

The LAND OF FORGOTTEN MEN

by Edison Marshall

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Peter Newhall, Augusta, Ga., flees to Alaska, after being told by Ivan Ishmin, Russian violinist, he had drowned Paul Sarichef, Ishmin's secretary, following a quarrel. Ishmin and Peter's wife, Dorothy, had urged him to flee. He joins Big Chris Larson in response to a distress signal at sea, forcing his sea jacket upon him. Their launch hits rocks. Larson's body is buried as Newhall's. Peter, rescued, finds injuries have completely changed his appearance.

Ishmin and Dorothy go to Alaska to return Peter's body to Georgia. They do not recognize Peter, who is chosen head guide. A storm carries their ship to sea, stranding them at the grave. Ishmin urges Dorothy to marry him but she could first ask the spirits of her husband, whom she believes dead. They hold a seance with one of the guides as medium. She receives the message: "Change name" and believes it means to marry Ishmin.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd.)

"You want me—call Paul Sarichef?"

"Yes—"

"Why, Dorothy?" Ivan whispered tensely. "He would have no message for you—"

"I want him to try, just the same," the girl replied. "Can you call him, Joe?"

The native was already calling; and all of them knew that psychic energy expended in that summons was beyond their wit to grasp. Fortune Joe seemed immersed in a terrific struggle that would seemingly read the spirit from the body. "He come," the witch-doctor muttered at last. "He no want to—here soon—"

The muttered words grew unintelligible, then ceased. The circle waited for Paul Sarichef—Newhall's victim of months before—to speak to them from beyond the grave.

"Hasn't he anything to say to us?" Dorothy asked, after a long period of waiting. Word of Sarichef's forgiveness was an urgent need with her.

But as they waited, Joe himself emerged into their familiar world. He was white and drawn; and he seemed more like a man drowsy with slumber than one who had pierced the greatest of all mysteries. The chain was broken, and he got up.

"No no try any more to-night," he said simply. "Maybe some other time."

The girl gave him a smile of heartfelt gratitude. "Thank you for what you've given me," she told him earnestly. "You've answered my greatest question—I really don't need to know any more."

Ivan, at the door of the tent, read the truth in her radiant face. He reached her hands, then drew her slowly toward him. "Do you know now?" he asked, holding her and peering down into her luminous eyes. "I know now," she told him tremulously. "Ivan—you can have my promise, now I know that it's Peter's wish as well as my own. He wouldn't advise me wrong."

"Then I've won you at last?"

"Yes. When we come home again."

He could not urge her, to-night, for anything more. His plan of immediate marriage, the Russian priest officiating, could be discussed at another hour. He kissed gently, triumphantly, her soft, yielding lips.

From the door of his hut Peter saw their forms in the dusk, the girl's

white blouse and the man's encircling arms. He guessed the truth; that this was the first kiss of their definite betrothal. Despair swept over him like a great wave of the sea he had once battled, but the madness, the haunting and torturing jealousy was spared him now. He had conquered that; and he must never let it sweep him into hell again.

CHAPTER XIII.

FALSE STANDARDS.

At the appointed time Ivan packed his supplies for his journey across the narrow, rugged Peninsula in quest of help. He took three days' rations, tied them up in Pete's light caribou robe, that was in itself sufficient protection from even severe cold, and strapped the pack on his lean, well-muscled back.

"Pete, I'm leaving you to take care of Mrs. Newhall," he said simply. "I know you'll do it—as you've done before. She'll be wholly in your charge till I get back, and don't let any harm befall her."

"Don't worry about that," Pete assured him.

Ivan shook his lean shoulders carelessly, to settle the pack. "I won't be back for three days," he went on casually, with no emphasis whatever in his musical voice, "unless I choose to come back before—so I can't look after her personally. But I might say that if any harm did befall her, I would chase the man down, no matter what corner of the earth he fled to, keeping after him and after him till I got him. When I did get him—"

He paused, and Pete looked him squarely in the eyes. There was no doubt whatever that this man meant what he said, and no doubt of his reason for saying it. "That isn't necessary, sir," Pete told him stiffly.

