Jungle Breath

by Ben Lucien Burman

THIS HAS HAPPENED:

To the queer little South American town of Porto Verde, in west central Bazil, comes an elderly American, Lincoln Nunnally, famous chemist.

An air of mystery seems to hang over the place. In the barber shop, the barber, a dark man with an Oriental cast to his eyes, speaks to Nunnally, who then recognizes him as Vilaka West, known as Vilak, a fellow American. To his amazement Vilak says he has sent for him. The barber business merely conceals his real activities. He and his cousin, Elise Marberry, need assistance in getting at the root of a mystery that already has cost several lives and threatened Elise's.

Tony Barbetta, one of Elise's foremen is killed. Before he dies he accuses Limey Potts of murdering him. Potts admits striking him with a club in self defence. Vilak astonishes Nunnally by saying Limey Potts did not commit the murder. He and Nunnally start on a nocturnal visit to the ranch of Gaylord Prentiss, an enemy of Elise Marberry.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY
CHAPTER VI.

In a few moments Nunnally and Vilak were riding slowly up the road, their shadows dancing fantastically before them on the gray mud. Their course for the first mile lay over the highway they had taken in the afternoon. They crossed the bridge over the river, which was swirling hungrily between its low banks along which ran the railroad.

"River's getting high," said Vilak, looking down as he crossed it. "If it keeps on rising like this in the mountains, we'll have a bad flood. They have them twice a year here, but this season there's been much more rain than usual and a few of the inhabitants are getting worried. An English company has a big dam about twenty miles up the river, which they built to develop watepower for the mines opening up in that section and everyone is certain the dam will let go some day.

"A similar dam broke about four years ago and killed two or three hundred people. A lot of water about here, as you've probably noticed. A lot of little lakes which have been damned up in recent years to give a steady supply of water, for there's mighty little falls in the dry season. It's necessary, but it makes things a bit dangerous in an over-wet season like this. However, never life without danger. There's a man up in that tree, aiming a pistol at us, I think," he added, without changing the inflection of his voice. "Pull back behind that bridge timber."

The chemist obeyed. Vilak leaned over in his saddle, snatched up a sharp rock from the roadway and hurled it at the lower branch of the tree he had indicated just at the end of the bridge. There was a sharp cry, then a crash in the brush.

"Who was it? Er . . . who? who?" The old man panted excitedly.

Vilak placidly brushed the mud from his finger. "Nothing to be alarmed about. Just the common garden variety of holdup man, I think. After you've been down in this part of the country a while you'll take it as naturally as your meals. The end of the bridge is one of their favorite places. They wait up there in the trees, point their revolvers at you without being seen and shout down to you to throw your money into the road. Then after you're gone, they come down and get it. An easy and almost infallibly safe method, for, not being visible, their victims have no chance of resistance.

"Oh, they don't take chances, these brave young bloods. A great improvement over the American method. In about another half a second we would have heard the Brazilian equivalent of 'hands up,' and if you were a good scared Indian you would have thrown everything you had in your pockets onto the road and run like mad. Either it was one of these thieving gentry or someone who wanted to kill me for reasons and motives unknown.

The chemist, his little body taut on his horse, stared blankly in the direction of the crashing brush. "Er . . . why didn't you shoot at him? And why are you not pursuing him now . . yes . . pursuing?"

"I didn't shoot at him because a rock serves the purpose amply and I don't kill unless I have to. I'm not pursuing him because we've much more important things to do, where we may need every bit of enery we have, and we'd only be wasting it on a fruitless chase which would come to nothing. I know these jungles too well.

"That man's an eighth of a mile from here now and safe as if he were a thousand. If he's a thief, the police will get him—maybe. Theft's punished worse than murder here, anyway. If he's one of my particular friends, then undoubtdly we'll meet him again. Concentration, mon cher, is the best stratgy. Stick to the main road. Or as an esteemed pugilist, who was once one of my intimates, told me, don't guard your chin and thereby expose your solar plexus."

