

Vanished Men

By GEORGE MARSH

Penn. Publishing Co. W.M.U. Service

INSTALLMENT SIXTEEN

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

"What d'you mean by spoiling a nice afternoon nap, you old-say, who tore your shirt?" demanded Malone. "Where'd you pick up all that dirt on that handsome face of yours? What you been trying to do while we were asleep?"

Blaise gazed benignly down on his startled friends. "You wake up quick w'en you hear."

Flame was nuzzling at Garry's neck when the blinking eyes of the latter suddenly widened. "What in thunder you been into, Flame? You're cut and what's that damned smell on you? I've got it! Beaver castor! Red, smell of that dog! He's smeared with it! And what happened to his head, Blaise? He's been struck with a club." Sollicitously Garry examined the scratch of the knife and the swollen head of his dog.

When Blaise had told his story of the missing dog, the log dead-fall set in the clearing and the fight, the three friends ate and prepared to leave the island in the early dusk. There was no doubt that their camp had been discovered.

"Blaise, you and Flame are two lucky devils," said Garry, as they lay hidden in the shore alders waiting for the rose tints to fade from sky and lake and the dusk to mask their movements. "Both of you walk into trouble and both of you bob up smiling. But my guess is that when those two Montagnais you left bound at the clearing are found by their friends we may hear something. Queer they didn't have their guns with them when they tried to ambush you!"

When dusk fell a Peterboro drifted through the shadows like a wraith, bound for the head of the lake.

CHAPTER XVI

The police party were hidden near the head of the lake waiting for the return of Moise with news from his father. The following night, in the round of the moon, it had been rumored through the fishing camps that the spirit voices would speak to the Montagnais. During the day canoes had passed within a half mile of the camp. It was evident that Tete-Blanche had guessed that the men he sought were at the head of the lake and that his scouts were hunting the shores for them. "Moise should be showing up if we're going to move to that hide-out tonight," said Finlay.

"Moise will follow de dark of de shore," grunted Blaise. "De moon is so bright it bodder him. Dey got plenty men watchin'."

"We'll need those shore shadows, too, Garry," said Red. "When the moon slides toward those ridges it'll be safer traveling."

"Look!" muttered Blaise, pointing.

Hardly a mile distant the black shape of a birchbark cut across the shimmering ribbon of light banding the lake.

"There's another!" exclaimed Red. "And another!"

"What do you make of it, Blaise?" asked Finlay. "Think they've got a bunch that we're in these islands?"

Brassard scratched his iron chin. "Hard to tell!"

"This island's not a hundred yards long," said Red. "If they land here we've got a tough fight on our hands. It'll be a case of wolf eat wolf."

"That's the trouble," regretted Finlay. "We want no trouble to-night. It'll kill Wabistan's plans—spoil the whole show."

"Tree cano!" grunted Blaise. "Dat look bad to me. We watch de shore. Dey may land on us. Dere was ten in dose boat."

"All right!" said Finlay. "This island is three cornered. Each man take a shore. That ought to cover any landing in the dark."

"Fill your pockets with shells. I'll keep Flame gagged and hitched to my belt. I won't cut the gag and turn him loose until I'm sure they know we're here and are going to land. So don't count on his getting their wind and sounding off."

"In case anyone fires," asked Red, "do we leave our posts and back him up?"

"Yes. If they land we've got to get together."

Hitching Flame's leash to his belt Garry crossed the little island and took up a position with his uneasy dog. So long as the airedale felt his master's hand he would not make any noise with the gag in his mouth. But the instant he caught a strange scent his shaggy body would vibrate with excitement.

Less than a hundred yards from where Finlay and his dog waited lay the black bulk of shadow of the mainland. The water between was washed by moonlight. But, past midnight, as the moon arched into the west, the murk reached out toward the shore where Finlay waited. Shortly the strait between the islands would be smothered in blackness. Then, if the Montagnais had discovered the police hide-out, they would cross.

With his rifle on his knees, Finlay sat listening, his arm circling the fretting dog.

to investigate. Murder is suspected. It is thought that Isadore, rich fur man, has made a gold strike and aims to keep prospectors out. On the way to the Hudson's Bay post they visit Isadore in his palatial home, meet his wife and

"They'll be moving soon, if they're over there," Finlay whispered.

Suddenly the dog stiffened, the hair along his neck and back lifting as he sniffed. Finlay's hands closed on Flame's nose and throat. "Wind something? Steady, boy!"

Then from the murk drifted a faint sound like a splash of water.

