

# When You Can Buy "SATADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

Why be content with inferior tea.

## The LAND OF FORGOTTEN MEN

by Edison Marshall

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### BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Big Chris Larson, Alaska cannery foreman, seeking boat connections for the outside world in a launch, is driven by a storm into a small cove. He had met the Remittance Man that evening and stands on the storm-swept beach, pondering upon the latter's hard drinking, when he observes a distress signal from a ship at sea. He is about to board his launch to answer the call, when the Remittance Man joins him.

They join the launch crew and start to the rescue despite the storm.

### NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

Big Chris turned toward the door. Captain Jim smiled dimly when the Remittance Man got up, too.

"You are no sailor," he commented. "Nope! That part of my education was neglected. But any one who has done as much fancy balancing to keep his feet as I have in the last year will go out and be in that big Norwegian's way."

The mellow, easy voice some way heartened the man at the wheel. His pale blue eyes frankly studied the handsome, clean-cut face, now plainly revealed in the light of the pilot house. This southerner had wasted the birthright of a powerful physique. He was a tall man, extremely broad of shoulder and big of bone, and a careless glance might have attributed to him even such physical power as that of Big Chris, whom he resembled greatly in build. But there was no iron in those big, loose muscles.

There was still, in his face, the lingering image of what had unquestionably been a general allowance of real, manly good looks. The captain's gaze was quick and penetrative to-night, and he could see back into the man's past: he could see the man of which this half-drunken, dissipated creature was the image. Far away, and not long ago, he had been a youth of the greatest personal charm; well-bred, perfectly mannered, affectionate and good-natured; amiably weak yet chivalrous, quick to sympathy, kind and friendly to inferiors but recognizing no superiors; a certain well-loved type of southern gentleman of an old school.

Curiously enough the man was clean-shaven; and the only explanation was that the lingering image of self-respect that kept him from crossing his blood with the Aleuts also kept him personally well-groomed. His beard, however, would have been decidedly brown; his shock of curly hair was light brown.

"All right," Captain Jim pronounced at last. "Go out and help Big Chris all you can."

The Remittance Man turned in obedience, and the tilting, wave-washed deck brought him to sobriety quickly. The danger, the night and the stars, most of all the eternity of plunging waves on which the ship was borne awakened an odd, dark mood, stranger to him in all the reckless, happy years of his youth. Some way he saw this North of his in a new light. For the first time since he had come here, he was sober enough to catch the real tone, to feel the spirit of these deso-

late seas and the eerie, savage, rock-bound shores they washed. He had never thought about them in particular before. He had simply lived in a nightmare world of drink, and all the stern magic of this land had passed him by. But he was receptive to it tonight.

It was such a mood as could easily hurl him into tragic regrets if he had let himself go—if he had not long ago sworn all regrets. In the first place there was no particular act of his—not even the tragic outcome of the launch ride on the Savannah River—to which he could directly attribute his downfall: it had really been a combination of circumstances, many of which had been beyond his direct control.

He had been weak, true enough—drinking rather too much than was good for him, but no more than other men of his class, and not one-tenth as hard as he was drinking now in forgetfulness. He had been jealous with little cause; but this was also a human trait. It was simply that— for all his auspicious beginning, his care-free youth and the wonder of those first ineffable months with Dorothy—the cards of fate had been stacked against him. So it was neither wise nor fitting that he should yield himself to regret. There was no use fighting when there was nothing to win. He could never go home. He must always be a fugitive from the world of men. He must stay here till he died.

It seemed to him now that this ultimate end was nearer than he had ever dreamed. There was a strange sense of finality about this voyage.

The wind was like a whiplash out of the northwest, stinging his eyelids, buffeting him as he braced himself on the tilting deck, seeking every little entrance through sleeve and collar into his vitals. In the loneliness of his mood it did not occur to him at once that his fellow watchman might be likewise suffering. He only knew the truth when Big Chris paused beside him, cursing.

"God, I wish I had my coat," he said. "Like dam' fool I hief it in dat native's shack—"

The Remittance Man gazed at him in quick amazement. It was true: Chris' heavy mackinaw shirt alone saved him from the lash of the cold.

