

# Wanished Men ???

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 Blatse, half-breed guide, arrive at Nottaway posing as surveyors

eased into the shadow of a smile. "Wal, it is not first time woman make two man look like fool. But smart or fool, you are fr'en' of me!

I fight for you just de same!" "That's the talk, you old carcajou!" Red clapped Blaise on a thick shoulder.

Finlay went to the tent and shortly returned with his reply to Lise Demarais which he handed to Malone. It read:

"I trust you and believe in you. That night when they left me in the swamp I was pretty bitter. Against my better judgment I had put my faith in you and walked into a trap. It was hard to believe, after that talk of ours, after that moment on the beach before you left, but I had to. Later, the bitterness faded. There had been something too honest about you, too real to have been acting. Now I know that without your knowledge they followed you to the sand beach.

"I cannot meet you until next week. You'll hear from me then. But please don't worry. We'll take care of you. I've just received good news from the railroad. The break is coming soon. Everything will turn out all right. Kinebik has doublecrossed Isadore to save his hide and I'm leaving tonight for the head of the lake. Keep a brave heart. You are safe.

"Garrett Finlay." Finishing reading Red said: "Great stuff, chief! Wish it was true! If Isadore gets hold of this note, what a jolt he'll get!"

"Exactly. I had to consider that possibility so fed him a headache. It would send Tete-Blanche to the head of the lake hunting us while we're making for Matagami. Besides, I've got to keep up her courage."

Having ordered Moise and Michel Wabistan to meet him on his return with news from the old chief, that night Finlay passed Isadore's and spent the next day concealed near the outlet. The following evening the Peterboro slipped into the Quiet Water, the slow moving thoroughfare connecting Waswanipi with the chain of large lakes to the west. Three days paddle away lay Matagami and the Hudson's Bay post.

The murk of a thick July night blanketed forest and water.

"It's made to order for us, Garry!" whispered Red, from the waist of the boat where he sat behind Flame with his Lee-Enfield across his knees while, in the stern, Blaise handled the canoe with a buried pad-

"Remember the island which splits the river about five miles below here?" returned Garry. "That's where they'll camp. They'll figure that a canoe can't pass them there without being seen or heard. But they didn't count on a night like this.'

"If they hear us and shoot do we lie doggo and push through, or-"

"We don't fire unless we have to! I want to pass them without their knowing it. We have to return this way, you know."

"Very good, sergeant! Good luck to us!"

"If they're guarding both channels. we've got to pass within yards of them. Have a pineapple handy, Red! Warn us when you throw it so we can flatten." "I'm hot to toss one into that

mob." "All right! Remember, no firing

unless we're caught!" As they rounded a bend Blaise

stopped the boat with a swift thrust of his paddle. In the distance, like a new moon smothered in drift, a yellow smudge stained the blackness. "They've got a fire!" whispered

Finlay. "I don't understand it!" "We drop close and have a look," returned Blaise.

The canoe moved on and was again checked. "You hear dem?"

"No." "Singing!" muttered Red. "The

damned fools are singing!" "They're drunk!" whispered Gar-

"They sure are!" returned Malone, inhaling the damp air through his teeth.

"Ah-hah! De Montagnais drink Isadore's whiskey!" grunted Blaise. "Indians! So Tete-Blanche wins!" Disappointment, like wind off a barren, turned Finlay cold. "Kinebik's won over the Montagnais! Thank

God, we didn't bring Lise!" "This is luck!" whispered Malone. "They're so drunk they've forgotten

us." "We can't be sure. They may have a guard on both shores," warned Garry. "We'll take the righthand channel, Blaise. What in-"

wings as a flock of disturbed shell drake skittered ahead downstream. stopped the boat. "That cooks our goose!" cursed

The sudden scurry of feet and

Red, softly. "They'll know something startled the ducks and will lay for us!"

"Go on, Blaise!" snapped Finlay. "We're in for it, now!"

The canoe was passing the fire.

INSTALLMENT ELEVEN to investigate their deaths. They visit Isadore, rich fur man living in an isolated, paiatial home. He seems implicated in their deaths. Here they meet Lise, his pretty stepdaughter. After answering her appeal for help, Finlay is

The stiff line of Blaise's mouth | downstream. Then there was a grating sound as the nose of the Peterboro slid over a sand bar and the canoe came to a dead stop. They

were trapped, yards from the shore! Finlay and Red swiftly traded rifles for poles while Blaise strained to free the boat. One false move and they'd draw a blast of fire. They threw their weight desperately on their poles. There came the low call of "Kekway!" from the murk. The three men stiffened.

