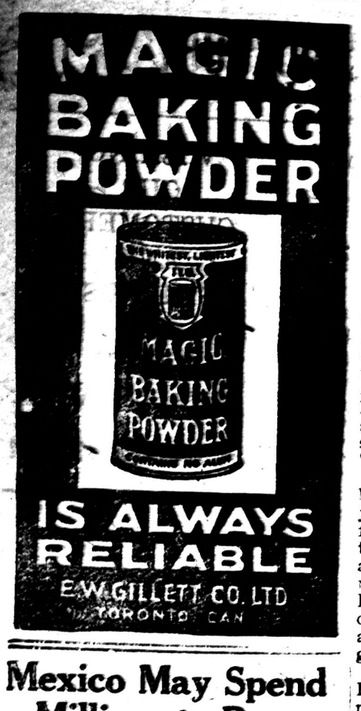

Mexico May Spend Millions to Draw Tourists There

Initial Fund of $500,000 to be Spent by Railroads Locally and in United States

Mexico City.—A half million dollors will be spent in 1928 to attract American and Canadian tourists to Mexico, according to an announcement issued from the Federal government, which is making up the budgets for the new year.

It is understood $100,000 will be available for use of the National Railways of Mexico in advertising for tourists, with an opportunity to double this amount should it be required. The remainder will be paid American railway companies for advertising Mexico as a tourist center. The companies of the United States which are to share in this are those connecting with the National lines of Mexico.

It is understood $500,000 will be a minimum figure and, if necessary, the amount will be increased to $1,000,000. A bill called the "Law of Tourists" is being prepared to be submitted shortly to Congress, in which the tourist may buy a ticket into the country without going to the trouble to fill out identification or passport papers, since he would not be regarded as an immigrant.

Trees for Travellers

Each Christmas Day there are on an average thirty big British passenger liners at sea, some crossing the Atlantic, some the Pacific, some on their way to India or Australia. So always thousands of British subjects spend their Christmas on the water.

In most of these ships, however, and more particularly in the big transatlantic vessels, the day is kept in the true spirit. On one occasion, when the Mauretania was at sea on Christmas Day with nearly eighteen hundred passengers, five hundred puddings were cooked and eaten on Christmas Eve. There was a Christmas carnival, and on Christmas morning carols were sung. There was also a Christmas tree for the children, and one of the officers dressed as Father Christmas distributed presents.

One has even heard of Christmas trees in trains. The old trans-Continental express which ran across Europe to Constantinople invariably had a tree in the dining saloon, which was brilliantly illuminated. It must have been a curious sight as it sped across the snow-clad plains of Germany and Hungary with its tree ablaze with lights.

Treasure

Mother's treasure—blessed prize—
Flower face and roguish eyes.
Where is anything as sweet,
As the dimpled hands and feet?

As I watch him lying here,
Where is anything so dear?
Helpless, fragile little thing—
What a comforting your bring!

Every day the tiny face
Grows in character and grace,
Downy head is full of whims
As he tries unsteady limbs.

Heaven sent him, through the years
More of joy and smiles than tears.
Mother's treasure—precious thing—
What a world of joy they bring!

Harriet Foster Chandler.

Alice: Gosh! I had a fine time last night.
Ted: Shame on you.

Minard's Liniment for Grippe.

The LAND OF FORGOTTEN MEN

by Edison Marshall

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

Peter Newhall, Augusta, Ga., flees to Alaska, after being told by Ivan Ishmin, Russian violinist, he had drowned Paul Sarichef, Ishmin's secretary, following a quarrel. Ishmin and Peter's wife, Dorothy, had urged him to flee. He joins Big Chris Larson in response to a distress signal at sea, forcing his sea jacket upon him. Their launch hits rocks.

Dorothy receives word that her husband's body, identified by his sea jacket, has been buried in Alaska. She feels free to receive Ishmin's attentions. But Peter had been rescued by another ship. His appearance is completely changed and he is known as Limejuice Pete. He finds his identity completely covered and takes a job in a cannery. Larson's body occupies his grave.

Ishmin urges immediate marriage. But Dorothy feels a stronger attachment for her late husband as a result of a last letter sent with his few belongings.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

Dorothy was laying all she had on the altar of vanity. She might have been able to restrain Peter's hard drinking if she had tried, if she had shown real interest. He never drank when he was alone with her—he did not even care for a cocktail before dinner—and at first he had not drunk dangerously to excess even with his men friends. This had only come after they had begun to fall away from each other, after Ivan—no one else—had come between.