"Well, I didn't think it was, but I wanted you to understand, in case you were tempted. I am a man myself, and I know what temptation is."

Pete's eyes blazed. "Temptation of that kind doesn't come to men of our race, unless they are perverts," he said easily. He was somewhat pale, but he lit his pipe with a steady match as he spoke. "I don't know about the inferior races."

Ivan smiled inscrutably. "At some other place and time—perhaps just before we sail—I'll give you a chance to show whether the Anglo-Saxon is superior to the Mongol. It would be really diverting, for a moment. At present, both of us have work to do—yours to take care of the camp and I to go after supplies." His voice changed and softened, but it had never been perceptibly hard. "Keep up the

hunt for caribou," he directed. "The boys haven't done so well lately. Take care of the meat and cure it as fast as possible." Then he turned to say good-bye to Dorothy.

She walked a short distance up the hill with Ivan; and her trust in herself and her love for him swept back to her to the full when he gave her a good-bye kiss.

"Take care of yourself, Ivan," she told him with a plaintive sweetness that carried him off his feet. "You are all I have now. I have lost so much, and I couldn't bear to lose you."

They clung together, and then she watched him as he strode away up the hill. Sighing, she turned back to the camp.

Pete had her breakfast ready when she reached the camp, and his homely face glowed when he brought it to her. He had taken especial pains today—venison liver fried with bacon, coffee such as her colored mammy herself could make, brown flapjacks not too thick, served with maple syrup. His broad shoulders towered above her; and he was boyishly elated when he saw she was pleased.

The day wore on, and his care of her, his watchfulness, was a wonder. Although his work carried him far afield,



he had cut fuel always ready for her hand in case the fire burned low; he personally superintended her meals, and he saw—with fine generalship—that at no time she was left alone with Pavlov and Fortune Joe.

When the day faded, and the dusk crept in from the sea, she appreciated his care more and more.

He took special pains with her dinner. He made reflector biscuits, thin and light; to be served with marmalade; he pot-roasted a fine canvas back duck that Pavlov had decapitated with the pistol; he fried potatoes crisp and brown. He watched her devour every mouthful of her portion, then after he had remade the bed and built up the fire in the camp stove, he turned to the task of washing dishes. Pavlov and Joe, meanwhile, were cutting into strips for curing the caribou meat they had procured in the day's hunting.

"I wouldn't mind washing the dishes to-night," Dorothy told him in a friendly tone. "Maybe you'd like to help the men take care of the meat—"

"Couldn't think of it," Pete returned. "If you'll excuse me saying so—I suspect you're not very experienced at it. But if you should care to help me dry em—"

They made quite a little party out of washing and drying the metal plates and the crude, iron knives and forks. And soon it was deep dark, and night winds were blowing from the sea. This work done, the girl started to turn away.

But she halted; and he saw her girlish profile in the soft light of the camp fire. "Would you like to come and sit at the door of my tent a little while?" she asked. Her voice was somewhat tremulous; but she did not try to ask herself why.

Pete glanced about him. "Camp work is pretty well done, for to-night. I will smoke my pipe once at your tent door, if you don't mind. Human companionship is very reassuring, very necessary in this North."

She went in and sat comfortably on her bed, while he sat at the tent mouth. They talked easily, surprisingly freely while the lesser stars were emerging, and his pipe paled and glowed and paled again in the gloom. She felt wholly secure and at peace.

"Sometimes there is a throwback in your speech, an accent or a choice of word that interests me immensely," Pete, she told him. "I don't want to be curious—but curiosity is a very human trait, after all. Sometimes I'm caroled to think that you must have known something very different from this—before you came here."

"I did," he answered quietly. "It's nothing unusual, up here. This end of Alaska is a sort of missing link. I don't see why the police don't look here first for them; a man who wants to get away finds himself up here before he knows it—or in South America."