"Ah, I hear it! They're coming!" muttered Finlay.

Again Finlay strained his ears, with caught breath, for a repetition of the sound. At last he heard what resembled the wash of ripples; as if something was swimming slowly across the strait. What could that mean? He cut the gag and lease and the airedale tore through the alders up the shore.

"It must be a swimming otter or beaver he's winded," muttered the surprised Finlay. "He'd roar at a canoe."

Shortly from the gloom rose snarls, the thrashing of creatures battling in the water, then muffled gurgles. Rigid, Finlay listened, praying for the dog he loved.

"Flame!" groaned the man on the shore. "What's happened to you, boy? What did you meet out there? Had he lost his dog? Had Flame gone out there in the blackness to his death? It was no canoe. But what was it? Garry waited in suspense, ears still straining. Then something moved swiftly through



Finlay sat listening, his arm circling the fretting dog.

the water to the shore near him, shook itself and bounded to his side. "Flame, you old water rat, what did you strike out there?" Finlay hugged his dripping dog. "Are you hurt, boy?"

A rapid search of the dog's head and shoulders with groping fingers seemed to reveal no wounds. Garry threw a loop of a thong around Flame's jaw and waited with arm crooked about him.

Presently the silence was split by a demoniac wail which lifted like an eagle's screaming whistle to die in thin air. The startled Finlay clung to his aroused dog, clamping a hand over his nose. What in the name of all the fiends in hell was that? wondered the kneeling policeman. The voice ceased and silence again pulsed over moon-drenched forest and lake.

Shortly the night was tainted by the bellow of some tortured brute voicing his agony. It was followed by mad roars of rage which echoed back and forth between the forest walls of the strait.

Holding his struggling dog Finlay knelt on the shore as the mystery was solved in his active brain. Shortly he heard the thud of wood on wood fading rapidly into the distance. He released Flame who plunged up the shore roaring his challenge to the hidden owner of the magic voice.

"By the way they are beating it from that howling Windigo, those Montagnais won't stop until daylight!" Finlay laughed until he was tired.

"They're superstitious all right! Blaise, the Windigo! The giant who eats Indians! But where did he learn how to do this? What a voice! What a voice!"

"That you Garry?" called Red, stumbling through the bush.

"Where's that foxy Blaise? Ever hear squalling to beat that? They were waiting at the island to come across but he scared them stiff. Those paddles were hitting the lake sixty a minute. Our Blaise, the big voice—the ventriloquist!"

"How you like dat song?" With Flame at his heels Blaise moved down the beach and joined his friends. "Wabistan tell me dose Montagnais have fear of Windigo. So I seng dem de Windigo song."

"Blaise, you're some prima-donna! You always claimed you could sing. Now I know it," said Red. "A swell idea to scare those Mon-

tagneis! Just what is a Windigo, anyway?"

Blaise chuckled. "Wal, de Injun t'ink de Windigo is beeg, w'at you call giant, who eat Injun and is ver' bad fallar. He like to holler at night and scare dem. Most bush Injun is scare of Windigo and will not go into country w'ere he live."

"They certainly thought a man-eater was loose and hungry to-night," said Garry. "You had me guessing hard, Blaise, when you first opened up. Now before we get out of here I want to take Flame back into the bush and look him over with a torch."

"What's happened?" demanded Red.

Finlay described the dog's strange battle in the water. Then they went back where the light from an electric torch would be masked from the lake and looked the airedale over.

"He's scratched, Garry," said Red.

Brassard peered closely at the surface scratches which crossed Flame's shoulders and forelegs. "No claw or tooth make dem mark," he grunted.

"It was a knife, then," said Finlay. "You think a Montagnais was swimming across the strait? But few of them can swim."

"We put cano' in and have a look," said Blaise.

At their camp they found Moise Wabistan waiting and told him the story. Then the Peterboro, followed by the birchbark, passed through a patch of moonlit water before entering the bank of shadow. From the bow Finlay pointed to something floating ahead of them. "What's that?"

The canoe slid up to the drifting object. Kept afloat by air bladders of moose entrails, fastened under the arms, was the half-submerged body of a man. Blaise reached down and turned the drowned body to stare into an evil, grimacing face.

"What you t'ink?" he demanded, meeting the peering eyes of his friends. "Tetu!"

"Tetu? The side-kick of Tete-Blanche!" gasped Red.

"Ah-hah! And good t'ing, for sure!"

"He was coming across to hunt for us when Flame went out and met him, nose to nose, and the best man won," said Red. "Good old Flamey!"

