, were piles of wood in four-foot lengths, each comdollars, cash," said the notary. "And prising about two hundred cords. Kneeling at the narrow end of one of these piles was a little man, whose clean-shaven upper lip, the whiteness of which contrasted with a sun-blackened face, indicated that a mustache

"What I want," said Hilary, "is the | spruce; there was also some white | slight, very straight upon the saddle, | Lafe. "Most of our hands come from Lamartine's statements.

on the seignlory," said Hilary.

The little man leaped to his feet, erty. If you want to buy at the store, you go by the road."

Hilary looked down coolly at the excited little man. "I'm Mr. Askew, Madeleine Rosny, Her father's what and I've come to take charge of my they call the Seigneur."

The little man was bereft of vocal powers for quite some time. "But Mr. Morris, he ain't here," he

gasped at length. "Well, he ought to be here. That's what I'm paying him for," said Hilary. What's your name?"

"Jean-Marie Baptiste." "Perhaps you didn't expect me, Mon-

sieur Baptiste?" "Holy Name, no! It was said that on had sold out to the company."

"What company?" demanded Hilary. "The company at Ste. Marie. Monsleur Brousseau's company."

"See here, Baptiste," said Hilary, cost him a mint of money finishing up taking the other by the arm. "Let us in the convent at Paris, France." begin by understanding each other. I



Late, Madeleine Rosny."

know nothing about any company except myself. I own this district, the land, the timber, the mill. Have you got that?"

Jean-Marie gaped again, and then "I guess you want to see Mr. Connell, the foreman," he said. "It ain't with shingled houses, hotels, tourists my job. You'll find Mr. Connell in the

> "Bring him here," said Hilary. "Tell him I'm waiting for him."

The little man departed at a trot, quite evidently startled and scared. and casting back comical looks from

His statement in the store must have created a good deal of sensation, for presently two clerks, as well as the two loungers, who had gone inside, came to the door and stared. Disenof the brown earth in his nostrils. Pac- the foreman, a tall, lean, lanky New Englander, whose deliberate slouch that his desires had come to light at and typical bearing warmed Hilary's the moment when their fulfillment had heart instantly. He knew the type, knew it as only one with the New Eng-He looked about him with approval land blood knows his own.

"I'm Lafe Connell, at your service, Mr. Askew," said the foreman, coming else had got off the boat, and evident- up to Hilary and standing respectfully

"I suppose I should have let you peoattempt to enter into conversation with ple know that I was coming." said

He wondered why Lafe Connell whistled; he knew nothing about

"I guess you'll find things upset a The whole settlement was gathered little," said Connell. "Mr. Morris has about the shores of the little bay. Be been away for a couple of weeks, see yond it were the mountains, on either ing to his other interests, and I can't side the forest-clad hills, broken, on exactly do much for you till he comes the east, by an inlet, and on the west back. It's our slack month, you know, by the deep cleft of the Rocky river, Mr. Askew. The men don't go into whose mouth, closed by a boom, was the woods until September, and we don't keep a large force employed on the mill work."

"Tomorrow's soon enough to start in," said Hilary. "I'm pleased to have

"Wait a minute," said the foreman. "If you don't mind having me, I'll go heard except the distant hum of the up to the hotel with you. Maybe there'll be some things that you'll want to ask me."

"All right," said Hilary. They went together silently across the shaking bridge and ascended the hill, each quietly taking stock of the other. At the top, where a branch road ran off at right angles to that along the Rocky river," he added, which crested the cliff, a figure on

It was a girl, riding side-saddle. As had grown there recently. He was the horse drew near she pulled in to scaling, or measuring, the pile, and take the branch road without scattermuttering as he added up his figures. ing the dust, passing within a few feet Hilary surveyed the lumber. It was of Hilary. He saw that she was about unrossed, and most of it was black twenty years of age, or a little more, coast, beyond our settlement," said how you are rated by others,

horseback appeared in the distance.