She knew perfectly that there was no happiness in thinking upon these things. The sensible course for her was to follow Ivan's advice, marry him, let him guide her steps down the shining path he promised, and play the gay game more desperately than ever. In the end this would be her destiny; she sensed it as certain.

It was this that persuaded her to the amazing course that she unfolded to Ivan one night in late July, and which at first he refused to credit: nothing less than an expedition into Western Alaska with the purpose of finding her husband's lost and neglected grave and transferring his remains to the dignified resting place in the old City Cemetery, and the Newhall family vault.

Ivan's attitude was at first uncompromising opposition. "Dorothy, that's ridiculous," he told her. "I won't hear of it! A long, dangerous trip for nothing."

She turned to him in amazement, vaguely offended rather than pleased at this solicitude for her. The look of his face baffled her; the idea had evidently moved him much more profoundly than the occasion seemed to justify. He not only looked intent and determined, but almost desperate; there was a quick flash of a startled light in his eyes that she had never seen before.

She was not pleased at his proprietary air, and she showed it.

He saw instantly that nothing was to be gained by violent opposition. His brilliant smile broke like the sunlight. "Let's talk this matter over sensibly," he urged. "I can imagine how you feel—that you don't like to think of his poor remains lying out there on that lonely, rocky, desolate beach. But Dorothy, remember he left a note asking for immediate burial—it was not his wish to be sent home. He was buried decently—embalmed, the ship captain wired you. Besides, you don't realize the difficulty of the trip. If you feel you must have poor Peter's body here, with his father's, why don't you hire men and have them tend to it, and you stay safe at home?"

"Let me explain," the girl answered, her good humor at once returned. "I want to say in the beginning that I do feel I must have poor Peter buried here, beside his father and his father's father—those distinguished men that headed the line. Ivan, there is something primitive in me in this regard; I want my own near me, where I can look after him, and do what I can for his memory. It's a human instinct, Peter; and I hope it doesn't grate on your sensibilities. It's a real need in me, and I have to do it. Peter's crime against Sarichef was wiped out by his death; there is no reason why he should not lie with the other Newhalls, as is his right. You ask why I don't have someone tend to it for me. Well, there are a good many reasons. The first is that it is my place and my right. In the second, I don't wait desecrating hands at work at that grave—rough, wicked men who will say anything, do anything. At first I was willing to have it done that way, and three months or more ago I wrote to the postmaster at False Pass, and had him engage men and boats and go and procure the casket. I've just learned that after great cost and many delays they have returned without finding the grave. They explained that they couldn't get hold of any of the ship's crew that had buried it, and they say that the country is simply immense."

"And they're right in that," Ivan observed.

"The work needs the presence and supervision of some one who is really interested," the girl went on. "I'm not sorry they didn't find it. Since I wrote the letter I've decided it was my place and duty to see about this personally—to see that it's done right all the way through. As long as I have this feeling of duty unperformed—duty to Peter—I can't go to you. It's as if I am still bound to him—as long as he lies out there on that beach—but perhaps, when we come back again, everything can be as you want it to be."

Ivan was not in the least convinced; but realizing that he could not possibly dissuade the girl from her bold project, he prepared to make the best of it. "Well, in spite of a dozen reasons why I should stay here—concerts, business, everything—I'm going with you," he told her. "You've got to have some one to look after you."

"I'm going to ask Uncle Ned to go. Mother's health, as you know, won't let her take such a trip. But it would be wonderful if you would go too."

"You've got to have someone to look after you."

Later they consulted schedules and travel bureaus, and after endless investigation concluded that their best plan was to take one of the large Pacific American Fisheries steamers out of Bellingham, Washington; go to Squaw Harbor, in the Shumagin Islands, and there hire a launch and guides to go the rest of the way to rr ddd llll uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuulllls the place of burial on the north side of the Peninsula. Squaw Harbor not only seemed among the nearest settlements of any importance—far though it was—but Ivan wisely decided that because it had been the home port of the Jupiter, he could likely find men available who knew the approximate place of burial.

Thus it was that Aleck Bradford, superintendent of the cannery at Squaw Harbor, received the following letter:

Dear Sir:

Mrs. Peter Newhall, her uncle, Ned Stanhope, and myself are planning an expedition onto the north coast of the Peninsula with the idea of exhuming the body of Peter Newhall, whom you will remember was a victim of the wreck of your launch the Jupiter, and bringing the remains back to the family vault in this city.

