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"SALADA" GREEN TEA

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. He joins Big Chris Larson in response to a distress signal at sea, giving Larson his sea jacket. Their launch hits rocks. Larson's body is buried as Newhall's. Peter, rescued, finds injuries have completely changed his appearance.

Dorothy and Ishmin go to Alaska, to return Peter's body. They do not recognize Peter in their head guide. A storm strands them at the grave. Ishmin goes for supplies. Peter falls in a gully on a hunting trip. Dorothy finds her greatest happiness in rescuing him. Ishmin returns and Dorothy accepts his proposal and they are married by a native priest. Peter goes to give them best wishes. Paul Sarichef appears on the scene. Dorothy renounces the marriage and calls Ishmin her husband's murderer.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER XIX—(Cont'd.)

The slant of his smoky, shadowed eyes seemed, in her imagination, accentuated; she felt that the dread spirit of sleeping passion that was the soul of this strange, far-western night had passed to him, and was coming to life within him. The cultured gentleman, the distinguished, gracious social favorite that she had known in the South had passed away, in the fierce passion of this desperate hour, and only the Mongol was left, the ravisher out of Asia.

"I dare to anything—that is my right," he told her simply, no longer careful to lower his voice. "Dorothy, you are my wife. You are mine, and those kisses are mine. What I want I will take."

"But I told you I renounced that marriage—"

Ivan smiled, as if in perfect self-confidence. "You can't renounce it! A marriage lasts forever—from our point of view. She knew that he was speaking not alone of his particular tribe and country, but of the whole East. "You are my wife, legally and definitely; and never for a moment believe that this is a Western marriage. Please don't confuse me with a Westerner, or think that we will live by a Western code. I fancy you will find that we of the East look on womanhood a little differently from the men to whom you are accustomed, but you'll get used to it in time. I pledged you to us at first, which is not in the code; but I don't intend to plead with you any more. You are a Mongol's wife, and that means you will give what he asks, think what he says for you to think, and do what he says to do. In time you will learn it is the best way—to let your husband decide all these hard matters. Don't let there be any more talk of renunciation—of what you will do and what you will not do." He paused to steady his vibrant, tremulous voice. "Dorothy, we of the East do not worship the beauty and the rapture we get out of womanhood. Such is woman's place—to give us that. When a woman marries a man of my breed, he owns her—body and soul!"

"If you hold me again, I'll cry for help," she told him, half-whispering. "Cry for help if you want. I'll shoot Pete down like the Western cur he is if he dares to interfere. But I judge he's lived at this edge of the East long enough to learn not to interfere in a man's family affairs; those men know I'm in my rights—even your chivalrous Southerners would know that, whether they pretended to or not. Allow me to convince you just what good calling for help would do."

He half turned and called quietly to Pavlov. His tone was unmistakably that of an imperious master to his slave; he might have been an Oriental sultan calling to one of the eunuchs of his harem. Yet Pavlov did not take offense. He hurried, fawning, into the circle of light.

"My bride here is a little unruly," Ivan said easily. "You know how it is, sometimes, Pavlov. She's just a little nervous and rebellious—and I might need a very small amount of help."

Pavlov bowed slightly; but he did not speak. The lines seemed to deepen and strengthen on his dusky face as he waited for his orders; otherwise he gave no sign.

"We're going to change our plans, Pavlov," Ivan went on. "We're not going to the Outside, after all. I want you to be the head guide from now on, and I want you to guide us to one of the Eskimo villages—avoiding carefully all the white settle-

ments. This lady and I are going to lose ourselves among the natives until she learns to think differently along certain lines. She objects somewhat to going, and I'm afraid that for a few days, until she gets the right point of view, we'll have to treat her like a prisoner. I might need you, from time to time, to help guard."

Pavlov nodded, but he showed no disrespect to his master by even the slightest glimmer of a leering smile. There was no help for Dorothy here. He seemed to take this strange situation wholly as a matter of course, just as Ivan had known he would take it; and Dorothy glimpsed again the great universe that separates the races.

"Of course I can depend on you!" Ivan asked.

"Sure. She's your wife. What you say goes."

"That's all for now. She might even attempt to escape from my tent tonight, but I don't think I'll need your help." He paused, waiting till the man moved back to his dugout. "You'll find the other breed's point of view just the same, Dorothy," he explained. "If you hadn't married me, he'd be glad to fight for you. Now you're my wife he'll obey me. Of course Sarichef is my faithful servant—in everything. Are you convinced?"

There was no help here. Likely even Pete would admit the Mongol's ownership of her, body and soul. A single dry sob rasped at her throat, and she turned as if about to dart away in flight into the night and the storm. But even this doubtful mercy was not vouchsafed her. Ivan moved toward her, a motion fast as the leap of a tiger, yet giving no image of great exertion, and his arms pinned her to her side. Then, with no show of effort, he lifted her bodily and started into the tent.

