

Vanished Men

By GEORGE MARSH

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INSTALLMENT EIGHTEEN

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,

Before the three men could drop to the beach below, where the canoe lay, there was the sound of something approaching over the shore path.

"Club 'em with your gun, Blaise! Don't make a noise!"

"Here dey are!"

With the impact of a sledge-hammer Red's clubbed .45 dropped the first man senseless. Finlay's heavy pistol glanced from the face of the next and he fell with a scream. In his surprise the third Montagnais fired his rifle in the air as a blocky body lunged into him carrying him to the ground. But the damage was done. The bush was now full of yelling Montagnais headed for the sounds.

"Launch the canoe, Blaise, while we stand them off!" cried Finlay.

As the Peterboro shot past the point and into the moonlight a canoe broke from the shore shadows to bar their path.

"Everyone down!" warned Garry.

The three paddlers flattened as spurts of flame leaped from the birchbark. But in the half-light the aim from the moving boat was poor.

"Don't shoot! Run 'em down!" ordered Finlay.

The Peterboro leaped to the drive of the maple blades. With a crash the bow of the wooden craft knifed through the birchbark, amidsts, rolling her under with its momentum. Before they could fire again the three Montagnais were in the water. With a lunge of his long stern blade Blaise pushed the filled shell of the birchbark clear of the Peterboro's stern. Then the maple paddles bowed as the three friends drove their craft through the moonlit water and into the protecting shadows of the opposite shore.

"Close shave!" panted Finlay, "but we made it!"

CHAPTER XVIII

Late that night, when Wabistan's canoe found the hidden camp of the police, the eyes of the old Indian glittered with triumph.

"You not hurt?" he asked, squinting into the faces of his friends as they wrung his hand.

"Not a scratch, chief!" Red patted the old man's shoulder.

"I'm glad we got clear of that canoe without using our guns," said Finlay. "Too many men have been shot here this summer."

"But it was their lives or ours, Garry. Tete-Blanche and his whiskey-fed crew would snuff us out as they would a candle!"

"I know, but headquarters may not see it that way. I'm sorry it had to be done."

With Flame and young Patamish, who was devoted to Finlay and would be useful as a scout, the Peterboro started at once through the islands, hugging the shadows of the western shores, for the moon was now low on the ridges.

The following night they reached their old camp and Patamish started with Finlay's message. Before dawn Garry was waked by something pulling at his blanket.

"Patamish!" whispered the boy. "I find this undair stone."

Finlay's hand shook as he took the note, lit a candle lantern and read:

"Dearest:

It has seemed so long—this waiting for you. Blondell is expected now, any day. Everyone except Jules and Labelle are at the head of the lake. I tried to learn what was happening there, but could not. They haven't returned. Jules is drinking hard. Corinne heard him tell Labelle that if you saw that plane arrive from the North and got away with the information, the jig was up. I don't understand for he knows that people in Montreal suspect he's shipping gold south by plane. That's no secret. I've tried to avoid him but he cornered me last night and said: 'You'll never see your friend again. He's walked into a trap, nosing around this lake. We'll take care of him this time. So, when Felix comes, you'd better agree to marry him. He's got plenty stowed away in Montreal—can give you anything you want. If you won't be reasonable, you can take the consequences.'"

"Dearest, I'll not stay a day after that plane arrives. I'll take Louis and camp somewhere in the bush. Send for me! Oh, send for me! Let me know, quick, that nothing's happened to you! With all my love, "Lise."

"You went to the post to find Mikis?" asked Finlay. He could feel the drumbeat of his heart in his throat.

"Ah-hah! Mikis was gone. Something strange was there, on de water!"

"On the water?" The news he dreaded hit Finlay like the chill of ice. "What was it?"

"Beeg cano' wid wing like gull!" In his remorse Finlay crushed Lise's note in his hand. Blondell's plane had reached Waswanipi!

He found a scrap of paper and wrote:

"Just got your note! I'll wait at the nearest island, tonight, tomorrow and every night following, for your canoe. Courage! I love you!"

"Garry."

That night, before the twilight died, Finlay and Red lay in the thick alders of the shore of the island opposite Isadore's with binoculars focused on the anchored sea-plane and the post. Later, lights, like stars, glowed in the trade-house and the living quarters. The lights died. Hour after hour the two men waited. But Lise did not come.

"She'll come tonight, Garry. Don't worry."

"Somehow we've got to learn why that plane comes here from James Bay before we go after Isadore."

"We know she carries flake gold and nuggets from the river bars when she finally heads south. Isadore admitted that to McNab, at Matagami."

"Get shot for our pains and, besides, spoil the whole show? No, I'm going to learn more about that plane from the Bay first. We can't arrest Isadore without a gun fight."

"Very good, Sergeant Finlay! What are the orders?" laughed Red.