Crouched in the gloom the crew of the canoe waited for the crash of rifles in their faces. A silence so deep it beat like sound, pulsed in their ears. Ten-twenty seconds and the men in the bow felt the canoe tremble. Blaise's signal to go! Like one man they strained against their poles. There was the scrape of wood on sand, the low wash of water and the canoe was backed clear.

The nose of the boat had sheered off into deeper water when again, the call of "Kekway!" rose from the invisible shore. The three stopped breathing as the boat drifted. Suddenly there was a movement in the alders and spurts of flame from exploding rifles stabbed the gloom. With a savage thrust Blaise jumped the canoe downstream. The enraged airedale rose under his blanket, but was forced flat. There was a stampede of feet along the shore and full in their faces blazed a barrage of rifle shots.

The canoe grounded and was cleared again while the rifles of the



"Go on, Blaise!" snapped Finlay. "We're in for it, now!"

Montagnais spat blindly at the invisible target. At last, far downstream Blaise trailed his paddle.

"Thanks, Isadore, for that whiskey!" panted Red, splashing water on his bleeding cheek. "If it hadn't been for the fact that they were drunk for a fare-thee-well, they'd have slaughtered us on that bar! Good thing we didn't let them have it, though! They'd have fired at the flashes. I thought they'd jump into the canoe."

"They didn't know what they were shooting at, Red! The guards on shore heard the duck pass; then the wash of water when we shoved off. By now they probably think it was one of those bank beaver we saw when we came up the river."

"W'en Injun gret drunk dey like to shoot de gun," grunted Blaise. 'Dey navare know if we pass or not onles nose of cano' leave mark on dat bar. I t'ink not. De current take care of dat."

"You're right, Blaise," said Finlay. "We had them guessing. And we'll keep them guessing. I wonder if Kinebik has won them all over or if these were only a few of the wildest Tete-Blanche bribed with Isadore's whiskey."

"It looks like Wabistan had lost all his influence," said Red.

"Mebbe," replied Blaise. "We see." And his long paddle bit chunks from the water.

"Lise was right when she warned that Isadore is trying to bottle us up," said Finlay. "With the Montagnais hunting us all over the lake we'll have to step lively or we'll never see that plane from the north."

### CHAPTER XII

Three days later the keel of the Peterboro slid into the gravel beach at the Hudson's Bay post at Matagami. The door of the white-washed log trade-house opened and two men started for the landing. At the gate of the slab dog-stockade surrounding the trader's quarters a tall girl. whose golden bob the sun touched into flame, curiously watched. From a window of the frame house a woman and two half-grown children stared at the three men on the beach, for white travelers were rare at Matagami, buried in the Nottaway wilderness.

"Good day, gentlemen! Welcome to Matagami!" The trader, a sandy-In seconds they'd be clear and lost | haired man of fifty, shook the hands

ambushed, but later escapes. They continue to keep it a secret that they are Mounted Police. Sent to investigate the deaths of the six "drowned" men, Finlay

of the strangers. "I'm Duncan Mc-Nab, in charge here, and this is David, my head man.'

believes Lise was innocent and writes

Finlay introduced himself and his friends. "We passed through the lake some time back, Mr. McNab, on our way in to map Waswanipi."

"Map Waswanipi?" The shrewd blue eyes of the trader pictured his amazement. "You're a government survey party, then?"

"We were." Finlay shot an amused look at Red.

The heavy brows of the trader lifted. "Then you've finished?" "No. Mr. McNab, we're not on

the survey, now, but we haven't finished with Waswanipi." Finlay's face stiffened. "We've come to you for help and information. Then we're going back-to finish." The clamp of his lean jaw and

the points of fire in the speaker's eyes snapped McNab's head forward in a narrow-eyed stare. "I don't get you, Mr. Finlay. Let's talk it out over a pipe in the traderoom. Of course, you'll stay the night with us? We're pretty lonely, here, for a white face. Your men can stow your stuff in that shack. David will show him."

"Thanks," said Finlay. "I'll shut up my dog, too, before there's a

Shortly the three white men sat in the traderoom.

"Now, Mr. Finlay," said McNab, exhaling a cloud of smoke, "would you mind getting down to brass tacks?"