Our plan is to take on the of Pacific American Fisheries boats to your cannery, and there with your co-operation, we will hire a launch to transport us the rest of the way to the scene of the tragedy. If you can help up in procuring a launch and suitable crew, also in engaging men who might know the location of the grave, it will be deeply appreciated by Mrs. Newhall and myself.

Yours very truly,
Ivan Ishmin.

Bradford called his assistant, De Long, and they thought upon the matter together. "The tough part of it is, by the time we can get a wire to them, they'll have to rush to catch the last boat," Bradford said, glancing at his calendar. "The Catherine D sails early in September—they can make it if they get a move on—but how are they going to get back? Of course the Catherine will be back for the winter in Bellingham before they can encircle the Peninsula, find the casket and get back here in a launch."

De Long grinned cheerfully. "She probably hasn't the least idea what kind of a hard-boiled land this is." He knitted his heavy brows. "It will be easy about getting out, though. You know we're scheduled to send the Warrior down to Seward this fall, on that new trap business. You've scheduled her to leave about the end of the fish season. Well, we'll have her wait for the Catherine, and those three people can get on her—the lady can occupy one of the officer's rooms—Martin's, I guess, and Martin will have to bunk in the hold. Then they can start out, and the Warrior can take time to run around the Peninsula, pick up the casket, and go on down to Seward. At Seward they can transfer to one of the Admiral Line boats for Seattle."

"That's easy enough; perfect, in fact. They can go down to Seward, you and I and the others down to Seattle on the Catherine, without having to delay the schedule waiting for them to return. The matter of getting suitable men for guides and camp help is not quite so easy, but I believe I've got that, also. Fortune Joe is a good native—he'll be glad of the chance to make some money—and he's a good worker."

De Long grinned. "The medicine man, eh? They may need a medicine man before they get back. Yes, he's a good one—for one. Of course he doesn't know the location of the body."

"No. For the other packer—they'll need at least two, especially if they don't find the grave for some days—they can have their choice of Buck Uman, Dago Sessa, or Nick Pavlof. Buck Uman is honest, but he's the laziest native that walks. Sessa is given to violent spells when he's apt to toss around his knife, and Pavlof thinks he's a priest. I don't know which two of the three are the worst."

"But not one of the three you mentioned, Aleck, knows where the body lies. We've got to get some one of Captain Johansen's crew for their main guide."

"And Captain Johansen and his crew have pulled out for Bellingham not to return until next season, and besides, the original burial party is scattered to the four winds. Jacks, the apprentice undertaker, is in Siberia. But De Long, I've got it. Send one of the papooses down to the docks and tell Limejuice Pete to come up here."

In a few moments Pete's lean form stood in the doorway.

(To be continued.)

British Duck Makes Record By Laying 357 Eggs in Year

All sorts of claims lately have been advanced for the record egg-laying on the part of various species of poultry who thus contribute farm products, but it is believed when it comes to laying duck eggs Khakik Campbell, a duck owned by H. S. Maxwell, of the Berton Grange, Leiston, Suffolk, holds Britain's laurels with a score of 357 in a year.

In a test under the auspices of the Agricultural College the bird laid 331 eggs in forty-eight weeks. On account of the phenomenal score she was kept on and laid one every day until the year was up.

He: What will these sixteen-year-old flappers be in another five years, the way they're going?
She: Twenty-one. Ask me another.

Drat and Draft.

A clubman, after a sporty evening with plenty of liquid refreshment arrived home about 1 a.m. Fumbling for his key he found that he had forgotten it, so he tumbled into the hammock on the lawn and was soon fast asleep. He woke shortly after daybreak and saw his wife regarding him severely from the open window of their bedroom.. "I shay," called the muddled one from the hammock, "shut that beastly window, will you; I'll catch my death of cold." — Boston Transcript.

Overdone Chops.

Wanted — Cook who can make things taste wood.—Ad in the Buffalo News.

Only Fresh Tea Good

"SALADA" TEA

T68

Sealed air-tight. Fresh and delicious.

Innocent Man Free After 15 Years' Jail

Dramatic Escape From Devil's Island Followed by Full Pardon

Paris—A man, who has spent fifteen years of his life on Devil's Island for a crime of which he was innocent, stepped off the boat at Marseilles, and fell weeping into the arms of his wife.