"You'll get them, constable, when that plane shows up."

At daylight the faint hum of a plane's engine brought the police from their hidden camp to the shore. Far across the lake, above Isa-



"They'll make it hot for us, now."

dore's, they saw a sea-plane spiraling for altitude.

The plane started for the outlet, twenty miles to the west, and later appeared following the south shore.

"Tete-Blanche is back with the news and they're out for revenge," said Red. "They'll make it hot for us, now."

The plane passed overhead following the lake shore and the concealed police could see a man leaning from the cockpit searching the shore below with glasses. Shortly it faded into the east.

"It's the middle of August, Red. That plane from the Bay is due."

That night they waited on the shore of the island for Lise's canoe. Hour after hour drifted past but through the murk came no welcome sound of a paddle prying off a gunwale.

Finlay slouched on a stone, head in hands. What had happened to her? She had said she wouldn't stay a day after the plane arrived. She had begged him to send for her. She had had two days to get the note. What had happened to Lise?

He looked at the illuminated face of his watch. It was one o'clock. They had waited five hours. "She won't come tonight, Red," he said, rising.

"No, she won't," Malone did not finish.

"Hear something?"

"Didn't you? It was pretty faint—might have been a loon!"

The two men stood rigid—with checked breaths.

They paddled hard for a minute, then stopped to listen. Suddenly out of the gloom, ahead, wavered the cry: "Gar-ree! Gar-ree! Help!"

Eyes stabbing the gloom in search of the crippled canoe, the two men approached the sound.

"Where are you, Lise? Where's your boat?"

"Here I am,—here!" There was a faint splash off the bow of the canoe and Finlay's straining eyes caught the dim outlines of a head and bare shoulder.

"Hold it, Red!" he cried. "She's here—swimming! Steady the boat while I get her!"

"But your canoe? Why did you try to swim it?"

"I had to swim! They hid the canoe! I—I couldn't stay! I thought I'd never make it!"

"Why did you do it? It was too—"

With a laugh she threw back her head and kissed him. "That's why!

meet Lise, his stepdaughter. Finlay falls in love with her. Later they land on an island and are attacked by Indians. They learn that Isadore's men are hunting them and tense themselves as they hear the gunmen approaching.

"Because I love you!" she whispered, while Red paddled hard for the camp.

"Oh, my dear! My dear!" murmured Garry, shielding her body with his own from the night air. "I've worried so—been half mad!"

"It was too terrible, there! They're drinking and worried! I had to threaten to shoot Blondell."

His arms tightened around her. "Mind? I love it, beautiful!"

"You seem to!" she laughed up at him. Then she called out to Red whose thoughts were far away at Matagami as he drove his long paddle. "Not going to speak, Mr. Malone?"

"It's Red to you, Lise! If you knew how glad I am to have you here! We've been pretty worried! I want to say they don't come any gamer than you!"

"Thanks, Red!"

Blaise stared open-mouthed as Garry led a girl wearing his coat over a one-piece bathing suit up to the fire.

"Blaise, this is Lise. We picked her out of the lake, swimming to the island."

"You swim—in de dark?" demanded the astounded Brassard. "By gar, you are brave girl! Tien! She swim from Isadore's in dis black night?"

Shortly the group of men smoking by the fire burst into laughter. Stiff in front of the tent with hand at salute stood a mounted Policeman.

"So you're Mounties? I've wondered what you really were. Jules Isadore has been wondering, too. He's pretty worried about it. Now that I've fallen into the hands of the police, what am I charged with?" she laughed.

"You are charged with the felony of scaring two policemen half to death by swimming to this island, young woman."

"I had to." For a space her face was serious, then a smile broke through as Finlay handed her a steaming cup of tea.

The others left Lise and Garry by the fire while she told him her story. "Since Felix Blondell came it's been hellish, Garry. They do nothing at night but drink and quarrel. I've learned what I could from Corinne. She's absolutely petrified. When Tete-Blanche returned, Jules was mad with rage at what happened. It seems Kinebik is dead. Did you know that?"

Garry's arm tightened about her waist. "Yes, I know it."

"Well, Tete-Blanche brought back a lot of drunken young Indians to hunt for you. Blondell is getting scared. He wants to return south."

"They're anxious about that plane from the Bay. It's overdue. They think, now, that that's what you came here for—to get that plane. Corinne asked Blondell if that was the plane that carried the gold south and he looked at her queerly and said:

"Yes, it carries the gold. That's what these people are here for, to highjack it, but we've got enough men here to shoot them out of their canoes if they try that." Garry, you're not going to try to take Isadore—just you three, are you? He's got a lot of Indians over there and he's desperate."

He drew her red-coated shape close and kissed the velvet eyes that searched his bronzed face. "Don't worry about that, Lise. You don't think I'm going to risk losing you when I've only just got you here—safe?"