"Flame pull him undair and drown him before he stick a knife in him," added Blaise. "Dat smart chien. I navare saw so smart. He know more dan most man. But he get foolish w'en he smell beaver castor, eh Flame?"

It was the first week of August. For days the heat, like river mist before sunrise, had hung in the windless forests of the Nottaway country.

"Are you game for a swim, Lise? I'm stifed with this heat. There's an urge in me to mangle my curves with some nice, cool lake water," yawned Corinne Isadore.

"I'm crazy to but since that day at the beach I've been ordered to keep away from there," replied Lise.

"I fixed that with Jules this morn'ing. The King says we can go. Have you noticed him since he returned from that trip? He's worried, Lise. He mumbles and raves in his sleep. One night he kept saying: 'What's their game? What's their game? We've got to get 'em, quick! If they see that plane and get back to Montreal, it's all over!'"

Lise stiffened in her hammock. Had Tete-Blanche got them already? "What could he have meant, Corinne?" she asked with seeming artlessness, wondering just how much the other knew.

"It sounds as if they were hunting for Garry Finlay and that darling Malone boy, doesn't it—as if they were going to put them out of the way? Lise, I'm terribly frightened."

"I am, too. You saw the Indians who stopped here, yesterday?"

"Yes."

"There were twenty of them. They were hunting for the survey party."

"How do you know?"

"I heard Tete-Blanche talking to them. They acted drunk. Corinne, Jules is giving the Montagnais liquor and it's against the law."

"Jules swears that Finlay's a spy sent from Montreal to jump his gold strike on the river. I suppose that's the reason for it all."

"Has Jules ever talked to you of his gold strike?"

"No. He treats me like a baby. But I'm sure he's secretly shipped a lot of gold south. He's made much money."

"Yes, he's made money. Money's his god."

"But what's going to come of all this? It makes me shiver to think of it. Three men have been shot. What will the police do when they learn of it?" Corinne's great eyes were wide with apprehension.

"Where's it going to end? If Jules stays here and tries to find Jules' gold strike, Tete-Blanche'll kill him. It's horrible!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Current Fashions Stress New Use of Daring Color Contrast

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



ing in present war times when economy is a virtue every woman is urged to practice. For example, there's that dress hanging in your closet, "perfectly good," yet seeming to have outlived its usefulness. The sleeves show wear at the elbows. Why not rejuvenate this poor outfit with a new pair of sleeves in a bright, contrasting color? To complete the costume, add a belt, and, perhaps, pockets in the same bright color. You might even go so far as to do the contrast sleeves in a tri-color scheme, cerise for the top, gold for the center and purple for the lower arm portion, repeating the colors in pockets and neckline details.

AT FIRST this matter of using two or three colors together in daring contrast was regarded as an adventure that would give a new slant to fashion. It was a deliberate departure from traditional color technique that might reasonably be expected to prove a mere passing fad. However, this courage on the part of designers to start something new has not only added zest to fashion, but has developed a movement that is being carried over from one season to another with increasing enthusiasm.

This spring the fashion program fairly vibrates with breathtaking color contrasts that defy staid and sedate ideas as to which color goes with which.

In every phase of fashion, from bathing suits to sweaters and from simple daytime dresses to dress-up afternoon frocks and pretentious "formals," designers are courageously handling color in new ways with an artistry that is winning tremendous applause.

To demonstrate the brilliant and audacious spirit style creators express in their use of color, note the daytime dress shown to the left in the group illustrated above. The dress in this instance is of narrow wale corduroy with sleeves and collar of bright red wool jersey. A patch pocket has a striking heraldic design embroidered in multi-colored yarns.

By the way, this idea of contrasting sleeves might serve as an inspiration in stretching a limited budget to meet the exigencies arising

in present war times when economy is a virtue every woman is urged to practice. For example, there's that dress hanging in your closet, "perfectly good," yet seeming to have outlived its usefulness. The sleeves show wear at the elbows. Why not rejuvenate this poor outfit with a new pair of sleeves in a bright, contrasting color? To complete the costume, add a belt, and, perhaps, pockets in the same bright color. You might even go so far as to do the contrast sleeves in a tri-color scheme, cerise for the top, gold for the center and purple for the lower arm portion, repeating the colors in pockets and neckline details.

Smartly typical of the new vogue for contrast is the dress shown to the right in the picture above. It has a definitely "peasant" feeling in its use of vivid colors and its trimming in a flower of self fabric.