It was Euegen Dieudonne, who was arrested in 1912 on a charge of having participated with the notorious Bonnot motor bandit gang in a series of hold-ups and murders, and in all the annals of French criminal justice there is no more dramatic and terrible story.

Bonnot himself, as he lay dying in the ruins of his home with a ring of policemen round him, added to his written confession, "Dieudonne is innocent."

The public, in spite of a mass of testimony showing that Dieudonne was at Nancy on the day on which the bank manager was held up and murdered in the Rue Ordener, cried for blood, and Dieudonne was condemned to death. He stared the guillotine knife in the face for months, and was finally sent to Devil's Island for life. He tried to escape from this hell-hole time after time, and when he and five other finally succeeded in March of this year they had a terrible experience.

They were wrecked on the Brazilian coast after a month's trip in a small sailing boat through raging storms and shark-infested waters, and one of them, named Neveu, was caught in the quicksands and the others were unable to rescue him. The five other convicts were compelled to watch him all day long as he screamed and struggled to free himself, but he sank deeper and deeper and eventually disappeared from sight. Three of the remaining men, who were too sick to go any arther, were left behind to be picked up by the natives, who sent them back to the penal settlement, but Dieudonne and another man pushed forward through the Brazilian jungle for weeks, fighting fevers, serpents, quicksands, and other dangers, until they reached a civilized district.

The French Minister of Justice at first demanded Dieudonne's extradition, but there was such an outburst of indignation that he agreed to examine the records of the trial. He then came to the conclusion that Dieudonne was completely innocent, and granted him a full pardon.

The Smile

The seven-thirty; one seat up—
She sat across the aisle
And gave us ,as a sculptor would,
The outline of a smile.

That I might note, the boy friend sent
An elbow telegraph.
But I had seen and longed to chase
That smile into a laugh.

We couldn't see just why that smile
Was on that profile shown
Unless, sad thought, it was some joke
Exclusively her own.

For, all the while, she'd sit and view
A night-filled window pane.
I made wisecracks in wiser tones,
Alas, 'twas all in vain.

She hovered 'round the edge of mirth;
You've seen a laugh begin.
Each moment we felt certain she
Would tumble loudly in.

But now we laud her self-control,
For when we saw this lass
We knew that she had seen her own
Reflection in the glass.

—Harcourt Strange.

Pass Along the Prescription.

WEST END RESIDENT SURVIVES FATAL ACCIDENT.
—Bergenfield (N.J.) paper.

A SMARTLY SIMPLE FROCK.

Extremely smart is the modish frock shown here, having a group of tucks at the back of the neck, a convertible collar, dart-fitted sleeves, or long sleeves with flared cuffs, and a flared section at the front of the skirt. No. 1692 is in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 38 requires 3¾ yards 39-inch, or 3 yards 54-inch material. Price 20 cents the pattern.

The garments illustrated in our new Fashion Book are advance styles for the home dressmaker, and the woman or girl who desires to wear garments dependable for taste, simplicity and economy will find her desires fulfilled in our patterns. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

King George Loses Money By Salary Arrangement

London—King George would have a much bigger income if an agreement had not been reached between the sovereign and the government 200 years ago that the nation's ruler should surrender his life interest in the king's lands in consideration of a fixed salary.

Of recent years the income from crown property has increased marvelously. Since 1920 the income from crown lands has almost doubled and is now £1,134,255 annually.

The block adjoining Piccadilly Circus in which the Plaza, the new American-owned picture theatre, is located, now yields £16,120, as against £5,825 in 1920.

Leaseholds on the new building development along Regent Street between Piccadilly and Oxford Circuses now yield £315,229annually, as against £44,070 in 1913, when old buildings occupied the space now filled by uniform stone buildings which form the most beautiful business section of London.

Queen Victoria and Edward VII received more through their civil lists than they would have received had their ancestors kept the income from crown lands in lieu of salaries, but the Commissioners of Crown Lands have been so successful in developing property of recent years that George V would be a very rich man were he receiving the earnings of the crown lands.

Night Winds in Mountains

A meteorological phenomenon found among the high mountains and noticeable in many places in Waterton Lakes national park in southern Alberta is the night wind from the mountain tops. During the heat of the day the warm air rises from the valleys but at sunset a current of air from the peak rushes downwards, bringing with it the scents of pines and larches and it may be of the flowers of some alpine meadow a couple of thousand feet above.

Minard's Liniment for Neuralgia.

A study in expressions at the French Bulldog Club Show at Crystal Palace, London.