Pete the guide, stepped into the circle of firelight. His rifle rested in the hollow of his arm. His rugged, weather-beaten face was stark white.

"Put her down," he said slowly.

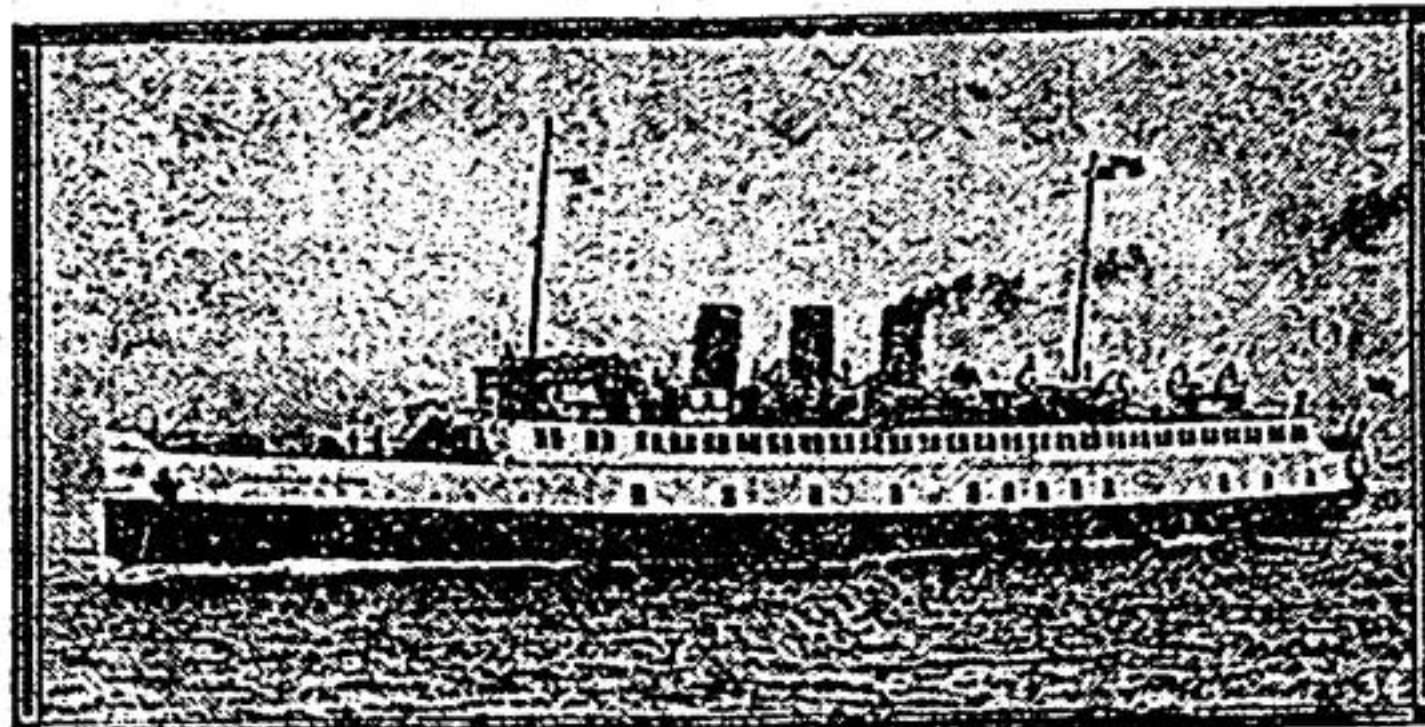
Ivan turned in infinite scorn, as he set the girl on her feet. He met the man's quiet, unflinching gaze. He saw, dimly, that the hand that held the weapon was steady as a vice of iron.

"You're taking a dangerous risk, Pete," he said evenly. "Put up that gun and close your eyes if you don't like what you see, and most of all don't start anything that you can't carry through. I'll do what I like with this woman. She is my wife."

Pete's quiet gaze did not waver. The ruddy light poured over him. "She is not your wife," he said clearly.

Ivan opened his lips, and his arms were limp at his side. Dorothy uttered one long-drawn gasp that whispereed strangely in the silence. For her the veil still hid the truth, but it was being swept away like mist before the blast of the gale. She felt just at the eve of some profound climax.

