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The LAND OF FORGOTTEN MEN by Edison Marshall

BEGIN HERE TODAY.

Big Chris Larson, Alaska cannery foreman, seeking boat connections for the outside world in a launch, is driven by a storm into a small cove. He and the hard-drinking Remittance Man leave the cove for the open sea in the cannery launch to answer a distress signal.

The Remittance Man forces Big Chris to put on his sea jacket. He finds comfort in the fact that he cannot return to Dorothy and his home in Georgia, from which he had fled following a tragic launch ride on the Savannah river. While musing the ship strikes a reef and he is hurled into darkness.

Dorothy Newhall receives at her home in Augusta, Ga., a telegram from Pirate Cove, Alaska, then faints. NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

Mrs. Peter Newhall, Walton Way, Augusta, Georgia:

Papers found on dead body of man picked up on beach identify him as Peter Newhall of Augusta, Georgia, though known locally by another name. Death resulted from drowning and mutilation by reefs. He left instructions for immediate burial also that you be notified and personal effects be sent you. These are being forwarded. Body was embalmed and given decent burial by my crew near place of finding. If I can be of any other service please command me.

Captain Johansen, Steamer Norwood.

Just yesterday, it seemed to her, in girlhood, she had tried to imagine how she would receive such news as this—the sudden taking-off of some one she loved.

She had loved this man who had died. No one dared deny that. It was true that he had often failed to understand her—that he was careless of her needs, that he had been inordinately jealous without cause—but she had loved him and had continued to love him throughout all those cold, hard weeks before the tragedy, after his drinking had ceased being a joke to her and her friends and had become a subject avoided in his presence. He had failed to understand her, to recognize the artist-self in her that demanded expression and companionship, yet he had given her his love, her hand, a few of her best years—indeed, all she had to give.

At present it did not occur to her that she had perhaps failed to understand him, too.

She read the message again. It had been sent from Alaska, the far North, thousands of weary miles distant from her and thousands of miles farther

from the corner of the earth where she had thought he had been hiding. She had not dreamed that he had fled to South America, as Ivan Ishmin had advised. Certainly he had gone to Savannah and had boarded the reputable trader of which Ivan had told him; but some adventure of the journey had fetched him up in the far North rather than in Rio de Janeiro. The letters Ivan had given him to his great friends in the Brazilian capital—letters to facilitate his flight back to the frontier—had evidently been no use to him, after all.

For months past Dorothy had lived in constant fear of his capture. Such news she had expected in the telegram today, that in spite of Ivan's heroic efforts to cover up the fugitive's tracks, the arm of the law had seized him at last. Ivan had withheld his testimony to the very last, running the risk of being haled into court himself on the charge of assisting a murderer to escape, not telling the tragic story of what he had seen and taken part in on the deck of the motor boat until it



Newhall had hurled him into the water.

was veritably forced from him at the inquiry several days later, but she had not dared to believe that Peter could escape the hue and cry that was subsequently raised.

Dorothy was known, throughout her beautiful resident city, for the unfailing loveliness of her appearance—eyes always bright, cheeks flushed, quaint frocks dainty and fresh, bobbed curls, clustering in dark glory about her head and around her childish, slender neck and throat—but her nearest friends would hardly have known her now. The lovely dull-red glow on her brown cheeks had faded, her sensuous mouth was drawn and haggard with agony, her eyes like dark blotches below the brows.

She bowed her lovely, bobbed head into the cushion of the divan; and the blessing of tears was hers at last. The long hours of the afternoon dragged away. She was miserably alone; her mother was out of the city, even old Rose, her colored mammy, did not know of her grief and thus could not come to comfort her; and Ivan—on whom, in these past months, she had begun to lean—was in high communion with the gods as, his violin tucked under his clear-cut chin, he practiced lovingly in his studio.

She was aroused at last by the sharp ring of the telephone bell and the shuffling steps of Nora, the second girl, who went to answer it. A moment later the servant came to the doorway.

"He say it's Mistah Ishmin," the servant told her stolidly. "He want to know if you feel like comin' to de phone."

Dorothy hesitated, started to instruct Nora to repeat a message, then got up and went to the phone herself. "My dear girl, I have just heard the awful news," he began in his gentle, comforting voice.

"I just read it in the papers," he went on, "and I'm wondering if it would make you feel any worse to have me come out—"

"I want you to come very much," she answered simply.

"Perhaps you'd rather wait—I could come out later just as well—you can phone me when you want me," he went on, in his instinctive, well-lived effort to put her at her ease. "Maybe you'd like to be alone for these first hours, but if, later, I can help in any way, I am always ready."

"No, I really want you to come. And bring the Stradivarius, if you will. I think it will help to hear that."

Ivan hung up, and as she waited for him to come she sent Nora after the latest paper. She had not expected that the news would be made public so soon. She found the article on the first page, and saw with relief it was entirely fair:

Pirate Cove, Alaska, December 2nd.—The body of Peter Newhall of Augusta, Georgia, was picked up dead on the beach on the north coast of Alaska Peninsula. He was a victim of the wreck of the cannery-boat Jupiter that went to pieces on the rocks in her effort to aid the auxiliary schooner Vigten, which was in distress.

