

GOLD BOUND

A STORY OF ALASKAN GOLD COUNTRY

(Continued from last week)

ed to move.

"Keep your eye on Keating, Timmons!" called Young. "Give Jensen a hand, won't you, Reilly?"

Reilly sprang forward and helped lift the sled up the last raise.

"What's happened to you, Hee?" he asked.

"The big cold got me yesterday," replied the marshal, with a twinge of pain as Jensen, in untying the rope which bound him to the sled, jarred one of the frosted feet.

"But you brought in your men," said Masters, with pride for his friend. "You're a wonder, Hector Young! I admire to know you."

"They brought me in, you mean," returned the marshal. "All trace of the bragart was gone from him. Even his voice was subdued. 'That is,' he continued, 'Jensen brought us all in. Keating would have cut and run if Nels had let him. But they saved my life yesterday. We mustn't forget that, Reilly.'

It was Jensen who picked the marshal up in his great arms and carried him, furs and all, within the shack. The ever-shortening day had run its course, and they could not go on to Nome before morning. Masters sent Timmons for the rifle which Jensen had obediently tossed aside, and then herded the glowering and defiant Keating through the door.

Marshal Young had been awaiting this moment with considerable interest. He was curious as to the attitude the protesting Duane would take toward his partners in crime and how they would act toward them.

He was satisfied that in the keen-witted, handsome man they had picked up on the tundra they had captured the originator of the attempt upon Ned Forster's life and the Paint Creek gold. Keating had probably aided in details, but would not have been likely to carry it out had he not come across someone of Duane's initiative. He believed that Jensen had been a lay figure throughout. He hoped that this could be proven in

court, for he did not underestimate his debt to the Swede.

But he was particularly anxious to seize upon anything that would strengthen the case against Duane, and his eyes and ears were alert when he was carried into the hut. His first surprise was that their earlier prisoner no longer wore handcuffs, but he did not delay developments to ask about it at the time. His eyes fastened themselves on Jensen.

The Swede's gaze rested a moment upon Duane, but in it there was not a flicker of recognition. He did not change expression in the slightest degree, but pulled off his fur mittens and held his hands to the fire. Duane's face showed curiosity, nothing more.

Then Keating came in, his deep-set eyes alive with hate. They fell at once upon Duane and rested there a moment. The lids squinted as though he was trying to place a countenance which he might have seen somewhere in the distant past. But no recognition followed.

He turned a scowling face to Young. "With a posse of three behind you," he began, in snarling voice, "why did you coop them up here at the ford and come in after us by your lonesome? Trying to grab all the glory for the bloodhound of the tundra, huh?"

"Cheer up, Keating," said Masters. "We were having a real pleasant time until you came along with your grouch." He gestured to a cribbage board and deck of cards which lay upon the floor. Evidently a game had been interrupted.

Keating ignored the happy-go-lucky special deputy. "Thought you said last night that you'd pinched Duane?" he demanded of Young. "Where you got him?"

Timmons and Masters alone showed surprise, their glances passing curiously from the glaring Keating to their first prisoner, whose lips showed a faint smile.

The marshal grinned. "Well played (Continued in next issue.)"

of communicable diseases, safeguard of food supplies, and sewage disposal. Education is necessary, but it is slow progress.

"More deaths have been caused throughout the nations at war in Europe by communicable diseases than by war," he proceeded. "Over 5,000,000 die every year from preventable diseases, and between 16,000,000 and 18,000,000 have died from preventable disease in those countries since the outbreak of the war."

U. S. CONTRIBUTIONS BELGIUM RELIEF

Not So Generous in Comparison to Tasmania, New Zealand and Canada.

In an article complaining of the fact that while the United States has grown rich upon war orders it has done little for even the financial relief of Belgium, The New York Sun says: "The Commission for Relief in Belgium has now distributed goods worth about \$227,000,000, of which the people of the United States contributed \$10,000,000, or 4.3 per cent. This comes to less than ten cents apiece for every man, woman and child. Canadians have given a sum equal to 18 cents apiece, New Zealand has given \$234 for every one of its population, and Tasmania's generosity is represented by gifts that work out at \$6.25 for each inhabitant. Of the \$217,000,000 that America did not give \$125,000,000 was spent in this country for goods to send to Belgium.

Commenting editorially on this The Toronto News says: "According to this statement the United States has got twelve and a half times as much out of the Belgian Relief Fund as it has given to that fund. In addition Americans have made several billion dollars on Ally war orders. If the Sun's figures are accurate, Canada makes a poor showing alongside New Zealand and Tasmania so far as Belgian relief is concerned. At the same time this country has given several times as much to the British Red Cross as all other outlying parts of the Empire taken together. Besides costing \$100,000,000 for patriotic and relief purposes. At least this Dominion need not fear comparison with the wealthy American Republic, whose contribution for Belgian relief, in the view of The New York Sun, 'too closely resembles a two-cent lagnappe with every quarter's worth of goods purchased here.'