CHAPTER XIX

The following night six canoes drifted silently up to the hidden police camp. It was Wabistan and his friends. Finlay decided that it was time to reveal his identity to the old man. He drew him to one side with Blaise.

"Tell Wabistan who we are, Blaise, and why we are here."

The eyes of the old chief glowed like black tourmalines.

"Wabistan navare forget. He come to help his fren."

"We must wait until the flying canoe comes from the North," said Finlay. "Then we'll go to Isadore's."

"Yes, we wait," agreed the old man. "We wait." He turned to Blaise and spoke rapidly in Montagnais.

"Wabistan say he go to Matagami for flour, shell and tobacco. He come back in three-four day. He start now."

On the morning of the fourth day after Wabistan's departure for Matagami, Finlay and Red were watching the post through binoculars from the shore of one of the islands.

"He's got a regiment of Indians over there, Red," said Garry.

"It looks as if we'd bitten off a large chunk of trouble."

"We sure have, Red."

"But we're going in just the same and grab that ship."

"We are, Red."

That night, on returning from the lake with water, Blaise called to Finlay where he sat with Lise by the fire. "Come to de shore! I show you somet'ing."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Suits of Every Imaginable Type Set the Fashion Pace

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



NOW that the challenge of "our country at war" has been brought home to designers, manufacturers, merchandisers and the American woman, there's a heap of constructive thinking and planning going on about the matter of creating apparel that will serve well during the stress of the times.

To this end two lines of thought are in progress. The one recognizes that whether their service be volunteer or paid, thousands of women will be engaged in activities that will require dress tuned to the particular type of defense work assigned them. This means that functional, utilitarian clothes are absolutely imperative. On the other hand, it is no less important that women maintain a high morale.

To this problem all who are carrying on in the fashion field agree that the suit, or the jacket dress that looks like a suit, is the perfect answer. There is no doubt that a tremendous suit season is at hand for spring and the coming summer. As an antidote for low spirits, style creators believe in color. Suits may be ever so simply styled, but they'll be colorful!

The very fact that suits are being so simply styled is resulting in an increasing enthusiasm among women to "make their own." Whether your taste runs to spun rayons, gabardines, jersey or tweedish cottons that look like wool, many of the most desirable materials are so inexpensively priced that they act as another incentive to do your own sewing. If you take advantage of the magic of modern sewing machine attachments, you'll find you can actually be a fashion standout in the costume you make. Now-days experienced seamstresses as well as beginners are surprised to find how easy ruffling, pleating, shir-

ring and other distinctly "couturier" finishes are if you use modern machine attachments.

The three suits pictured in the illustration above are of the simple type the average woman can make at home. For your first spring costume, why not break into a gay colored print? A neat printed rayon weave is used for the jacket-dress ensemble shown to the left in the group illustrated above. In this instance, a rib-hugging long three-button jacket tops a simple short-sleeved frock. Patterns for simple suits are available at all well-equipped pattern departments.

The suit dress centered in the picture above is easy to make. Choose a bright rayon plaid for the dress. The skirt is cut on the bias. The jacket of monotone spun rayon picks up the leading color in the plaid. Shoulder insets of the plaid unify the jacket and dress.

Spring elegance and tailored simplicity are combined in the sleek figure-flattering gabardine suit to the right in the above illustration. All roads lead to gabardine this spring. It is used for suits, for slacks costumes and for uniforms as well. The new gabardines come in all the smartest colors.

The importance of common-sense shoes built for comfort is particularly stressed this season. Highlighted for walking (we will be doing considerably more of it this year) are shoes of the type pictured in the inset above. This swank and sturdy low-heeled pump has an elasticized front trimmed in bright nailheads. Low-heeled types often come in giddy colors such as red or Kelly green. Navy is also shown.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Rustic Style



If you are on the committee to entertain soldiers on furlough, you will very likely be tripping the light fantastic. The newest party frocks have a simple and rustic manner, perfect for "barn-dances" and other informal settings. The dress pictured above uses a quaint cotton print with a bright yellow background for the full peasant skirt, which is caught up at the front hemline with a red bow to reveal a red taffeta petticoat. The bodice is of colorful jersey. And a necklace and hair ornament add color.

Spring Hats to Be Casual and Pretty

Women will be wearing casual hats with their functional tweeds and gabardines. Big, soft, nonchalant brims are featured. Color is emphasized. And there are dashing quilt trims.

However, there is no indication in the new showings that women are going to get down to regulation types. On the contrary, there is a demand for pretty, feminine, flattering hats made lovely to the eye with charming flower trims. Cunning little sailors, worn straight on the head, will be garnished with flowers, as will the new calots and the smartly veiled pillbox types.

