

# Vanished Men

By GEORGE MARSH

THE STORY SO FAR: Six men traveled the Chibougamau trail and six men died. Later they were reported drowned. Murder is suspected. Garry Finlay, brother of one of the six; Red Malone, Mounted Police officer;

As Lise followed Corinne into the house to change into a bathing suit she wondered how far she could trust her—how much Corinne really knew.

They paddled slowly up the shore of the lake. The nose of the boat slid into the sand. Dropping her blouse and slacks in the canoe and adjusting her rubber cap, Lise stepped out into the shallow water followed by Corinne. Walking out to her knees, Lise made a long, shallow dive and swam away, revelling in the refreshing coolness of the water.

"Don't go so far, Lise!" called Corinne. "Stay here with me! I'm afraid to go out there!"

Lise turned back. "Great, isn't it, after this heat?" said Corinne, stretching on the sand. "Wish we'd brought our lunch!"

But the thoughts of the girl were of the rock a hundred feet away, at the edge of the beach. Had Finlay returned and left a note for her? And how was she to get it?

Lise waded out and plunged in again. Swimming in a wide circle she left the water opposite the quartz rock at the edge of the beach and casually walked past it. Her heart suddenly picked up its beat. The corner of an oilskin wrapper was visible. The letter was there!

She rejoined Corinne who said: "You know, this morning I asked Jules if he was going to bring charges against Finlay for murder when he went south. Do you know what he said?"

"I can't guess."

"He said it wouldn't be necessary."

"Meaning?"

"Why, that Finlay would disappear, I suppose. Lise, I'm afraid to stay here. I'm going to make Felix Blondell take me back with him. I want to get out of this and you should, too!"

Lise sat up. Her dark face was suddenly taut and desperate. "You remember what Jules told me about Felix Blondell?"

"Yes, it was rotten! And I think he meant it! He's as hard as stone. When Blondell comes, you sleep with a pistol under the pillow!"

"I will and I'll use it!"

"I believe you would. He's vile when he's drunk and you know how they'll drink. He's due in a week."

Lise was planning how to get the note unobserved. At last she had an idea. She rose, took her blouse and slacks from the canoe and releasing the neck band of her bathing suit dropped it around her hips.

"What are you doing?" demanded Corinne.

"My swim suit's not dry. I'm going to spread it on that hot rock."

Lise slipped the suit to her knees, stepped out, got into her slacks and put on the blouse. Then she took the suit to the rock and spread it to dry. When Corinne rose, turning her back, and went to the canoe, Lise reached under the rock and hid the wrapped note inside her blouse, which was tucked into her slacks.

On the way back to the post Lise could feel the wrapped note inside her blouse with every stroke of her paddle. It comforted her. Hurrying to her room, she opened it and read:

"Dearest Girl:

"We're back but they've been hunting us so hard that we haven't moved in daylight. At least twenty canoes have been combing the shores looking for us. We move only at night. I can't write what I want to say. This note might be found. I can't tell you where I am or meet you now. Next week look for instructions. Pack a bag with clothes and wait for the word. Courage! All will come out if you are brave and I know you are. I'm still living those last moments on your beach. I love you, Lise Demarais! If Blondell comes before you hear from me, sleep with and always carry your gun. Try to be patient and wait for my message. It will be soon. Courage, brave heart! I love you!"

"Garry."

She threw herself on her bed and cried for sheer joy. He hadn't forgotten! He loved her.

## CHAPTER XVII

The yellow orange of a moon that hung above the indigo ridges beyond Waswanipi was full. The moment had arrived. Wabistan had learned that the medicine-lodge was to stand in front of the great Medicine-Stone in a clearing on a certain island. It was one of the many places where the old sorcerers had invoked the spirits.

"He set his tent close to de scrub," Blaise explained, "so he go in and out dey not see him."

"You say the mob will all be in front but not near the tent?" asked Red, as they ate their supper in their hidden camp.

"All in front but he will not let dem come near," said Blaise. "De spirit is shy and will not talk if Montagnais are close," he added with a grimace.