There's something about the midday-breeze fashion done in red, white and blue that makes an irresistible combination. The pattern for the two-piece outfit, centered in the group above, with its easy-to-follow instructions, is especially interesting if you sew the modern way. If you aspire to be your own seamstress, your local sewing center will instruct you, at little or no expense, in the making of such expert dress-maker details as buttonholes. Crisp white rayon fabric is used for the midday blouse and cadet blue for the skirt. Bands of vermilion red accent the collar, cuffs and pockets and can be made in "jig time" with an edge stitcher sewing machine attachment.

And don't forget about the newest bathing suits. They have sprightly little skirts of ruffles, each in a different color. A bandanna for the head repeats the color scheme. (Rele: sed by Western Newspaper Union.)

Flour Sack Dress



Imagine! A dress as attractive as this actually made out of ordinary cotton flour sacks! You'll need three large cotton bags for this charming frock. It is no trick at all to dye them a deep red and for trimming use beige colored yarn (dyed with coffee liquid). Add real pine cones for buttons and you have a dress for the farmerette that any city cousin would look upon with understandable envy.

Slim Skirts Have Soft Draped Lines

There's excitement coming in the way of skirt silhouettes. To say that they are versatile is to put it mildly. In the fashion picture there will not only be pleated skirts but there is an important trend toward pencil-slim draped effects.

Very smart, too, are the new wrapover effects, many of which tie on without any other fastening. The surprise is the skirts that are founced in a new way. These will be repeated again and again in wash tafetas. Also in long evening tafetas.

Ballerina skirts are making front page news, and the young set is wearing them like the dirndl.

Color Goes to Work—In New Defense Uniforms

Color is being advocated throughout the fashion field. Those who are studying conditions say that for defense work, particularly, bright color is essential to morale. The gabardines, denims and other cottons used for uniforms, field work and various defense activities will not only be thoroughly practical and functional, but they will spread a good measure of cheer.

Spring Hats

Flattering hats, many of them flower trimmed, will be worn from now on into the spring. The flower-trimmed calot is a favorite. The little sailor, of straw or felt, will also be shown. Many fabrics will feature back drapes over the hair.

Child's Slacks

Very practical and cunning for little tots are pinafore slacks with matching bonnets that are made with a view to stressing the "pretty" look. Chambray and seersucker are favored fabrics for these suits.

FARM TOPICS

FARM WOODLOT NEEDS CULLING

'Loafer' and 'Robber' Trees Should 'Get the Ax.'

By PARKER ANDERSON (Extension Forester, Minnesota University Farm.)

The farm woodlot needs "culling" at this time of the year just as much as does the flock of laying hens. If the woodlot is to produce well in the future, loafer and robber trees should get the axe.

Trees culled out this winter will more than pay for the trouble and labor in fuel, fence posts and lumber logs. Woodlots will gain from this practice, he says, because the remaining trees can grow faster and straighter.

It is a good idea to have an eye out for trees that will give cash returns in the future. Productive trees should have the best in soil fertility, water and sunlight. Large trees that "overtop" and steal sunlight from promising young growth are among those recommended by Anderson for culling.

To avoid too extensive cutting here are some suggestions:

Leave enough trees to cover the forest floor, but thin out dense thickets of young trees so the straightest and healthiest ones will have growing room. Keep your eyes on the tops—tree tops should be fairly close but with some room for growth.

Raise More Food, Farm Youth Urged

Farm boys and girls are being encouraged to increase supplies of foods needed by this country through projects on pigs, calves, and chickens, according to word received from the U. S. department of agriculture.

Both the Farm Credit and Farm Security administrations are prepared to make loans to members of 4-H clubs and other rural youth groups—as well as to unaffiliated youngsters with responsible sponsors—to make more such work possible than in the past.

FSA will make loans to children of its borrowers where funds are otherwise unavailable, and FCA will make loans through local production credit associations. The State Extension services in co-operation with state agricultural colleges, will help to launch many of the projects, it is announced.

Many 4-H clubs and other rural youth groups have raised various foods as part of their work in the past. Last year, for instance, 4-H members grew 237,000 home gardens, 177,000 raised poultry, 150,000 raised pigs, and 74,000 had dairy cattle. The aim now is to increase the number of farm boys and girls growing foods deemed most vital to America.

Their contributions of milk, eggs, pork, and vegetables will not only add to needed supplies in the country but will make possible in many instances an improved diet for themselves and families, it is pointed out.