The above news came as a great shock to the entire city today. Mr. Newhall was a member of one of the South's most ancient and distinguished families; and although the last part of his life has been overtaken with tragedy, his friends remember him for the good friend, chivalrous gentleman, and social favorite that he was throughout the years of his young manhood.

Peter Newhall was born in this city 36 years ago, the son of Colonel Newhall of Gettysburg fame. He was married two years ago to Miss Dorothy Stanhope of Savannah.

The affair that led to his downfall occurred in a motor-boat party on the Savannah River a year ago last summer. According to testimony brought out at the inquiry Peter had sought a bitter quarrel with Mr. Ivan Ishmin, a violinist of international fame who was spending the season at Ailes, South Carolina. When the men were at the verge of blows, Paul Sarichef, Ishmin's secretary, interfered in Ishmin's behalf, and turning on him in a fury, Newhall was heard to threaten to throw him out of the boat into the river.

Ishmin himself was the sole observer of the tragic outcome of the quarrel, and torn between grief at the death of his secretary and loyalty to his friend Newhall, it was with the greatest difficulty that his testimony was drawn from him at the inquiry. Later this same night Ishmin was accused by angry voices, and he left his stateroom to find his secretary, Paul Sarichef, and Newhall struggling on the deck; and before he could intervene, Newhall had hurled the unfortunate Russian into the water. Ishmin immediately dove to rescue him, but he saw the man go down for the third time before he could reach his side. Almost crazed with grief, Ishmin spent most of the night in the river trying to rescue his friend's body, but though once he saw it drifting, he lost it in the darkness and it was never recovered.

Not even the officers of the law, though making every effort to apprehend Newhall, believed that it was a willful, premeditated murder. Newhall was deeply under the influence of liquor at the time, and it is believed that he committed the crime in a burst of drunken rage. According to Mrs. Newhall's testimony Newhall had awoken from a drunken stupor the next morning with no memory whatever of either threatening Sarichef on the deck or of throwing him overboard. He fled to Western Alaska—far out on the Peninsula toward Siberia—and the above telegraphic dispatch completes the tragic story.

She read the piece through, then washed her tear-redened eyes and waited for the sound of Ivan's long, low roadster on the drive. She resolved at once to keep a brave front in his presence, mostly because of a great good-sportsmanship that Peter had found and loved in her long ago, and partly, perhaps, for purely feminine reasons that were—by a long stretch of the imagination—almost distasteful to Peter's memory. She had always cared to appear at her best in Ivan's presence. She secretly wondered if this were not, after all, an indication that what he had begged for was his at last—her heart.

Had her love gone out to him in these past, bleak, miserable months of mourning? He fascinated her, this master violinist from the East. And there was no barrier between them now. The divorce Ivan had urged upon her would not now be necessary; the news from far Alaska had made her free.

(To be continued.)

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PLENTY OF CREDIT
Young Bride: I give Jim credit for giving me good food and plenty of clothes to wear.
Bride's mother (a trifle sarcastically): So do the butcher and the baker and the dressmaker, I understand.

Fascism and Democracy.
Leon Blum in Paris Populaire: ("More and more to-day in Europe reaction is taking the form of Fascism and Belletism.") There are in present-day Europe Governments that by their very structure defy all possibility of democratic change and which by that very fact constitute permanent dangers of war. A political turnover in Italy, for example—that is to say, in a country where the popular sovereignty is reduced to zero—is an expression utterly devoid of meaning. . . . We must inspire the conviction that a Socialist victory in Germany, France and England will mean the consolidation and organization of peace, and that a victory of reaction would deliver Europe to new catastrophes, catastrophes such as the imagination refuses to invoke. . . . Should Socialism win in France, Germany and England a sufficient authority over public opinion, we should be able to make a Europe whose atmosphere would become, as it were, unbreathable for Fascism and in which the Governments of tyranny and adventure would be reduced to a kind of shameful isolation that would rob them of all power of mischief and would probably shorten their existence.

Mrs. Rowe—"Jack is so crazy about wireless I can hardly drag him away from it." Mrs. Crowe—"Excellent training for a husband, my dear—listening."

Africa Rejoices At Settlement of Flag Dispute

New National Spirit Appears in Union—Te Deum Was Sung.

Cape Town.—"Peace with honor" to both sides is the keynote of the settlement of the flag dispute, confirmation of which was forthcoming when Parliament met recently, and the whole country is rejoicing over the happy outcome, while prominent politicians interpret the agreement as heralding a new spirit of national co-operation and racial amity. Telegrams of congratulation poured in to cabinet ministers and the leader of the Opposition from every part of the country.

Sunday all the churches sang a solemn Te Deum in thanksgiving for the peaceful solution. Unparalleled scenes were witnessed when Parliament met. The House was crowded and among the spectators were Princess Alice, wife of the Governor-General, and V. S. Srinivasa Sastry, Agent-General for India. Loud cheering from all sides greeted the Prime Minister on rising to speak.