"IT IS A GREAT THING."

(From the London Daily Mail)

"It is a great thing, you know, to lead 150 men into action. I am one of the lucky company commanders who are to go over with their companies."

—From a letter written to Lady Levinge by Lieutenant the Hon. V. S. T. Harmsworth (Royal Naval Division) before going into the action in which he was killed, aged 21. He was known to his men as "Our Jimmy."

"It's a great thing"—to die for England.

Brave young English boy!
These are the tidings that you bring us,
Tidings of great joy,
Lift up your hearts, then, O, ye mourners,
Follow where he goes;
Weave his words in your crown of laurel
With the English rose.

It's a great thing to die for freedom
As the English die,
To lead your comrades into battle
When dread dawn is nigh;
To fear not death, nor to regard it,
But confront the foe,
With a word that men's hearts hold fast
All the way they go.

It's a great thing—and great for ever:
Shall your young fame be,
Your words will be graven on the white walls
Of our English sea.
By sea and land we shall remember,
Till at end of all
We hear your voice among the shadows
Like a bugle call.

—Isabel Leigh.

Speaking of a recent game in which the 22nd Battalion hockey team defeated an all-star aggregation, The Toronto World says: "All the flattering things that have been printed about the soldiers' ability to play hockey haven't been enough. Saturday night they looked to be the greatest aggregation of puck-chasers that ever stepped on the arena. And that doesn't exclude the champion Torontos of several seasons ago or any of the coast teams who have played here. They have barrels of speed, team play, all are classy stick-handlers and weight is their

HOW "BATTLE OF SOMME" PICTURES WERE FILMED

Interesting Story of the Making of Pictures to be Shown Here Jan. 8th and 9th.

Death was literally faced time and again by the operators who filmed the "Battle of the Somme" motion pictures to be shown at the New Empire Theatre here on January 8th and 9th. "The Battle of the Somme" ranks as one of the greatest fights in the history of the world, and the pictures taken have aroused the deepest interest. Writing in a London, England, newspaper, J. B. McDowell, one of the operators, tells the story of the taking of the pictures. He says: "Up to June 30th I was out every day with my camera in front of the British lines, recording the British shells bursting over the German trenches. I was concealed in a shell-erater, a post of some peril, for more than once I became the object of attentions on the part of some confounded sniper.

The noise as the British shells passed over my head and those of the enemy burst in the neighbourhood was simply diabolical, and during the whole sixty-two days I have been at the front headaches and myself have been intimately acquainted.

Our cameras are not screened by thin plates of steel, as most people seem to think. We use ordinary cinematograph cameras, but I usually put a sack over it.

On July 1st, when our fellows went over the top, I was between Mametz and Carnoy, and was right in the thick of the advance, where I got caught in a tear-shell attack. This is not particularly dangerous, but it's extremely unpleasant, and for a time it completely disables the sufferer. For an hour or two you feel as if you had a bad influenza cold.

A Risky Job.

I was up with the Irish when they took Ginchy, and several men were killed quite near me. I was turning my handle in the midst of the inferno, when up came a general.

"Hello!" What the devil are you doing here? he asked. I think he took my camera for a kind of surveying instrument, as several officers have done at first.

"If you please, sir, I'm the official cinematographer," I replied.

"Oh, are you? Well, do you know you are in a very dangerous place?"

"Yes, sir," I answered; "but that's the only way I can get good results for the people at home."

"Well," he cried, "you've got a dashed risky job! I'd rather be in my shoes than yours any day!"

The British Tommies welcomed me everywhere. When they discovered why I was out there they said: "Good old movies! It's about time the people at home saw what we have to go through!"

And let me here pay my tribute to the wonderful spirit of our men. It's the old British tenacity, and it simply can't be beaten. The British soldier is the most splendid man on earth. And, let me tell you, the Germans know it. I've seen trench after trench filled with German dead. You must have noticed in the "Somme" film how thickly the ground was strewn with fallen Huns. I came on one machine-gun emplacement where a British shell had caught the gun fair and square, and had not only killed all its crew, but had also spread death and destruction in the trench behind.

I also took the scenes where hundreds of Germans are coming in with their hands up—you know, the part where the wounded Tommy angrily shoves a German who clumsily brushes up against his wounded arm. I realized when I got these pictures of wholesale German surrender that I had secured a "scoop" which would alone be sufficient to make the success of the film. Do you know, some of the prisoners were such bags of nerves that they thought I had a kind of machine-gun training on them, and several of them came right up with uplifted hands, crying "Kamarad!"