"And you are exiled from home?" she asked him bluntly. Yet there was no hint of vulgar curiosity in her tone. He turned to her with a grateful smile.

"Forever. But I can blame no one but myself. I guess I simply couldn't stand civilized existence. If you'd ask the trouble, I'd say—false standards."

"This had been the cause of Peter's downfall, too; false standards of which both Peter and herself had been guilty. 'I'd know better again,' she heard him say. 'I'd never sacrifice my birthright again—waste all I have. But that's always the song we exiles sing.'"

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment relieves pain.



He! They say Tom succeeded from kings. She: Yes—and how!



A MODISH FROCK.

Particularly graceful is this attractive frock, having a flared side skirt at each side of the skirt. The front of the bodice opens in a deep V over a vestee, and the long dart-fitted sleeves have wide cuffs placed a short distance above the lower edge. No. 1439 is for Misses and Ladies, and is in sizes 16, 18 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 38 requires 4 1/2 yards 39-inch, or 2 3/4 yards 54-inch material without nap. Width at lower edge about 76 inches. Price 20c the pattern.

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Counting Noses

Wild Life Census To Be Made In Big Canadian Game Preserve

A census of the musk-oxen and other wild life in the Canadian Government sanctuary of 15,000 square miles east of Great Slave Lake will be taken early in 1928 by W. H. B. Hoare of the Northwest Territory and Yukon Branch of the Canadian Department of the Interior. He is an experienced explorer with an intimate knowledge of the animal life of the region. The work is expected to take about a year.

The information obtained is to be used by his department to estimate what further expenditures are necessary to conserve and develop the resources of the area. The census has been ordered to determine the broads made by wolves and other predatory animals.

Mr. Hoare will also report on the measures necessary to protect the musk-oxen and caribou and on the problem of patrolling the area properly. The area is believed to be seldom visited and contains no permanent residents, either native or white. To make the journey he must go to the end of the railroad at Waterways and from there travel 800 miles by dog team to the proposed location of his base camp, which is at Fort Reliance, about thirty-five miles southwest of the sanctuary.

To equip his expedition six Eskimo sled dogs were brought from Pond Inlet, Baffin Island, by the 1927 Canadian Arctic Expedition. The dogs from the Eastern Arctic are highly rated by travelers in the far North, both because of their strength and endurance.

Minard's Liniment for asthma.

Isobel: "No, daddy, I won't need any clothes this summer." Father: "I was afraid it would come to that!"

Infatuated Youth—Thinking of me, darling? Weary Girl—Oh, was I laughing? I'm so sorry.

The modern woman is considered too delicate to shoulder a gun, but nobody questions her ability to bare arms.

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Improving Home Conditions

Parents Are Reasoned With and Instructed in Better Methods by Children's Aid Officer

Where children are neglected, it is not our custom, says J. J. Kelso, Superintendent of the Children's Department, to order prosecution. That is only resorted to when milder methods fail. Occasionally however, neglectful parents are brought before the Court and warning given of the danger of losing their children. In one case, with a family of six children, ranging in age from eleven down to one year, the conditions in the house were deplorable. The children were found to be in an extreme state of dirt, and all looked miserable and ill nourished. Their clothing was described as being nothing but rags. The house itself was in a filthy condition, infested with vermin the natural result of unclean living. This state of matters was not due to poverty, as the parents were quite able to do better. It was simply laziness and indifference. It is pleasing to report that bringing them before the magistrate proved a salutary lesson, and conditions are now decidedly better.

Lanterns on Floor

Serious Menace

Should Be Hung On Hook Out of Way—Electric Light Safest

A nervous brindle cow, being milked for the first time, kicked over the lantern set on a box behind her, and a great city was wiped out. That was in Chicago, back in the last century, but the same thing has been going on in a minor way ever since. Each year, several good barns in Ontario go up in smoke, as a result of a lantern being knocked over, and while a city is not wiped out, the loss to the individual, especially when mows and stalls are full of valuable stock and equipment, is disastrously high. And the tragedy of the thing is that it is all due to carelessness.

