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## Potash Enough For 250 Years Found in Texas

Deposits Contain Magnesium, Solum and Sulphates of Potassium, Professors Tell Chemical Society

## Oil Town Near New Find Power, Labor and Necessary Supplies to be Had from Odessa, Report Points Out

Austin, Tex.—Potash deposits large enough to supply America's needs for 250 years have been discovered in western Texas. Dr. H. E. Sellards and Dr. E. P. Schoch, of the University of Texas, have reported to the American Chemical Society. In the past the United States has depended on Germany for potash.

Search for the compound in this area began by J. A. Udden, of Odessa, Texas. He suspected the presence of potash, because in Germany, there is a Permian Sea which had evaporated from the sea and the residue was evaporated in dryness.

"Well Cuttings" Found  
Udden found potash minerals in "well cuttings" in the area. His pioneering work was completed by the United States Geological Survey.

"These deposits will naturally be mined like coal," the two professors report. "The products—sulphates of potassium, sodium and magnesium—have a different market value from the chlorides."

"With an oil field within a few miles, and the fact that solar evaporation is very easily carried out in the dry and rarefied atmosphere of the Texas high plains, it is seen that the cost of production should be moderate.

## Gold in Canada

Gold has been found in every province of Canada except Prince Edward Island. The first recorded discovery was made in Quebec in 1824 on the Chert river, 50 miles south of Quebec city. Placer mining operations commenced here in 1847 and intermittent operations have been carried on ever since. Placer discoveries were made in Ontario, in British Columbia, and in Yukon Territory at much later dates. Lode mining for gold began at Tangle river, Nova Scotia, in 1858. In 1926 the total production of gold in Canada was 1,729,000 ounces, valued at \$35,749,000. Approximately 85 per cent. of this production was obtained from mines in northern Ontario, and 14 per cent. from British Columbia.

## Danish Prince in England

London—Crown Prince Frederik of Denmark arrived in London recently for a week's goodwill visit during which he will call on members of the Royal family, and the Prime Minister, and he will be the guest of honor at the annual dinner of the Anglo-Danish Society. The purpose of the visit is to strengthen the ties between England and Denmark, particularly through the large colony of Danes living here.

**GILLEX**  
FOR THE LAUNDRY AND ALL CLEANING

# The LAND OF FORGOTTEN MEN by Edison Marshall

BEGIN HERE TODAY

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. They 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.

A last letter sent Dorothy in Peter's effects puts him in a new light to her. She decides to carry his body back to Georgia for burial. Ishmin arranges with Peter's boss for guide and labor. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)  
Bradford looked up with the instinctive respect that he had always felt for such a good workman as Limejuice Pete had proven himself to be.

It had been an auspicious day for the cannery when he had hired Pete on the deck of the Dolly Bettis. Although he was a silent, taciturn man to whom none of his fellow workmen had ever got close, he had learned the fish game in record time and had proved a valuable addition to the force.

"Pete, didn't you tell Mr. De Long here that you intended to winter on the mainland?"  
"Yes, sir," the blonde giant answered slowly. "I was going to take in some grub and a few traps and stick it out till the fish season begins, next spring."

"Well, you've got a queer idea of having a good time, to say the least. Well, we've run into a good thing for you. How would you like to act as a guide for a party of people from the States—a job of two or three weeks, I should judge, in which you could fairly ask guides' wages—ten dollars a day. It would be late September and early October—giving you plenty of time to get out your lines before furs are prime."

"I'd like it mighty well," he assented.  
"Well, you're the best man for the place. Some people are coming up on the last trip of the Catherine, and we're going to let them board the Warrior—and after they've finished with their business on the Bering Sea side of the mainland, they'll go on in the Warrior down to Seward. You can pack in your winter's grub and your outfit, and they can leave you on the mainland when they go on down to Seward. As the single survivor of the Vitgen you can show them approximately where they want to go."

Pete slowly straightened. His fingers went white to the tips. "What has the Vitgen to do with it?" he asked brokenly.  
"Nothing, except that the wreck of the Vitgen—of course you know the last vestige of her has broken up and vanished—marks also the site of the wreck of the Jupiter. They are going out to exhume the body of that Remittance Man who went down with the Jupiter and was buried on the shore—Peter Newhall was his name. Mrs. Newhall and a couple of other people are in the party."