"Good Lord, I wish you'd take mine," the Remittance Man answered promptly. "I'm sweating like a horse."

He saw the look of incredulous amazement in Larson's face. "Yes, you are—" he began in derision. "I am, no fooling. I guess it's the liquor—besides, I've got a caribou shirt underneath." He quickly threw off his heavy seaman's coat and held it out. "Wear it a while, anyhow—we're about the same build and it will fit you to a T. I'll holler for it back as soon as I feel chilly."

Big Chris muttered, but slipped the garment on. He could not doubt those ringing words; otherwise wild horses could not have forced the coat across his brawny shoulders. Presently he turned away, leaving this man of cities almost unprotected in the blast of the wind.

Why he had acted as he did, he could not have told you. The dying liquor had chilled him, rather than warmed him, nor was there any shirt of cold-defying caribou hide under his outer garment of heavy flannel.

He could not exist long in such cold as this. The frost seemed to penetrate his vitals. The dawn was breaking over the sea, incredible after this night of storm and darkness; but it brought no mercy from the cold. Either he must leave his watch and seek shelter below, or else perish on the deck.

He turned, at last, toward the pilot house; but it was the strangest thing in all his strange life that he had little real desire to go. It was not that he was vitally needed on the deck. Rather, it was an outgrowth

of the night's dark mood; he had seen the end toward which he was drifting all too plain. At least there would be some semblance of decency in such a death—to be stricken lifeless by the cold in his keeping of his watch.

But the Remittance Man never reached the pilot-house door. There was one strange, bewildering, blind-cruel crags ripped, caught, hurled it quick, cracking, explosive sound that hardly had time to reach his ear drums, and then the swift realization, like a rocket's flare, of irrevocable disaster. The ship reeled, rent, the cruel craps ripped, caught, hurled it over; and the dark waves, foamed, roared, plunged, and smothered it in an instant. The man's lips opened in one despairing cry; and then he was swept and hurled into darkness.

### CHAPTER II.

#### BAD NEWS FOR DOROTHY.

From Dorothy Newhall's favorite chair where often she sat cross-legged like a tallor, she could look through the broad library window, across velvet lawns and a flowering hedge, and thence straight down the long, white boulevard of Walton Way. It was characteristic of a certain part of her that in late years she had come into the ascendancy that she preferred this view to that from the wide glass spaces of the sun parlor, the vista of



The next moment was a flash.

dark pines, deep in shadow, and the fields surrendering to the ardor of the Georgia sun. Dorothy's father-in-law had contrived the sun parlor for his own delight, and in his lifetime had been rather intolerant of the stream of motor vehicles that flowed ceaselessly up Augusta's most fashionable street; but they were all part of Dorothy's life. To-day she saw the colored messenger boy, pedaling stiffly up the grade, before ever he had passed the great, fashionable tourist hotel on the brow of the hill. She had plenty of time to watch him, and nothing better to do. Since tragedy had overtaken this household, something over a year before, she had had full cause to watch for telegrams. A swift premonition told her that the boy was heading straight toward her door.

She had no great sense of surprise when the boy turned into her own beautifully curving driveway, circled to the wide verandah, leisurely propped up his wheel, and passed beyond the range of her vision as he mounted the verandah steps to her door. Dorothy got up slowly from her chair. She walked freely through the door, took time to glance once at a great bouquet of flowers, and her hand was steady as she signed for the message. Then her fluttering fingers tore it open.

The next moment was a blank forever in her life. She had no memory of that first reading; yet when consciousness streamed back to her, a moment later, she lay half-sprawled over the great settee in the alcove just off the hall, and she knew the burden, if not the exact wording, of the message.

The yellow slip still lay in her hand. She did not look at it at once. Instead she lay with closed eyes, and the world swept through space, and time moved as in the grayness of half-sleep. She raised her hand slowly, and the message came with it; and slowly, laboriously, she read it through again.

It had been filed in the wireless office at Pirate Cove, in Alaska—a place of which she had never heard—and had unquestionably come by wireless to Seattle, whence it was sent by wire across the continent. It did not mince words.