## INSTALLMENT SEVENTEEN

and Blaise, half-breed guide, posing as surveyors, arrive at Nottaway to investigate. Isadore, rich fur man, is thought to have made a gold strike and aims to keep prospectors out. Later, they visit Isadore, rich fur man, at his magnificent home and meet Lise, his step-daughter. Finlay falls in love with her. They learn that Isadore's men with Tete-Blanche are hunting them. Several weeks later Lise went swimming with Corinne, her mother.

"And the Indians leave their canoes at the clearing?"

"Ah-hah."

"So we land on the opposite side of the island, behind the tent?"

"Yes."

"Then Garry and I wait at the edge of the clearing to back you and Wabistan up when the trouble starts?"

"You are in de bush by big Jack-pine. It will be black dere. Dey will not see you but you see and hear dem."

"Red," said Finlay, "this whole show is going to depend on the breaks we get. Blaise thinks it can be done. I'm not so sure, but it's worth trying. If it doesn't work, we're in a trap. We'll never get off that island. But unless something happens pretty quick we can't last much longer on this lake, anyway."

"You're right, chief," admitted Red.

"If Blaise is wrong, God help us! But what a dog-fight it'll be there in the moonlight!"

"It's one of the boldest and cleverest ideas I've ever heard of," said Garry. "We may have trouble justifying it at headquarters but we're committed now."

"I'll say it's an idea. But it may lose us our jobs, chief; and you close to promotion!"

"Our jobs won't be important if they bury us, Red. Tonight three



"What are you doing?" demanded Corinne.

more may be snuffed out on the Chibougamau Trail."

The Waswanipi wilderness dozed under the spell of the full August moon.

One by one, dark shapes of canoes crossed a shimmering ribbon of moonlight bound for the island of the Medicine-Stone.

Long since Wabistan and his son had left. Garry and Red stood on the shore, silent. Finlay was wondering if the plane from the south was anchored to the buoys in front of Isadore's—wondering if he would ever again look into Lise Demarais' dark eyes, when Blaise touched him on the shoulder.

"All right! We go!"

The three men left their rifles in the Peterboro beached at the foot of a steep bank and worked across the small island.

"What a mob!" whispered Red. "Must be fifty or sixty! Where's Wabistan?"

"I don't see him, but he's there somewhere with his friends. He'll talk when the time comes!"

Near the Medicine-Stone stood the conjuror's tent.

"There's the medicine-lodge!" muttered Red. "Small, isn't it!"

"Red, I think I see Batoche—the bird with the hat pulled over his eyes!"

"The Isadore mob's all there, backing up Kinebik!"

"We've got to get closer," whispered Garry. "If anything starts we're too far away."

Inch by inch the two worked nearer to the clearing drenched with light.

"Look!" Red nudged the man beside him. "They're passing a bottle!"

Suddenly, silence dropped like a blanket over the clearing. The faces of the Montagnais were turned toward the medicine-lodge.

"Kinebik's in the tipi, Red! See it shake?"

Shortly there rose the muffled beating of the conjuror's caribou-hide drum accompanied by a low sing-song. The shell-rattle joined in and the beat quickened. The listeners in the clearing strained forward where they sat. Louder crooned the voice of the shaman in a rhythmic chant. The sorcerer was a superb mimic. His voice ran the gamut of the voices of the night.

The voice again ceased, and the audience sat in awed wonder. Then from the tent drifted maniacal sobbing. Creatures in torment shrieked

their agony. Demons and fiends screeched and bellowed in a mad cacophony of horror. At last a voice rose through the octaves to a wail which chilled the blood as it died over the moon-bathed forest.

A silence so tense that it vibrated in the ears like sound, followed. Then a sepulchral voice startled the cowed Montagnais. A spirit was speaking!

"Montagnais, I come from the spirit places at the call of my brother, Kinebik. I have traveled far from the land where the sun sleeps. My brother's heart is sick. The little children are bewitched by the Evil Eye of the white men and die. Drive these white strangers from Waswanipi or the women will wail in the tipis of the Montagnais through the Long Snows!"

Suddenly the painted walls of the medicine-lodge visibly shook and swayed. The conjuror was about to invoke another spirit voice. A low cough was cut off short and the skin tipi was again motionless.