He thought it an illusion that the tall man in the doorway should seem suddenly pale and stricken, as if in the presence of a ghost. And it was true; the dead had risen for Limejuice Pete.

## CHAPTER VI. DOROTHY MEETS PETE.

Even as he wondered at the maze into which fate was leading him Pete was swept with exultation.  
It was not that his dreams overlapped themselves, that he was lifted up by false hopes. He knew exactly where he stood, his exact limitations. He knew, first of all, that Dorothy must never know his identity. She must never be permitted to receive the faintest hint of the truth: that the embalmed body in the casket was not that of her husband. Her eternal happiness depended upon that; and her happiness, hers alone—now that full vision had come to him—was the one theme of his life.

Indeed, after that counterfeit of himself in the casket had been unearthed and Dorothy had sailed away, his own fate would not greatly matter. He would vanish into the interior with his traps and perhaps the bitter winter would destroy him; but at least he would have fulfilled his last dream—the only thing that he had ever dared to dream, since his flight from home three years before—and he would bear no ill will. The dark curtains of oblivion could drop over him for all he would care.

It moved him deeply that his wife should make the long perilous journey in his memory, leaving the warmth, the light and gaiety that she loved simply to do honor to her dead.

Meanwhile Dorothy made leisurely

preparations for the journey. She bought sturdy outing clothes, a heavy sleeping robe in case the search for the grave kept her over night on the mainland, and only the journey's grim objective prevented a certain spirit of adventure. Bradford's telegram, however, urged haste; and as soon as reservations could be procured, she, Ivan and her uncle, a gray, kindly, successful business man of Savannah, departed on the west-bound train. At Bellingham the party boarded the Catherine D., the large freight and passenger steamer that was used in the fish trade.

She had expected some sort of a disreputable, old tramp steamer that was to be endured from necessity; and she was hardly prepared for the long, spick-and-ooze deck of the Catherine D. Captain Knight let her occupy what he proudly called the bridal suite; a beautiful stateroom on the upper deck, equipped with bathroom, a great settee, and every possible device for her comfort.

She had always been a good sailor, and the ten-day cruise to Squaw Harbor possessed real pleasure for her. In the first place it was a complete rest for her tired nerves. She slept long in the morning, ate simple, well-cooked food at regular hours, walked the deck with Ivan or with the friendly ship captain, and spent the day at her ease on the long deck.

Sometimes Dorothy thought that he was struggling with something akin



Pete bowed awkwardly, taking the proffered hand.

to actual fear. He seemed troubled, rather nervous; and it was not like this brave man to be appalled by the natural perils of the journey.

The morning of the eleventh day she awakened to find herself in Squaw Harbor, the first lap of the journey done. After breakfast, she went ashore with Ivan to make final plans for the launch trip to the north coast of the mainland.

She was immensely pleased with Bradford's arrangements. The Warrior would carry her straight to the scene of the wreck, he said; then the boat would lie at anchor outside until a dory could be put ashore and the casket unearthed and brought aboard. This accomplished, she and her party would be transported to Seward, whence they could catch the Admiral Watson back to Seattle.

"I've got you three good men for your labor," he told her—with that kindness and courtesy toward strangers that is the tradition of the North. "Your head guide is Pete—he was wrecked on the Vitgen and knows approximately where the Jupiter broke up. Then you have Fortune Joe and Nick Pavlov for general labor—packers, we call them—both as good men as I could find."

## Bank of Montreal Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the Bank of Montreal brought to a close a year in which the Bank had enjoyed almost normal growth.

Sir Vincent Meredith, President, and Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, General Manager, in their addresses stressed the rapid strides that Canada was making but struck a warning note against possible over speculation.

Sir Vincent Meredith in his address, said in part:

Trade conditions in Canada during the year have been active, and while there is still keen competition in many lines, balance sheets generally show satisfactory profits. Manifest evidence supports this statement. Bank habits, bank clearings, bank deposits, car loadings, railway gross earnings, imports, note circulation and lower mercantile mortality all reveal that the tide of business has risen during the year.

