Penn. Publishing Ca By GEORGE MARSH By GEORGE MARSH By GEORGE MARSH Penn. Publishing Ca Win. U. Service Penn. Publishing Ca Win. U. Service Penn. Publishing Ca Ru CHERIE NICHOLAS

ter. Answering an appeal from Lise, Finlay is ambushed and rescued by

Malone and Blaise. It develops that

they are Mounted Police officers. They

visit McNab, Hudson's Bay trader, and

hide when Isadore arrives unexpectedly.

Again McNab cleared his throat.

'Now-a-what do you say to a bit

of writing, so there may be no mis-

understanding and everything'll be

Finlay's elbow found Malone's

ribs. There spoke the true Scot.

"Get him on paper, McNab!" Gar-

ry breathed. "We'll use that some

"Ah-yes, of course," Isadore as-

Shortly the men in the loft heard

"For value received and in consid-

eration of his future services I.

Jules Isadore, President of Was-

wanipi Gold, Limited, of Montreal,

hereby bargain, sell and assign one

thousand shares of the common

stock of said company, when issued,

to Duncan McNab, now of Mata-

"Fine! And it's mighty generous

There was the sound of voices out-

"What's the matter, Labelle?"

wind cloud een sout'-wes'! We gotta

"All right, I'll be with you in

back his chair, "you're a shrewd

man and know where your bread's

The men left the trade-house.

"Comin' on to blow, soon! Beeg

of you, Isadore. I'll never forget

"How's that, McNab?"

side the trade-house.

start to camp at de inlet."

Blaise and Garry sat up.

how about it?"

Nab in his pocket!"

And did McNab do a job on him?"

"That's true! He'll make the lake

hot for us, now, but we haven't

got the evidence I want, yet. What

puzzles me, Red, is this plane from

the Bay. It doesn't fit into the pic-

McNab found his guests waiting in

"McNab, you'd have made a great

"A fifth interest in Waswanipi

Gold, when issued!" exploded Mc-

Nab. "He must think I'm a numb-

skull to swallow that. It'll never

be issued. If he gets out of this

scrape, all he has to do is to incorpo-

rate under another name and Mc-

Nab holds the bag. It took will

power, Sergeant, not to smash that

sneering face of his. He forgot I'm

Isadore's badly worried. He knows

he'll need your help with the police."

"Anyhow, I'm richer by a thou-

"That's also evidence we may

sand dollars, if it's not counterfeit."

use," said Garry. "Well, if this

storm blows over, we're going to

paddle all night, so we'll say good-

Red lingered behind as Garry and

"I want a word with you, Mr.

McNab, before we go," he said.

constable, what's on your mind?"

Red's candid, blue eyes. "Well,

"Thistle? Why, you've only known

"That's true." Malone's eyes were

ing. "But it didn't take us long-

that I'm coming back here. She'll

McNab's bushy brows pulled down

ied Malone's bronzed face, shot with

"It seems sudden, I know. I've

never believed in it. But it's true.

Thistle and I knew last night that

it was-that way with us. I love

her, and don't fear, I'll come back

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Blaise left the room.

ner since yesterday."

be waiting for me."

through hell for her!"

two-"

"Thistle!"

"So am I," Garry laughed. "But

the trade-room. "Well, how was

that?" the Scotchman chuckled.

actor! It was perfect!"

Scotch.'

creaked on its hinges.

asked Isadore.

minute!"

'Waswanipi Gold, Limited

"By Jules Isadore.

"President."

The door

sented. "Give me a pen and pa-

shipshape!"

day-if we live."

McNab read aloud:

gami Lake.

THE STORY SO FAR: Bound for the Chibougamau gold country, six men lost their lives on the Nottaway river. Red Malone, Garrett Finlay, brother of one of the six, and Blaise, half-breed guide, arrive at Nottaway posing as surveyors.

There was the scuffing of moccasins in the trade-room below. "Sergeant!" called McNab, in a voice thin with excitement, "Who do you think's heading in here in that ca-

"If it's Tete-Blanche, McNab, watch your step. Have David and his boy stand by, outside. We can't see much through these cracks."