Presently, a voice so shrill, so penetrating that it tortured the ears, quavered over the clearing. It soared thinner and thinner. Then it descended to moan and roar like a March drifter on the barrens, later to drop lower until it boomed with the sudden thunder of ice split by frost.

Then the voice cut high and clear through the silence. "Montagnais, I have heard the voice of Kinebik, the Wabeno, who speaks with the split tongue of the snake. It was no spirit who talked. The voice was his own. He is a false shaman who destroys the young men with the whiskey of Tete-Blanche."

There were startled murmurs of dissent. The voice went on.

"The white men were sent by the Fathers at Ottawa. Isadore fears them for he has broken the law and given whiskey to the Montagnais. If the white men are killed, the red coats will come and the Montagnais will be punished. The children are no longer sick. There is no Evil Eye. It was the lie of Kinebik, Isadore's servant. Why does he not answer? He is here in the tipi. He is afraid and is silent for he knows he has lied. Even now Tete-Blanche is here with whiskey to destroy the young men!"

The clearing was in a chattering uproar. In the murk Finlay and Red waited the outcome with drawn guns.

"My people, the true spirit has spoken and has gone! Why has not Kinebik answered? Have his words choked in his throat? Follow me and we shall learn!"

The old man strode boldly to the medicine-lodge. Crawling into it from the rear he re-appeared, dragging a limp shape. Wabistan rolled the body on its back. The moonlight shone full on the glazed eyes and the swollen face with protruding tongue of Kinebik.

The chief turned to those who had had courage to follow.

"Look, Montagnais, the lies of Kinebik have choked him! The spirit has punished him for speaking with a split tongue!"

Two men pushed through the circle of gaping Indians and bent over the conjuror. One of them, with white hair and features knotted with rage, turned to the group and cried in Montagnais:

"Montagnais, you are fools! Kinebik was strangled! It was the plot of the white men! They are here on the island! Hunt the men who killed Kinebik!"

"No!" shouted Wabistan. "It was the good spirit that choked the lies in Kinebik's throat!"

Instantly a milling mass of Indians surrounded Kinebik's body. There were cries of, "Kill the white men!" answered by shouts: "It was the work of the spirit! Kinebik was a false shaman!"

In the gloom at the edge of the clearing two men with cocked pistols listened. "Wabistan is safe!" said Finlay. "He doesn't need us now! Tete-Blanche will soon start to hunt us! We'd better meet Blaise at the canoe!"

They moved swiftly across the island but Blaise was not at the canoe under the steep shore. Finlay was cold with apprehension.

"What could have happened, Red? He should be here!"

"He's in trouble," said Malone. "They'll follow the shore path soon, nosing for our canoe!" muttered Garry. "If they reach us, don't fire unless we're cornered. It will only draw the rest and we've got to get Blaise. God bless his foxy old bones! It was magnificent! He snuffed that shaman out without a sound!"

"Listen! They're moving this way now, along the shore!"

"You're right, Red! Stand by this path and we'll club 'em with our guns! Don't fire unless they come too thick! We must get Blaise!"

Brush snapped up the shore. The hunt had started. A dry stick broke directly behind Finlay and he whirled with raised gun. There was a low "Shish!" A hand touched his shoulder. "We move quickest!" whispered Blaise. "Dey are close behind me!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Smart Midseason Dresses Are Dignified and Simply Styled

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



THERE is a new psychology in the matter of dress. It's a most wholesome one which yields to no compromise with feminine charm and flattery, but tends toward greater simplicity, careful selection and an appreciative evaluation of wearing apparel that avoids extravagance. Clothes are made to serve dependably and at the same time graciously, during the stress and strain of the present war period.

It's well-mannered clothes that women are wanting, the sort that won't shriek with glitter and gewgaws, yet will be spirit-lifters in their colorfulness, suavity of line and genuine charm. The winsome little wool dresses now so popular give the answer. Not only do they exploit color but they are styled to a nicety with all sorts of "catchy" details that individualize them and make them of outstanding style importance, not only for immediate wear with fur wraps but also to wear into the summer.