Finlay was measuring the caliber of the man whom circumstances to smart afternoon affairs await achad forced him to trust in order to ceptance, then it is that fancy turns insure the delivery of his message to the railroad. This trader looked make you look your prettiest. a man full in the eye and had a straightforward way with him. He seemed staunch. According to reports he had been worsted by Isadore in the fight for the fur trade. fer this winter. It is not only that That was in their favor and should the charm of lace ever makes rekeep his mouth closed. There was sistless appeal, but this season the nothing to be gained by waiting. use of lace takes on new empha-"How well do you know Jules Isa- sis. Modern laces are so diverse dore?" Garry suddenly asked.

and temples as he tore his pipe from whether informal or ever so formal.

you a story. It concerns the deaths sions successfully and glamorously. of six men. First, possibly you'd be interested to look at that." Fin- robe that must include a "prettylay produced his police badge and pretty" informal frock that is not handed it to McNab, whose jaws expensive is the model shown to the sagged in his surprise. "We're left in the illustration. You can get Mounted Police and we're here to this very wearable oak-leaf pathave a message relayed to the rail- terned lace in a long list of delecroad."

faces of the Mounties to the lines of a new treatment and is made their hard bodies filling the wool smooth by a dainty slide fastener. shirts and whipcord breeches. "Po- A taffeta bow gives it a final fillip. lice, eh? I might have known from your eyes and the set of your shoul-

"Yes," said Finlay, "it's Isadore. at last!" Then he described the events of the past weeks while Mc-Nab, drawing furiously on his pipe, punctuated the narrative with outraged grunts.

the present, not a word, even to this season that will add intrigue to your wife. When can you send a many a daytime costume. This gay canoe to the railroad?"

ings and had had my suspicions."

the survey," replied Finlay. Into or skirt. his gray eyes crept the mist of memory. His voice was rough with pain as he asked: "Did those boys This Veil Can Be Useful stop here last summer?"

"Yes. Nice boys, too!" "One was my brother."

"Your brother? Oh, I'm sorry! bodies."

"No." "It's tough, Sergeant Finlay, damned tough! That crook-" Mc-Nab stopped his pacing to stand tic-mad as a hermit wolf! He can't get away with this!"

"He's managed to so far." McNab's face filled with blood as his anger increased. "I've seen a lot-guessed a lot, since the Company sent me here three years ago to try to save the trade on this lake. We learned that Tete-Blanche was bribing our hunters with whiskey to leave us and trade their fur with Isadore. I reported it to the Company and the authorities. His freight was searched at Nottaway but they found nothing. They thought I was trying to hurt him because he was a competitor, and dropped it. I was reprimanded by our District Inspector for bringing charges I couldn't prove. Couldn't prove?" snorted McNab. "I had all the proof

in the world." (TO BE CONTINUED)

## That Old Black Lace Shawl Is Right in Style This Season

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WHEN those cherished bids to yuletide parties begin to arrive, when those coveted invitations to visions of pretty clothes that will

To these ever-recurring "what-towear" problems, lace, always a gallant flatterer, brings one of the happiest solutions fashion has to ofin type and in kind there's literally The veins lifted in McNab's neck a lace for every mood and mode, A wise supplement to any wardtable colors, and the dress will al-McNab slowly returned the badge. ways be ready for any occasion.

Count it among your blessings if | fragile with lace and chiffon. And you are so fortunate as to have for the romantic touch, see the new ders. Well! Well! Up on Waswanipi willed to you a handsome black lace lace muffs. posing as surveyors! So it's Isadore, shawl or shawl-scarf. Now is the (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

lavender-scented wrappings, for beguiling mantilla effects like that pictured to the right in the illustration are recapturing the charm and romance of yesterday and bringing their allure to modern fashion.

in intriguing big bows.

Chantilly lace in lovely pastel shades are given high fashion rating this season. The bouffant dance frock centered above in the group is his teeth and rasped: "Too damned This adaptability of lace is a most of flesh toned Chantilly, the mesh of convincing "reason why" it is more | which is as delicate and elusive as Finlay nodded at the grinning widely a favorite among designers a silken cobweb. The corselet Red. "I thought that would be it. than ever. It can be made to fit | waistline is banded in taffeta, which Well, Mr. McNab, we're going to tell modest budgets and simple occa- also defines the pleated shoulder ruffles and appears, as trimming, on the skirt.