Their horses stepped from the bridge onto the road. A quarter of a mile farther on, the men saw two dark figures shrouded in the bushes. As the riders neared them, they began to move farther back into the obscurity, but at a cordial salutation from Vilak, halted. Nunnally saw the gleam of knives, then recognized the faces of Pasquale Branza of the patched cheek and enormous Adam's apple and the one-armed Detto Cicerone of the broken teeth, the two men he had seen stealing off after Elise in the afternoon.

They ginned at Vilak amiably, the grin making the gaping hole that marked Cicerone's mouth wider than ever, for the figure of Attorney Davis was often seen at night on the road that led to the Marberry fazenda. But even the chemist, unskilled as he was in the study of human emotions, could detect a distinct uneasiness in their faces. "Buona sera, amici," Vilak said smilingly. "A beautiful night, is it not so?"

"Si, Meester Davis, si, si," Cicerone, the more active of the two, lisped quickly between his broken teeth. "The night ees ver' beautiful. The moon she beautiful like when she shine on sea at Napoli."

"You stand here and watch the moon?"

"Si, si, Meester Davis," they chorused anxiously.

Vilak casually offered them cigarets. "Take care, my friends. The jaguar likes to strike in the moon. Is it not so? Buona sera."

The two men eagerly dipped their hats. Vilak and the chemist took the road again. They passed a clump of trees set far back from the highway. Vilak called his companion's attention to it. "That's where Attorney Davis lives," he said. "I have a room at Elise's, too, that I use when I need it." A short distance farther they reached a wide gateway under two castanho trees. It was the entrance to the Marberry fazenda. They rode through and a few moments later reached a low building of white stucco surrounded on all sides by long, carefully screened verandahs.

Elise Marberry came forward to meet them. The chemist had no difficulty in recognizing her as the black-haired young woman who had thrown a kiss to him from her carriage in the afternoon. Then she had been dressed in gray; now she wore a gown of yellow silk, embroidered with jade green which outrivalled in brilliancy the flaming-colored macaw which they could see standing on a perch inside the door. Around her supple neck, and hanging down upon her dress, was a heavy hand-wrought silver chain.

"Well, here you two are at last," she said as she took the old man's hand and squeezed it vigorously, without waiting for the formality of Vilak's introduction. "It's a shame the way we've treated you. A crying shame. But it's all the fault of this wretch of a cousin of mine. He insists on dragging you to this place that only mad creatures like myself inhabit; he won't let anyone meet you at the wharf, because he wanted to have you stumble against him as though by accident; then when you are here, he won't permit you to stay on my fazenda where I could see that you were comfortable, but insists that you live in that filthy den he calls a hotel. Good evening, my Lord Dictator," she said, turning to him suddenly.

"Not a dictator, only sensible," he retorted as they made their way to a gay low-ceilinged interior. "Which unfortunately is a virtue most women don't possess."

"You're undoubtedly a dictator." She invited them to sit down on a bright striped divan. "The only reason I pay any attention to you is because you're a criminologist and not many families possess one."

She began toying with a fan made of irridescent green feathers which brought out all the beauty of her dark skin. "But even your tyrranical orders couldn't keep me from saying hello to Mr. Nunnally, at least."

She turned to the old man again." You see I go to meet the boat every week when it comes in. It's the one luxury I permit myself. Really a lot of fun. Everybody does it, you know, back in the little towns in the States." She smiled at him radiantly. "I'm really awfully glad to meet you. I've heard so much about you from Vilak. And I'll be terribly grateful if you can run out some day and look at those manganese deposits and tell us if they're worth anything. Though frankly, I never would have permitted you to come if Vilak hadn't insisted so vigorously. It's my job to stay here because my property's here. But I don't think it's quite fair to drag you into it."

The old man hastened to reassure her. "Vilak was quite right in sending for me. It's different . . er . . . different, yes. But I am . . er . . . enjoying it."

Vilak arose from the divan, went over to a table at the other end of the room on which lay a few American and Spanish magazines and glanced at his cousin sharply. "Something's happened in the house. Late this afternoon," he said suddenly. "What was it? Come. Out with the truth."

(To be continued.)

"Something's happened in the house," he said suddenly. "What was it? Come. Out with the truth."

"The machine age has hardly started."—Thomas Edison.

Minard's Wards Off Grippe.