Speaking generally, manufacturing industries, thrive; textile mills are fully employed; iron and steel operators continue to face strong competition from abroad as an increasing volume of imports attests; the lumber trade shows a slight improvement; newspaper output increases; production of footwear is larger and the industry is in better state; the manufacture of motor cars has slightly diminished, but in the first nine months of the year 161,500 cars were turned out, having a value of \$105,179,000 or practically the same as in the like period of last year, though the number of cars was 700 less.

"I'm sure they will be satisfactory," Dorothy commented. "And what odd names your Alaskans have."

"There are some queerer ones than that, if you just give me time to think of them. Fortune Joe is a native medicine man, and laugh if you like, the things he can do are not easily explained away. Of course it is some kind of psychic power, but don't ask me what. Nick Pavlov, however, is an Indian of another skin."

"He'll interest you, Mrs. Newhall. He calls himself a priest, and the truth is that he has some sort of a vague, hereditary claim on the office. You see at one time this was Russian territory, and the entire native population were members of the Greek Church. This Pavlov is part Russian—he is the grandson, in fact, of a more or less discredited Russian priest, but the rest of his blood is native. However, the natives accept him, kotow to him; he officiates at funerals and has some sort of a vested right to marry people."

"Pete will be with you until you have the casket safe on board; then he intends to leave the party, take his grub and his traps, and go into the interior for the winter. Wait an instant—I'll bring him in and introduce him."

Pete, waiting outside, had dreaded even as he had longed for this moment.

Though he had thought of little else for weeks he was not quite prepared for the first sight of the slender girl framed by the window and the sea. Here she stood, the same woman he had left, the same witchery in her eyes and her smile.

He could no longer remember that he was Limejuice Pete. He had come in awkwardly fumbling his hat; but now he was staring, unable to speak, risking instant exposure by the white flame in his face. Yet there was no glimmer of recognition in Dorothy's manner. She smiled graciously, as always to the lowly, looked with keen interest into his bearded face, then stretched her hand.

Pete bowed awkwardly, then took the proffered hand; and its touch sent a violent electric shock throughout the intricate system of his nerves.

He dropped her hand instantly, then turned to face Ivan. The latter

I see no reason why an abatement of confidence in the continuance of these prosperous conditions need be apprehended.

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, in addressing the shareholders, said in part:

In two fundamental respects, earning power and liquid strength of resources, our position continues highly satisfactory. Never have we been better prepared to care for all the normal needs of the public and to meet any business or financial exigency.

I have referred to the past year as the most expansive in the country's commercial history. That Canadians have experienced a greater degree of individual prosperity than ever before is, I think, undisputed. The high general level of employment, and the enhanced spending power of the people, are attributable to a succession of good harvests and to a great broadening of the basis of production. Until a few years ago Canada was best known abroad as an agricultural country, and outside capital sought investment here chiefly in government and municipal issues and in railway building to provide transportation for an ever-increasing agricultural area. Today most of the largely increased capital coming in for investment is for industrial development. It is now fully recognized that Canada has the natural resources for the building up of a vast variety of indigenous industries, and is fitted by the character and spirit of her population to take an increasingly important place among the industrial nations of the world.

bowed courteously enough, but did not extend his hand.

And Dorothy, who had watched with deep interest, felt a dim, queer, inexplicable stir of resentment.

(To be continued.)



"You say you're going to die here with mistletoe this year?"  
"Yes. Tom doesn't require it."