spruce and a little pine. The mass in with gray-blue eyes and brown hair there. It's a tough place, Mr. Askew. the river, if it consisted of wood of blown by the wind about her flushed I seen some tough towns in the West, the same quality, hardly substantiated cheeks. There was a combination of but this has got 'em all beat, with the dignity and simplicity about her, both smuggling of brandy, and the drinking, "You seem to have some good spruce in her demeanor and in the way she and the fights every Saturday nightrode, and in her acknowledgment of there was a man knifed there last Connell's greeting.

road till she had disappeared among Lucy, and he can't hold 'em.' not permitted on the company's prop- the trees. Then he realized that he had not taken his eyes off her since he had first seen her. "That," said Lafe, "is Mamzelle

fectly. "Yes, Mr. Askew. I guess she wouldn't have smiled so pleasant if she had known who you was."

"Why, Mr. Connell?" Lafe jerked his thumb vaguely about the horizon. "Proud old boy," he explained. "Family's been here nigh on into the bush, right alongside ours. a thousand years, I guess-leastways, They got the right to float their logs since them Frenchmen first came to this continent. Hated like thunder to sell out to your uncle. But I guess he was land poor, like the rest of them, and Mamzelle Madeleine must have

as they continued their walk along the cliff and then down the road to the hotel. The idea of any personal illfeeling on the Seigneur's part or on that of his family had not occurred to him. Though he did not expect to meet Monsieur Rosny, except possibly in the course of his business, he was conscious of a feeling of regret, and also of a half-formed resolution, the nature of which he would not admit, to put relations upon a pleasant foot-

In the hotel the landlord's wife was already preparing supper. They ate an omelet, washed down with strong tea and followed by raspberries and cream. Then they went out on the porch and lit their pipes.

"You are the foreman, I understand?" asked Hilary.

"Yes, Mr. Askew. I took the job soon after your uncle bought the timber rights. I'd been up here for the Shoeburyport Gazette, which was looking for a pulp supply. Mr. Morris offered me the job, and I took it. And I've been sorry ever since." "Why?"

"It's a h- of a country," answered Lafe frankly. "I never guessed such folks existed in a civilized land before. Now you take a Dutchman or a Dago-their ways ain't our ways, but they're more or less human. These people ain't. They paint their houses yellow and green, when they paint 'em at all. I never saw a yellow house with a green porch in my life till I come un here."

"Just a difference of taste, Mr. Connell."

"Maybe," said Lafe, spitting. "Maybe it's all right not to have sense to plaster their houses, so as to freeze to death in winter time. Maybe it's all right to run to Father Lucy when there's a forest fire, instead of getting to work and putting it out. Maybe he can pray it out for them. I got nothing against the place, except that my wife Clarice and the kids are in Shoeburyport, and I'd rather rot here alone than bring 'em up. But what's the use? I'm here and I got to stay here," he ended, shrugging his shoulders.

Lafe was a bad cross-questioner, and the task put upon him by Brousseau was not only uncongenial but impossible for a man of his temperament. However, he made a valiant attempt to draw Hilary out. "You're thinking of spending some time here, Mr. Askew?" he asked.

"I've come to take charge. I'm going to stay," sald Hilary.

Lafe looked at him curiously. What sort of a man could this be who chose of his volition to reside in St. Boniface?

"I guess you'll change your mind

when you've seen it a little longer," he said incredulously. "On the contrary, Mr. Connell, I mean to take hold, and I mean to make it pay. It hasn't paid very well, I un-

derstand?" Lafe floundered. "I've heard it don't pay as much as it ought." "I understand that most of the tim-

ber is below the size at which cutting is allowed?" Lafe stared at him. "Why, them rules are for government land!" he answered. "You can cut any size on freehold. The timber ain't so bad-

leastways, some of it ain't." Hilary began to think hard. On this point Lamartine had clearly and definitely lied to him.