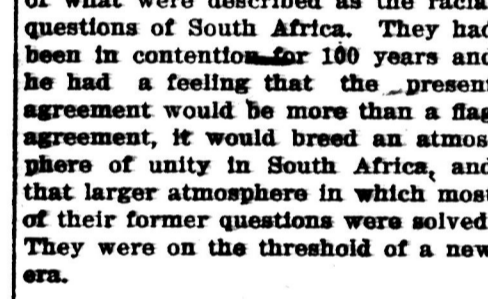
Augurs Well For Future.
After confirming the agreement, General Hertzog said that the spirit he had noticed abroad in consequence of the settlement augured well for the future. Dealing with the Union Jack, he said there should in future be no doubt that next to the national flag, the Union Jack was also South Africa's flag, adopted to give expression to their relationship with the other members of the Empire. He felt that the question once having been settled by the agreement, there would be a totally different attitude of one race toward the other and this would be of the very greatest importance for the future.

General Smuts congratulated the Prime Minister on his most important and statesmanlike speech; he had confidence that the agreement was on a sound basis and spelled "peace with honor."

Honors Are Even.
No party had won, no party had fallen. The solution was calculated to appeal fairly and justly to the profound sentiment and justice of the people. The conversation between the Prime Minister and himself, said General Smuts, had been very difficult after the passions of the last two years, but since 1923 they had traveled a considerable distance and as far as he could see this was the last of what were described as the racial questions of South Africa. They had been in contention for 100 years and he had a feeling that the present agreement would be more than a flag agreement, it would breed an atmosphere of unity in South Africa, and that larger atmosphere in which most of their former questions were solved. They were on the threshold of a new era.

Serbia and Bulgaria
Belgrade Samonprava: If the attitude of Jugo-Slavia towards Bulgaria now changes, the responsibility must lie with Bulgaria. Jugo-Slavia is peaceful in her aims and the maintenance of peace is a fundamental purpose of her foreign policy, but this attitude must not be confused with weakness, nor must it be interpreted as meaning that she will tolerate indefinitely attacks of this nature directed against the security of the State.

Civil Disturbances.
Melbourne Australasian: (Communists have been active in Australia recently). Very few in Australia wish to witness the birth of a Fascist party. Such an organization, if it lacked self-control or if it were sprinkled with fanatics, might prove more troublesome than the handful of loud-voiced persons whom it would aim at suppressing. Yet there have been occasions on which such a body might have given valuable service to the community.



She: Don't you know smoking slows down the action of the heart?
He: Yes. That's why I call to see you to get it started again.

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Crime Among Animals

Robbery, murder, drunkenness, kidnapping, counterfeiting, even "crimes of passion," play a part in the lives of animals and insects, according to a writer in the Paris (France) Times. For nearly every vice or crime of which human beings are guilty one can find, he asserts, a counterpart in nature.

"The rogue elephant, who runs amuck for no apparent reason, doing troying man and beast, has been described by Kipling and many other writers. Outlaw horses have likewise been made hero or villain of countless tales. Mares have been known to kidnap foals and hide them away. Trusted sheep dogs from time to time have dropped their daytime mask of protector of the flock and at night have set forth as bloodthirsty killers of the very sheep given into their care. Birds, frequently of the most charming and harmless species in appearance, are also in the assassin class, this trait becoming more pronounced after a period of imprisonment in a cage. Singularly enough, snakes are almost entirely free of such accusations and murder among fish is equally rare, although the swordfish occasionally attacks and kills a whale for amusement.

"Insects, particularly bees and ants, display wickedness. Ants will mass in army fashion and destroy a neighborhood. Brigand bees, too busy to work, are common assailants of well-stocked hives. Bees and ants also become deliberately tipsy from decaying fruit and certain flowers. In Abyssinia, goats and sheep are regular addicts to their 'drum,' taken in the form of beans of the coffee-plant.

"The English cuckoo is one of the best counterfeiter. It lays eggs cleverly disguised, in other birds' nests in order to avoid the bother of hatching them. Crows and monkeys have their organized bands of thieves, with chief, lieutenants and sentinels. Many observers contend that crows also hold court, during which witnesses for the defense and prosecution are heard, and at the end of which certain crows are assigned to punish the evil doers."

A Red Indian woman has opened a parlour. No doubt her specialty will be scalp treatment.

And here, more remarkable. Down in the lived George was composed of two children. Mary and her day would have hunting her. hours that she became a sold. separated and Mary and her other, called a fall they had to be heard. go back as he his way and a deep canyon. Mary, being wtf from her trace her steps she did. As a bushes sudden family horse, at annual twenty day he had be per in single aged, he had be and was seldom. The neighbors foolish to keep "Why don't you was a frequent. "I had as so family or at least old Dan. I thing and is get true and told come to the ra as time as he li It was well n and w walked into her ed that he had but he was not grow uneasy as ed and twilight Caswell called, with all his abili ing for an answe

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