(To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Chilblains.

Joyce—Dick didn't blow his brains out when you rejected him. He came round and proposed to me." Joan—"Then he must have got rid of them some other way."

Farm Girl—"That pig is very black, isn't he?" Farmer—"Yes, we call him 'Ink.' Farm Girl—"Why?" Farmer—"Because he keeps running out of the pen."

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### New Indian Race Found in Mexico

#### Archaeologists Unearth Village of Advanced Tribe 2,500 Years Old

Washington.—A race of "long headed" Indians who vanished perhaps 2,000 years before Columbus sailed from Spain laid the foundation for the rich Pueblo culture of the Southwest, it is revealed by a Smithsonian archaeological expedition which has returned from New Mexico. The first complete village of the race was discovered by the expedition in Chaco Canyon.

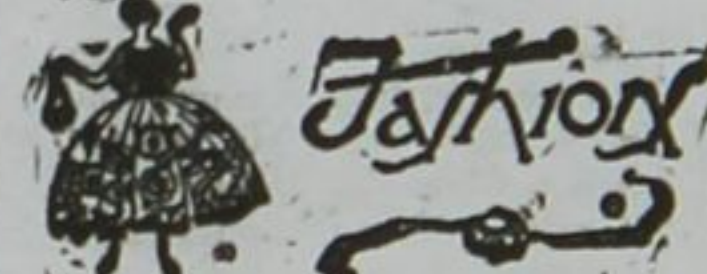
Seventeen houses, sunk several feet in the earth and lined with slabs, were in the village, together with 45 cellars for storage of corn and a kiva, or ceremonial temple.

The inhabitants of the village were a race distinct from the Pueblos, said Frank H. H. Roberts, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, who headed the expedition. Skeletons of the inhabitants were found to be undeformed and long-headed, while the Pueblos were round-headed and accustomed to deform the heads of their children.

### Turkey Knows How to Take Census

Constantinople.—Turkey counted noses at the beginning of the month for the first time in history and Constantinople was a city of dead. Realizing that it was impossible to count the population when they were running about, the government decreed that everybody must remain at home and anybody who showed his head out of doors except the 50,000 census takers was subject to a heavy fine.

All the shops and other places of business were closed, the cabs, tramways and steamers were at a standstill, and even the newspapers were forbidden to publish. One of the many questions the census squads asked each person was whether he could read. It was hoped to complete the census by midnight, when cannons were fired to let the people know that they were at liberty to leave their homes.



### A DISTINGUISHED FROCK.

The frock pictured here is an unusually smart style and would be exceedingly chic if fashioned of satin or woolen material with a contrasting front over which the jacket is lapped. The bodice is slightly gathered to the skirt having four plaits at each side, and the two narrow belts are finished with buckles, while braid makes an effective trimming on the jacket and light-fitting sleeves. No. 1671 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch, or 2 1/2 yards 54-inch material; 3/4 yard 39-inch contrasting for front; 4 yards braid. Price 20 cents the pattern.

### HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

### Minard's Liniment for Neuritis.

Give a sentence with the word "capsize." "My capsize is six and seven eighths."

### Gold Keeps India Poor

#### Precious Metals Hoarded and Not Earning Causes "Frozen Wealth"

Five billion dollars' worth of gold and silver treasure is sequestered in India in temple decorations, jeweled ornaments and bars of bullion, together with the bangles, anklets, necklaces and American "eagles" with which millions of women array themselves, according to a new study of the legendary "wealth of the Indies" submitted to the United States Department of Commerce.

"Frozen wealth," the Government economists call this treasure, for it is distributed and used in such forms that it yields not a penny of return to its owners nor a dollar of credit to carry on the world's commerce.

With a lofty indifference to international money markets and the needs of trade, India sprinkles gold dust over the food served at extravagant banquets. Immense quantities of gold and silver are used to array brides for their marriage ceremonies, and in a multitude of other forms of decoration.

Gold is believed, moreover, to have an occult power of healing the sick. "It is a popular remedy in the native pharmacopoeia," says the Government study, "and medicines containing gold are favored for many diseases."

