

# Vanished Men

By GEORGE MARSH

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## INSTALLMENT FOUR

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.

As the approaching canoe neared the Peterboro Garry said: "It's a birchbark, as you said, Blaise. We'll stop for a talk. Ask them if they ever saw any of the white men who have passed through here bound for Chibougamau."

The birchbark in the distance moved in an uncertain course toward the Peterboro.

"What's the matter with those birds?" demanded Red. "Never saw Indians travel in a zig-zag like that. They're always too saving of their elbow grease."

"Nor, I," agreed the curious Finlay. "They're yawning all over the lake."

As he paddled Blaise was slowly nodding his black head, at the air-dale who lay at his knees. "Flame," he said with a chuckle, "w'at you t'ink de matter wid dese Injuns comin' in dat cano, eh?"

The air-dale looked into Brassard's sward face with its twinkling eyes.

"If you keep your mou't shut, I tell you, Flame," laughed Blaise. "Now don't say notin' to Garry and Red. Dose Injuns comin' in dat cano bin up to have a look at M'sieu' Isadore and he give dem somet'in dat come in a bottle."

"By golly! You're right, Blaise!" Garry threw back from the bow. "It looks like Isadore's fire-water."

The dances were soon within hailing distance and Blaise called: "Kekway!" The Montagnais and Cree saluted.

He was answered by a chorus of "Kekways" from the birchbark, in which sat two men, a squaw and a child. The eyes of the men were bloodshot and swollen. As the canoes stopped alongside of each other Blaise began a rapid questioning. Shortly he turned a face black with anger and disgust and announced to the curious Garry and Red:

"Dey are Matagami hunter but dey go to Isadore to trade dere winter hunt for fur, instead of de Hudson Bay, becuz he sell dem whiskey. But only half dey trade for flour, sugar and tea dey will need. De rest dey trade for whiskey."

The muscles of Finlay's face tightened as he asked: "Did they see any of the men who went through bound for Chibougamau?"

"No," answered Blaise, "dey see no white man pass tru de lake last two year."

Brassard talked rapidly for some time while the Montagnais grew excited, often interrupting him.

"What is it?" demanded Garry. "Dey say dere is moch talk at Waswanipi. Dere is troubl' between Chief Wabistan and a shaman by name of Kinebik. Dis Kinebik is fr'em of Tete-Blanche. Chief Wabistan fight wid Tete-Blanche at the trade ovaiv whiskey he give to Injun. Dey say dat de Injun like de whiskey and are scare of Tete-Blanche. He is ver' bad faller. Dey are scare of de big bird from de s'out."

"Big bird from the south?" "Ah-hah! It come tru de sky from de s'out, each summer. Dey are ver' moch scare of it."

"Airplane, eh? So he has a plane come from the south every summer? That, Red, is the way he brings in his whiskey."

"Sure as you live, boss! Have these people ever seen the plane, Blaise?"

"No, but oders have and dey tell strange story."

"Ask them if Batoche, with the scarred face, and Flambeau have reached Isadore's post."

Blaise put the question and after a lengthy answer, from the talkative Montagnais, replied: "Dey say dat Batoche and Flambeau reach Waswanipi w'ile dey trade de fur. Wan night, Batoche, he get drunk, and he say: 'Tree man wid dog leave de steel for Chibougamau Trail, but de Long Sault de de Nottaway swallow dem. Batoche he say he saw de big wood cano' of white man all stove up below rapid and wand down man on shore."

Blaise grinned widely as he continued: "But dis Montagnais, here in de bow, his name is Mahigan, de wolf, say dat we are t'ree men with dog in wooden cano', and wand wid bullet mark on hees head, and he ask me if we run de Long Sault. I say we did, for sure, and are live man, al-so. Den he say dat Batoche is ver' damn liar. I tell him dat Batoche is worse dan liar. He is dead man if I eivar put my hand on him. Mahigan say dere is too many man at Isadore for t'ree man to fight. We bettair go home."

"What was your answer?" demanded Garry.

"I say dat we hear dat Waswanipi is ver' fine lake and Isadore ver' fine man and we go take a look at dem bot'."

"Okay!" laughed Garry. "Well, let's go!"

## CHAPTER V

Flanked by hills somber with the olive green of spruce-splashed by the lighter hardwoods, the great Waswanipi Lake blazed like a floor of fire in the afternoon sun. The Peterboro rounded a long point and the maple blades trailed.

They find the Nottaway settlement people strangely averse to discussing the tragedies. The name of Isadore, rich fur man, when brought by Finlay, causes an immediate cessation of further conversation along that line. Isadore.