A New Edition of

"The Baby"

has been issued by the Department of Health of Ontario. The information covers care and feeding of the child from birth to six years of age.

It is free to all residents of Ontario. If you desire a copy sign and mail coupon below:

Department of Health of Ontario,
Parliament Buildings,
Toronto, Ont.

Please send me copy of revised edition of "The Baby."

NAME .....

STREET .....

P.O. ADDRESS ..... Ont.

Market Collapse Involved Many

A Copyrighted Article in the Montreal Star Makes a Clear Statement of Effects of Recent Debacle

CONDITIONS SOUND

After close to two months of elapsed time one of the most popular subjects for discussion remains to be the collapse of security values, which brought to an end the most astonishing bull market in the history of organized trading in securities. The sharp turn in the price trends of the leading security markets on the American continent was a sudden and decisive movement that pierced to the quick.

Even after taking the psychological angle into due consideration the change involved more people than any other economic development of the past decade. It is possible that the number of people who were directly injured financially in the crash has been exaggerated, but the fact remains that more people were engaged in the speculative trading of securities than ever before in the history of civilization.

Such a movement could not pass without having some very definite results. A general agreement on this point has yet to be reached. It is, however, a fact that there has been some business disturbance, but the extent or duration of such has not been fixed with any degree of satisfaction.

Many estimates have been formed in individual sections, but, because of the fact that selections have been made to include cases where undue publicity has been given to instances where losses have been colored by the attendant circumstances brought about by the speculative fever, and a lust for unearned gains, they are not reliable.

A most recent development is the disclosure of the huge declines in the savings deposits in the chartered banks of Canada during the last two months of the year. A conservative estimate has placed this figure at $10,000,000. A portion of this amount may be attributable to the losses sustained in the stock market, while there is a heavy demand for cash for seasonal purchases at this period of the year.

An interesting angle with regard to the increase of the public participation in the exchange of stocks is found in the rapid growth of the odd-lot transactions. This division of the stock exchange business is a reliable index that people of limited means are engaged. The odd-lot sales now equal one-third of the total volume of shares which have changed hands on the Canadian exchanges in the past year.

In the ordinary course of events the stock exchange acts as a mirror for coming events. In this year's debacle there was an evident departure from this axiom. The factors which brought about the readjustment of security values were contained within the market. The centre of the cyclone undoubtedly rested at the intersection of Broad and Wall streets, the market which has come to dictate the trends in many parts of the world.

The credit structure upon which the New York Stock Exchange rested for the carrying out of huge purchases on marginal accounts was strained by the constant and ever-growing demands of a clientelle that extended to every quarter of the globe. The many issues which have listings on all the important exchanges of the modern mechanism have been a factor in bringing about a closer relationship in the trading.

There was a gradual change in the general attitude of the trading public and the coming of the crash were the results of a desire to place the new values to a test; to see if they could be used for the purchase of goods. The prices of commodities did not rise in proportion to the manner in which stocks gyrated and there were doubting Thomases.

At the beginning of the second quarter of 1929 the foreign interests who were engaged in placing their funds at work on the markets of this continent showed a change of mind as they began to convert securities into gold and goods. There came the readjustment and securities have suffered. The extent of the movement was beyond all expectations.

The losses that were incurred cannot be measured. If, for example, the total of the stocks listed on the Montreal Stock Exchange was taken at the first of October, and suppose that every dollar could be realized for the outstanding shares of the companies represented on that date, and make the same supposition as of this date, it will be seen that a huge difference results. This difference would run into many millions of dollars.

Such a condition would, however, be impossible, as all the selling which would have to take place would force prices to unheard of low levels. This difference is commonly referred to as a reduction in value or a disappearance of wealth. The condition remained only so long as a few people sought to test the accuracy of the theory.

Prices in the recent market can easily be said to have been resting upon the public illusion of the convertibility of the securities into actual money. Optimistic reports of general industrial prosperity and future prospects distorted the sane views of income, investment and the relation between securities and gold. The results are anything but imaginary.

The psychology of the public has undergone a marked change. The recent trends of the market and trading bears evidence of this fact. Many business houses, theatres, musical stores, radio dealers, automobile retailers and others who were somewhat dependent upon those gaining a livelihood from the market report that their customers are more careful in the matter of purchases. There has, however, been no general serious drop in business.