Never during the whole time I have been at the front have I felt so nervous as I did at home the other night when the Zeppelin bombs were bursting. True, I was a mile away, but at the front you can dodge down a dug-out or a shell-erater."

middle name. They only had two substitutes Saturday night in G. McNamara and Boudreau and Boudreau wasn't on the ice more than about 10 minutes. And at the end of the game, when you would have expected to see the overworked regulars show signs of tiring, it looked as if they could have left Oatman, Arbour and a goalkeeper on the ice and still played rings about the All-Stars."

CHANGES MADE IN ONTARIO CABINET

McPherson Succeeds Hanna, Who Remains Without Portfolio.

Owing to press of private business Hon. W. J. Hanna last week resigned his portfolio as Provincial Secretary in the Ontario Government. Mr. W. D. McPherson, member for North-west Toronto, has been chosen to succeed Mr. Hanna, who, however, remains in the Cabinet as Minister without portfolio.

Premier Hearst also announces that at present he will act himself as Minister of Agriculture, no other Minister being appointed to succeed the late Hon. Jas. Duff. Prof. Geo. C. Creelman, President of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, has been appointed Commissioner of Agriculture—a new office. Speaking of the Department of Agriculture, the Premier's official announcement says: "This department, always an important one, has been rendered more important still by reason of the war and the consequences thereof, and the conditions that will undoubtedly arise after the war. The Prime Minister is anxious, therefore, to study the situation carefully in close personal touch with the officers of the department, so that such extensions of the work of the department may be made and such foundations laid as will enable it to solve the many new, as well as old problems that confront it, and be of the greatest possible service to the people of the Province at this crucial time and to the empire in the world's struggle in which we are engaged. He is anxious also to study the means of making the greatest preparation practicable for our soldiers when they return.

"It is recognized by all that the time has come for this province in common with other parts of the empire to assist to the utmost of our power not only in placing men in the field, but in the development of agricultural and other necessary products as well as in the conservation of our financial strength by the greatest thrift and economy in all lines. With the object of helping on this work, the Prime Minister desires to personally give his attention to the organization and carrying on the campaign of the character mentioned.

"It is felt that the time has arrived for the co-ordination of the agricultural work now being carried on under

der the department of the Provincial Secretary, the Department of Lands, Forests and Mines and the Department of Agriculture, so that the efforts along agricultural lines in these departments might not only be carried on with the greatest possible efficiency, but in such a manner as to give the public the full benefit of the knowledge acquired by the work carried on under these different departments, and it is felt that this work can be done more expeditiously and effectively under the direction of the Prime Minister than under a new Cabinet Minister."

DISEASE KILLS MORE CANADIANS THAN WAR

Tuberculosis and Typhoid Alone Take More in Year than War in Two Years.

There are some people who speak in tones of concentrated horror of the casualty lists of Canadians in this war. They think the loss of life appalling. And so it is. But at least the soldiers die nobly for liberty, humanity and righteousness. So far as the rest of the civilized world is concerned their death is not preventable. But there is another and a preventable slaughter that has not yet roused horror, though it should. It is the appalling death roll in Canada each year from preventable diseases.

"The deaths from typhoid fever and tuberculosis in Canada in the last year were 17,350, taken from the productive period of life, and the losses from all causes in the Canadian expeditionary force during the two and a quarter years were 15,766, or 1584 fewer than died from tuberculosis and typhoid. Taking into consideration typhoid fever, measles, scarlet fever, tubercular and all communicable diseases in that period the number of deaths were 22,560, as compared with 15,766. And these, gentlemen, are preventable diseases."

These figures were presented by Toronto's medical officer of health, Dr. C. J. O. Hastings, addressing the Canadian Club, Toronto. "Is not this a reflection upon the intelligence of the municipality?" was his query in stating the figures. "Therefore, I say that the first duty of a statesman is the care of the public health."

The code of health in Moses' time, he said, might well be observed. It was personal cleanliness, quarantine

MEN!

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IF I knew you and you knew me,
'Tis seldom we would disagree;
But never having yet clasped hands,
Both often fail to understand
That each intends to do what's right,
And treat each other "honor bright."
How little to complain there'd be,
If I knew you and you knew me.

WHEN I see you by my mistake,
Or in your bill some error make;
From irritation you'd be free,
If I knew you and you knew me,
Or when the cheques don't come on time,
And Customers send us a line
We'd wait without anxiety,
If I knew you and you knew me.

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