"It's Jules Isadore!" "Isadore?" The three in the loft straightened where they lay. Finlay's fingers bit into Red's arm. Isadore, walking right into their hands! But the time was not ripe. There was Lise! There was that plane from the Bay and the evidence they

To have Isadore disappear, now, would put them all on their guard, at Waswanipi. Lise must be safe, first. No, the time was not ripe to arrest Jules Isadore.

"Get him to talk his head off!" Garry called. "Carry on as we planned!"

"Aye! Aye! I'm off to meet the blackguard!'

"Now what the hell?" drawled Red. "What's he after, here? He must think we ran his guard on the Quiet Water. He's come here to pump McNab."

"He's worried," said Finlay. "He thinks we've slipped him and are making for the steel or Rupert." "And he knows if we reach there

it will cook his goose!" After an interval Finlay recognized Isadore's voice as he entered the trade-room with McNab.

"Well, McNab," began Isadore with the purr of a cat in his voice, "I'm here to let by-gones be bygones and I hope you are. We've fought for the fur in the past but I've got a proposition, now, that's to our mutual advantage." There was a dramatic pause, then: "McNab, you and I can make big money to-

Garry's elbow pressed Red's arm. "Oh, I know how to take a licking!" laughed McNab. "Before you go into it, sit down and have a taste of the best whiskey the Hudson's Bay ever imported."

"Thanks, I will!" There was the pop of a pulled cork, the tinkle of glass and an interval of silence, then: "By the way, did a party posing as government surveyors stop here in June?"

"No, but they stopped yesterday." Through a crack between the planks Finlay saw Isadore's hand stiffen with the glass it held half way to his lips. Then the hand returned the glass to the table at which the two sat. "Went through yesterday?" Isadore's voice was as brittle as ice.

"Yes, bound for Rupert."

"They lied, McNab. They came here for supplies. They're bound back to Waswanipi. What kind of a cock-and-bull yarn did they tell you?"

McNab laughed. "Why, they had a wild tale about a medicine-man filling the Montagnais' heads with mumbo-jumbo and their stomachs with your whiskey, Isadore."

"My whiskey? That's a criminal offense! Do they think I'm a fool? The Indians believe Finlay's transit is an evil eye that has sickened some of the children. There are parties of Montagnais hunting for him, now."

"They're wasting their time. He's gone north."

"I don't think so!" There was an interval of silence then the traderoom rattled with Isadore's metallic laugh. "McNab, let's be frank! Just what did they tell you about Jules

It was McNab's turn to laugh. "It wasn't complimentary. They seem to think you know something about the drowning of those six men."

The muscles in Finlay's body

tightened as he listened. "I do," Isadore replied, in a voice as cool as wind off frozen tundra. "My people found two bodies and the Indians picked up pieces of canoes the year before that. But here's my proposition, McNab. It means comfort for you and your family for life. Man, I'll make you rich if you show the brains I think you've got."

"You mean-you've struck goldon the Waswanipi?"

"I have. And I'm here to cut you

in on it.' Finlay could hear Red's breath slowly leave his mouth. So Isadore had been protecting a gold strike on the river! That was the answer to it all.

"Gold! You've found gold in those

sand-bars?" "They're as rich as the beaches were at Nome, McNab. And I'm offering you an interest. Are you listening?

"Am I listening? Man, you've knocked me flat as a wind-fall! A glass of scotch with you, Isadore,

on your good luck!" "And your good luck, McNab!" The neck of a bottle clicked against glasses as the drinks were poured. "But before we talk business I want to ask you if this fake surveyor told you he shot three men and wounded another?"