"There it is!" exclaimed Finlay. "Let's have a look at Monsieur Isadore's outfit!" He raised his binoculars and gazed curiously at the group of buildings on the distant shore. "Why, Red, he's got living quarters fit for a king! Have a squint!"

Malone took the proffered glasses and studied the fur post miles across the burned lake at the foot of a ridge of black spruce. "Fanciest log job I've seen east of the Rockies!" muttered Red.

Shortly Blaise returned the glasses with a grunt. "Ah-hah! Big place! Some day fox bark in dat clearin' and h'owl nest in de chimney."

"They will," agreed Finlay, "if we're worth our salt. See that group of islands about a mile offshore? We'll camp right there, leave Blaise and Flame, and, like polite surveyors in the bush, pay a call on Isadore."

"Come on!" urged Red, making the water boil behind his paddle. "This job begins to look interesting."

After a clean-up and shave Finlay and Malone left Blaise at their camp on the island and started for the post less than a mile distant. As they approached the shore the log residence of the trader compelled their admiration.

The stir of people in the post clearing indicated that the approach of the Peterboro was creating unusual interest. In front of the big log house a group of three were leveling glasses on the approaching boat.

"The marten and black fox did it," Isadore answered. "We beat the Hudson's Bay at their own game. It's been a gold mine."

A gold mine! Garry's blood heated with his sudden anger. Was Isadore fishing—trying to draw him out so early? He watched from the tail of his eye the wooden face of Isadore's head man as he threw out: "Speaking of gold, they tell me there's a big rush on for the Chibougamau." But Labelle's face was vacant of expression.

"So I hear," replied Isadore. "Last year and the year before some poor fellows tried to get in by the Waswanipi but were drowned. Bad river that!"

"You're a cool proposition, Isadore," thought Garry. Then he said: "Yes, so your man Batoche told me at the railroad."

As Garry limped beside him, Isadore commented: "Hurt your leg?" "Yes, slipped on a rock and twisted my knee!"

"Too bad!" Then Isadore's face lit as they reached the waiting girls. "Well, here's what makes life possible at Waswanipi. Corinne, this is Mr. Finlay and Mr. Malone, on the government survey. My wife, gentlemen, and my daughter, Lise."

Garrett Finlay was startled by the dark beauty of the two girls. "Welcome to Waswanipi, Meestair Feenlay and Meestair—what was it?—Malone" said the elder and smaller of the two with a slight accent as she extended her hand with a thrust of smoldering eyes.

Red Malone beamed like a boy with a new toy into Corinne Isadore's vivacious face, framed by a blue-black bob.

"What a break for two bored females!" As Lise gave him her firm hand, Finlay felt that he had never looked into a lovelier face or one more baffling. "Corinne and I were about ready to call it a summer in this fly-infested bush and scam, if Jules would send us." Her short upper lip curled as she archly pocketed: "But if you're going to survey the lake we might—"

"Might stay awhile if you prove as nice as you look!" There was frank challenge in her brilliant eyes.

"I like your smile, Mr. Surveyor," Miss Isadore surprised him with. "Your teeth are flawless, aren't they? And how you know it! You have cute, crinkly hair and swell shoulders and, doubtless leave a trail of wailing women behind wherever you operate. But—" her eyes suddenly clouded, "I'd have you know that my name is not Isadore. He married my mother when I was very young. My name is Lise Demarais."

Garry raised a hand in protest. "Instead of an engineer who spends most of his time in the bush," he laughed, "you suggest I'm a lounge lizard. I object to the title. But I'll forgive you. Lise Demarais," he repeated, studying her vivid face with its warm undertone of color. "It's somehow like you."

Suddenly she grew silent while his eyes furtively sought the ripples of her dusky hair, the short nose with its delicate nostrils and the sensitive, full-lipped mouth. He had a feeling that she was under a strain. Had he and Red walked into a trap and did Lise know it?

They reached the house and with a wave of the hand Lise joined Corinne Isadore. Finlay watched the lithe figure of the girl disappear through the door. Had his judgment been wrong? Was Jules Isadore planning something for that evening and did she know it?

"(TO BE CONTINUED)"

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Then, after tonight, it's a case of wolf eat-wolf, our brains and our luck against his." Finlay's face grew bitter as he stared across the miles of quiet water to a blue ridge. "He got Bob! I'm going to get him!"

The Peterboro slid in to the stony beach where two men now awaited its coming. Up at the trade-house others watched while the girls in front of the house laughed as they talked.