The accompanying group picture eloquently tells the story of quality, materials of distinction and flattering color. The first of this trio, that shown to the left in the above illustration, is a clever sports dress for the teen-age girl. It is in chocolate colored wool panelled with brown-stitched beige. Simple tailored princess lines enhance this model, together with an easy grace achieved by the full-gored effect below the hipline.

The dress to the right in the picture above stresses the new 1942 classic simplicity to a nicety. It exploits the sleek-fitting long-torso lines now so popular with college girls and the junior set. One of the

persuasive arguments in favor of the attractive colorful daytime wool frocks is that they are "up to tricks" in the way of ingenious detail. In this instance it is the lacing at each side of the long-torso bodice that is eye-catching. Self material is laced around gold hooks. This model comes in delectable pastels or in lush colors.

Centered in the group above is a perfect "date" dress for the girl who must wear her "special occasion" dress all day in the office. This gown of leaf green crepe has a striking triple-tiered peplum, a smartly curved yoke and the somewhat full, straight sleeve favored this season.

Too sweet for words are the dainty little afternoon dresses of light wool or rayon crepe in exquisite pastels. They are fashioned with cunning self-fabric trimming. One has three rows of tiny ruching applied to a medium flare skirt line, three huge hand painted wood buttons and matching ruching about a clever yokeline. Made of China pink crepe it is the ideal answer to the demand for something dressy but not too dressy.

The fuss made by the younger set over white date dresses continues. White jersey seems to be the outstanding material for these dresses. Now that color is so important, many of these jerseys are made gay and bright with embroidered flowers and motifs done in multi-colored yarns. Some of the most attractive white jersey frocks are high-lighted with effective trapunto quilted design. Others are made festive with gilt buttons and girdles.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

## Ribbed Jacket



If you're headed resort-ward, plenty of lightweight sports things should be in your trunks. Here is one of the new loafer coats (the name reveals its purpose) to wear when you loiter around on the veranda or beaches or wherever the spirit moves you. These jackets are made of cordurella, a feminine version of cordurex, the popular velvety-ribbed men's wear fabric. If you are a husband-and-wife combination, his windbreaker and slacks should be made of the finest lightest cordurex in order to interpret fashion at its smartest.

## Save Stockings to Help Student Work

Women throughout the states are being asked to join a unique campaign to save old, worn-out silk or nylon hose (no rayon), to help send American girls and boys through college. For every thousand pairs of old hose contributed one girl or boy is enabled to attend college for 12 months.

A curtailment of silk has forced many in the student body of Athens college in Alabama to stay home this year. They had been earning their way working in the college's hosiery mills.

The stockings sent in will be re-conditioned and "backwound," the process done under government supervision.

## For Blackout

Some of the stores are featuring blackout accessories, such as bags done in plaid fiber to wear over the shoulder. They have five pockets, and it is advised that they be kept stocked with emergency requirements—flashlight, sweater, and other useful items. You can even get shoes that have tiny flashlight attachments.

## Floating Suit

For those who cannot swim it should be good news that a floating swim suit has been devised that is non-sinkable, its patented feature being the lining of a spongy substance that floats. You can get these novel, practical suits in fitted or in dressmaker styles.

## Brunch Coat

A fad that is growing into a pronounced movement is the brunch coat. It's as practical to wear as the usual smock, but is more formal and can be found in a greater variety of styles.

## FARM TOPICS

### FLOCK'S COMFORT NETS MORE EGGS

#### Hen Protection Vital Need In Winter Season.

By C. F. PARRISH  
(Poultryman, North Carolina State College.)

When the cold winds of winter blow, that's the time to think of the comfort of the farm poultry flock.

A comfortable house, free from drafts, will help to keep the birds free from common winter ailments and aid them in producing a maximum number of eggs.

Then, too, each bird should have at least 3 1/2 to 4 square feet of floor space. If the flock is crowded, additional space should be provided or the number culled down to a point where the birds may be comfortable in present quarters.

Water that has been heated to knock the chill off, or fresh from the well early each morning, will do much to prevent a cold snap from causing a sharp drop in egg production. For less trouble, automatic electric or oil-heated warmers should be installed.