Carbon Monoxide Is Poultry Danger

Pink lungs reveal carbon monoxide poisoning in baby turkeys and chicks. According to George P. McCarthy, poultry husbandman of Texas A. and M. college, a grower may actually gas his turkey poults or baby chicks with a sooty brooder stove and bad ventilation. Deaths from this cause might be attributed to other reasons.

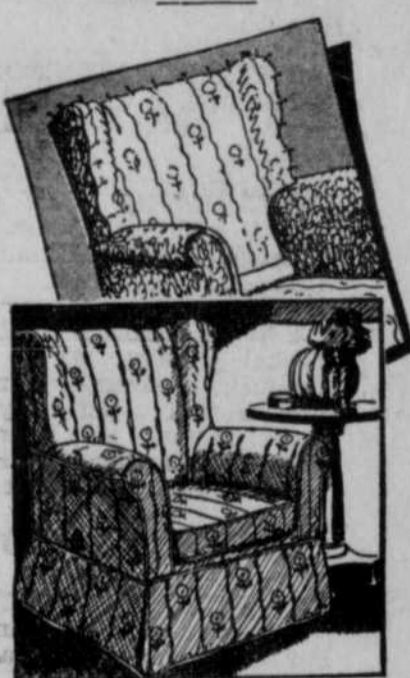
Investigators by the Denver branch of the pathological laboratory of the U.S.D.A. into the high percentage of loss among baby turkeys delivered in good condition from hatcheries to poultrymen showed no external symptoms of carbon monoxide poisoning, even when it was suspected. Chemical tests, however, were conclusive and physical examinations confirmed the positive cases by revealing the abnormally pink lungs which result from this type of poisoning.

McCarthy recommends that turkey growers provide good ventilation in their brooder houses without exposing the young birds to the hazard of drafts. Before placing baby chicks in brooder houses it is important to clean coal, wood and oil burning brooder stoves in order to remove all soot which might clog the burners and help form the dangerous gas.

Farm Machinery

Despite actual or threatened shortages of raw materials, last year was a year of record output of farm equipment, says the department of commerce. The monthly output of farm equipment continued steadily at the rate of \$85,000,000 from April through September. Sales of farm equipment show an increase of 25 per cent over a year ago, accounted for entirely in the domestic market, since exports of farm equipment were the same.

Smart Slip-Cover Style You Easily Fit and Sew



AN ELEGANT, tailored slip cover is what that frumpy old chair needs!

You can make one yourself easily, the pin-on way. Such a smart style as we show—of satin-stripe apricot rayon, with kick-pleat flounce—isn't a bit beyond you.

Our 32-page booklet gives exact details, step-by-step diagrams for making slip covers the pin-on way for differently shaped chairs, sofas, auto seats. Tells how to make swag and pleated flounces, decorative seams, trimmings. Suggests colors, fabrics. Send your order to:

READER-HOME SERVICE
635 Sixth Avenue New York City
Enclose 10 cents in coin for your copy of HOW TO MAKE SLIP COVERS.
Name
Address

Relieves distress from MONTHLY FEMALE WEAKNESS

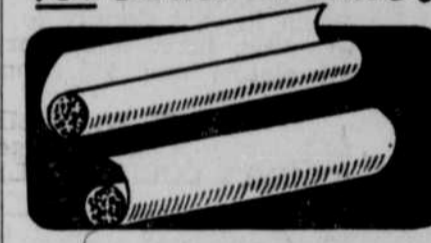
Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound Tablets (with added iron) not only help relieve cramps, headache, backache but also weak, cranky, nervous feelings—due to monthly functional disturbances. Taken regularly—Lydia Pinkham's Tablets help build up resistance against distress of "difficult days." They also help build up red blood. Follow label directions.

Salty Wit
Wit is the salt of conversation, not the food.—Hazlitt.

TO RELIEVE MISERY OF COLDS quickly use 666 LIQUID TABLETS SALVE NOSE DROPS COUGH DROPS

Reward of Search
The dog that trots about finds a bone.—Barrow.

WHICH WAY DO YOU START ROLLING?



EITHER WAY—ROLL 'EM FASTER, SMOOTHER WITH P.A.

PRINCE ALBERT TOBACCO ANSWERS ALL QUESTIONS ON 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES—FAST, EASY ROLLING—FIRM, SMOOTH SHAPING—NO WASTE. MILD, NO-BITE SMOKING WITH RICH, MELLOW TASTE



70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

WNU-U 4-42
Only
GOOD MERCHANDISE
Can Be CONSISTENTLY Advertised
BUY ADVERTISED GOODS