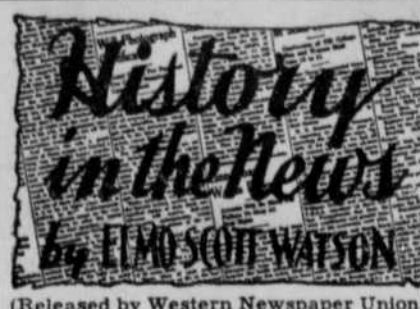
A vogue for profuse use of violets is predicted. Little violet sailors will be worn with matching corsages of violets. Wide brims will be faced with violet petals, and even bracelets will be made of violets to match hat and corsage.

Designers Use Patriotic Red, White and Blue

A noted designer is turning out slim dinner dresses in navy with red and white panels at the front. From another style creator come daytime dresses in white with an applique of red and blue disks. A smart evening dress with a long, narrow skirt of navy has a long-torso blouse top done in horizontal bands of red, white and blue.

Knitting Bag

A cleverly designed knitting bag is on the market. It can be worn with long strap over the shoulder. It ties about the waist if so desired, and for greater convenience it can be unfolded into an apron that has three roomy pockets.



(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

The Real Pathfinder

RECENTLY the students of Dakota Wesleyan university at Mitchell, S. D., gathered in the chapel of that institution to pay honor to the man, who more than any other American, deserves the title of "The Pathfinder." He was Jedediah Strong Smith, trapper, fur-trader and explorer and the occasion was the second annual Jedediah Smith memorial chapel service at which was unveiled a mural, depicting Smith trading with the Indians on the banks of the Missouri.

The mural was painted by Dean Nauman, art instructor at Dakota Wesleyan, and was presented by the class of 1941 to a society known as the Friends of the Middle Border which has its headquarters at the college. The first Jedediah Smith memorial service, held in 1940, was signaled by the presentation of the portrait which is reproduced with this article. It was presented by the Chicago alumni club of Dakota Wesleyan and was unveiled by Dean Matthew D. Smith of the university, the explorer's great-grand-nephew.

Smith, whose claim to the title of "The Pathfinder" rests upon the fact that he was the discoverer of three routes to the Pacific coast, the first American to enter California by the overland route, the first white man to conquer the High Sierras and the first to explore the Pacific coast from San Diego to Vancouver, was born in 1799 at Jericho in the Susquehanna valley of New York state when that region was still frontier country. His childhood training fixed in him strong religious beliefs which continued to the end of his life.

Among the rough trappers and fur traders with whom he later associated he was noted not only as a man of courage and great physical



JEDEDIAH STRONG SMITH

(From a painting by Ruth Senf Framberg, based upon the only known sketch of the explorer. This portrait now hangs in the Friends of the Middle Border museum in Mitchell, S. D.)

pross but also as a devout man who carried a Bible and hymnbook with him wherever he went.

Going west to seek his fortune, he arrived in St. Louis in time to join the famous expedition up the Missouri, led by Gen. William H. Ashley, which included in its personnel so many future notables of the fur trade.

In 1826 Ashley sold out his Rocky Mountain Fur company, which had flourished for five years, to Smith, William L. Sublette and David E. Jackson (for whom Jackson's Hole in Wyoming is named). Then began Jed Smith's Odyssey which was to take him down through the Southwest to California, up the Pacific coast, back across the Rocky mountains and into parts of the Great West which had never before been explored by white men. Through all these wanderings Smith endured hardships and had narrow escapes from death which would have made the average Wild West dime novel seem tame until death at the hands of the Comanche Indians along the Santa Fe Trail ended his adventurous career in 1831.

"Though we search all the annals of the West, we shall find no greater figure than Jedediah Smith," writes Emerson Hough in "The Way to the West." "He is worthy of a place by the side of that other Smith, the John Smith who explored Virginia, near the starting place of the American star of empire. What pity that Washington Irving did not find Jedediah Smith rather than the inconsequential Bonnevillite, and so immortalize the right man with his beautiful pen!"

Stanley Vestal, historian of the Old West, declares that "as a pathfinder, he surpassed even Lewis and Clark" and other writers have pointed out how much more deserving is this "Knight in Buckskin" of the title of "The Pathfinder" than the vain, pompous John C. Fremont.

It is singularly appropriate that Smith should be the "patron saint" of the Friends of the Middle Border, which seeks to preserve the rich cultural heritage of the "Middle Border" and to instill in the hearts of the descendants of its pioneers a desire to appreciate the heritage and to use it in new creative efforts in connection with the educational program of Dakota Wesleyan. It has the backing of a long list of distinguished Americans who are aiding in making the college a depository for all kinds of material relating to the culture of the region

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Way of Ease
It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.—Benjamin Disraeli.

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MODERNIZE

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