"Too much fir on the property?" he "Why, there is some fir," conceded Lafe, "But there's some good spruce

again oblivious of his instructions. "I saw a good pile in the river." "Why, that ain't our cutting-not much of it," said Lafe. "Most of that

comes from the Ste. Marie limits." "Where is Ste. Marie?" "Ste, Marie's two miles along the

week; and not a policeman within fif-Hilary watched her canter up the ty miles, and nobody except Father

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"What I want to know," said Hilary, is, what this company is that you speak about, and how they come to use the Rocky river for their logs."

Lafe hesitated, but only for a moment. Then he mentally cast Brous-"The owner of the Chateau?" asked seau to the winds; for, after all, if Hilary, although he knew this per- Hilary meant to know, nobody could prevent it, Brousseau's instructions

notwithstanding. "It's this way, Mr. Askew," he said. "Mr. Morris and Mr. Brousseau have a company of their own. Their limits touch ours on the west, across the river, and run ten miles or so back down the river."

"And use the mill?"

"Mr. Morris leases the use of our mill by the year to the company." Hilary was staggered for the moment. Morris, as his uncle's manager, leasing the mill to Morris, a partner in Hilary turned this over in his mind Brousseau's company, seemed a queer

> "How do they tell our lumber from theirs?" asked Hilary presently.

"Oh, that ain't hard," said Lafe. You see, the jobbers, who sublease the tracts, know how much their men have cut. And it's scaled in the woods before they shoot it down stream. I guess there ain't no difficulty there, Mr. Askew. And you see, Mr. Morris representing both concerns. he naturally does his best by both of

Hilary's suspicions, dormant even after the interview with Lamartine,

were now thoroughly aroused. "And Mr. Brousseau has no concern with us, except for the lease of the mill and the right-of-way down the river," mused Hilary. "Who is this Mr. Brousseau?"

"Why, I guess he's the big man of the district," said Lafe. "He's the nearest thing to a boss they've got up here; tells 'em how to vote and gets 'em out of trouble. He ain't good to his father, though. That was old Jacques Brousseau in the store, the

trapper." 'I didn't see him."

"He was Mr. Rosny's slave, or what ever they called them, in the old times, before these people became

He tapped the ashes out of his pipe

and pocketed it. "He's got old Rosny in his pocket," he said, leaning toward Hilary. "He's got him bound and mortgaged after leading him to throw your uncle's money away in crazy investments, He did it deliberately, Mr. Askew. When he was a kid, growing up among the house servants up at the Chateau. he wanted to be a big man, for which I don't blame him. He got his way, but that wasn't enough. He wanted the Seigneur's place, because he found that the folks up here thought more of old Mr. Rosny, with his brokendown house and debts, than they did of him with all his money. So he set

to work and got him cinched. "The old man hates and despises him, and he's been fighting against it for a long time, but he seen what's coming to him and I guess he's made up his mind he'll have to stomach it. Brousseau's staked old Mr. Rosny's pride against his love, and I guess he's won his stake and won Mamzelle Madeleine into the bargain,"

He rose. "That'll be all for tonight, Mr. Askew?" he asked.

Hilary rose too. "Thanks, Mr. Connell," he said. "In the morning I shall ask you to show me around the place." He didn't follow Lafe Connell inside the hotel, but sat upon the porch, musing. Lafe had enlightened him on several points. He doubted whether Lamartine had spoken anything approaching truth concerning the property, and he was sure that Morris and Brousseau were the company in whose behalf he had offered forty-five thousand dollars. There would be need of a good many explanations from Morris. Yet Hilary felt instinctively that it was Brousseau, not Morris, with whom he would have to contend.

On the face of the soft night rose the face of Madeleine Rosny painted with surprising clearness. He saw the blue of her eyes, the curve of her flushed cheek, the dignity and gentleness and pride that blended in her looks. If ever he had any quarrel with Brousseau, he would show him-

Then he cursed himself for a fool, and, entering the hotel, took his lamp and went up to his room.

A girl's hostility adds zest to the game.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Know thyself," and also ascertain