The feeding of one pound of alfalfa leaf meal per 100 birds will be a satisfactory substitute for green feed if the dry fall prevented the sowing of a grazing crop.

If the flock is properly housed and cared for and not more than 30 to 40 eggs per 100 hens are received daily, then there may be something wrong with the health or breeding of the birds.

Although it is too late to change the laying flock this year, the poultryman should give careful thought to the kind of breeding males he uses next year, or the sources from which he purchases his baby chicks, it is advised.

## AGRICULTURE IN INDUSTRY

By Florence C. Weed

(This is one of a series of articles showing how farm products are finding an important market in industry.)

### Walnuts and Furniture

Those stately ancestral walnut trees that grow about a home place are seldom thought of as farm income. Yet individual walnut trees will sometimes bring from \$50 to \$100 each, occasionally more. The price is as high as \$500 per thousand feet for the best wood, the highest price of any wood grown on the farm. In the walnut-producing states, farmers have sold as much as \$2,500,000 in walnut logs annually.

Furniture manufacturers buy the greatest part of the wood but the more inferior grades bring good prices for gun stocks, automobile steering wheels, airplane propellers and musical instruments. In its unpainted state, the wood is one of the most beautiful and has lasting beauty when finished. It is very durable and does not check or warp.

Much of the fine old heirloom furniture is made of solid walnut. Modern pieces are now often made of veneer which is young walnut sapwood steamed to produce the effect of better class wood.

The annual nut crop brings a steady income to growers year after year. There is a ready market for nut meats at 12 to 15 cents per pound in small quantities or five dollars per bushel in large quantities. Scientists have improved the walnut by producing a variety with a larger percentage of meat than shell.

The walnut tree grows on ground of fairly low fertility and offers a profitable enterprise for many farmers who want to add another source of income.

## Rural Briefs

Less fence wire, steel fence posts and nails will be available for farmers' use in 1942.

Three rats eat and destroy enough feed in one year to carry two laying hens on a poultry farm.

Buttons for American soldiers' uniforms are being made of the casein of milk at the rate of 12,000,000 a week.

The U. S. department of agriculture has developed a hybrid popcorn which gives a bigger and better pop and is more tender.

Oil extracted from grape seeds in Italy is used as a war-time substitute for linseed and olive oils in the making of soap, paint and lacquers.

In a test of 308 days by the department of agriculture, pullets fed mash in pellet form each averaged 17 eggs more than those fed unpeletted mash. Feed consumption for each group was practically identical.

Imports of sage have dropped to a point that makes domestic production necessary, reports the National Farm Chemurgic council, Columbus, Ohio, which offers to supply information on cultivation of the plant.

## His and Her Towels



THESE smart His, Hers and Mr., Mrs., monograms show who's who and beautify your towels and pillow cases at the same time. You'll be surprised how quickly you'll finish a pair.

Pattern 6959 contains a transfer pattern of 12 motifs ranging from 5 by 10 to 4 1/2 by 5 inches; illustrations of stitches; materials needed. To obtain this pattern send your order to:

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Enclose 15 cents in coins for Pattern No. ....  
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**Less Speaking**  
The less people speak of their greatness the more we think of it.—Bacon.

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If you suffer from monthly cramps, headache, backache, nervousness and distress of "irregularities"—caused by functional monthly disturbances—try Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—famous for relieving pain and nervous feelings of women's "difficult days."  
Taken regularly—Lydia Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such annoying symptoms. Follow label directions. WORTH TRYING!

**None Independent**  
No man is the absolute lord of his life.—Owen Meredith.

**That Nagging Backache**  
May Warn of Disordered Kidney Action  
Modern life with its hurry and worry, irregular habits, improper eating and drinking—its risk of exposure and infection—throws heavy strain on the work of the kidneys. They are apt to become over-taxed and fail to filter excess acid and other impurities from the life-giving blood.  
You may suffer nagging backache, headache, dizziness, getting up nights, leg pains, swelling—feel constantly tired, nervous, all worn out. Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder are sometimes burning, scanty or too frequent urination.  
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