#### THE WORLD'S GOLD SUPPLY.

All this has more than a picturesque interest. It involves the problem of altering the distribution of the world's gold supply—a problem that took on new importance when executives of the British, French and German central banks and the American Federal Reserve system recently foregathered in New York and Washington, and with the adjustment of Federal Reserve discount rates below the European level.

As the world recovered from the financial chaos of the war most nations have struggled back to, or toward, a gold standard for their currencies. To establish and maintain such standards they must have gold reserves. The currents of international trade and other influences have brought to America's coffers about half of the world's monetary stock of gold. But in the last quarter of a century India has been quietly absorbing immense quantities of the yellow metal. With a store now estimated at about \$2,500,000,000, she draws to herself a large part of the new gold produced from year to year.

Meanwhile, the world's gold production has declined sharply from the maximum for this century, reached between 1910 and 1915. Although there has been a recovery in part since 1922, this increase has been vitiated, so far as monetary gold for the world is concerned, by the increase of Indian absorption.

#### PROPOSED REMEDIES.

In an attempt to halt or at least retard this accumulation, far-reaching changes are projected in the Indian financial system. Adoption of a gold bullion basis for India's currency; replacement of silver rupees in circulation by gold notes; establishment of a strong central bank; and extension of savings bank facilities are now proposed. All are designed largely to wean the Indian population away from the habit of hoarding of gold and silver pieces and bullion bars. If that is ever accomplished, India's five billions and more of gold and silver in time will cease to be merely so much "frozen wealth."

What disturbs bankers and economists is not the size of India's store of gold, great as it is, so much as the way it is treated.

#### GREAT WEALTH UNUSED.

India's gold is idle. There is lacking even a pretense of making it add anything to the productive forces or the comfort of India's 300,000,000 people or their fellow-beings in other lands.

The exhaustive report submitted to Washington was prepared by Don C. Bliss, Jr., Assistant Trade Commissioner at Bombay, under the prosaic title "The Bombay Bullion Market." Mr. Bliss says on this point: "Vast reserves have been accumulated in the course of many years—reserves estimated as amounting to more than five billion dollars. (Mr. Bliss here includes a \$2,500,000,000 approximation of silver holdings) but

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they have been jealously hoarded in the form of unproductive precious metals.

"Put to productive uses, or loaned out in the world's money markets, they would suffice to make India one of the powerful nations of the world. The traditional 'wealth of the Indies' is there, but in such a form that it yields nothing to its possessors in the way of improved standards of living or the power to command the services of others."

#### WHY GOLD IS HOARDED.

The wealth is scattered among millions of unorganized holders, and even the silver coins which constitute the metallic currency are smatched into private hoards by the ryots or peasant farmers. This problem of hoarding, Bliss's report shows, is at the root of the pathetic plight of millions of these farmers. Hereditary custom, social organization, seasonal harvests and the still primitive financial system all influence them to assemble any wealth they have in a readily portable form and often to hide it.

In old days of tyranny and oppression, manifest prosperity was an invitation to be stripped of one's possessions. Hostile invasions also forced great southward migrations of people who, to save their wealth, had to collect it in a highly concentrated form. These conditions have left their influence to this very day.

#### OTHER CAUSES OF SAVING.

The Hindu family, moreover, ordinarily holds all real property and household goods in common. The individual wishing to save for his own use can segregate his savings only in the form of gold and silver. Millions of the native population, too, have no access to banks. In time of stress they must draw on accumulated reserves or resort to the money lender—at 75 per cent. interest.

"Consequently," Mr. Bliss writes, "there is a strong tendency in times of prosperity to purchase small quantities of silver and gold in the form of coins, bullion or ornaments as a reserve against want."

"Millions of people, particularly in South India and East India, never have a sufficient margin to do even this, as they have no savings whatever; this is evidenced by the necessity for famine relief measures in many sections as soon as there is a crop failure."

The Commander-in-Chief of the German Army arrived in New York this week, causing somewhat less excitement than if he had come between April, 1917, and November, 1918.



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