Firm hooks, fixed in the ceiling of the stable at convenient intervals, will cost but a few cents, and yet when the lantern is swung from these, not only is the light better distributed, but a nervous heifer, a spirited horse, or a hurrying man cannot knock it over and set fire to the place. The Ontario Fire Marshal suggests that it would be good business if the country insurance companies would buy several thousand of these hooks and present half a dozen to each policy holder. Even if one fire was prevented as a result, the saving effected would pay for the hooks for all time to come.

Where possible, Ontario fire fighting officials urge the installation of electric lights, which they maintain make the safest illumination. Where the wiring is done by a competent electrician, and the work inspected by a government official, fire risk is reduced to the minimum. Where it is impossible to put in electric light, and unfortunately, this is often the case, in the country, good safety lanterns should be procured and the hooks provided.



SPOT CASH

Friend: You are always pleased when you can bring down the leopard, eh?

Big Game Hunter: Oh, yes; I can always sell their skins for spot cash.

Hostess: Willy, won't you have some more Christmas pudding?

Willy: No, thanks; mother says I don't want any more.

It was the young advocate's first case in Court, and he was very nervous. "My lord," he began, "I appear in this matter to—er—to—er—" "Yes, yes," interrupted the Judge, "but it's not your business to err, Mr. Smith. That is my privilege."

Importance of Our Water-Power

Canada's water-power resources form one of her most striking and important natural assets. Their nature, extent, and location combine to give them a special value in relation to the chief centres of industry and population. Water-power is available in every province, and it is not too much to say that, apart from the human factor, water-power is the most vital force behind Canadian industrial development.

Give a small boy a watch and he will have the time of his life.

Royal Bank Annual Meeting

The annual General Meeting of shareholders of the Royal Bank of Canada marked the close of the most successful year in the history of the Bank.

Sir Herbert Holt, President, in his address, dealt more particularly with general conditions throughout the country, but touched on many developments of great importance, more especially from the standpoint of trade and industry.

C. E. Neill, General Manager, reviewed the growth of the Bank to the foremost position it now occupies and gave to the shareholders an interesting insight into the part the bank is playing in all centres in which it is now doing business.

Outlook Favorable.

Sir Herbert referred to the year's developments in industry, trade and finance, as generally satisfactory. The foundation for the development which has taken place is sound. Sir Herbert declared that as yet there are no indications of industrial and commercial inflation. Production is not expanding to a point unwarranted by growth and demand and it is a noteworthy fact that the whole expansion has taken place during a period characterized by moderately declining prices. On the whole the financial situation in agriculture, industry and commerce is more settled than at the beginning of the period. Summing up the business situation, Sir Herbert stated that the "outlook was never more favorable for prolonged prosperity in Canada."

Necessity for Curbing Unwise Speculation.

In commenting on the annual statement, Mr. Neill referred at length to the importance of call loans, which represent loans against stock exchange collateral, not only of the Royal Bank, but of all banks. He pointed out that this was indicative of three things:

1. Increase in the number of securities available to investors.
2. Increase in the market value of securities.
3. Increase in speculation.

"In a growing country the development of its resources produces new securities. Prosperous times result in the enhancement in value of securities and for these reasons it is clear that the two first mentioned causes for the increase in Call Loans are at least to some extent justified. As to the third, it is obvious that speculation has reached a dangerous stage. The best-informed financial and brokerage firms are already operating on an unusually conservative basis by calling for increased margins, by declining to open new accounts and by restricting the liability of their customers to reasonable amounts." In times of excessive speculation, the lure of easy profits cannot be denied, but speculation can be checked and held within reasonable bounds by the financial interests, particularly the banks, and bond and brokerage houses.

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