Will Serve Vancouver Island



"The Princess Elaine," newest member of the Canadian Pacific Railway's Royal Family of steamships, now on her way to Victoria, V.I., via the Panama Canal, from the shipyards on the Clyde, Scotland. The vessel will be used for service between Vancouver on the mainland and Nanaimo on Vancouver Island across the Straits of Georgia, a distance of about 40 miles, and is further qualified to ply between Seattle on the south and Skagway on the north. She will have a speed of 18 knots, is 2,000 tons gross register, will have accommodation for about 1,200 passengers, and is specially designed for the transportation of automobiles, a turntable being installed to reverse cars for disembarkation. On her trial runs on the Clyde the Princess Elaine did over 19 knots.

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Ivan fought away an inexplicable sense of dismay, a vague, creepy terror that had penetrated to his heart. "Are you a fool?" he asked. "You saw no man marry her. The marriage was legal."

Pete shook his head. "It was not legal. It couldn't be legal. She is Peter Newhall's wife!"

"But Peter Newhall is dead!"

Ivan's voice was shrill and strange, not his own. A light grew on Dorothy's stricken face until it was a white flame, surpassing belief.

"He was dead to the living world, but he has risen," was the answer. "I am Peter Newhall."

(To be continued.)

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Hudson Bay Basin Rich in Resources

Timber and Mineral Wealth Described by Dr. R. B. Stewart

GOLD YIELD EXPECTED

Additional Pulp and Paper Mills Probable in Near Future

Picturing the future of the Hudson Bay Basin as a productive section of the Dominion, the Hon. Charles McCrea, Ontario Minister of Mines, spoke briefly recently before the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, Toronto Branch.

Mr. McCrea introduced Dr. R. B. Stewart, chief medical adviser of the Hudson's Bay Company, who gave an illustrated lecture on "The Natural Resources of the Hudson Bay Basin." Mr. McCrea referred to the railway builders pushing two different lines up to Hudson Bay and James Bay, as modern pioneers, following the example set by Hudson, the explorer, in 1611.

Noting the immense area of the Hudson Bay Basin, more than 2,000,000 square miles, Dr. Stewart referred to the vast range of its climatic conditions extending from sub-Arctic to temperate.

Geological Make-up.

Referring to the geological make-up of the basin, the speaker touched upon the granite to be found along the northern rims of the bay, the lignite on the Salmon River which supplies the stoves of many of the northern stations of the company, the mica being produced in small quantities at Cape Smith, lead at Mayfair River, gypsum and china clay in the Moose Factory section, and quantities of iron ore to be found in the Belcher Islands district; but noted that so far no gold deposits of any consequence have been located, although prospecting is being carried still further northward, and a fair probability exists of this precious metal being found in paying quantities.

Furs, the product of the district for 250 years, are still being sent out in large quantities, Dr. Stewart stated.

Fish of Two Varieties.

"Hudson Bay is not teeming with fish, as some people imagine," Dr. Stewart said, referring to the scarcity of any variety except rock cod and white fish. In time, the fisheries of the basin may attain large production, but not for some years. Pulp and paper production is already going ahead, with prospect of additional mills in the near future. Black and white spruce, tamarac, balsam, poplar, white birch and balsam pine are among the principal species of timber found in the area. Fall wheat, growing at Moose Factory, had shown as high a yield as that in the Western provinces, and a good future in agriculture was predicted by Dr. Stewart.

"I believe the Hudson Bay area route will prove a boon to Western Canada for general commodities, but it will not be for some years—possibly never—that wheat will be shipped to any great extent. The straits are open longer than people imagine, but the difficulty will be to keep Fort Churchill's port open long enough to be of value to navigation by the new route."

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CANADIAN SERVICE Cunard and Anchor-Donaldson LINES. HALLIFAX TORONTO WINNIPEG. VANCOUVER CALGARY EDMONTON MONTREAL. SASKATOON QUINCY SAINT JOHN.

Princes Didn't Get 'Promised' Giraffe

Owner, in 1489, Refused to Give Animal to King's Daughter

Chicago.—The pining of a princess for a giraffe 400 years ago is preserved in a history of that elongated animal published by the Field Museum of Natural History. Lorenzo de Medici had a giraffe in his menagerie at Florence, which aroused the interest of Anne de Beaujeu, daughter of Louis XI. of France. She had dreams of owning a giraffe of her own and finally alleged Lorenzo had promised her life.

Finally she wrote him on April 14, 1489. Her plea was of no avail. Lorenzo kept his giraffe. Giraffes have been popular in regal circles since the time of remote Egyptian kings. Julius Caesar showed Rome its first giraffe in a triumphal procession in 46 B.C.

Although it hardly seems possible, giraffes have gone up. They used to cost between \$1500 and \$2000, but now run from \$5000 to \$7500.



Brimful of Foolishness. Hubby—"Why do you think this hat looks silly on my head?" Wife—"Because on your head that hat's brimful of foolishness."

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