"Shot three men? Why-what

INSTALLMENT THIRTEEN Suspicion prevails that Isadore, rich fur man has made a gold strike and aims to keep prospectors out of the country. En route to the Hudson's Bay post they visit Isadore in his palatial home, meet

"I don't know, but he murdered | them in cold blood. He's a gunman, a dead shot, sent here by a Montreal syndicate to locate our placer strike.'

his wife and Lise, Isadore's stepdaugh-

"To avoid a rush of prospectors in here we've never registered our claims. The minute we did that the lake would be over-run. But they've found out we ship gold to Montreal. So they're out to jump us. Of course he can make a map. He's a mining engineer."

Red's fingers closed on Finlay's arm as McNab exploded: "Well, I'll be skinned! A gunman! Killer! That's what he's here for! To locate your gold strike!"

"Exactly!" The conversation below was approaching the boiling point for the three men rigid in the fur-loft.

"Well, I'm waiting for your proposition, Isadore."

"Just a minute until I give you the picture. Finlay's going back up the Waswanipi to hun; for our placer beds. And he's going to disappear. He'll either drown as the other men did, in that white-water, or the Montagnais will wipe out his party. When the police are sent in here to investigate, they'll blame me for losing control of my Indians and not notifying the authorities. They may even charge me with knowing too much about those men who were drowned!"

"All right! Where do I come in,

"You're going to say when they



"My whiskey? That's a criminal offense!"

that the river is almost impassable water and you believe that the other parties and Finlay's men drowned. But to your knowledge the Indians went completely out of control this summer over this evil eye superstition; that your own Indians brought you rumors that the Waswanipi Montagnais were hunting for Finlay and that he never had a show to get out alive anyway."

"Well, that's the truth!" blurted McNab. "If he went back yesterday, as you say, I don't believe he'll ever be heard from."

"You're a partner after my own heart!" chuckled Isadore. "He nev-

er will!" McNab cleared his throat. "Now

about this partnership!" Isadore clapped his glass on the

table. "I'm offering you a fifth interest in the business, one thousand shares of Waswanipi Gold, Limited. when we incorporate. Last year that fifth interest ran into five figures. Duncan McNab.'

"Five figures! Great Jehoshaphat! You must have struck a bonanza!' The silence which followed seemed the measure of the Scotchman's

Isadore's callous laugh brought McNab back to realities. "We have struck a bonanza and I'm cutting you in on it. Here's a thousand, now, in two five hundred dollar bills. as evidence of my good faith and to bind our bargain. Now, McNab, are

you with me?" "Five hundred dollar bills! First ones I ever saw! But wait! You mean to say you're handing me a fifth interest in your gold strike for telling the police what I know is the

truth?' Finlay had not misjudged his man. McNab was playing to a farethee-well the part of the dazed trad-

er in his first contact with big busi-"Just that, my friend!" Isadore answered. "Of course, whatever happens, you're going to defend your property and your partner. You're

going to fight for your own! But to the police you're a silent partner, understand? You're still a Hudson's Bay man."

"I understand. Put it there, Isadore! I'm with you!"

"Good! Here's luck to Waswanipi Gold, Limited, and the owners, Isadore, Blondell and McNab!"

Smart as They Are Practical

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



tical clothes that are primarily functional but are also chic and be-"McNab," said Isadore, pushing coming.

In this program of clothes that are able to resist wear and tear, the buttered. Stick with me and I'll first problem to be considered is make you rich!" The ice suddenly necessarily that of finding materials returned to Isadore's voice. "But if that will give satisfaction from the you change your mind-if the police standpoint of wearability plus launscare you and you double-cross me, derability. Since sturdy cottons can you won't live long! Understand me, "take it," they naturally are first in McNab?" Isadore snapped his fin- fabric choice. Denim holds forth at gers. "You'll disappear like that!" the top of the list in either solid col-But the trader laughed, "You ors or stripes (often combined for think I'm crazy, Isadore?" he blurt- contrast). Then come coverts, maned, and Finlay was relieved. "Leave nish tweed cotton suitings and that the police to me, man. I'll handle favorite of favorites-corduroy.