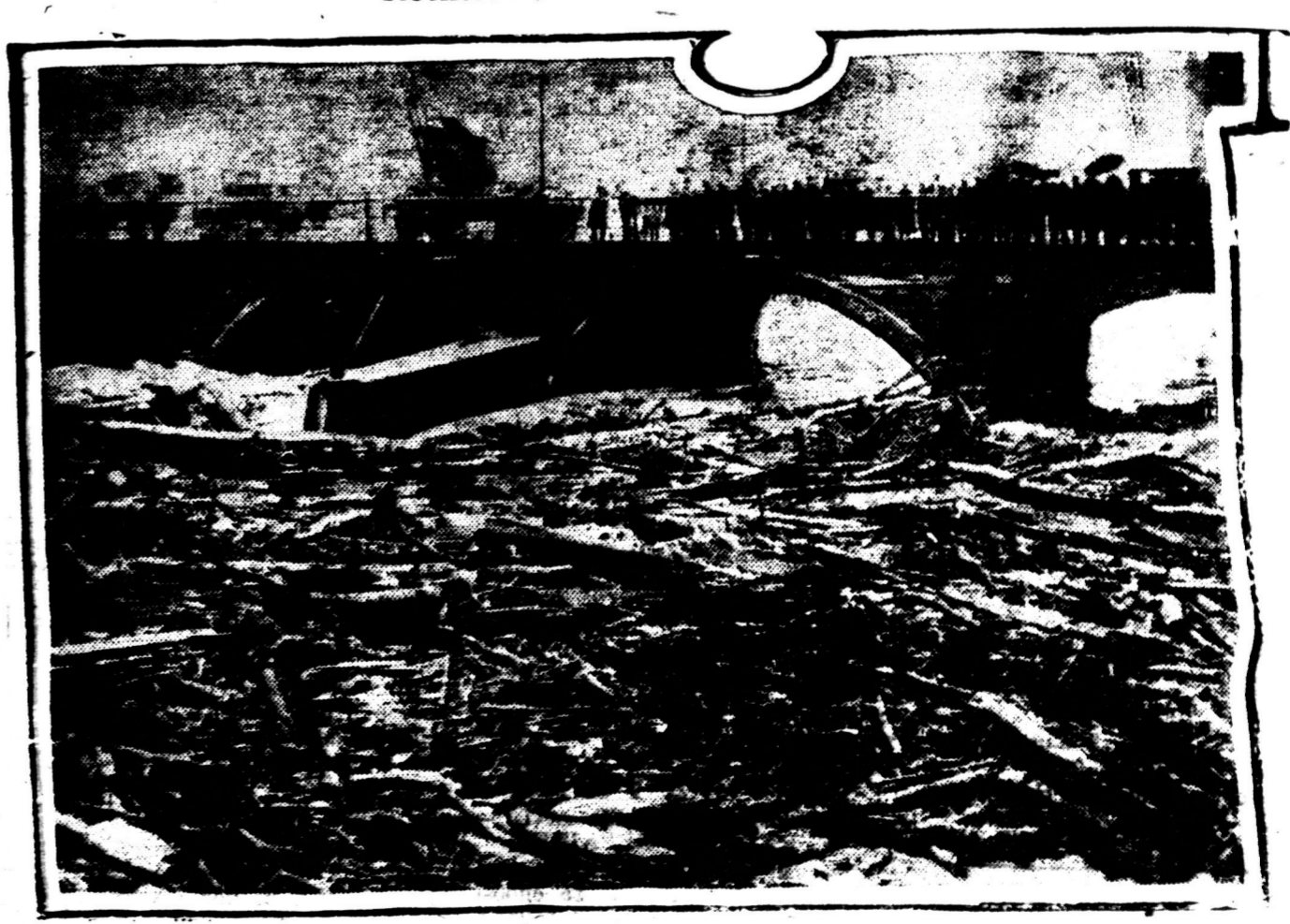
## The Fall of Trotsky

Manchester Guardian (Lib): The expulsion of Trotsky from the Communist party of the Soviet Union marks the last stage in the fight between the successors of Lenin since the death of the leader of the Communist revolution. For Trotsky it has been a losing fight from the first. His original onslaught against the growth of bureaucracy and the stereotyping of Communist policy was defeated by the combined efforts of the rest of the "Old Guard," and even when he was joined by some of the repentant victors the new "Opposition" were no match for Stalin, who outmanoeuvred them in a manner worthy of the best traditions of the American "boss."

Notwithstanding the pages of technical discussions printed about heterodynes and audio-frequency, the situation of most of us continues to be that all we know about radio is what we hear.

Minard's Liniment for Neuralgia.

## Rochester Suffers From Floods



A LOG JAM IN A CITY  
Rochester, N.Y., was presented with the unusual situation of having a tightly-locked jam of logs and debris accumulate at one of its downtown bridges during the great floods that have recently been experienced in the Empire state. The crowd on the bridge watches civic employees preparing to blow up the obstructing with dynamite.

A new Communist library in Paris will contain no books of fairy tales—a case of manning "Mother-Goose," but keeping "Poppo-Gander."

Minard's Liniment for Gripes.

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