Scores of charming lace fantasies are being shown for sophisticated moments at opera, banquet and ball. There are tiny black lace calots with a metallic weave and sequin-sown edge. You can buy gay gauntlet gloves made all of lace for the dashing and the debonair. His eyes strayed from the bronzed | The bodice is horizontally tucked in | Black lace mitts are shown that boast a double tier of lace reaching to the elbows. The new lace evening handkerchiefs are luxuriously

#### One sees these charming lace fantasies everywhere in the current formal fashion picture, either worn over the head as here illustrated,

or thrown artfully and casually over the shoulders to serve graciously as a light evening wrap. The black velvet gown so alluringly veiled in this lovely shadowy Chantilly lace scarf makes simplicity its theme. Petite black lace edging finishes off the low decolletage, while wide bands of the velvet are brought up to each shoulder top where they tie

Youthful party dresses of filmy

### Wide Peasant Belt To Match Hat Band

In the way of accessory items, a "That's the story, McNab. For new twosome has been brought out and flattering alliance consists of a "We're sending one shortly," he wide colorful felt or leather belt said. "But their firing on you on embroidered in peasant colors, tothe Nottaway, then ambushing you, gether with a matching band to enand you supposed to be on the gov- circle the crown of your nonchalant ernment survey! I can't get over felt hat. Also available is a corselet it, Sergeant! Of course I'd heard at that laces up the front in a vestee the railroad of these reported drown- effect. The bright colors of this felt or leather corselet add gaiety "They didn't believe we were on and chic to the simplest wool dress

## As Well as Ornamental

Tiny hats set back of the pompadour are a welcome fashion. They You didn't say one was your broth- are purposefully designed to give er when you told of finding their full play to the costume. In fact, milliners are more and more inclined to design headwear that reveals the hair-do. A new venture in veils is the trick of enveloping a tiny hat in a filmy black Chantilly, over Garry and shake a thick fin. bringing the ends down at the back ger. "Why-why the man's a luna- to form a voluminous snood to protect the hair, yet reveal it through lace mesh in all its charm and prettiness.

## You Just Can't Wear Too

Many Gadgets These Days If you are properly fashion-wise you will wear not one but several pieces of lapel jewelry-all at the same time! Designed for this popular vogue, tiny lapel pins are selling in sets of 10 different gadgets. or they can be bought singly with the thought in mind of collecting them as one does charms for bracelet or necklace. These sets, worked out in bright colored enamel set with tiny jewels, are very effective. You can get floral designs, jeweled beetles, bugs, butterflies and humming birds.

## Head Lines



Treat your face like a picture, and wear a hat as a frame to enhance its beauty. A hat is a line, a silhouette, and through the hat a "square" face may be made to appear oval, which is supposed to be the perfect type. Here the black felt hat shown at the top in the picture rolls up at one side and forms a soft peak at the center front to extend nature's line. Then, too, a out the beauty of your coloring. The the way through, and it makes the skin look its best.

In any case, the trick is to treat your face as though it were a pic-

## STAGE SCREEN RADIO (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

UNNING Nancy Walker is the latest Broadwayite to win Hollywood favor. Nancy's Individual Ratings Are Not busy at present with a featured role in the stage success, "Best Foot Forward," and will report at the Metro studios when the final curtain comes down on that delightful comedy, in which she is making her theatrical debut.

Want to go into the movies, girls? The best advice would seem to be "Get a job as an airline stewardess." Mary Sheppard is the latest lead role in Pete Smith's short, "What About Daddy?"

Robert Benchley's all set to be a busy man. All set for the role of a stage producer in Paramount's "Out of the Frying Pan," he discovered that he was also booked to be Rosa-



ROBERT BENCHLEY

lind Russell's business partner in to the problem of getting from set

chase" take a long look at Jean we want a chance to explain to the belles in the picture, and Para- ucts at retail by individuals for ormount liked them so much that dinary farm or household use. they've just been given new con-

Asta, famous canine of "The Thin Man" series, has a plaque all his own, to hang in his dog house. It was awarded by the McKinley Kennel club of Canton, Ohio, for "outstanding service to canine friends and the work he has done to gain appreciation for all dogdom." The perfect retort from all the rest of dogdom is, of course, that few dogs belong to people like Myrna Loy.

Nelson Eddy has co-starred with Jeanette MacDonald in eight films, but only recently found out what she really looked like. During the filming of their recent picture, "I Married an Angel," he asked if he might model a head of her. "You never know what a person looks like till you paint or model that person," wasn't as he'd remembered it, and her eyes were set differently. Said she, "He knows what I look like now! He peered at me so much and so long that I was embarrassed."

David James, the 11-month-old baby whom Marlene Dietrich was carrying in her arms when she tripped over a light cable and broke her leg, recently resumed his film career, in Rosalind Russell's new picture. This time Fred MacMurray toted him.

Charles Laughton sort of startles the onlookers nowadays when he shows up for that radio program he's doing with Milton Berle. He looks like a Forty-niner, with an inch-long beard and a month's growth of hair-both required for his role in RKO's "Tuttles of Tahiti." Incidentally, if Laughton goes on making pictures he'll be an expert "It Started With Eve," and the hula for this new picture; he did the ing injected into the sick animal. hula recently at a broadcast rehear-"Aloha Oe" on the piano.

his "Buck Benny" routines that were erinary practitioner is far ahead of featured on his NBC series a few other countries in this respect, and seasons ago, and later incorporated his advance in scientific research into one of his motion pictures. is perhaps one of the reasons why "Buck" has become his nickname- American livestock is so much betthe rest of the cast never calls him ter protected from the ravages of anything else.