Trade reports indicate that business is being maintained on a satisfactory basis, and that losses foreseen with the slump in security values have not equalled the early predictions.

Because of the fact that control of Canadian corporations does not change as quickly as some of those on the American soil the rapid change in stocks has produced no material effect. It has, for the most part, placed the average stocks in stronger hands.

Insofar as the fall in security prices affected more than paper quotations, and caused individual losses in a most substantial form, it has destroyed no industry, and it slowed up few productive processes.

It can readily be said that in the industrial world the feeling which results is one of relief. The extent of the speculation was causing some anxiety to business leaders. The way has been cleared for steady progress with the people who have hitherto been keeping an eye on the speculative situation which might become a menace to them.

A blister on the surface has been pricked causing a momentary sensation of acute pain, but indicative of nothing deep-seated or serious. Excessive speculation was the one thing which loomed as dangerous on the business horizon. The period of transition is now in progress.

While the future can never be exactly the same as the past, since at every step there is a new accumulation of factors with which to deal, the past is the only basis upon which we can judge the future. So far as the future is concerned, then, we are suspended in mid-air, not quite certain in which direction we are heading, but certain that the future will not be so radically different from the recent past as to render it impossible to recognize certain factors with which there have been previous dealings.

There are, naturally, some misgivings with regard to the past. To those who have engaged in the excessive speculation beyond their available means the lesson has been severe. One of the fundamental causes of changing prices is changing values, and when the wide swing of prices has settled it is realized that the changed value has been accurately foretold. Some consideration must be given to the character of the economic forces in the unending round of events.

Salada Orange Pekoe has by far the finest flavour

"SALADA" ORANGE PEKOE BLEND TEA

749

'Fresh from the gardens'

THE NEW DAY

Lord, as the new day I begin,
I ask of Thee to take
Each act and thought and word of mine
As offered for Thy sake.

Yea, and my sufferings too, O Lord,
Whatever Thou mayst send
Of grief or pain for me to bear
With courage to the end.

So I may feel as night comes on,
I have repaid to Thee
Some tiny part of all that Thou
Hast borne, dear Lord, for me.

—Marie Blake.

Mountain Climbing in the Selkirks

Glacier national park in British Columbia is the only national park wholly inaccessible to the ubiquitous motor car. Transcontinental trains pass through its central valley two or three times daily, but otherwise this playground in the Selkirk mountains is the home of solitude. Excellent trails, however, lead to its principal scenic features, and there are numerous opportunities for alpine expeditions. Swiss guides are usually stationed in Glacier Park throughout the season. Rogers peak (10,536 feet) is a good climb for beginners, as is also mount Sir Donald, named after the late Lord Strathcona.

Seed Extraction Plants

The Forest Service of the Department of the Interior has established four seed-extraction stations for extracting the seed of forest trees. The largest of these is at New Westminster, British Columbia, and smaller plants are situated at Rocky Mountain House, Alberta, and at Indian Head and Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. The seed is extracted for use in experimental planting operations on the national forests, and in the production of trees for free distribution in the Prairie Provinces.

SELFISHNESS

So long as self-love does not degenerate into selfishness, it is quite compatible with true benevolence.—W. Fleming.

SELF-LOVE.

Self-love is the parent of presumption; we are never so bad or so old but self-love may keep us in favor with ourselves.—H. Hooker.

That Sore Throat Needs Minard's.

Needless Pain!

Nowadays, people take Aspirin for many little aches and pains, and as often as they encounter any pain.

Why not? It is a proven antidote for pain. It works!

And Aspirin tablets are absolutely harmless. You have the medical profession's word for that; they do not depress the heart.

So, don't let a cold "run its course." Don't wait for a headache to "wear off." Or regard neuralgia, neuritis, or even rheumatism as something you must endure. Only a physician can cope with the cause of such pain, but you can always turn to an Aspirin tablet for *relief*.

Aspirin is always available, and it never fails to help. Familiarize yourself with its many uses, and avoid a lot of needless suffering.

BAYER ASPIRIN

TRADE MARK REG.