them. We're partners now, aren't White duck, which holds an enza! Don't worry about Duncan Mc- is particularly smart for young girls | with equal adaptability. who like snappy fashions and who The two men left the trade-room are stationed in surroundings that bound for the shore. Shortly the demand they look immaculate. This put-put of the outboard motor drift- fabric is suitable not only for overed up from the lake. With a grunt alls, but also for overseas caps, to of relief Red rolled over on his back keep straying locks from the eyes. and stretched his long arms as To the left in the illustration above is roy shoes and cotton stockings coma costume especially designed for "So it's placer gold on the Waswa-American women at work in denipi he's covering up, after all! What | fense industries, on farms, or in the line of hooey he handed McNab! air. This "civilian defense suit" is ly go about town on a shopping tour, "We may have use for that fake any woman can make for herself, bill of sale, some day. Well, Blaise, even if she is a novice at sewing. Note that this suit of washable "Kiputch!" Blaise grunted, regret- white duck is one-piece. This garfully. "We make big meestake to ment has convertible trousers which let dat fallar go! He hunt us all de may be worn full or snugged in to more hard now he t'ink he got Mcinsure protection from possible entanglement in machinery.

Uniforms for women must have certain basic protective details rand, or whatever the call of duty such as those mentioned above, and they must also be designed for free- (Released by Western Newspaper Union.) doubtful if they were ever as valu-

dom of movement. They must be easy to take off and on, with straps caught at the back so that overalls will not slip off at the shoulders, with snap fasteners at the ankles for comfort and protection.

Corduroy mix-mates give opportunity for bright color, style and service and all in one. They meet the farm girl's needs to perfection, and they are equally as useful and smart in the factory. Not only is the never-wear-out quality of corduroy a convincing argument in its favor, but corduroy has that something attractive about it that measures up to any wear required of it from work to play. It goes about we? You've cut me in on a bonan- viable record for perfect laundering, town or trudges along country roads

The attractiveness of corduroy is shown in the illustration above by the culotte ensemble centered in the group. In this instance, a bright plaid cotton shirt is teamed with a corduroy culotte and vest. Corduplete a perfect outfit for all sorts of active wear. In this smart, goodlooking ensemble one can confidentcut on a pattern of simplicity that | feeling suitably dressed for the oc-

Mixmate this vest of corduroy with slacks, shown to the right in the picture above, and you have a suit that gives the answer to a gay young farmerette as to "what to wear" about home during busy hours. Wear a corduroy beret with this suit if you must go into town on an ermay happen to be.

Bright Wool



The trader stared curiously into What with all the glitter of sequin and spangle, it is a relief to turn to dark with the intensity of his feel- the lovely color-bright soft wool classics that fashion elects for style to find out. I just want to tell you supremacy this winter. Undoubtedly these flattering little wools, fashioned as they are with studied simplicity, will be "stealing the show" during the weeks to come. These over his searching eyes as he studlovely classic wools make color their theme, and worn under winfreckles. "I didn't realize - you ter furs, they lead the first-infashion group. Pictured is a charming model of Forstmann wool in a subtle green that goes beautifully

hat and carry a beaver muff.

Dutch Bonnets and Hoods

felt flowers in peasant colorings or trimmed in crocheted flowers. They weighed only 120 pounds. tie under the chin, and they lend a most attractive dash of color to a wintry landscape. They're perfect with skating outfits, or to wear to and from dances, or to school.

Here's the Latest Style: Dresses With Apron Front

Here's the latest bit of fashion gossip. It's all about the dresses with cleverly designed apron fronts. This new fashion calls for a pencilslim skirt, at the front of which there is a tie-on apron effect. Sometimes it is achieved with a cascade drape of material. Again it is a However, the cleverest of all, because it introduces the right print accent, is the applique of cut out floral prints. The effect is just about as charming as fancy can picture, especially if a corresponding touch of the print appears on the sleeves.

Evening Capes Sparkle With Beads and Sequins

Just as new as the coming New with any fur. There is a restrained accent of sparkling gilt on the belt | color for these gay little capes is | was his famous slogan "Don't sell and front closing. Wear a flaring magenta. Jet beading on black or the steak-sell the sizzle" that gave white wool also ranks high in chic. him his nickname.