"Welcome to Waswanipi, gentlemen!" A man of medium height with a black moustache and hair graying at the temples of a hawk-like face advanced with outstretched hand as Garry and Red left the canoe. "We see so few white men here that your visit is an event. I am Jules Isadore. This is my head man, Pierre Labelle."

"I'm Finlay, in charge of the survey," said Garry, shaking hands with the two men. "My assistant, Neil Malone! We need flour and bacon, Mr. Isadore. I suppose you can sell us some?"

The eyes of the two clashed in a look of mutual appraisal. "Delighted to, Mr. Finlay, and you'll join us at dinner? It will be a treat to my wife and daughter to talk to two handsome young men from the outside."

Garry laughed. "If the ladies will pardon our woolen shirts and bush clothes, we'll be glad to accept your hospitality, Mr. Isadore. You have a magnificent place here," he observed.

"The marten and black fox did it," Isadore answered. "We beat the Hudson's Bay at their own game. It's been a gold mine."

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# Fashion Advocates Lavish Use Of Fur in a Variety of Ways

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



FASHION is most eloquently "saying it" with furs this season. According to the signs there is going to be a most grand and glorious display of furs this winter both as trimming and as coat or cape ensembles of sumptuous fur. Almost everything in the way of matching accessories that can be made of fur is being made of fur; hats, gloves, handbags, separate neckpieces, detachable astrakhan fronts, and lapel gadgets of bows and boutonnieres.

Milliners are giving of their best in creating fur hats matched to coats, to jackets, or to the trimming on one's gown and wrap.

The favor for browns has placed extra emphasis on the importance of mink. There's exciting fashion news in the sumptuous mink coat shown above to the right in the illustration. It is topped by a hat made glorious by a wide brim (huge fur hats will be worn this winter) of matching mink.

The young woman centered above in the picture is snappishly turned out in an ensemble of gray Chinese kidskin, the fingertip-length coat fashioned along very youthful lines.

The insistent call for sleek black by fashion sophisticates keeps Persian lamb and elegant broadtail in the limelight again this season. Royally luxurious is the broadtail ensemble shown in the upper left corner. Here a slim svelte princess coat demonstrates how up-to-the-minute is the styling given to furs this season. The hat is one of those new tall effects so definitely in style.

Its graceful feather trim is Kelly green for added color.

Fur capes are definitely something to talk about, for they are in the very foreground of the current fashion picture. The gorgeous cape lower right, is of lustrous black Persian lamb. The new rule for a black wrap worn with a color-bright dress is faithfully observed. The pretty, softly styled frock is in the widely sponsored new gold tone.

For daytime wear nothing exceeds leopard in chic, unless it be American opossum, which is also playing a star role. You will be perfectly tuned to the grandstand picture if you attend the game in a coat of leopard at lower left. It is a fashionable, three-quarter length style with a stand-up collar and bracelet-length sleeves—all very youthful and destined for an eye-smashing entry into any smart gathering.

A most extraordinary development in fur styling this season is the working of glittering embroidery on the lapels and collars of fur coats. The new fur capes are sometimes embroidered with a hem line bordering for evening. Brown sequins worked on mink hats, jet motifs on either black or white furs or metal thread embroidery punctuated with glistening jewels give to furs an entirely different aspect. Many of the most staid and conservative coats are bursting into glory with gleaming jeweled buttons.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

## Grandma's Buttons Make Style News

Dig into grandma's button box, and you may find hidden treasures that will cause your winter gowns and coats to soar to heights of sartorial glory. Better still, trek around to the button counters and see what a splurge buttons are making in the fashion realm.

Two important trends register in the button field, one of which is the inclination toward bulkiness. Buttons are sometimes massive and knobby. Also, the new buttons tell a grand and glorious color story. You, with everyone else, are going to wear a great deal more color this year than you did last, and accordingly button originals are keeping pace with the color commotion.

Plastic buttons are available in a full range of costume colors. A button that makes an interesting accent on frock or blouse is a molded plastic done in a flower design with nailhead detail. Fresh fashion interest is also developing in fligree buttons. A gold fligree button is proving especially attractive for dress-up blouses and party frocks. In fact, metal buttons rank high in favor, whatever the type.

Glitter is popular, and lovely rhinestone buttons flourish on wools, velveteens, dressy crepes, and the newest fashion note is rhinestone or other jeweled buttons on fur coats and jackets.

## Woolies Defy the Chill Breath of Jack Frost

Farmers can prognosticate and their signs are unfailing. It's "ditto" with fashion. Well, from all fashion indications, we will see wool mittens; long wool socks (sheer wool for daytime hose); heads done up in wool wimples; huge fur hats and muffs as extravagantly big. All will valiantly fulfill their mission of comfort and smart appearance when winter brings on its usual quota of days with a sharp tang.