ODDS AND ENDS-Several well

known singers will be starred in the new musical program, as yet untitled, which makes its bow on CBS January 7th . . . William L. Shirer always holds an informal discussion of international affairs after his broadcast . . . good rule is to wear hats to bring Shepherd, of "Joyce Jordan-Girl Interne," posed for publicity pictures at felt and feather hat shown below a New York hospital recently, and now in the picture is a creamy beige all she's "interned" for all her spare time. . . . Irene Rich, famous on both radio and screen, has been given a leading role in Metro's "Just Between Us" . . . Babe Ruth has finally signed to play himself in "The Life of Lou Gehrig."

## FARM

FARM PRIORITIES ARE EXPLAINED

Needed for Some Items.

By M. CLIFFORD TOWNSEND (Director, Office of Agricultural Defense Relations.)

Individual farmers are not required to have priority ratings of any kind under the defense program in order to purchase ordinary farm machinery, equipment, repair parts, fertilizers, insecticides, nails, fencing, roofing or similar items.

Priority ratings on equipment and supplies such as these are issued recruit who took that route; she was by the Office of Production Mantaken off an airliner and given the agement to manufacturers, processors and warehousemen in order to avoid having individuals obtain rat-

> So far as the individual farmer is concerned, he does not have to have a priority rating of any kind to buy his ordinary requirements. There may be things he may not be able to get, such as aluminum pressure cookers, but in cases like this the manufacturer and not the individual farmer is the one affected by the priority rating. On special classes of machinery which are used for purposes other than farming, such as heavy duty electric motors, a preference rating will be necessary. This can be applied for on what is known as a PD-1 form obtainable from the Of-

> fice of Production Management. A number of letters have been received from farmers saying their local retailers had advised them it was necessary to secure a "priority rating" before making certain purchases.

Individual farmers who are asked to secure "priority ratings" before making purchases of ordinary equipment or supplies should advise "Take a Letter, Darling," the two the department of agriculture imfilms to be made simultaneously. A mediately of the name and address bicycle or a motor-driven wheel of the dealer and the product on chair seems to be the only solution which a priority rating was requested. There's no sense in putting farmers to any more trouble than necessary to get the things When you see "Louisiana Pur- they need for food production and Wallace "Mrs. Franchot Tone" and retailers that a "priority rating" is Lynda Gray. They're New Orleans not needed for purchase of prod-

### **Blood Transfusions**

Save Farm Animals Blood transfusions, which have saved the lives of thousands of human beings, are now also saving the lives of thousands of dogs, horses, and farm animals-and are being more widely used in veter-

inary science every day. "Ring," a collie dog at Waterloo, Iowa, for instance, has given blood to help save the lives of 20 other dogs in the last five years. He gives about a pint of blood for each transfusion and has suffered no ill effect from it, except for a strong craving for water for several days

after each transfusion. Transfusions are also being used for the treatment of navel ill in colts, where it is said that improvesaid he. Seems that her jaw line ment is generally noted within 24 hours after injection of a pint of blood from the dam into the blood stream of the colt. In cases of calf scour, the blood from the dam is also used with excellent results. Sometimes veterinarians also use saline and dextrose solution as a supporting treatment.

In cases of sweet clover poisoning, blood from a herd of cattle which has not had access to clover is now being used to prevent fatalities among clover-poisoned animals.

Although veterinary scientists are unwilling to make definite claims in the matter, according to the American Foundation for Animal Health. they also say that blood from normal or pregnant animals will sometimes overcome certain types of

sterility in cattle. The precautions necessary in human transfusions are also necessary in treating animals. With animals, as with human beings, the blood is seldom transfused directly from one dancer; he learned the conga for body to another. It is usually drawn into a sterile container before be-

It is interesting to note that as sal, with Shirley Ross playing new discoveries are made in medical science, they are closely paralleled by similar findings in veteri-Jack Benny has never lived down nary science. The American vetdiseases and epizootics than the stock of other nations.

### Rural Briefs

Cows make their best and most profitable production at from seven to nine years of age, according to a recent study.

A cotton-bagging-for-cotton-bales program, calling for the manufacture and sale of up to 2,000,000 cotton "patterns" or bale covers, has been announced by the U. S. department of agriculture.