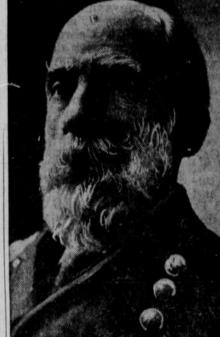
New Club Is a WOW

A DD to the list of unusual American clubs a new one that's definitely a WOW!

It's the Wheelers of the World club and it's made up of people named Wheeler-that is, those Wheelers who are "agin' Burton K. and for 'Fighting Joe.' " Its purpose, say its sponsors, is "to revive the spirit of Fighting Joe and save the faces of all present-day Wheelers" (at least, those who don't approve of the Montana senator's isolationism), and its aim is "to raise enough money to buy a bomber for Britain and name it the 'Fighting Joe' Wheeler."

The man whom they thus propose to honor was one of the most colorful characters in American military history.

Graduated from West Point in 1859, Wheeler was appointed a lieutenant in the United States army but resigned his commission when Georgia seceded from the Union. When he entered the Confederate army he was first made colonel of an infantry regiment and commanded a brigade at the Battle of Shiloh.



'FIGHTING JOE' WHEELER

But the next year he was transferred to the cavalry and made a brigadier general.

Promoted to major-general when he was only 26 years old, wheeler was given command of the cavalry attached to the Army of Tennessee and in that position rendered invaluable service to its inept and indecisive commander, Braxton Bragg. One of Wheeler's political opponents later said of him that he "had never won a battle." More important is the fact that he often saved the Army of Tennessee from defeat.

For Wheeler proved that he understood the true function of the cavalry, that of being the "eyes of the army," and his right to fame rests upon the fact that he was an "army cavalryman," not an "independent cavalryman." Other Southern leaders like Forrest, Stuart and Morgan might perform spectacular feats as raiders, but all too often they were away on some dashing foray when they were most needed as the "eyes of the army" and it is able to their commanding generals

as was "Fighting Joe." That was the affectionate nick-Have Peasant Embroidery name his men gave him soon after A charming new fashion that is he was transferred to the cavalry going the rounds this winter, to the and he proved his right to it during delight of high school and college the remainder of the war. By the girls, is that of cunning little hoods time it was over, he had taken part or bonnets cut in the manner of in 400 engagements, been wounded Dutch bonnets or baby caps and three times and had 16 horses shot Joseph Joubert. made of bright felt. Or, if you pre- under him. "The gamest little banty fer, they can be gaily crocheted. I ever knew" was the tribute one These are adorned with appliques of of his friends paid him-he was only five feet five inches in height and

After the war he quickly adjusted himself to peace-time pursuits, studied law and was repeatedly elected to congress.

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, although 62 years old, he immediately applied for a commission and was made a major-general of volunteers. Thus he became the only corps commander to wear both the gray and the blue. In Cuba the little "Georgia Gamecock" defied his commanding officer, General Shafter, who was as huge as Wheeler was small, and led 1,000 men in a wholly unauthorized but successful fight at Guasimas, the first battle of the Santiago campleated tie-on that makes the apron. paign. It was in the fury of this engagement that "Fighting Joe" is said to have forgotten that he wasn't wearing a gray uniform and to have shouted "Come on, boys, give the Yankees hell!" He died in 1906 and was buried in Arlington.

The prime mover in the organization of the new club to "revive the spirit of 'Fighting Joe' Wheeler' is Elmer ("Sizzle") Wheeler of Dallas, Texas, a nationally known sales consultant and author of the book "Tested Sentences That Sell." He is Year are the new evening capes, also president of the Tested Selling some long and some short, that Institute of New York, founded 12 are made of bright colored woolens | years ago to test words and phrases handsomely and elaborately em- for their relative value in making broidered with sparkling stones or people buy things. He tells salessequins or vivid yarns. A favorite men "Don't ask if-ask which." It

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