## Possum on Wool



American opossum is a flattering, young-looking fur when it trims swank town and country tweeds. It carries a message of style prestige wherever it goes, and this year fashion's spotlight is showing it up more conspicuously than ever. In the picture we see American opossum accentuating the straight silhouette of a hunter's green wool coat. Three bands of the fur around the bottom of the skirt, and a flattering ripple collar of this fur, add distinction to the pencil-slim coat. The ripple-brim fine felt hat is detailed with stitching.

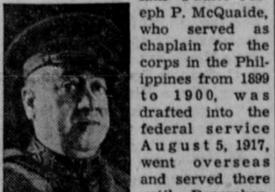
Mood of the American Soldiers "It is a stoical determination to see the thing through. They have entered this war after reading of it for three years. They know its horrors. In this they are unlike the men of any nation whom circumstances rushed into war, as into this war; they followed it in the press since its outbreak. They are going in, dogged and grim; theirs is a solid courage—which is the most sublime."—Capt. E. L. Fox, in Forum magazine, January, 1918.



## Camp Cavalcade

SHADOWY figures in a cavalcade of American history—such as the men behind the names of the great army cantonments scattered all over the United States, where young Americans are learning to be soldiers in order to defend their country when the need arises.

Near Watsonville, Calif., is the only camp named for an army chaplain—Father Joseph P. McQuaide, who served as chaplain for the corps in the Philippines from 1899 to 1900, was drafted into the federal service August 5, 1917, went overseas and served there until December, 1918. Commissioned a major in 1922, he became



Joseph P. McQuaide

regimental chaplain of the 250th coast artillery, a position which he held when he died in Los Angeles, March 29, 1924.

Camp Berkeley, near Abilene, Texas, is named for private David B. Berkeley (1898-1918) of Company A, 365th infantry, Eighty-ninth division, who was awarded, posthumously, the Congressional Medal of Honor "for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity, above and beyond the call of duty, in action with the enemy near Pouilly, France, November 8, 1918." Berkeley responded to a call for volunteers to swim across the River Meuse to reconnoiter enemy positions, secured the desired information but was drowned while returning.

California also has a camp near San Miguel, named for a soldier who was awarded, posthumously, a Congressional Medal of Honor. He was Corp. Harold W. Roberts (1899-1918) of Company A, 344th battalion, tank corps, who, when the tank which he was driving slid into a shell-hole, 10 feet deep and filled with water, gave up his chance to escape, pushed his gunner through the back door of the tank and was himself drowned.

Camp Davis, at Holly Ridge, N. C., honors a North Carolina, Maj. Gen. Richmond Pearson Davis (1866-1937), chief of artillery of the Ninth corps of the A.E.F. and winner of the D.S.M.

Camp Croft, near Spartanburg, S. C., is named for South Carolina's Maj. Gen. Edward Croft (1875-1938), who came out of the World war as a colonel with two decorations, the Silver Star and the Purple Heart, rose through the grades to major-general and was made chief of infantry of the army in 1933.

Camp Williams, near Sparta, Wis., bears the name of a Pennsylvania-born journalist who, after working on newspapers in Missouri, became a foreign correspondent and gave up that career to become first lieutenant in the 128th machine gun battalion of the A.E.F. He is Maj. Gen. John F. Williams, who became a colonel in the Missouri National Guard in 1923 and is now chief of the National Guard bureau of the war department in Washington.

Camp Wolters, near Mineral Wells, Texas, recalls the services of Brig. Gen. Jacob F. Wolters of Houston, who organized the Texas cavalry during the World war and afterwards recruited a regiment of cavalry in New Mexico to complete the brigade. Later he was placed in command of the Fifty-sixth cavalry brigade of the Texas National Guard and he is said to be the only man ever awarded a service medal of appreciation, given by an act of the legislature of the Lone Star state.

Camp Blanding, near Starke, Fla., bears the name of Maj. Gen. Albert H. Blanding, born in Iowa in 1876, commander of the Thirty-first ("Dixie") division of the A.E.F. and until his retirement in 1940, chief of the National Guard bureau of the war department.

Camp Hulen near Palacios, Texas, honors Brig. Gen. John A. Hulen, who won the D.S.M. for services during the Meuse-Argonne offensive in October, 1918.

Camp Wallace, near Hitchcock, Texas, honors the memory of Col. Elmer J. Wallace of South Dakota who was killed in France on November 5, 1918, at which time he was a major (temporary colonel) in the coast artillery corps.

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